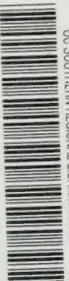


D
0
0
0
6
7
6
7
0
5
7



UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY

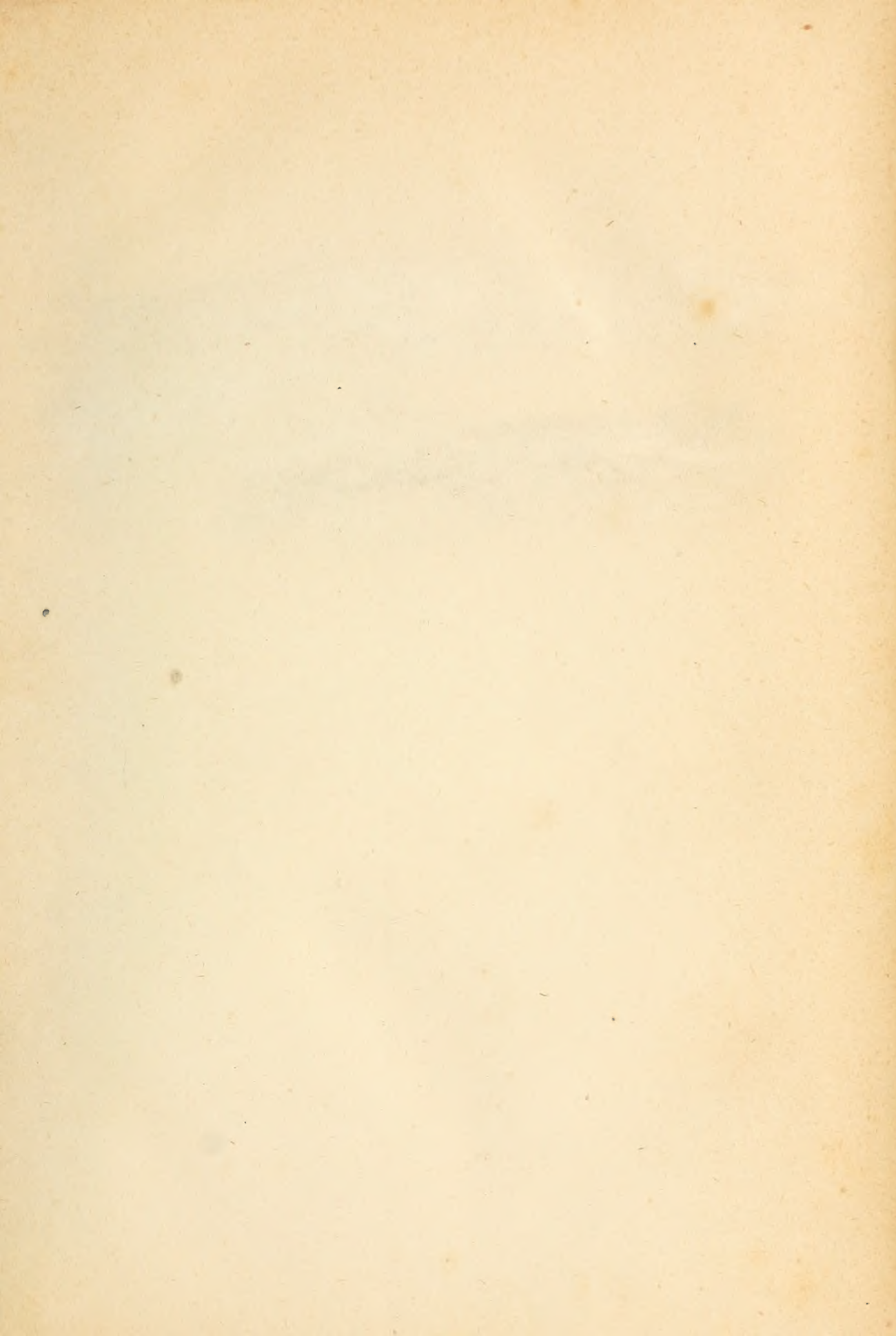
SHAKESPEARE.



THE LIBRARY
OF
THE UNIVERSITY
OF CALIFORNIA
LOS ANGELES



3 vols.





W^m Shakespeare.

From the original painting by Chappel, in the possession of the publishers.

Johnson, Poy & Co. Publishers, New York.

Reproduced by permission of the publishers, Johnson, Poy & Co. in the office of the district court of the Southern District of NY.

The
COMPLETE WORKS
OF
Shakespeare

FROM THE ORIGINAL TEXT



THE
COMPLETE WORKS
OF
SHAKESPEARE,
FROM THE ORIGINAL TEXT:

CAREFULLY COLLATED AND COMPARED WITH THE EDITIONS OF

HALLIWELL, KNIGHT, AND COLLIER.

WITH HISTORICAL AND CRITICAL INTRODUCTIONS, AND NOTES TO EACH PLAY;

AND

A LIFE OF THE GREAT DRAMATIST,

BY CHARLES KNIGHT.

Illustrated

WITH NEW AND FINELY EXECUTED STEEL ENGRAVINGS, CHIEFLY PORTRAITS
IN CHARACTER OF CELEBRATED AMERICAN ACTORS, DRAWN
FROM LIFE EXPRESSLY FOR THIS EDITION.

COMEDIES.

NEW YORK:
JOHNSON, FRY AND COMPANY,

27 BEEKMAN-STREET.

Entered, according to Act of Congress,

BY JOHNSON, FRY, AND COMPANY,

In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Southern District of New York.

PREFACE.

THE edition of Shakespeare's Complete Works now brought before the public, has peculiar claims upon popular appreciation. It unites so many of the qualities most to be desired in such a book, whether for the library or the parlour table, that, in spite of the expense which they have been at in producing it, the publishers cannot but believe that they have supplied a want long felt in a country where the productions of him who has been justly said to possess the Greatest Name in all literature, receive even a wider and more intelligent admiration than in England itself.

It was the aim of the publishers to bring an edition of the works of him who wrote for all time, issued in this elegant style and illustrated in the most attractive manner—within the reach of the intelligent masses of this country; and they feel that in the appearance of this edition, in the excellence of its illustrations—each one of which is not only of interest as the portrait of some distinguished Shakespearian actor, but as an embodiment of one of the scenes of the great dramatist—they may take an honourable pride, as being far in advance of those of any similar publication ever issued here.

But it was not only as a beautiful book, that the publishers desired that this edition of Shakespeare's works should commend itself to public favour. Purity of text, and such annotations as would explain all obsolete words and allusions, and make clear all obscure passages in that text, were equally sought after by them. The text was therefore carefully collated by a competent Shakespearian scholar, with the editions of the three most distinguished Shakespearian editors of the day—JOHN PAYNE COLLIER, CHARLES KNIGHT, and JAMES ORCHARD HALLIWELL; and the notes are from the pen of the latter gentleman and of other eminent commentators,—care being taken that while they were amply sufficient to the elucidation of the text, they were neither so long as to divert the reader's attention, nor so numerous as to cumber the volumes. The same care was taken with the historical and critical introductions, which contain the united

judgments of the most distinguished Shakespearian critics and antiquaries of the past and present times. The Life is a condensation of Mr. Charles Knight's famous "Shakespeare: A Biography," which, with all its interest, was overloaded with much superfluous matter; and the result is, that the reader, we may safely say, has here an edition which unites elegance of form, richness and interest of illustration, purity of text, and valuable editorial matter, in a greater degree than any other that has ever been offered to the American public.

THE

Life of William Shakespeare.

BY CHARLES KNIGHT.

On the 22d of August, 1485, there was a battle fought for the crown of England, a short battle ending in a decisive victory. The battle-field was Bosworth. Was there in that victorious army of the Earl of Richmond an Englishman bearing the name of Chacksper, or Shakespeyre, or Shakespere, or Schakespeire, or Schakspere, or Shakespere, or Shakspere,*—a martial name, however spelt? Of the warlike achievements of this Shakspere there is no record: his name or his deeds would have no interest for us unless there had been born, eighty years after this battle-day, a direct descendant from him—

"Whose muse full of high thought's invention,
Doth like himself heroically sound;"†—

a Shakspere, of whom it was also said—

"He seems to *shake a lance*
As brandish'd at the eyes of ignorance."‡

A public document bearing the date of 1596 affirms of John Shakespeare, of Stratford-upon-Avon, the father of William Shakespeare, that his "parent and late antecessors were, for their *valiant* and faithful services, advanced and rewarded of the most prudent prince King Henry VII. of famous memory;" and it adds, "sithence which time they have continued at those parts [Warwickshire] in good reputation and credit." Another document of a similar character, bearing the date of 1599, also affirms upon "credible report," of "John Shakspere, now of Stratford-upon-Avon, in the county of Warwick, gentleman," that his "parent and great-grandfather, late antecessor, for his faithful and approved service to the late most prudent prince King Henry VII. of famous memory, was advanced and rewarded with lands and tenements, given to him in those parts of Warwickshire, where they have contin-

ued by some descents in good reputation and credit." Such are the recitals of two several grants of arms to John Shakspere, confirming a previous grant made to him in 1569.

The great-grandson of the faithful and approved servant of Henry VII., John Shakespeare, was a burgher of the corporation of Stratford, and was in all probability born about 1530. The family had continued in those parts, "by some descents;" but how they were occupied in the business of life, what was their station in society, how they branched out into other lines of Shakespeares, we have no record.

In 1599 John Shakespeare a second time went to the College of Arms, and, producing his own "ancient coat of arms," said that he had "married the daughter and one of the heirs of Robert Arden, of Wellingcote;" and then the heralds say—"We have likewise upon one other escutcheon impaled the same with the ancient arms of the said Arden of Wellingcote." They add that John Shakespeare, and his children, issue, and posterity, may bear and use the same shield of arms, single or impaled.

The family of Arden was one of the highest antiquity in Warwickshire. Dugdale traces its pedigree uninterruptedly up to the time of Edward the Confessor. The pedigree which Dugdale gives of the Arden family brings us no nearer in the direct line to the mother of Shakespeare than to Robert Arden, her great-grandfather: he was the third son of Walter Arden, who married Eleanor, the daughter of John Hampden, of Buckinghamshire; and he was brother to Sir John Arden, Squire for the body to Henry VII. Robert's son, also called Robert, was groom of the chamber to Henry VII. He married, and he had a son, also Robert, who married Agnes Webbe. Their youngest daughter was Mary, the mother of William Shakespeare.

High as was her descent, wealthy and powerful as were the numerous branches of her family, Mary Arden, we doubt not, led a life of usefulness as well as innocence, within her native forest hamlet. She had three sisters, and they all, with their mother

* A list of the brethren and sisters of the Guild of Knowle, near Rowington, in Warwickshire, exhibits a great number of the name of Shakspere in that fraternity, from about 1460 to 1527; and the names are spelt with the diversity here given, *Shakspere* being the latest.

† Spenser

‡ Ben Jonson.

Agnes, survived their father, who died in December, 1556. His will is dated the 24th of November in the same year, and the testator styles himself "Robert Arden, of Wylmccote, in the paryche of Aston Cantlow." Mary, his youngest daughter, from superiority of mind, or some other cause of her father's confidence, occupies the most prominent position in the will. She has an undivided estate and a sum of money; and, from the crop being also bequeathed to her, it is evident that she was considered able to continue the tillage. The estate thus bequeathed to her consisted of about sixty acres of arable and pasture, and a house; and was called Asbies.

In the winter of 1556 was Mary Arden left without the guidance of a father, under this somewhat naked roof-tree, now become her own. Her sister Alice was to occupy another property in Wilmecote with her mother, provided the widow would so consent; and she did consent. And so she lived a somewhat lonely life, till a young yeoman of Stratford, who had probably some acquaintance with her father, came to sit oftener and oftener upon the wooden benches in the old hall—a substantial yeoman, a burgess of the corporation in 1557 or 1558; and then in due season Mary Arden and John Shakespeare were standing before the altar of the parish church of Aston Cantlow, and the house and lands of Asbies became administered by one who took possession "by the right of the said Mary," who thenceforward abided for half a century in the good town of Stratford.

There have been endless theories, old and new, affirmations, contradictions, as to the worldly calling of John Shakespeare. There are ancient registers in Stratford, minutes of the Common Hall, proceedings of the Court-leet, pleas of the Court of Record, writs, which have been hunted over with unwearied diligence, and yet they tell us nothing, or next to nothing, of John Shakespeare. When he was elected an alderman in 1565, we can trace out the occupations of his brother aldermen, and readily come to the conclusion that the municipal authority of Stratford was vested, as we may naturally suppose it to have been, in the hands of substantial tradesmen, brewers, bakers, butchers, grocers, victuallers, mercers, woollen-draper. Prying into the secrets of time, we are enabled to form some notion of the literary acquirements of this worshipful body. On rare, very rare occasions, the aldermen and burgesses constituting the town council affixed their signatures, for greater solemnity, to some order of the court; and on the 29th of September, in the seventh of Elizabeth, upon an order that John Wheeler should take the office of bailiff, we have nineteen names subscribed, aldermen and burgesses. There is something in this document which suggests a motive higher

than mere curiosity for calling up these dignitaries from their happy oblivion, saying to each, "Dost thou use to write thy name? or hast thou a mark to thyself like an honest plain-dealing man?" Alas! out of the nineteen seven only can answer, "I thank God I have been so well brought up that I can write my name." It is a matter of controversy whether John Shakespeare was one of the more clerically corporators. We think he was; others believe he was not. In 1556, the year that Robert, the father of Mary Arden, died, John Shakespeare was admitted at the court-leet to two copyhold estates in Stratford. The jurors of the leet present that George Turnor had alienated to John Shakespeare and his heirs one tenement, with a garden and croft, and other premises, in Grenchyll-street, held of the lord at an annual quit-rent; and John Shakespeare, who is present in court and does fealty, is admitted to the same. The same jurors present that Edward West has alienated to John Shakespeare one tenement and a garden adjacent in Henley-street, who is in the same way admitted, upon fealty done to the lord. Here then is John Shakespeare, before his marriage, the purchaser of two copyholds in Stratford, both with gardens, and one with a croft, or small enclosed field. In 1570 John Shakespeare is holding, as tenant under William Clopton, a meadow of fourteen acres, with its appurtenance, called Ingon, at the annual rent of eight pounds. This rent, equivalent to at least forty pounds of our present money, would indicate that the appurtenance included a house,—and a very good house. This meadow of Ingon forms part of a large property known by that name near Clopton-house. When John Shakespeare married, the estate of Asbies, within a short ride of Stratford, came also into his possession. With these facts before us, scanty as they are, can we reasonably doubt that John Shakespeare was living upon his own land, renting the land of others, actively engaged in the business of cultivation, in an age when tillage was becoming rapidly profitable,—so much so that men of wealth very often thought it better to take the profits direct than to share them with the tenant?

And is all this, it may be said, of any importance in looking at the life of William Shakespeare—a man who stands above all other individual men, above all ranks of men; in comparison with whom, in his permanent influence upon mankind, generations of nobles, fighting men, statesmen, princes, are but dust? It is something, we think. It offers a better, because a more natural, explanation of the circumstances connected with the early life of the great poet than those stories which would make him of obscure birth and servile employments. Take old Aubrey's story, the shrewd learned gossip and antiquary, who survived Shakespeare some eighty years:—"Mr. William

Shakespeare was born at Stratford-upon-Avon, in the county of Warwick. His father was a butcher, and I have been told heretofore by some of the neighbours that when he was a boy he exercised his father's trade; but when he killed a calf he would do it in a high style, and make a speech. There was at that time another butcher's son in this town that was held not at all inferior to him for a natural wit, his acquaintance and coetaneous, but died young." The story, however, has a variation. There was at Stratford, in the year 1693, a clerk of the parish church, eighty years old,—that is, he was three years old when William Shakespeare died,—and he, pointing to the monument of the poet, with the pithy remark that he was the "best of his family," proclaimed to a member of one of the Inns of Court that this "Shakespeare was formerly in this town bound apprentice to a butcher, but that he ran from his master to London." His father was a butcher, says Aubrey; he was apprenticed to a butcher, says the parish clerk.

Akin to the butcher's trade is that of the dealer in wool. It is upon the authority of Betterton, the actor, who, in the beginning of the last century, made a journey into Warwickshire to collect anecdotes relating to Shakespeare; that Rowe tells us that John Shakespeare was a dealer in wool:—"His family, as appears by the register and public writings relating to that town, were of good figure and fashion there, and are mentioned as gentlemen. His father, who was a considerable dealer in wool, had so large a family, ten children in all, that, though he was his eldest son, he could give him no better education than his own employment." Tradition is here, we think, becoming a little more assimilated with the truth. The considerable dealer in wool might very well have been the landed proprietor, the cultivator, that we believe John Shakespeare to have been. Nor indeed was the incidental business even of a butcher, a slayer and seller of carcasses, incompatible with the occupation of a landholder. Harrison (1590), who mingles laments at the increasing luxury of the farmer with somewhat contradictory denouncements of the oppression of the tenant by the landlord, holds that the landlord is monopolizing the tenant's profits:—"Most sorrowful of all to understand, that men of great port and countenance are so far from suffering their farmers to have any gain at all, that they themselves become graziers, BUTCHERS, TANNERS, SHEEPMASTERS, woodmen, and denique quid non, thereby to enrich themselves, and bring all the wealth of the country into their own hands, leaving the commonalty weak, or as an idol with broken or feeble arms, which may in time of peace have a plausible show, but, when necessity shall enforce, have an heavy and bitter sequel." Has not Harrison solved the mystery of

the butcher, and explained the tradition of the wool-man?

There is an entry in the Bailiff's Court of Stratford, in 1555, which shows us one John Shakespeare, a glover. It does not follow that if this record be of the father of William Shakespeare, a young man in 1555, that he was always a glover. If he were a glover in 1555, he was subsequently a holder of land—a land proprietor.*

The Register of Baptisms of the parish of Stratford-upon-Avon shows that William, the son of John Shakespeare, was baptized on the 26th April, 1564. And when born? The want of such information is a defect in all parish-registers. Baptism so immediately followed birth in those times, when infancy was surrounded with greater dangers than in our own days of improved medical science, that we may believe that William Shakespeare first saw the light only a day or two previous to this legal record of his existence. There is no direct evidence that he was born on the 23d of April, according to the common belief. But there was probably a tradition to that effect; for some years ago the Rev. Joseph Greene, a master of the grammar-school at Stratford, in an extract which he made from the Register of Shakespeare's baptism, wrote in the margin, "Born on the 23d." We turn back to the first year of the registry, 1558, and we find the baptism of Joan, daughter to John Shakespeare, on the 15th of September. Again, in 1562, on the 2d of December, Margaret, daughter to John Shakespeare, is baptized. In the entry of burials in 1563 we find, under date of April 30, that Margaret closed a short life in five months. We look forward, and in 1566 find the birth of another son registered:—Gilbert, son of John Shakespeare, was baptized on the 13th of October of that year. In 1569 there is a registry of the baptism of a daughter, Joan, daughter of John Shakespeare, on the 15th of April. Thus, the registry of a second Joan leaves no reasonable doubt that the first died, and that a favourite name was preserved in the family. In 1571 another daughter was born,—Anne, daughter of Master John Shakespeare, baptized on the 28th of September. In 1574 another son was baptized,—Richard, son of Master John Shakespeare, on the 11th of March. The register of sorrow and blighted hope shows that Anne was buried on the 4th of April, 1579. The last entry, which determines the extent of John Shakespeare's family, is that of Edmund, son of Master John Shakespeare, baptized on the 3d of May, 1580. Here, then, we find that two sisters of William were removed by death, probably before his birth. In two years and a half another son, Gilbert, came to be his playmate; and when he was five years old that most precious gift

* See page xii.

to a loving boy was granted, a sister, who grew up with him. Then came another sister, who faded untimely. When he was ten years old he had another brother to lead by the hand into the green meadows. When he was grown into youthful strength, a boy of sixteen, his youngest brother was born. William, Gilbert, Joan, Richard, Edmund, constituted the whole of the family amongst whom John Shakespeare was to share his means of existence. Rowe, we have already seen, mentions the large family of John Shakespeare, "ten children in all." Malone has established very satisfactorily the origin of this error into which Rowe has fallen. In later years there was another John Shakespeare in Stratford. In the books of the corporation the name of John Shakespeare, shoemaker, can be traced in 1586; in the register in 1584 we find him married to Margery Roberts, who dies in 1587; he is, without doubt, married a second time, for in 1589, 1590, and 1591, Ursula, Humphrey, and Philip are born. It is unquestionable that these are not the children of the father of William Shakespeare, for they are entered in the register as the daughter, or sons, of John Shakespeare, without the style which our John Shakespeare always bore after 1569—"Magister." There can be no doubt that the mother of all the children of *Master* John Shakespeare was Mary Arden; for in proceedings in Chancery in 1597 it is set forth that John Shakespeare and his wife Mary, in the 20th Elizabeth, 1577, mortgaged her inheritance of Asbies. Nor can there be a doubt that the children born before 1569, when he is styled John Shakespeare, without the honourable addition of *Master*, were also *her* children; for in 1599, when *William* Shakespeare is an opulent man, application is made to the College of Arms, that John Shakespeare, and his issue and posterity, might use a "shield of arms," impaled with the arms of Shakespeare and Arden. This application would in all probability have been at the instance of John Shakespeare's eldest son and heir. The history of the family up to the period of William Shakespeare's manhood is as clear as can reasonably be expected.

The year of William Shakespeare's birth was a fearful year for Stratford. The plague raged with terrific violence in the little town. It was the same epidemic which ravaged Europe in that year; which in the previous year had desolated London, and still continued there. The red cross was probably not on the door of John Shakespeare's dwelling. "Fortunately for mankind," says Malone, "it did not reach the house where the infant Shakespeare lay; for not one of that name appears on the dead list."

The parish of Stratford, then, was unquestionably the birth-place of William Shakespeare. But in what part of Stratford dwelt his parents in the year 1564?

It was ten years after this that his father became the purchaser of two freehold houses in Henley-street—houses which still exist. Nine years before William Shakespeare was born, his father had also purchased two copyhold tenements in Stratford—one in Greenhill-street, one in Henley-street. The copyhold house in Henley-street, purchased in 1555, was unquestionably not one of the freehold houses in the same street, purchased in 1574; yet, from Malone's loose way of stating that in 1555 the *lease* of a house in Henley-street was assigned to John Shakespeare, it has been conjectured that he purchased in 1574 the house he had occupied for many years. As he purchased two houses in 1555 in different parts of the town, it is not likely that he occupied both; he might not have occupied either. Before he purchased the two houses in Henley-street, in 1574, he occupied fourteen acres of meadow-land, with appurtenances, at a very high rent; the property is called Ingon meadow in the "Close Rolls." Dugdale calls the place where it was situated "Inge;" saying that it was a member of the manor of Old Stratford, "and signifyeth in our old English a meadow or low ground, the name well agreeing with its situation." It is about a mile and a quarter from the town of Stratford, on the road to Warwick. William Shakespeare, then, might have been born at either of his father's copyhold houses, in Greenhill-street, or in Henley-street; he might have been born at Ingon; or his father might have occupied one of the two freehold houses in Henley-street at the time of the birth of his eldest son. Tradition says that William Shakespeare *was* born in one of these houses; tradition points out the very room in which he was born. Let us not disturb the belief. To look upon that ancient house—perhaps now one of the oldest in Stratford—pilgrims have come from every region where the name of Shakespeare is known. The property passed into a younger branch of the poet's family; the descendants of that branch grew poorer and poorer; they sold off its orchards and gardens; they divided and subdivided it into smaller tenements; it became partly a butcher's shop, partly a little inn. The external appearance was greatly altered, and its humble front rendered still humbler. The windows in the roof were removed; and the half which had become the inn received a new brick casing. The central portion is that which is now shown as the birth-place of the illustrious man—"the myriad-minded."

The only qualifications necessary for the admission of a boy into the Free Grammar School of Stratford were, that he should be a resident in the town, of seven years of age, and able to read. The Grammar School was essentially connected with the Corporation of Stratford; and it is impossible to imagine that, when the

son of John Shakespeare became qualified by age for admission to a school where the best education of the time was given, literally for nothing, his father, in that year, being chief alderman, should not have sent him to the school. We assume, without any hesitation, that William Shakespeare did receive, in every just sense of the word, the education of a scholar; and as such education was to be had at his own door, we also assume that he was brought up at the Free Grammar School of his own town. His earlier instruction would therefore be a preparation for this school, and the probability is that such instruction was given him at home.

A question arises, did William Shakespeare receive his elementary instruction in Christianity from the books sanctioned by the Reformed Church? It has been maintained that his father belonged to the Roman Catholic persuasion. This belief rests upon the following foundation. In the year 1770, Thomas Hart, who then inhabited one of the tenements in Henley-street which had been bequeathed to his family by William Shakespeare's grand-daughter, employed a bricklayer to new tile the house; and this bricklayer, by name Mosely, found hidden between the rafters and the tiling a manuscript consisting of six leaves stitched together, which he gave to Mr. Peyton, an alderman of Stratford, who sent it to Mr. Malone, through the Rev. Mr. Devonport, vicar of Stratford. This paper, which was first published by Malone in 1790, is printed also in Reed's Shakespeare and in Drake's "Shakespeare and his Times." It consists of fourteen articles, purporting to be a confession of faith of "John Shakspear, an unworthy member of the holy Catholic religion." We have no hesitation whatever in believing this document to be altogether a fabrication. Malone, when he first published the paper in his edition of Shakespeare, said—"I have taken some pains to ascertain the authenticity of this manuscript, and, after a very careful inquiry, am perfectly satisfied that it is genuine." In 1796, however, in his work on the Ireland forgeries, he asserts—"I have since obtained documents that clearly prove it could not have been the composition of any one of our poet's family." We not only do not believe that it was "the composition of any one of our poet's family," but we do not believe that it is the work of a Roman Catholic at all. That John Shakespeare was what we popularly call a Protestant in the year 1568, when his son William was four years old, may be shown by the clearest of proofs. He was in that year the chief magistrate of Stratford; he could not have become so without taking the Oath of Supremacy, according to the statute of the 1st of Elizabeth, 1558-9. To refuse this oath was made punishable with forfeiture and imprisonment, with the pains of *præmunire* and high treason. "The conjecture," says Chalmers (speak-

ing in support of the authenticity of this confession of faith), "that Shakespeare's family were Roman Catholics is strengthened by the fact that his father declined to attend the corporation meetings, and was at last removed from the corporate body." He was removed from the corporate body in 1585, with a distinct statement of the reason for this removal—his non-attendance when summoned to the halls. According to this reasoning of Chalmers, John Shakespeare did not hesitate to take the Oath of Supremacy when he was chief magistrate in 1564, but retired from the corporation in 1585, where he might have remained without offence to his own conscience or to others, being, in the language of that day, a Popish recusant, to be stigmatized as such, persecuted, and subject to the most odious restrictions. If he left or was expelled the corporation for his religious opinions, he would, of course, not attend the service of the church, for which offence he would be liable, in 1585, to a fine of 20*l.* per month; and then, to crown the whole, in this his last confession, spiritual will, and testament, he calls upon all his kinsfolks to assist and succour him after his death "with the holy sacrifice of the mass," with a promise that he "will not be ungrateful unto them for so great a benefit," well knowing that by the Act of 1581 the saying of mass was punishable by a year's imprisonment and a fine of 200 marks, and the hearing of it by a similar imprisonment and a fine of 100 marks. The fabrication appears to us as gross as can well be imagined.

To the grammar-school, then, with some preparation, we hold that William Shakespeare goes, about the year 1571. His father is at this time, as we have said, chief alderman of his town; he is a gentleman, now, of repute and authority; he is Master John Shakespeare; and assuredly the worthy curate of the neighbouring village of Luddington, Thomas Hunt, who was also the schoolmaster, would have received his new scholar with some kindness. As his "shining morning face" first passed out of the main street into that old court through which the upper room of learning was to be reached, a new life would be opening upon him. The humble minister of religion who was his first instructor has left no memorials of his talents or his acquirements; and in a few years another master came after him, Thomas Jenkins, also unknown to fame. All praise and honour be to them; for it is impossible to imagine that the teachers of William Shakespeare were evil instructors—giving the boy husks instead of wholesome aliment. They could not have been harsh and perverse instructors, for such spoil the gentlest natures, and his was always gentle:—"My gentle Shakespeare" is he called by a rough but noble spirit—one in whom was all honesty and genial friendship under a rude exterior.

His wondrous abilities could not be spoiled even by ignorant instructors.

The first who attempted to write "Some Account of the Life of William Shakespeare," Rowe, says, "His father, who was a considerable dealer in wool, had so large a family, ten children in all, that, though he was his eldest son, he could give him no better education than his own employment. He had bred him, it is true, for some time at a free-school, where, it is probable, he acquired what Latin he was master of; but the narrowness of his circumstances, and the want of his assistance at home, forced his father to withdraw him from thence, and unhappily prevented his further proficiency in that language." This statement, be it remembered, was written one hundred and thirty years after the event which it professes to record—the early removal of William Shakespeare from the free-school to which he had been sent by his father. We have no hesitation in saying that the statement is manifestly based upon two assumptions, both of which are incorrect:—The first, that his father had a large family of ten children, and was so narrowed in his circumstances that he could not spare even the time of his eldest son, he being taught for nothing; and, secondly, that the son, by his early removal from the school where he acquired "what Latin he was master of," was prevented attaining a "proficiency in that language," his works manifesting "an ignorance of the ancients." It may be convenient that we should in this place endeavour to dispose of both these assertions.

The family of John Shakespeare did not consist, as we have already shown, of ten children. In the year 1578, when the school education of William may be reasonably supposed to have terminated, and before which period his "assistance at home" would rather have been embarrassing than useful to his father, the family consisted of five children: William, aged fourteen; Gilbert, twelve; Joan, nine; Anne, seven; and Richard, four. Anne died early in the following year; and, in 1580, Edmund, the youngest child, was born; so that the family never exceeded five living at the same time. But still the circumstances of John Shakespeare, even with five children, might have been straitened. The assertion of Rowe excited the persevering diligence of Malone; and he has collected together a series of documents from which he infers, or leaves the reader to infer, that John Shakespeare and his family gradually sunk from their station of respectability at Stratford into the depths of poverty and ruin. The sixth section of Malone's posthumous "Life" is devoted to a consideration of this subject. It thus commences:—"The manufacture of gloves, which was, at this period, a very flourishing one, both at Stratford and Worcester (in which latter city it is still carried on

with great success), however generally beneficial, should seem, from whatever cause, to have afforded our poet's father but a scanty maintenance." The assumption that John Shakespeare depended for his "maintenance" upon "the manufacture of gloves" rests entirely and absolutely upon one solitary entry in the books of the Bailiff's Court at Stratford. We have seen the original entry; and though we are not learned enough in palæography to pronounce whether the abridged word which commences the third line describes the occupation of John Shakespeare, this we know, that it does not consist of the letters *Glover*, as Malone prints it, he at the same time abridging the other words which are abbreviations in the record. No other entry in the same book, and there are many, recites the occupation of John Shakespeare; but the subjects in dispute which are sometimes mentioned in these entries look very unlike the litigations of a glover, whether he be plaintiff or defendant. For example, on the 19th of November, 1556, the year after the action against Malone's glover, John Shakespeare is complainant against Henry Field in a plea for unjustly detaining eighteen quarters of grain. This is scarcely the plea of a glover. But, glover or not, he was a landed proprietor and an occupier of land; and he did not, therefore, in the year 1578, depend upon the manufacture of gloves for "a scanty maintenance." However, be his occupation what it may, Malone affirms that "when our author was about fourteen years old" the "distressed situation" of his father was evident: it rests "upon surer grounds than conjecture." The Corporation books have shown that on particular occasions, such as the visitation of the plague in 1564, John Shakespeare contributed like others to the relief of the poor; but now, in January, 1577–8, he is taxed for the necessities of the borough only to pay half what other aldermen pay; and in November of the same year, whilst other aldermen are assessed fourpence weekly towards the relief of the poor, John Shakespeare "shall not be taxed to pay anything." In 1579 the sum levied upon him for providing soldiers at the charge of the borough is returned, amongst similar sums of other persons, as "unpaid and unaccounted for." Finally, this unquestionable evidence of the books of the borough shows that this merciful forbearance of his brother townsmen was unavailing; for, in an action brought against him in the Bailiff's Court in the year 1586, he during these seven years having gone on from bad to worse, the return by the sergeants at mace upon a warrant of distress is, that John Shakespeare has nothing upon which distress can be levied. There are other corroborative proofs of John Shakespeare's poverty at this period brought forward by Malone. In this precise year, 1578, he mortgages his wife's inheritance of Asbies to Ed-

mund Lambert for forty pounds ; and, in the same year, the will of Mr. Roger Sadler of Stratford, to which is subjoined a list of debts due to him, shows that John Shakespeare was indebted to him five pounds, for which sum Edmund Lambert was a security,—“By which,” says Malone, “it appears that John Shakespeare was then considered insolvent, if not as one depending rather on the credit of others than on his own.” It is of little consequence to the present age to know whether an alderman of Stratford, nearly three hundred years past, became unequal to maintain his social position ; but to enable us to form a right estimate of the education of William Shakespeare, and of the circumstances in which he was placed at the most influential period of his life, it may not be unprofitable to consider how far these revelations of the private affairs of his father support the case which Malone holds he has so triumphantly proved. The documents which he has brought forward certainly do not constitute the whole case ; and, without lending ourselves to a spirit of advocacy, we believe that the inferences which have been drawn from them, and adopted by men of higher mark than their original promulgator, are altogether gratuitous and incongruous. We shall detain our readers a very short time, whilst, implicitly adopting all these discoveries (as they are called),—without attempting to infer that some of the circumstances may apply to another John Shakespeare,—we trace what we think a more probable course of the fortunes of the alderman of Stratford, until the period when his illustrious son had himself become the father of a family.

In the year 1568 John Shakespeare was high bailiff of Stratford. In 1571 he was chief alderman. The duties of the first office demanded a constant residence in Stratford. Beyond occasional attendance, the duties of the second office would be few. In 1570 he is the occupier of a small estate at Ipton, in the parish of Stratford, two miles from the town, at a rent which unquestionably shows that a house of importance was attached to “the meadow.” In 1574 he purchased two freehold houses in Henley-street, with gardens and orchards ; and he probably occupied one or both of these. In 1578 he mortgaged the estate of Asbies to Edmund Lambert, who also appears to have been security for him for the sum of five pounds. At the time, then, when Malone holds that John Shakespeare is insolvent, because another is his security for five pounds, and that other the mortgagee of his estate, he is also excused public payments because he is poor. But he is the possessor of two freehold houses in Henley-street, bought in 1574. Malone, a lawyer by profession, supposes that the money for which Asbies was mortgaged went to pay the purchase of the Stratford freeholds ; according to which theory, these freeholds

had been unpaid for during four years, and the “good and lawful money” was not “in hand” when the vendor parted with the premises. We hold, and we think more reasonably, that in 1578, when he mortgaged Asbies, John Shakespeare became the purchaser, or at any rate the occupier, of lands in the parish of Stratford, but not in the borough ; and that, in either case, the money for which Asbies was mortgaged was the capital employed in this undertaking. The lands which were purchased by William Shakespeare of the Combe family, in 1601, are described in the deed as “lying or being within the parish, fields, or town of Old Stratford.” But the will of William Shakespeare, he having become the heir-at-law of his father, devises all his lands and tenements “within the towns, hamlets, villages, fields, and grounds of Stratford-upon-Avon, Old Stratford, Bishopton, and Welcombe.” Old Stratford is a local denomination, essentially different from Bishopton or Welcombe ; and, therefore, whilst the lands purchased by the son in 1601 might be those recited in the will as lying in Old Stratford, he might have derived from his father the lands of Bishopton and Welcombe, of the purchase of which by himself we have no record. So, in the same way, the tenements referred to by the will as being in Stratford-upon-Avon, comprised not only the great house purchased by him, but the freeholds in Henley-street, which he inherited from his father. Indeed it is expressly stated in a document of 1596, a memorandum upon the grant of arms in the Heralds’ College to John Shakespeare, “he hath lands and tenements, of good wealth and substance, 500*l*.” The lands of Bishopton and Welcombe are in the parish of Stratford, but not in the borough. Bishopton was a hamlet, having an ancient chapel of ease. We hold, then, that in the year 1758 John Shakespeare ceased, though perhaps not wholly so, to reside within the borough of Stratford. Other aldermen are rated to pay towards the furniture of pikemen, billmen, and archers, six shillings and eight-pence ; whilst John Shakespeare is to pay three shillings and four-pence. Why less than other aldermen ? The next entry but one, which relates to a brother alderman, answers the question :—

“Robert Bratt, *nothing in this place*.”

Again, ten months after,—“It is ordained that every alderman shall pay weekly, towards the relief of the poor, four-pence, save John Shakespeare and Robert Bratt, who shall not be taxed to pay anything.” Here John Shakespeare is associated with Robert Bratt, who, according to the previous entry, was to pay nothing in this place ; that is, in the *borough* of Stratford, to which the orders of the council alone apply. The return, in 1579, of Mr. Shakespeare as leaving unpaid the sum of three shillings and three-pence, was the return upon a

levy for the borough, in which, although the possessor of property, he might have ceased to reside. Seven years after this comes the celebrated return to the warrant of distress, that John Shakespeare has nothing to distrain upon. The jurisdiction of the Bailiff's Court of Stratford is wholly confined to the borough; and out of the borough the officers could not go. We have traced the course of this action in the bailiff's books of Stratford, beyond the entries which Malone gives us. It continued before the court for nearly five months; proceeding after proceeding being taken upon it, with a pertinacity on the part of the defendant which appears far more like the dogged resistance of a wealthy man to a demand which he thought unjust, than that of a man in the depths of poverty, seeking to evade a payment which must be ultimately enforced by the seizure of his goods, or by a prison. The *distringas*, which the officers of the borough of Stratford could not execute, was followed by a *capias*; and then, no doubt, the debt was paid, and the heavier fees of the lawyers discharged. Further, in the very year of this action, John Shakespeare ceases to be a member of the corporation; and the circumstances attending his withdrawal or removal from that body are strongly confirmatory of the view we have taken. "I find," says Malone, "on inspecting the records, that our poet's father had not attended at any hall for the seven preceding years." This is perfectly correct. At these halls, except on the very rarest occasions, the members attending do not sign their names; but after the entry of the preliminary form by the town-clerk,—such as "Stratford Burgus, ad aulam ibid. tent. vi. die Septembris anno regni dñæ Elizabethæ vicesimo octavo,"—the town-clerk enters the names of all the aldermen and burgesses, and there is a dot or other mark placed against the names of those who are in attendance. The last entry in which the name of John Shakespeare is so distinguished as attending occurs in 1579. But at the hall held on the 6th of September, in the 28th of Elizabeth, is this entry:—"At this hall William Smythe and Richard Courte are chosen to be aldermen in the place of John Wheler and John Shaxspere; for that Mr. Wheler doth desyer to be put out of the companye, and Mr. Shaxspere doth not come to the halls when they be warned, nor hath not done of long tyme." Is it not more credible that, from the year 1579 till the year 1586, when he was removed from the corporation, in all probability by his own consent, John Shakespeare was not dwelling in the borough of Stratford,—that he had ceased to take an interest in its affairs, although he was unwilling to forego its dignities;—than that during these seven years he was struggling with hopeless poverty; that he allowed his brother aldermen and burgesses to sit in judgment on his means of paying

the assessments of the borough; that they consented to reduce and altogether to discharge his assessment, although he was the undoubted possessor of property within the borough; that he proclaimed his poverty in the most abject manner, and proclaimed it untruly whilst he held any property at all, and his lands were mortgaged for a very inadequate sum, when the first object of an embarrassed man would have been to have upheld his credit by making an effort to meet every public demand? What is the most extraordinary thing of all is, that he should have recovered this long humiliation so suddenly that, in 1596, he goes to the College of Arms for additions to his armorial bearings, and states that he is worth five hundred pounds in lands and tenements. During this period he was unquestionably a resident in the parish of Stratford; for the register of that parish contains the entry of the burial of a daughter in 1579, and the baptism of a son in 1580. His grandchildren, also, are baptized in that parish in 1583 and 1585. But his assessments in "that place"—the borough—are reduced in 1578, and wholly foregone in 1579. He has ceased to be amenable to the borough assessments. The lands of Welcombe and Bishopton, we may fairly assume, were his home. He has not been dependent upon the trade of Stratford, whether in gloves or wool. He is a cultivator, and his profits are not very variable. His son purchases a large quantity of land in the same district a few years afterwards; and that son himself becomes a cultivator, even whilst he is the most successful dramatist of his time. That son has also his actions in the Bailiff's Court, as his father had, for corn sold and delivered, of which more hereafter. That son cleaves to his native place with a love which no fame won, no pleasure enjoyed, in the great capital,—the society of the great, the praises of the learned,—can extinguish. Neither does that son take any part in the affairs of the borough. He purchases the best house in Stratford in 1597, but the records of Stratford show that he had no desire for local honours. The father, instead of sinking into poverty, appears to us to have separated himself from the concerns of the borough, and from the society of the honest men who administered them. He probably had not more happiness in his struggle to maintain the rank of gentleman; but that he did make that struggle is, we think, consistent with all the circumstances upon record. That the children of William Shakespeare should have been brought up at Stratford,—that Stratford should have been his home, although London was his place of necessary sojourn,—is, we think, quite incompatible with the belief that, at the exact period when the poet was gaining rapid wealth as a sharer in the Blackfriar's Theatre, the father was so reduced to the extremity of indigence that he had

nothing to distract upon in his dwelling in the place where he had dwelt for years, in competence and honour.

Seeing, then, that at any rate in the year 1574, when John Shakespeare purchased two freehold houses in Stratford, it was scarcely necessary for him to withdraw his son William from school, as Rowe has it, on account of the narrowness of his circumstances (the education at that school costing the father nothing), it is not difficult to believe that the son remained there till the period when boys were usually withdrawn from grammar-schools. In those days the education of the university commenced much earlier than at present. Boys intended for the learned professions, and more especially for the church, commonly went to Oxford and Cambridge at eleven or twelve years of age. If they were not intended for those professions, they probably remained at the grammar-school till they were thirteen or fourteen; and then they were fitted for being apprenticed to tradesmen, or articulated to attorneys, a numerous and thriving body in those days of cheap litigation. Many also went early to the Inns of Court, which were the universities of the law, and where there was real study and discipline in direct connection with the several Societies. To assume that William Shakespeare did not stay long enough at the grammar-school of Stratford to obtain a very fair "proficiency in Latin," with some knowledge of Greek, is to assume an absurdity upon the face of the circumstances; and it could never have been assumed at all, had not Rowe, setting out upon a false theory, that, because in the works of Shakespeare "we scarce find any traces of any thing that looks like an imitation of the ancients," held that therefore "his not copying at least something from them may be an argument of his never having read them." Opposed to this is the statement of Aubrey, much nearer to the times of Shakespeare: "he understood Latin pretty well." Rowe had been led into his illogical inference by the "small Latin and less Greek" of Jonson; the "old mother-wit" of Denham; the "his learning was very little" of Fuller; the "native wood-notes wild" of Milton,—phrases, every one of which is to be taken with considerable qualification, whether we regard the peculiar characters of the utterers, or the circumstances connected with the words themselves. The question rests not upon the interpretation of the dictum of this authority or that, but upon the indisputable fact that the very earliest writings of Shakespeare are imbued with a spirit of classical antiquity, and that the allusive nature of the learning that manifests itself in them, whilst it offers the best proof of his familiarity with the ancient writers, is a circumstance which has misled those who never attempted to dispute the existence of the learning which was displayed in the direct

pedantry of his contemporaries. "*If*," said Hales of Eton, "he had not read the classics, he had likewise not stolen from them." Marlowe, Greene, Peele, and all the early dramatists, overload their plays with quotation and mythological allusion. According to Hales they steal, and therefore they have read. He who uses his knowledge skilfully is assumed not to have read.

It is not our intention here to enter upon a general examination of the various opinions that have been held as to the learning of Shakespeare, and the tendency of those opinions to show that he was without learning. We only desire to point out, by a very few observations, that the learning manifested in his early productions does not bear out the assertion of Rowe that his proficiency in the Latin language was interrupted by his early removal from the free-school of Stratford. His youthful poem, '*Venus and Adonis*,' the first heir of his invention, is upon a classical subject. The '*Rape of Lucrece*' is founded upon a legend of the beginnings of Roman history. Would he have ventured upon these subjects had he been unfamiliar with the ancient writers, from the attentive study of which he could alone obtain the knowledge which would enable him to treat them with propriety? His was an age of sound scholarship. He dedicates both poems to a scholar, and a patron of scholars. Does any one of his contemporaries object that these classical subjects were treated by a young man ignorant of the classics? Will the most critical examination of these poems detect any thing that betrays this ignorance? Is there not the most perfect keeping in both these poems,—an original conception of the mode of treating these subjects, advisedly adopted with the full knowledge of what might be imitated, but preferring the vigorous painting of nature to any imitation? '*Love's Labour's Lost*,' undoubtedly one of the earliest comedies, shows—upon the principle laid down by Coleridge, that "a young author's first work almost always bespeaks his recent pursuits"—that the habits of William Shakespeare "had been scholastic, and those of a student." The '*Comedy of Errors*' is full of those imitations of the ancients in particular passages which critics have in all cases been too apt to take as the chief evidences of learning. The critics of Shakespeare are puzzled by these imitations; and when they see with what skill he adopts, or amends, or rejects, the incidents of the '*Menæchmi*' of Plautus, they have no resource but to contend that his knowledge of Plautus was derived from a wretched translation, published in all probability eight or ten years after '*The Comedy of Errors*' was written. The three Parts of '*Henry VI.*' are the earliest of the historical plays. Those who dispute the genuineness of the First Part affirm that it contains more allusions to mythology and classical authors than

Shakespeare ever uses; but, with a most singular inconsistency, in the passages of the Second and Third Parts which they have chosen to pronounce as the additions of Shakespeare to the original plays of another writer or writers, there are to be found as many allusions to mythology and classical writers as in the part which they deny to be his. We have observed upon these passages that they furnish the proof that, as a young writer, he possessed a competent knowledge of the ancient authors, and was not unwilling to display it; "but that, with that wonderful judgment which was as remarkable as the prodigious range of his imaginative powers, he soon learnt to avoid the pedantry to which inferior men so pertinaciously clung in the pride of their scholarship." Ranging over the whole dramatic works of Shakespeare, whenever we find a classical image or allusion, such as in 'Hamlet,'—

"A station like the herald Mercury,
New lighted on a heaven-kissing hill,"—

the management of the idea is always elegant and graceful; and the passage may sustain a contrast with the most refined imitations of his contemporaries, or of his own imitator, Milton. In his Roman plays he appears co-existent with his wonderful characters, and to have read all the obscure pages of Roman history with a clearer eye than philosopher or historian. When he employs Latinisms in the construction of his sentences, and even in the creation of new words, he does so with singular facility and unerring correctness. And then, we are to be told, he managed all this by studying bad translations, and by copying extracts from grammars and dictionaries; as if it was reserved for such miracles of talent and industry as the Farmers and the Stevenses to read Ovid and Virgil in their original tongues, whilst the dull Shakespeare, whether schoolboy or adult, was to be contented through life with the miserable translations of Arthur Golding and Thomas Phaer.* We believe that his familiarity at least with the best Roman writers was begun early, and continued late; and that he, of all boys of Stratford, would be the least likely to discredit the teaching of Thomas Hunt and Thomas Jenkins, the masters of the grammar-school from 1572 till 1580.

There were other agencies than the grammar-school at work in the direction of Shakespeare's inquiring boyhood. There are local associations connected with Stratford which could not be without their influence in the formation of his mind. Within the range of such a boy's curiosity were the fine old historic towns of Warwick and Coventry, the sumptuous palace of Kenilworth, the grand monastic remains of Evesham. His own Avon abounded with spots of singular beauty, quiet

hamlets, solitary woods. Nor was Stratford shut out from the general world, as many country towns are. It was a great highway; and dealers with every variety of merchandise resorted to its fairs. The eyes of Shakespeare must always have been open for observation. When he was twelve years old Elizabeth made her celebrated progress to Lord Leicester's castle of Kenilworth. Was William Shakespeare at Kenilworth in that summer of 1575, when the great Dudley entertained the queen with a splendor which annalists have delighted to record, and upon which one of our own days has bestowed a fame more imperishable than that of any annals? Percy, speaking of the old Coventry Hock-play, says, "Whatever this old play or storial show was at the time it was exhibited to Queen Elizabeth, it had probably our young Shakespeare for a spectator, who was then in his twelfth year, and doubtless attended with all the inhabitants of the surrounding country at these 'princely pleasures of Kenilworth,' whence Stratford is only a few miles distant." The preparations for this celebrated entertainment were on so magnificent a scale, the purveyings must have been so enormous, the posts so unintermitting, that there had needed not the flourishings of paragraphs (for the age of paragraphs was not as yet) to have roused the curiosity of all mid-England. In 1575, when Robert Dudley welcomed his sovereign with a more than regal magnificence, it is easy to believe that his ambition looked for a higher reward than that of continuing a queen's most favored servant and counsellor. It appears to us that the exquisite speech of Oberon in 'A Midsummer Night's Dream' is founded upon a recollection of what the young Shakespeare heard of the intent of the princely pleasures of Kenilworth, and is associated with some of the poetical devices which he might have there beheld:

"Obe. My gentle Puck, come hither: Thou remember'st
Since once I sat upon a promontory,
And heard a mermaid, on a dolphin's back,
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,
That the rude sea grew civil at her song;
And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,
To hear the sea-maid's music.

Puck.

I remember.

Obe. That very time I saw, (but thou couldst not,)
Flying between the cold moon and the earth,
Cupid all arm'd: a certain aim he took
At a fair vestal, throned by the west;
And loos'd his love-shaft smartly from his bow,
As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts;
But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft
Quench'd in the chaste beams of the watery moon,
And the imperial votaress passed on,
In maiden meditation, fancy free."

The most remarkable of the shows of Kenilworth we associate with the mythology and the romance of lakes and seas. "Triton, in likeness of a mermaid, came towards the Queen's Majesty." "Arion appeared sitting on a dolphin's back." So the quaint and really

* See a series of learned and spirited papers by the late Dr. Ma-ginn on Farmer's 'Essay,' printed in Fraser's Magazine, 1839.

poetical George Gascoigne, in his 'Brief Rehearsal, or rather a true Copy of as much as was presented before her Majesty at Kenilworth.' But the diffuse and most entertaining coxcomb Laneham describes a song of Arion with an ecstasy which may justify the belief that the "dulcet and harmonious breath" of "the sea-maid's music" might be the echo of the melodies heard by the young poet as he stood beside the lake at Kenilworth:—"Now, Sir, the ditty in metre so aptly endited to the matter, and after by voice deliciously delivered; the song, by a skilful artist into his parts so sweetly sorted; each part in his instrument so clean and sharply touched; every instrument again in his kind so excellently tunable; and this in the evening of the day, resounding from the calm waters, where the presence of her Majesty, and longing to listen, had utterly damped all noise and din, the whole harmony conveyed in time, tune, and temper thus incomparably melodious; with what pleasure (Master Martin), with what sharpness of conceit, with what lively delight this might pierce into the hearers' hearts, I pray ye imagine yourself, as ye may." If Elizabeth be the "fair vestal throned by the west," of which there can be no reasonable doubt, the most appropriate scene of the mermaid's song would be Kenilworth, and "that very time" the summer of 1575. There were other circumstances connected with his locality which were favorable to the cultivation of the dramatic spirit in the boy-poet. It requires not the imagination of the romance-writer to assume that before William Shakespeare was sixteen, that is, before the year 1580, when the pageants at Coventry, with one two rare exceptions, were finally suppressed, he would be a spectator of one of these remarkable performances, which were in a few years wholly to perish; becoming, however, the foundations of a drama more suited to the altered spirit of the people, more universal in its range,—the drama of the laity, and not of the church. The ancient accounts of the Chamberlain of the borough of Stratford exhibit a number of payments made out of the funds of the corporation for theatrical performances. In 1569, when John Shakespeare was chief magistrate, there is a payment of nine shillings to the Queen's players, and of twelve-pence to the Earl of Worcester's players. In 1573 the Earl of Leicester's players received six shillings and eight-pence. In 1574 "my Lord of Warwick's players" have a gratuity of seventeen shillings, and the Earl of Worcester's players of five and seven-pence. In 1577 "my Lord of Leicester's players" receive fifteen shillings, and "my Lord of Worcester's players" three and four-pence. In 1579 and 1580 the entries are more circumstantial:

"1579. Item paid to my Lord Strange men the xth day of February at the comaundement of Mr. Bayliffe, *va.*

P^d at the comaundement of Mr. Baliffe to the Countys of Essex plears, *xivs. vid.*

1580. P^d to the Earle of Darbyes players at the comaundement of Mr. Baliffe, *viii. ivd.*"

It thus appears that there had been three sets of players at Stratford within a short distance of the time when William Shakespeare was sixteen years of age.

It is a curious circumstance that the most precise and interesting account which we possess of one of the earliest of the theatrical performances is from the recollection of a man who was born in the same year as William Shakespeare. In 1639 R. W. (R. Willis), stating his age to be seventy-five, published a little volume, called 'Mount Tabor,' which contains a passage, "upon a stage-play which I saw when I was a child," which is essential to be given in any history or sketch of the early stage:

"In the city of Gloucester the manner is (as I think it is in other like corporations) that, when players of interludes come to town, they first attend the mayor, to inform him what nobleman's servants they are, and so to get licence for their public playing; and if the mayor like the actors, or would show respect to their lord and master, he appoints them to play their first play before himself and the aldermen and common council of the city; and that is called the mayor's play, where every one that will comes in without money, the mayor giving the players a reward as he thinks fit, to show respect unto them. At such a play my father took me with him, and made me stand between his legs, as he sat upon one of the benches, where we saw and heard very well. The play was called 'The Cradle of Security,' wherein was personated a king or some great prince, with his courtiers of several kinds, amongst which three ladies were in special grace with him, and they, keeping him in delights and pleasures, drew him from his graver counsellors, hearing of sermons, and listening to good counsel and admonitions, that in the end they got him to lie down in a cradle upon the stage, where these three ladies, joining in a sweet song, rocked him asleep, that he snorted again, and in the meantime closely conveyed under the clothes wherewithal he was covered a vizard like a swine's snout upon his face, with three wire chains fastened thereunto, the other end whereof being holden severally by those three ladies, who fall to singing again, and then discovered his face, that the spectators might see how they had transformed him going on with their singing. Whilst all this was acting, there came forth of another door at the farthest end of the stage two old men, the one in blue, with a sergeant-at-arms his mace on his shoulder, the other in red, with a drawn sword in his hand, and leaning with the other hand upon the other's shoulder, and so they two went along in a soft pace, round about by the skirt of the stage,

tilt at last they came to the cradle, when all the court was in greatest jollity, and then the foremost old man with his mace stroke a fearful blow upon the cradle, whereat all the courtiers, with the three ladies and the vizard, all vanished; and the desolate prince, starting up barefaced, and finding himself thus sent for to judgment, made a lamentable complaint of his miserable case, and so was carried away by wicked spirits. This prince did personate in the moral the wicked of the world; the three ladies, pride, covetousness, and luxury; the two old men, the end of the world and the last judgment. This sight took such impression in me, that when I came towards man's estate it was as fresh in my memory as if I had seen it newly acted."

We now understand why the bailiff of Stratford paid the players out of the public money. The first performance of each company in this town was the bailiff's, or chief magistrate's play; and thus, when the father of William Shakespeare was bailiff, the boy might have stood "between his legs as he sat upon one of the benches."

The hall of the Guild, which afterwards became the Town Hall, was the occasional theatre of Stratford. It is now a long room, and somewhat low, the building being divided into two floors, the upper of which is used as the Grammar School. The elevation for the Court at one end of the hall would form the stage; and on one side is an ancient separate chamber to which the performers would retire. With a due provision of benches, about three hundred persons could be accommodated in this room; and no doubt Mr. Bailiff would be liberal in the issue of his invitations, so that Stratford might not grudge its expenditure of five shillings.

It would appear from Willis's description that 'The Cradle of Security' was for the most part dumb show. It is probable that he was present at its performance at Gloucester when he was six or seven years of age; it evidently belongs to that class of moral plays which were of the simplest construction. And yet it was popular long after the English drama had reached its highest eminence. When the pageants and mysteries had been put down by the force of public opinion, when spectacles of a dramatic character had ceased to be employed as instruments of religious instruction, the professional players who had sprung up founded their popularity for a long period upon the ancient habits and associations of the people. Our drama was essentially formed by a course of steady progress, and not by rapid transition. We are accustomed to say that the drama was created by Shakespeare, Marlowe, Greene, Kyd, and a few others of distinguished genius; but they all of them worked upon a foundation which was ready for them. The superstructure of real tragedy and comedy had to be erected upon the moral plays, the romances,

the histories, which were beginning to be popular in the very first days of Queen Elizabeth, and continued to be so, even in their very rude forms, beyond the close of her long reign.

The controversy upon the lawfulness of stage-plays was a remarkable feature of the period which we are now noticing; and, as pamphlets were to that age what newspapers are to ours, there can be little doubt that even in the small literary society of Stratford the tracts upon this subject might be well known. The dispute about the Theatre was a contest between the holders of opposite opinions in religion. The Puritans, who even at that time were strong in their zeal if not in their numbers, made the Theatre the especial object of their indignation, for its unquestionable abuses allowed them so to frame their invectives that they might tell with double force against every description of public amusement, against poetry in general, against music, against dancing, associated as they were with the excesses of an ill-regulated stage. A Treatise of John Northbrooke, licensed for the press in 1577, is directed against "dicing, dancing, vain plays, or interludes." Gosson, who had been a student of Christchurch, Oxford, had himself written two or three plays previous to his publication, in 1579, of 'The School of Abuse, containing a Pleasant Invective against Poets, Pipers, Players, Jest-ers, and such-like Caterpillars of a Commonwealth.' This book, written with considerable ostentation of learning, and indeed with no common vigour and occasional eloquence, defeats its own purposes by too large an aim. Poets, whatever be the character of their poetry, are the objects of Gosson's new-born hostility. The three abuses of the time are held to be inseparable: "As poetry and piping are cousin-germans, so piping and playing are of great affinity, and all three chained in links of abuse." If the young Shakespeare had his ambition turned towards dramatic poetry when he was sixteen, that ambition was not likely to be damped by Gosson's general declamation.

The earliest, and the most permanent, of poetical associations are those which are impressed upon the mind by localities which have a deep historical interest. It would be difficult to find a district possessing more striking remains of a past time than the neighbourhood in which William Shakespeare spent his youth. The poetical feeling which the battle-fields, and castles, and monastic ruins of mid-England would excite in him, may be reasonably considered to have derived an intensity through the real history of these celebrated spots being vague, and for the most part traditional. The age of local historians has not yet arrived. The monuments of the past were indeed themselves much more fresh and perfect than in the subsequent days, when every tomb inscription was copied, and every

mouldering document set forth. But in the year 1580, if William Shakespeare desired to know, for example, with some precision, the history which belonged to those noble towers of Warwick upon which he had often gazed with a delight that scarcely required to be based upon knowledge, he would look in vain for any guide to his inquiries. Some old people might tell him that they remembered their fathers to have spoken of one John Rous, the son of Geoffrey Rous of Warwick, who, having diligently studied at Oxford, and obtained a reputation for uncommon learning, rejected all ambitious thoughts, shut himself up with his books in the solitude of Guy's Cliff, and was engaged to the last in writing the Chronicles of his country, and especially the history of his native County and its famous Earls: and there, in the quiet of that pleasant place, performing his daily offices of devotion as a chantry priest, in the little chapel, did John Rous live a life of happy industry till 1491. But the world in general derived little profit from his labours. Yet if the future Poet sustained some disadvantage by living before the days of antiquarian minuteness, he could still dwell in the past, and people it with the beings of his own imagination. The Chroniclers would, however, afford him ample materials to work into his own topography. There was a truth which was to be found amidst all the mistakes and contradictions of the annalists—the great poetical truth, that the devices of men are insufficient to establish any permanent command over events; that crime would be followed by retribution; that evil passions would become their own tormentors; that injustice could not be successful to the end; that although dimly seen and unwillingly acknowledged, the great presiding Power of the world could make evil work for good, and advance the general happiness out of the particular misery. This was the mode, we believe, in which that thoughtful youth read the Chronicles of his country, whether brief or elaborate. Looking at them by the strong light of local association, there would be local tradition at hand to enforce that universal belief in the justice of God's providence which is in itself alone one of the many proofs of that justice.

Hall, the chronicler, writing his history of 'The Families of Lancaster and York,' about seventy years after the "continual dissension for the crown of this noble realm" was terminated, says,—“What nobleman liveth at this day, or what gentleman of any ancient stock or progeny is clear, whose lineage hath not been infested and plagued with this unnatural division?” During the boyhood of William Shakespeare, it cannot be doubted that he would meet with many a gentleman, and many a yeoman, who would tell him how their forefathers had been thus “infested and plagued.” The traditions of the most stirring events

of that contest would at this time be about a century old; generally diluted in their interest by passing through the lips of three or four generations, but occasionally presented vividly to the mind of the inquiring boy in the narration of some amongst the “hoary headed eld” whose fathers had fought at Bosworth or Tewksbury. Many of these traditions, too, would be essentially local; extending back even to the period when the banished Duke of Hereford, in his bold march

“From Ravensburg to Cotswold,”*

gathered a host of followers in the counties of Derby, Nottingham, Leicester, Warwick, and Worcester. Fields, where battles had been fought; towns, where parliaments had assembled and treaties had been ratified; castles, where the great leaders had stood at bay, or had sallied forth upon the terrified country—such were the objects which the young poet would associate with many an elaborate description of the chroniclers, and many an interesting anecdote of his ancient neighbours. It appears to us that his dramatic power was early directed towards this long and complicated story, by some principle even more exciting than its capabilities for the purposes of the drama. It was the story, we think, which was presented to him in the evening-talk around the hearth of his childhood; it was the story whose written details were most accessible to him, being narrated by Hall with a rare minuteness of picturesque circumstance; but it was a story also of which his own district had been the scene, in many of its most stirring events. Out of ten English Historical Plays which were written by him, and some undoubtedly amongst his first performances, he has devoted eight to circumstances belonging to this memorable story. No other nation ever possessed such a history of the events of a century,—a history in which the agents are not the hard abstractions of warriors and statesmen, but men of flesh and blood like ourselves; men of passion, and crime, and virtue; elevated perhaps by the poetical art, but filled also, through that art, with such a wondrous life, that we dwell amongst them as if they were of our own day, and feel that they must have spoken as he has made them speak, and act as he has made them act. It is in vain that we are told that some events are omitted, and some transposed; that documentary history does not exhibit its evidence *here*, that a contemporary narrative somewhat militates against the representation *there*. The general truth of this dramatic history cannot be shaken. It is a philosophical history in the very highest sense of that somewhat abused term. It contains the philosophy that can only be produced by the union of the noblest imagination with the most just and temperate judgment. It is

* “Richard II.,” Act 2, scene 3.

the loftiness of the poetical spirit which has enabled Shakespeare alone to write this history with impartiality. Open the chroniclers, and we find the prejudices of the Yorkist or the Lancastrian manifesting the intensity of the old factious hatred. Who can say to which faction Shakespeare belongs? He has comprehended the whole, whilst others knew only a part.

The last play of the series which belongs to the wars of the Roses is unquestionably written altogether with a more matured power than those which preceded it; yet the links which connect it with the other three plays of the series are so unbroken, the treatment of character is so consistent, and the poetical conception of the whole so uniform, that, whatever amount of criticism may be yet in store to show that our view is incorrect, we now confidently speak of them all as the plays of Shakespeare, and of Shakespeare alone. Matured, especially in its wonderful exhibition of character, as the 'Richard III.' is, we cannot doubt that the subject was very early familiar to the young poet's mind. The Battle of Bosworth Field was the great event of his own locality, which for a century had fixed the government of England. The course of the Reformation, and especially the dissolution of the Monasteries, had produced great social changes, which were in operation at the time in which William Shakespeare was born; whose effects, for good and for evil, he must have seen working around him, as he grew from year to year in knowledge and experience. But those events were too recent, and indeed of too delicate a nature, to assume the poetical aspect in his mind. They abided still in the region of prejudice and controversy. It was dangerous to speak of the great religious divisions of the kingdom with a tolerant impartiality. History could scarcely deal with these opinions in a spirit of justice. Poetry, thus, which has regard to what is permanent and universal, has passed by these matters, important as they are. But the great event which placed the Tudor family on the throne, and gave England a stable government, however occasionally distracted by civil and religious division, was an event which would seize fast upon such a mind as that of William Shakespeare. His ancestor, there can be little doubt, had been an adherent of the Earl of Richmond. For his faithful services to the conqueror at Bosworth he was rewarded, as we are assured, by lands in Warwickshire. That field of Bosworth would therefore have to him a family as well as a local interest. Burton, the historian of Leicestershire, who was born about ten years after William Shakespeare, tells us "that his great-great-grandfather, John Hardwick, of Lindley, near Bosworth, a man of very short stature, but active and courageous, tendered his service to Henry, with some troops of horse, the night he lay at Atherston,

became his guide to the field, advised him in the attack, and how to profit by the sun and by the wind." Burton further says, writing in 1622, that the inhabitants living around the plain called Bosworth Field, more properly the plain of Sutton, "have many occurrences and passages yet fresh in memory, by reason that some persons thereabout, which saw the battle fought, were living within less than forty years, of which persons myself have seen some, and have heard of their disclosures, though related by the second hand." This "living within less than forty years" would take us back to about the period which we are now viewing in relation to the life of Shakespeare. But certainly there is something over-marvellous in Burton's story, to enable us to think that William Shakespeare, even as a very young boy, could have conversed with "some persons thereabout" who had seen a battle fought in 1485. That, as Burton more reasonably of himself says, he might have "heard their discourses at second-hand" is probable enough. Bosworth Field is about thirty miles from Stratford. Burton says that the plain derives its name from Bosworth, "not that this battle was fought at this place (it being fought in a large, flat plain, and spacious ground, three miles distant from this town, between the towns of Shenton, Sutton, Dadlington, and Stoke); but for that this town was the most worthy town of note near adjacent, and was therefore called Bosworth Field. That this battle was fought in this plain appeareth by many remarkable places: By a little mount cast up, where the common report is, that at the first beginning of the battle Henry Earl of Richmond made his parenetical oration to his army; by divers pieces of armour, weapons, and other warlike accoutrements, and by many arrowheads here found, whereof, about twenty years since, at the enclosure of the lordship of Stoke, great store were digged up, of which some I have now (1622) in my custody, being of a long, large, and big proportion, far greater than any now in use; as also by relation of the inhabitants, who have many occurrences and passages yet fresh in memory." Burton goes on to tell two stories connected with the eventful battle. The one was the vision of King Richard, of "divers fearful ghosts running about him, not suffering him to take any rest, still crying 'Revenge.'" Hall relates the tradition thus:—"The fame went that he had the same night a dreadful and a terrible dream, for it seemed to him, being asleep, that he saw divers images like terrible devils, not suffering him to take any quiet or rest." Burton says, previous to his description of the dream, "The vision is reported to be in this manner." And certainly his account of the fearful ghosts "still crying Revengo" is essentially different from that of the chronicler. Shakespeare has followed the more poetical account of

the old local historian ; which, however, could not have been known to him :—

"Methought the souls of all that I have murder'd
Came to my tent ; and every one did threat
To-morrow's vengeance on the head of Richard."

Did Shakespeare obtain his notion from the same source as Burton—from "relation of the inhabitants who have many occurrences and passages yet fresh in memory ?"

The localities amidst which Shakespeare lived were, as we have thus seen, highly favourable to his cultivation of a poetical reverence for antiquity. But his unerring observation of the present prevented the past becoming to him an illusion. He had always an earnest patriotism ; he had a strong sense of the blessings which had been conferred upon his own day through the security won out of peril and suffering by the middle classes. The destruction of the old institutions, after the first evil effects had been mitigated by the energy of the people, had diffused capital, and had caused it to be employed with more activity. But he, who scarcely ever stops to notice the political aspects of his own day, cannot forbear an indignant comment upon the sufferings of the very poorest, which, if not caused by, were at least coincident with, the great spoliation of the property of the Church. Poor Tom, "who is whipped from tithing to tithing, and stocked, punished, and imprisoned," was no fanciful portrait ; he was the creature of the pauper legislation of half a century. Exhortations in the churches, "for the furtherance of the relief of such as were in unfeigned misery," were prescribed by the statute of the 1st of Edward VI. ; but the same statute directs that the unhappy wanderer, after certain forms of proving that he has not offered himself for work, shall be marked V with a hot iron upon his breast, and adjudged to be "*a slave*" for two years to him who brings him before justices of the peace ; and the statute goes on to direct the slave-owner "to cause the said slave to work by beating, chaining, or otherwise." Three years afterwards the statute is repealed, seeing that it could not be carried into effect by reason of the multitude of vagabonds and the extremity of their wants. The whipping and the stocking were applied by successive enactments of Elizabeth. The gallows, too, was always at hand to make an end of the wanderers when, hunted from tithing to tithing, they inevitably became thieves. Nothing but a compulsory provision for the maintenance of the poor could then have saved England from a fearful Jacquerie. It cannot reasonably be doubted that the vast destruction of capital by the dissolution of the monasteries threw for many years a quantity of superfluous labour upon the yet unsettled capital of the ordinary industry of the country. That Shakespeare had witnessed much of this misery is evident

from his constant disposition to descry "a soul of goodness in things evil," and from his indignant hatred of the heartlessness of petty authority :—

"Thou rascal beadle, hold thy bloody hand."

And yet, with many social evils about him, the age of Shakespeare's youth was one in which the people were making a great intellectual progress. The poor were ill provided for. The Church was in an unsettled state, attacked by the natural restlessness of those who looked upon the Reformation with regret and hatred, and by the rigid enemies of its traditional ceremonies and ancient observances, who had sprung up in its bosom. The promises which had been made that education should be fostered by the State had utterly failed ; for even the preservation of the universities, and the protection and establishment of a few grammar-schools, had been unwillingly conceded by the avarice of those daring statesmen who had swallowed up the riches of the ancient establishment. The genial spirit of the English yeomanry had received a check from the intolerance of the powerful sect who frowned upon all sports and recreations—who despised the arts—who held poets and pipers to be "caterpillars of a commonwealth." But yet the wonderful stirring up of the intellect of the nation had made it an age favourable for the cultivation of the highest literature ; and most favourable to those who looked upon society, as the young Shakespeare must have looked, in the spirit of cordial enjoyment and practical wisdom.

Charlcote :—the name is familiar to every reader of Shakespeare ; but it is not presented to the world under the influence of pleasant associations with the world's poet. The story, which was first told by Rowe, must be here repeated :—"An extravagance that he was guilty of forced him both out of his country, and that way of living which he had taken up ; and though it seemed at first to be a blemish upon his good manners, and a misfortune to him, yet it afterwards happily proved the occasion of exerting one of the greatest geniuses that ever was known in dramatic poetry. He had, by a misfortune common enough to young fellows, fallen into ill company, and, amongst them, some that made a frequent practice of deer-stealing engaged him more than once in robbing a park that belonged to Sir Thomas Lucy, of Charlcote, near Stratford. For this he was prosecuted by that gentleman, as he thought, somewhat too severely ; and, in order to revenge that ill usage, he made a ballad upon him. And though this, probably the first essay of his poetry, be lost, yet it is said to have been so very bitter, that it redoubled the prosecution against him to that degree, that he was obliged to leave his business and family in Warwick-

shire for some time, and shelter himself in London."^o The good old gossip Aubrey is wholly silent about the deer-stealing and the flight to London, merely saying, "This William, being inclined naturally to poetry and acting, came to London, I guess about eighteen." But there were other antiquarian gossips of Aubrey's age, who have left us their testimony upon this subject. The Reverend William Fulman, a fellow of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, who died in 1688, bequeathed his papers to the Reverend Richard Davies of Sanford, Oxfordshire; and on the death of Mr. Davies, in 1707, these papers were deposited in the library of Corpus Christi. Fulman appears to have made some collections for the biography of our English poets, and under the name Shakespeare he gives the dates of his birth and death. But Davies, who added notes to his friend's manuscripts, affords us the following piece of information:—"He was much given to all unluckiness in stealing venison and rabbits; particularly from Sir Lucy, who had him oft whipped, and sometimes imprisoned, and at last made him fly his native country, to his great advancement. But his revenge was so great, that he is his Justice Clodpate, and calls him a great man, and that, in allusion to his name, bore three louses rampant for his arms." The accuracy of this chronicler, as to events supposed to have happened a hundred years before he wrote, may be inferred from his correctness in what was accessible to him. Justice Clodpate is a new character; and the three louses rampant have diminished strangely from the "dozen white luses" of Master Slender. In Mr. Davies' account we have no mention of the ballad—through which, according to Rowe, the young poet revenged his "ill usage." But Capell, the editor of Shakespeare, found a new testimony to that fact: "The writer of his 'Life,' the first modern, [Rowe] speaks of a 'lost ballad,' which added fuel, he says, to the knight's before-conceived anger, and 'redoubled the prosecution;' and calls the ballad 'the first essay of Shakespeare's poetry;' one stanza of it, which has the appearance of genuine, was put into the editor's hands many years ago by an ingenious gentleman (grandson of its preserver), with this account of the way in which it descended to him: Mr. Thomas Jones, who dwelt at Tarbick, a village in Worcestershire, a few miles from Stratford-on-Avon, and died in the year 1703, aged upwards of ninety, remembered to have heard from several old people at Stratford the story of Shakespeare's robbing Sir Thomas Lucy's park; and their account of it agreed with Mr. Rowe's, with this addition—that the ballad written against Sir Thomas by Shakespeare was stuck upon his park-gate, which exasperated the knight to apply to a

lawyer at Warwick to proceed against him. Mr. Jones had put down in writing the first stanza of the ballad, which was all he remembered of it, and Mr. Thomas Wilkes (my grandfather) transmitted it to my father by memory, who also took it in writing." This, then, is the entire evidence as to the deer-stealing tradition. According to Rowe, the young Shakespeare was engaged more than once in robbing a park, for which he was prosecuted by Sir Thomas Lucy; he made a ballad upon his prosecutor, and then, being more severely pursued, fled to London. According to Davies, he was much given to all unluckiness in stealing venison and rabbits; for which he was often whipped, sometimes imprisoned, and at last forced to fly the country. According to Jones, the tradition of Rowe was correct as to robbing the park; and the obnoxious ballad being stuck upon the park-gate, a lawyer of Warwick was authorized to prosecute the offender. The tradition is thus full of contradictions upon the face of it. It necessarily would be so, for each of the witnesses speaks of circumstances that must have happened a hundred years before his time. We must examine the credibility of the tradition therefore by inquiring what was the state of the law as to the offence for which William Shakespeare is said to have been prosecuted; what was the state of public opinion as to the offence; and what was the position of Sir Thomas Lucy as regarded his immediate neighbours.

The law in operation at the period in question was the 5th of Elizabeth, chapter 21. The ancient forest-laws had regard only to the possessions of the Crown; and therefore in the 32nd of Henry VIII. an Act was passed for the protection of "every inheritor and possessor of manors, land, and tenements," which made the killing of deer, and the taking of rabbits and hawks, felony. This Act was repealed in the 1st of Edward VI.; but it was quickly re-enacted in the 3rd and 4th of Edward VI. (1549 and 1550), it being alleged that unlawful hunting prevailed to such an extent throughout the realm, in the royal and private parks, that in one of the king's parks within a few miles of London five hundred deer were slain in one day. For the due punishment of such offences the taking of deer was again made felony. But the Act was again repealed in the 1st of Mary. In the 5th of Elizabeth it was attempted in Parliament once more to make the offence a capital felony. But this was successfully resisted; and it was enacted that, if any person by night or by day "wrongfully or unlawfully break or enter into any park empaled, or any other several ground closed with wall, pale, or hedge, and used for the keeping, breeding, and cherishing of deer, and so wrongfully haunt, drive, or chase out, or take, kill, or slay any deer within any such empaled park,

* 'Some Account of the Life of William Shakespear' written by Mr. Rowe.

or closed ground with wall, pale, or other enclosure, and used for deer as is aforesaid," he shall suffer three months' imprisonment, pay treble damages to the party offended, and find sureties for seven years' good behaviour. But there is a clause in this Act (1562-3) which renders it doubtful whether the penalties for taking deer could be applied twenty years after the passing of the Act, in the case of Sir Thomas Lucy. "Provided always, That this Act, or anything contained therein, extend not to any park or enclosed ground hereafter to be made and used for deer, without the grant or licence of our Sovereign Lady the Queen, her heirs, successors, or progenitors." At the date of this statute, Charlote, it is said, was not a deer-park; was not an enclosed ground royally licensed. For the space of forty-two years after the passing of this Act of Elizabeth there was no remedy for deer-stealing (except by action for trespass) in grounds not enclosed at the passing of that Act. The statute of the 3rd of James I. recites that for offences within such grounds there is no remedy provided by the Act of Elizabeth, or by any other Act. It appears to us, however, that Malone puts the case against the tradition too strongly when he maintains that Charlote was not a licensed park in 1562, and that, therefore, its venison continued to be unprotected till the statute of James. The Act of Elizabeth clearly contemplates any "several ground" "closed with wall, pale, or hedge, and used for the keeping of deer;" and as Sir Thomas Lucy built the mansion at Charlote in 1558, it may reasonably be supposed that at the date of the statute the domain of Charlote was closed with wall, pale, or hedge. The deer-stealing tradition, however, has grown more minute as it has advanced in age. Charlote, according to Mr. Samuel Ireland, was not the place of Shakespeare's unlucky adventures. The Park of Fulbrooke, he says, was the property of Sir Thomas Lucy: and he gives us a drawing of an old house where the young offender was conveyed after his detection. Upon the Ordnance Map of our own day is the Deer Barn, where, according to the same veracious tradition, the venison was concealed. A word or two disposes of this part of the tradition: Fulbrooke did not come into the possession of the Lucy family till the grandson of Sir Thomas purchased it in the reign of James I. We have seen, then, that for ten years previous to the passing of the Act of Elizabeth for the preservation of deer there had been no laws in force except the old forest-laws, which applied not to private property. The statute of Elizabeth makes the bird-nesting boy, who climbs up to the hawk's eyrie, as liable to punishment as the deer-stealer. The taking of rabbits, as well as deer, was felony by the statutes of Henry VIII. and Edward VI.; but from the time of Henry VIII. to James I. there was

no protection for rabbits: they were *feræ naturæ*. Our unhappy poet, therefore, could not be held to steal rabbits, however fond he might be of hunting them; and certainly it would have been legally unsafe for Sir Thomas Lucy to have whipped him for such a disposition. Pheasants and partridges were free for men of all condition to shoot with gun or cross-bow, or capture with hawk. There was no restriction against taking hares except a statute of Henry VIII., which, for the protection of hunting, forbade tracking them in the snow. With this general right of sport it is scarcely to be expected that the statute against the taking of deer should be very strictly observed by the bold yeomanry of the days of Elizabeth; or that the offence of a young man should have been visited by such severe prosecution as should have compelled him to fly the country. The penalty for the offence was a defined one. The short imprisonment might have been painful for a youth to bear, but it would not have been held disgraceful. All the writers of the Elizabethan period speak of killing a deer with a sort of jovial sympathy, worthy the descendants of Robin Hood. "I'll have a buck till I die, I'll slay a doe while I live," is the maxim of the Host in 'The Merry Devil of Edmonton;' and even Sir John, the priest, reproves him not; he joins in the fun. With this loose state of public opinion, then, upon the subject of venison, is it likely that Sir Thomas Lucy would have pursued for such an offence the eldest son of an alderman of Stratford with any extraordinary severity? The knight was nearly the most important person residing in the immediate neighbourhood of Stratford. In 1578 he had been High Sheriff. At the period when the deer-stealing may be supposed to have taken place he was seeking to be member for the county of Warwick, for which he was returned in 1584. He was in the habit of friendly intercourse with the residents of Stratford, for in 1583 he was chosen as an arbitrator in a matter of dispute by Hamnet Sadler, the friend of John Shakespeare and of his son. All these considerations tend, we think, to show that the improbable deer-stealing tradition is based, like many other stories connected with Shakespeare, on that vulgar love of the marvellous which is not satisfied with the wonder which a being eminently endowed himself presents, without seeking a contrast of profligacy, or meanness, or ignorance in his early condition, amongst the tales of a rude generation who came after him, and, hearing of his fame, endeavoured to bring him as near as might be to themselves.

In the sixteenth century young men married early. In the middle ranks there was little outfit required to begin housekeeping. A few articles of useful furniture

satisfied their simple tastes; and we doubt not there was as much happiness seated on the wooden bench as now on the silken ottoman, and as light hearts tripped over the green rushes as upon the Persian carpet. A silver bowl or two, a few spoons, constituted the display of the more ambitious; but for use the treen platter was at once clean and substantial, though the pewter dish sometimes graced a solemn merry-making. Employment, especially agricultural, was easily obtained by the industrious; and the sons of the yeomen, whose ambition did not drive them into the towns to pursue commerce, or to the universities to try for the prizes of professions, walked humbly and contentedly in the same road as their fathers had walked before them. They tilled a little land with indifferent skill, and their herds and flocks gave food and raiment to their household. Surrounded by the cordial intimacies of the class to which he belonged, it is not difficult to understand how William Shakespeare married early; and the very circumstance of his so marrying is tolerably clear evidence of the course of life in which he was brought up. It has been a sort of fashion of late years to consider that Shakespeare was clerk to an attorney. Thomas Nash in 1589 published this sentence: "It is a common practice now-a-days, among a sort of shifting companions, that run through every art and thrive by none, to leave the trade of *Noverint*, whereto they were born, and busy themselves with the endeavours of art, that could scarcely latinize their neck-verse if they should have need; yet English Seneca, read by candlelight, yields many good sentences, as *Bloud is a Beggar*, and so forth: and, if you entreat him fair in a frosty morning, he will afford you whole *Hamlets*, I should say handfuls, of tragical speeches." This quotation is held to furnish the external evidence that Shakespeare had been an attorney, by the connexion here implied of "the trade of *Noverint*" and "whole *Hamlets*." *Noverint* was the technical beginning of a bond. It is imputed, then, by Nash, to a sort of shifting companions, that, running through every art and thriving by none, they attempt dramatic composition, drawing their tragical speeches from English Seneca. Does this description apply to Shakespeare? Was he thriving by no art? In 1589 he was established in life as a sharer in the Blackfriars Theatre. Does the use of the term "whole *Hamlets*" fix the allusion upon him? It appears to us only to show that some tragedy called '*Hamlet*,' it may be Shakespeare's, was then in existence; and that it was a play also at which Nash might sneer as abounding with tragical speeches. But it does not seem to us that there is any absolute connexion between the *Noverint* and the *Hamlet*. The external evidence of this passage (and it is the only evidence of such a character that has been found) wholly fails, we think,

in showing that Shakespeare was in 1589 reputed to have been an attorney. But had he pursued this occupation, either at Stratford or in London, it is tolerably clear that there would have been ample external evidence for the establishment of the fact. In those times an attorney was employed in almost every transaction between man and man, of any importance. Deeds, bonds, indentures, were much more common when legal documents were untaxed, and legal assistance was comparatively cheap. To every document attesting witnesses were numerous; and the attorney's clerk, as a matter of course, was amongst the number. Such papers and parchments are better secured against the ravages of time than any other manuscripts. It is scarcely possible that, if Shakespeare had been an attorney's clerk, his name would not have appeared in some such document, as a subscribing witness.* No such signature has ever been found. This fact appears to us to dispose of Malone's confident belief that upon Shakespeare leaving school he was placed for two or three years in the office of one of the seven attorneys who practised in the Court of Record in Stratford. Malone adds, "The comprehensive mind of our poet, it must be owned, embraced almost every object of nature, every trade, and every art, the manners of every description of men, and the general language of almost every profession: but his knowledge and application of legal terms seem to me not merely such as might have been acquired by the casual observation of his all-comprehending mind; it has the appearance of technical skill; and he is so fond of displaying it on all occasions, that there is, I think, some ground for supposing that he was early initiated in at least the forms of law." Malone then cites a number of passages exemplifying Shakespeare's knowledge and application of legal terms. The theory was originally propounded by Malone in his edition of 1790; and it gave rise to many subsequent notes of the commentators, pointing out these technical allusions. The frequency of their occurrence, and the accuracy of their use, are, however, no proof to us that Shakespeare was professionally a lawyer. There is every reason to believe that the principles of law, especially the law of real property, were much more generally understood in those days than in our own. Educated men, especially those who possessed property, looked upon law as a science instead of a mystery; and its terms were used in familiar speech instead of being regarded as a technical jargon. When Hamlet says, "This fellow might be in his time a great buyer of

* Mr. Wheler, of Stratford, having taken up the opinion many years ago, upon the suggestion of Malone, that Shakespeare might have been an attorney's clerk, has availed himself of his opportunities as a solicitor to examine hundreds of documents of Shakespeare's time, in the hope of discovering his signature. The examination was altogether fruitless.

land, with his statutes, his recognizances, his fines, his double vouchers, 'his recoveries,' he employs terms with which every gentleman was familiar, because the owner of property was often engaged in a practical acquaintance with them. This general knowledge, which it would be very remarkable if Shakespeare had not acquired, involves the use of the familiar law-terms of his day, *fee simple, fine and recovery, entail, remainder, escheat, mortgage*. The commonest practice of the law, such as a sharp boy would have learnt in two or three casual attendances upon the Bailiff's Court at Stratford, would have familiarized Shakespeare very early with the words which are held to imply considerable technical knowledge—*action, bond, warrant, bill, suit, plea, arrest*. It must not be forgotten that the terms of law, however they may be technically applied, belong to the habitual commerce of mankind; they are no abstract terms, but essentially deal with human acts, and interests, and thoughts: and it is thus that, without any fanciful analogies, they more readily express the feelings of those who use them with a general significance, than any other words that the poet could apply.

We hold, then, that William Shakespeare, the son of a possessor and cultivator of land, a gentleman by descent, married to the heiress of a good family, comfortable in his worldly circumstances, married very early the daughter of one in a similar rank of life, and in all probability did not quit his native place when he so married. The marriage-bond, which was discovered a few years since, has set at rest all doubt as to the name and residence of his wife. She is there described as Anne Hathway, of Stratford, in the diocese of Worcester, maiden. Rowe, in his "Life," says—"Upon his leaving school he seems to have given entirely into that way of living which his father proposed to him; and in order to settle in the world, after a family manner, he thought fit to marry while he was yet very young. His wife was the daughter of one Hathaway, said to have been a substantial yeoman in the neighbourhood of Stratford." At the hamlet of Shottery, which is in the parish of Stratford, the Hathaways had been settled forty years before the period of Shakespeare's marriage; for in the Warwickshire Surveys, in the time of Philip and Mary, it is recited that John Hathaway held property at Shottery, by copy of court-roll, dated 20th of April, 34th of Henry VIII. (1543).⁹ The Hathaway of Shakespeare's time was named Richard; and the intimacy between him and John Shakespeare is shown by a precept in an action against Richard Hathaway, dated 1576, in which John Shakespeare is his bondman. Before the discovery of the marriage-bond, Malone had found a confirmation of the traditional account that

the maiden name of Shakespeare's wife was Hathaway; for Lady Barnard, the grand-daughter of Shakespeare, makes bequests in her will to the children of Thomas Hathaway, "her kinsman." But Malone doubts whether there were not other Hathaways than those of Shottery, residents in the town of Stratford, and not in the hamlet included in the parish. This is possible. But, on the other hand, the description in the marriage-bond of Anne Hathaway, as of Stratford, is no proof that she was not of Shottery; for such a document would necessarily have regard only to the parish of the person described. Tradition, always valuable when it is not opposed to evidence, has associated for many years the cottage of the Hathaways at Shottery with the wife of Shakespeare. Garrick purchased relics out of it at the time of the Stratford Jubilee; Samuel Ireland afterwards carried off what was called Shakespeare's courting-chair; and there is still in the house a very ancient carved bedstead, which has been handed down from descendant to descendant as an heirloom. The house was no doubt once adequate to form a comfortable residence for a substantial and even wealthy yeoman. It is still a pretty cottage, embosomed by trees, and surrounded by pleasant pastures; and here the young poet might have surrendered his prudence to his affections:—

"As in the sweetest buds
The eating canker dwells, so eating love
Inhabits in the finest wits of all."

The very early marriage of the young man, with one more than seven years his elder, has been supposed to have been a rash and passionate proceeding. Upon the face of it, it appears an act that might at least be reproved in the words which follow those we have just quoted:—

"As the most forward bud
Is eaten by the canker ere it blow,
Even so by love the young and tender wit
Is turn'd to folly; blasting in the bud,
Losing his verdure even in the prime,
And all the fair effects of future hopes."

This is the common consequence of precocious marriages; but we are not therefore to conclude that "the young and tender wit" of our Shakespeare was "turned to folly"—that his "forward bud" was "eaten by the canker"—that "his verdure" was lost "even in the prime," by his marriage with Anne Hathaway before he was nineteen. The influence which this marriage must have had upon his destinies was no doubt considerable; but it is too much to assume, as it has been assumed, that it was an unhappy influence. All that we *really* know of Shakespeare's family life warrants the contrary supposition. We believe that the marriage of Shakespeare was one of affection; that there was no disparity in the worldly condition of himself and the object of his choice; that it was with the consent of friends; that there were no circumstances connected

⁹ The Shottery property, which was called Hewland, remained with the descendants of the Hathaways till 1838.

with it which indicate that it was either forced or clandestine, or urged on by an artful woman to cover her apprehended loss of character.

There is every reason to believe that Shakespeare was remarkable for manly beauty :—"He was a handsome, well-shaped man," says Aubrey. According to tradition, he played Adam in "As You Like It," and the Ghost in "Hamlet." Adam says,—

"Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty."

Upon his personation of the Ghost, Mr. Campbell has the following judicious remarks :—"It has been alleged, in proof of his mediocrity, that he enacted the part of his own Ghost, in 'Hamlet.' But is the Ghost in 'Hamlet' a very mean character? No; though its movements are few, they must be awfully graceful; and the spectral voice, though subdued and half-monotonous, must be solemn and full of feeling. It gives us an imposing idea of Shakespeare's stature and mien to conceive him in this part. The English public, accustomed to see their lofty nobles, their Essexes, and their Raleighs, clad in complete armour, and moving under it with a majestic air, would not have tolerated the actor Shakespeare, unless he had presented an appearance worthy of the buried majesty of Denmark." That he performed *kingly* parts is indicated by these lines, written, in 1611, by John Davies, in a poem inscribed "To our English Terence, Mr. William Shakespeare :"—

"Some say, good Will, which I in sport do sing,
Hadst thou not play'd some *kingly* parts in sport,
Thou hadst been a companion for a king,
And been a king among the meaner sort."

The portrait by Martin Droeshout, prefixed to the edition of 1623, when Shakespeare would be well remembered by his friends, gives a notion of a man of remarkably fine features, independent of the wonderful development of forehead. The lines accompanying it, which bear the signature B. I. (most likely Ben Jonson), attest the accuracy of the likeness. The Bust at Stratford bears the same character. The sculptor was Gerard Johnson. It was probably erected soon after the poet's death; for it is mentioned by Leonard Digges, in his verses upon the publication of Shakespeare's collected works by his "pious fellows." All the circumstances of which we have any knowledge imply that Shakespeare at the time of his marriage, was such a person as might well have won the heart of a mistress whom tradition has described as eminently beautiful. Anne Hathaway at this time was of mature beauty. The inscription over her grave in the church of Stratford-upon-Avon states that she died on "the 6th day of August, 1623, being of the age of 67 years." In November, 1582, therefore, she would be of the age of twenty-six. This disparity of years between Shakespeare and his wife has been, we think, somewhat too much dwelt upon. Malone holds that "such a disproportion of

age seldom fails at a subsequent period of life to be productive of unhappiness." Malone had, no doubt, in his mind the belief that Shakespeare left his wife wholly dependent upon her children,—a belief of which we were the first to show the utter groundlessness.* He suggests that in the "Midsummer-Night's Dream" this disproportion is alluded to, and he quotes a speech of Lysander in Act I. Scene I. of that play, not however giving the comment of Hermia upon it. The lines in the original stand thus ;—

"Lys. Ah me! for aught that ever I could read,
Could ever hear by tale or history,
The course of true love never did run smooth :
But either it was different in blood ;—
Her. O cross! too high to be enthrall'd to low!
Lys. Or else *misgraffed*, in respect of years ;—
Her. O spite! too old to be engag'd to young!
Lys. Or else it stood upon the choice of friends ;—
Her. O hell! to choose love by another's eye!
Lys. Or, if there were a sympathy in choice,
War, death, or sickness did lay siege to it."

Difference in blood, disparity of years, the choosing of friends, are opposed to sympathy in choice. But was Shakespeare's own case such as he would bear in mind in making Hermia exclaim, "O spite! *too old* to be engag'd to *young*!"? The passage was in all probability written about ten years after his marriage, when his wife would still be in the prime of womanhood. When Mr. de Quincey,† therefore, connects the saying of Parson Evans with Shakespeare's early love,—"*I like not when a woman has a great peard*,"—he scarcely does justice to his own powers of observation and his book-experience. The history of the most imaginative minds, probably of most men of great ability, would show that in the first loves, and in the early marriages, of this class, the choice has generally fallen upon women older than themselves, and this without any reference to interested motives. But Mr. de Quincey holds that Shakespeare, "looking back on this part of his youthful history from his maturest years, breathes forth pathetic counsels against the errors into which his own inexperience had been ensnared. The disparity of years between himself and his wife he notices in a beautiful scene of the 'Twelfth Night.'" In this scene Viola, disguised as a page, a very boy, one of whom it is said—

"For they shall yet belie thy happy years
That say thou art a man"—

is pressed by the Duke to own that his eye "hath stay'd upon some favour." Viola, who is enamoured of the Duke, punningly replies,—"*A little, by your favour*," and being still pressed to describe the "kind of woman," she says, of the Duke's "complexion" and the Duke's "years." Any one who in the stage representation of

* See Postscript to "Twelfth Night," Pictoria Edition, proving that Shakespeare's widow was provided for by dower.

† Life of Shakespeare, in the "Encyclopædia Britannica."

the Duke should do otherwise than make him a grave man of thirty-five or forty, a staid and dignified man, would not present Shakespeare's whole conception of the character. There would be a difference of twenty years between him and Viola. No wonder, then, that the poet should make the Duke dramatically exclaim,—

"*Too old, by Heaven!* Let still the woman take
An elder than herself; so wears she to him,
So sways she level in her husband's heart."

And wherefore?—

"For, boy, however we do praise ourselves,
Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,
More longing, wavering, sooner lost and worn,
Than women's are."

The pathetic counsels, therefore, which Shakespeare is here supposed to breathe in his maturer years, have reference only to his own giddy and unfirm fancies. We are of opinion that, upon the general principle upon which Shakespeare subjects his conception of what is individually true to what is universally true, he would have rejected instead of adopted whatever was peculiar in his own experience, if it had been emphatically recommended to his adoption through the medium of his self-consciousness. Shakespeare wrote these lines at a time of life (about 1602) when a slight disparity of years between himself and his wife would have been a very poor apology to his own conscience that his affection could not hold the bent; and it certainly does happen, as a singular contradiction to his supposed "earnestness in pressing the point as to the *inverted* disparity of years, which indicates pretty clearly an appeal to the lessons of his personal experience,"* that at this precise period he should have retired from his constant attendance upon the stage, purchasing land in his native place, and thus seeking in all probability the more constant companionship of that object of his early choice, of whom he is thus supposed to have expressed his distaste. It appears to us that this is a tolerably convincing proof that his affections could hold the bent, however he might dramatically and poetically have said,—

"Then let thy love be younger than thyself,
Or thy affection cannot hold the bent:
For women are as roses; whose fair flower,
Being once display'd, doth fall that very hour."

The marriage-bond of Shakespeare, which may be seen in the Consistorial Court of Worcester, was first published by Mr. Wheler in 1836, having been previously discovered by Sir R. Phillips. It consists of a bond to the officers of the Ecclesiastical Court, in which Fulk Sandells, of the county of Warwick, farmer, and John Rychardson, of the same place, farmer, are bound in the sum of forty pounds, &c. It is dated the 28th day of November, in the 25th year of Elizabeth (1582). The date of this marriage-bond, and the date of the

birth of Shakespeare's first child, have led to the belief that the marriage was forced upon a very young man by the friends of a woman whom he had injured. We believe that this is one of the cases in which we may fall into error by attempting to decide without knowing *all* the facts. We hold that the licence for matrimony, obtained from the Consistorial Court at Worcester, was a permission sought for under no extraordinary circumstances;—still less that the young man who was about to marry was compelled to urge on the marriage as a consequence of previous imprudence. We believe, on the contrary, that the course pursued was strictly in accordance with the customs of the time, and of the class to which Shakespeare belonged. The espousals before witnesses, we have no doubt, were then considered as constituting a valid marriage, if followed up within a limited time by the marriage of the Church; and these espousals might have taken place in Shakespeare's case, as in very many of the marriages of the middle classes of his time. However the Reformed Church might have endeavoured to abrogate this practice, it was unquestionably the ancient habit of the people. It was derived from the Roman law, the foundation of many of our institutions. It prevailed for a long period without offence. It still prevails in the Lutheran Church. We are not to judge of the customs of those days by our own, especially if our inferences have the effect of imputing criminality where the most perfect innocence may have existed.

The course of Shakespeare's life for a year or so after his marriage cannot be followed with any accuracy. Aubrey says, "This William, being inclined naturally to poetry and acting, came to London, I guess about eighteen, and was an actor at one of the playhouses, and did act exceedingly well. Now Ben Jonson was never a good actor, but an excellent instructor. He began early to make Essays at Dramatic Poetry, which at that time was very low, and his plays took well." Thus writes honest Aubrey, in the year 1680, in his 'Minutes of Lives,' addressed to his "worthy friend, Mr. Anthony à Wood, Antiquary of Oxford." Of the value of Aubrey's evidence we may form some opinion from his own statement to his friend:—" 'T is a task that I never thought to have undertaken till you imposed it upon me, saying that I was fit for it by reason of my general acquaintance, having now not only lived above half a century of years in the world, but have also been much tumbled up and down in it; which hath made me so well known. Besides the modern advantage of coffeehouses in this great city, before which men knew not how to be acquainted but with their own relations or societies, I might add that I come of a longævous race, by which means I have wiped some feathers off the wings of time for several generations.

* 'Encyclopædia Britannica'

which does reach high." It must not be forgotten that Aubrey's account of Shakespeare, brief and imperfect as it is, is the earliest known to exist. His story of Shakespeare's coming to London is a simple and natural one, without a single marvellous circumstance about it:—"This William, being inclined naturally to poetry and acting, came to London." This, the elder story, appears to us to have much greater verisimilitude than Rowe's, the later:—"He was obliged to leave his business and family in Warwickshire for some time, and shelter himself in London." Aubrey, who has picked up all the gossip "of coffeehouses in this great city," hears no word of Rowe's story, which would certainly have been handed down amongst the traditions of the theatre to Davenant and Shadwell, from whom he does hear something:—"I have heard Sir William Davenant and Mr. Thomas Shadwell (who is counted the best comedian we have now) say, that he had a most prodigious wit." Neither does he say, nor indeed any one else till two centuries and a quarter after Shakespeare is dead, that, "after four years' conjugal discord, he would resolve upon that plan of solitary emigration to the metropolis, which, at the same time that it released him from the humiliation of domestic feuds, succeeded so splendidly for his worldly prosperity, and with a train of circumstances so vast for all future ages."⁶ It is certainly a singular vocation for a writer of genius to bury the legendary scandals of the days of Rowe, for the sake of exhuming a new scandal, which cannot be received at all without the belief that the circumstance must have had a permanent and most evil influence upon the mind of the unhappy man who thus cowardly and ignominiously is held to have severed himself from his duty as a husband and a father. We cannot trace the evil influence, and therefore we reject the scandal. It has not even the slightest support from the weakest tradition. It is founded upon an imperfect comparison of two documents, judging of the habits of that period by those of our own day; supported by quotations from a dramatist of whom it would be difficult to affirm that he ever wrote a line which had strict reference to his own feelings and circumstances.

In the baptismal register of the parish of Stratford for 1583 is the entry of the baptism of Susanna on the 26th May. This record necessarily implies the residence of the wife of William Shakespeare in the parish of Stratford. Did he himself continue to reside in this parish? There is no evidence of his residence. His name appears in no suit in the Bailiff's Court at this period. He fills no municipal office, such as his father had filled before him. But his wife continues to reside

in the native place of her husband, surrounded by his relations and her own. His father and his mother no doubt watch with anxious solicitude over the fortunes of their first son. He has a brother, Gilbert, seventeen years of age, and a sister of fourteen. His brother Richard is nine years of age; but Edmund is young enough to be the playmate of his little Susanna. On the 2nd February, 1585, there is another entry in the parochial register, of the baptism of Hamnet and Judith, son and daughter to William Shakespeare. While he is yet a minor he is the father of three children. The circumstance of his minority may perhaps account for the absence of his name from all records of court-leet, or bailiff's court, or common-hall. He was neither a constable, nor an ale-conner, nor an overseer, nor a jury-man, because he was a minor. We cannot affirm that he did not leave Stratford before his minority expired; but it is to be inferred that, if he had continued to reside at Stratford after he was legally of age, we should have found traces of his residence in the records of the town. If his residence was out of the borough, as we have supposed his father's to have been at this period, some trace would yet have been found of him, in all likelihood, within the parish. Just before the termination of his minority we have an undeniable record that he was a second time a father within the parish. It is at this period, then, that we would place his removal from Stratford; his flight, according to the old legend; his solitary emigration, according to the new discovery. That his emigration was even solitary we have not a tittle of evidence. Rowe says that, after having settled in the world in a family manner, and continued in this kind of settlement for some time, the extravagance of which he was guilty in robbing Sir Thomas Lucy's park obliged him to leave his business and family. He could not have so left, even according to the circumstances which were known to Rowe, till after the birth of his son and daughter in 1585. But the story goes on:—"It is at this time, and upon this accident, that he is said to have made his first acquaintance in the playhouse. He was received into the company then in being, at first in a very mean rank: but his admirable wit, and the natural turn of it to the stage, soon distinguished him, if not as an extraordinary actor, yet as an excellent writer." Sixty years after the time of Rowe the story assumed a more circumstantial shape, as far as regards the *mean rank* which Shakespeare filled in his early connexion with the theatre. Dr. Johnson adds one passage to the 'Life,' which he says "Mr. Pope related as communicated to him by Mr. Rowe." It is so remarkable an anecdote that it is somewhat surprising that Rowe did not himself add it to his own meagre account:—

"In the time of Elizabeth, coaches being yet uncom-

men, and hired coaches not at all in use, those who were too proud, too tender, or too idle to walk, went on horseback to any distant business or diversion. Many came on horseback to the play; and when Shakespeare fled to London from the terror of a criminal prosecution, his first expedient was to wait at the door of the playhouse, and hold the horses of those that had no servants, that they might be ready again after the performance. In this office he became so conspicuous for his care and readiness, that in a short time every man as he alighted called for Will Shakespeare, and scarcely any other waiter was trusted with a horse while Will Shakespeare could be had. This was the first dawn of better fortune. Shakespeare, finding more horses put into his hand than he could hold, hired boys to wait under his inspection, who, when Will Shakespeare was summoned, were immediately to present themselves—"I am Shakespeare's boy, Sir." In time, Shakespeare found higher employment; but as long as the practice of riding to the playhouse continued, the waiters that held the horses retained the appellation of Shakespeare's boys."

Steevens has attempted to impugn the credibility of this anecdote by saying,—"That it was once the general custom to ride on horseback to the play I am yet to learn. The most popular of the theatres were on the Bankside; and we are told by the satirical pamphleteers of that time that the usual mode of conveyance to these places of amusement was by water, but not a single writer so much as hints at the custom of riding to them, or at the practice of having horses held during the hours of exhibition." Steevens is here in error; he has a vague notion—which is still persevered in with singular obstinacy, even by those who have now the means of knowing that Shakespeare had acquired property in the chief theatre in 1589—that the great dramatic poet had felt no inspiration till he was about eight-and-twenty, and that, therefore, his connexion with the theatre began in the palmy days of the Globe on the Bankside—a theatre not built till 1593. To the earlier theatres, if they were frequented by the gallants of the Court, they would have gone on horses. They did so go, as we learn from Dekker, long after the Bankside theatres were established. The story first appeared in a book entitled 'The Lives of the Poets,' considered to be the work of Theophilus Cibber, but said to be written by a Scotchman of the name of Shiels, who was an amanuensis of Dr. Johnson. Shiels had certainly some hand in the book; and there we find that Davenant told the anecdote to Betterton, who communicated it to Rowe, who told it to Pope, who told it to Dr. Newton. Improbable as the story is as it now stands, there may be a scintillation of truth in it, as in any traditions. It is by no means impossible

that the Blackfriars Theatre might have had Shakespeare's boys to hold horses, but not Shakespeare himself. As a proprietor of the theatre, Shakespeare might sagaciously perceive that its interest would be promoted by the readiest accommodation being offered to its visitors; and further, with that worldly adroitness which in him, was not incompatible with the exercise of the highest genius, he might have derived an individual profit by employing servants to perform this office. In an age when horse-stealing was one of the commonest occurrences, it would be a guarantee for the safe charge of the horses that they were committed to the care of the agents of one then well known in the world,—an actor, a writer, a proprietor of the theatre. Such an association with the author of 'Hamlet' must sound most anti-poetical; but the fact is scarcely less prosaic than that the same wondrous man, about the period when he wrote 'Macbeth,' had an action for debt in the Bailiff's Court at Stratford, to recover thirty-five shillings and tenpence for corn by him sold and delivered.

Familiar, then, with theatrical exhibitions, such as they were, from his earliest youth, and with a genius so essentially dramatic that all other writers that the world has seen have never approached him in his power of going out of himself, it is inconsistent with probability that he should not have attempted some dramatic composition at an early age. The theory that he was first employed in repairing the plays of others we hold to be altogether untenable; supported only by a very narrow view of the great essentials to a dramatic work, and by verbal criticism, which, when carefully examined, utterly fails even in its own petty assumptions.* There can be no doubt that the three Parts of 'Henry VI.' belong to the early stage. We believe them to be wholly and absolutely the early work of Shakespeare. But we do not necessarily hold that they were his earliest work; for the proof is so clear of the continual improvements and elaborations which he made in his best productions, that it would be difficult to say that some of the plays which have the most finished air, but of which there were no early editions, may not be founded upon very youthful compositions. Others may have wholly perished; thrown aside after a season; never printed; and neglected by their author, to whom new inventions would be easier than remodellings of pieces probably composed upon a false theory of art. For it is too much to imagine that his first productions would be wholly untainted by the taste of the period. Some might have been weak delineations of life and character, overloaded with mythological conceits and pastoral affectations, like the plays of Lyly, which were the Court fashion before 1590. Others might

* See our 'Essay on the Three Parts of Henry VI., and Richard III.,' in the Pictorial and Library editions.

have been prompted by the false ambition to produce effect, which is the characteristic of 'Loocrine,' and partially so of 'Titus Andronicus.' But of one thing we may be sure—that there would be no want of power even in his first productions; that real poetry would have gushed out of the bombast, and true wit sparkled amidst the conceits. His first plays would, we think, fall in with the prevailing desire of the people to learn the history of their country through the stage. If so, they would certainly not exhibit the feebleness of some of those performances which were popular about the period of which we are now speaking, and which continued to be popular even after he had most successfully undertaken

"To raise our ancient sovereigns from their hearse."

The door of the theatre was not a difficult one for him to enter. It is a singular fact, that several of the most eminent actors of this very period are held to have been his immediate neighbours. We see no difficulty in believing that the first step taken by him in a decision as interesting to ages unborn as important to himself, was the experimental one of rendering his personal aid towards the proper performance of his first acted play. We inverse the usual belief in this matter. We think that Shakespeare became an actor because he was a dramatic writer, and not a dramatic writer because he was an actor. He very quickly made his way to wealth and reputation, not so much by a handsome person and pleasing manners, as by that genius which left all other competitors far behind him in the race of dramatic composition; and by that prudence which taught him to combine the exercise of his extraordinary powers with a constant reference to the course of life he had chosen, not lowering his art for the advancement of his fortune, but achieving his fortune in showing what mighty things might be accomplished by his art.

Amongst those innumerable by-ways in London which are familiar to the hurried pedestrian, there is a well-known line of streets, or rather lanes, leading from the hill on which St. Paul's stands to the great thoroughfare of Blackfriars Bridge. Between Apothecaries' Hall and Printing-house Square is a short lane, leading into an open space called Playhouse Yard. It is one of those shabby places of which so many in London lie close to the glittering thoroughfares; but which are known only to their own inhabitants, and have at all times an air of quiet which seems like desolation. The houses of this little square, or yard, are neither ancient nor modern. Some of them were probably built soon after the great fire of London; for a few present their gable fronts to the streets, and the wide casements of others have evidently been filled up and modern sashes inserted. But there is nothing here, nor

indeed in the whole precinct, with the exception of the few yards of ancient wall, that has any pretension to belong to what may be called the antiquities of London. In the heart of this precinct, close by the church of a suppressed monastery, surrounded by the new houses of the nobility, in the very spot which is now known as Playhouse Yard, was built, in 1575, the Blackfriars Theatre.

The history of the early stage, as it is to be deduced from statutes, and proclamations, and orders of council, exhibits a constant succession of conflicts between the civic authorities and the performers of plays. The act of the 14th of Elizabeth, "for the punishment of vagabonds, and for relief of the poor and impotent," was essentially an act of protection for the established companies of players. We have here, for the first time, a definition of rogues and vagabonds; and it includes not only those who can "give no reckoning how he or she doth lawfully get his or her living," but "all fencers, bearwards, common players in interludes, and minstrels, not belonging to any baron of this realm, or towards any other honourable personage of greater degree; all jugglers, pedlers, tinkers, and petty chapmen; which said fencers, bearwards, common players in interludes, minstrels, jugglers, pedlers, tinkers, and petty chapmen, shall wander abroad, and have not license of two justices of the peace at the least, whereof one to be of the quorum, where and in what shire they shall happen to wander." The circumstance of belonging to any baron, or person of greater degree, was in itself a pretty large exception; and if in those times of rising puritanism the license of two justices of the peace was not always to be procured, the large number of companies enrolled as the servants of the nobility offers sufficient evidence that the profession of a player was not a persecuted one, but one expressly sanctioned by the ruling powers. There was one company of players, the Earl of Leicester's, which, within two years after the legislative protection of this act, received a more important privilege from the Queen herself. In 1574 a writ of privy seal was issued to the keeper of the great seal, commanding him to set forth letters patent addressed to all justices, &c., licensing and authorizing James Burbage, and four other persons, servants to the Earl of Leicester, "to use, exercise, and occupy the art and faculty of playing comedies, tragedies, interludes, stageplays, and such other like as they have already used and studied, or hereafter shall use and study, as well for the recreation of our loving subjects, as for our solace and pleasure, when we shall think good to see them." And they were to exhibit their performances "as well within our City of London and liberties of the same," as "throughout our realm of England." Without knowing how far the servants of the Earl of Leices-

ter might have been molested by the authorities of the City of London, in defiance of this patent, it is clear that the patent was of itself insufficient to insure their kind reception within the city; for it appears that, within three months after the date of the patent, a letter was written from the Privy Council to the Lord Mayor, directing him "to admit the comedy-players within the city of London, and to be otherwise favourably used." This mandate was probably obeyed; but in 1575 the Court of Common Council, without any exception for the objects of the patent of 1574, made certain orders, in the city language termed an act, which assumed that the whole authority for the regulation of plays was in the Lord Mayor and Court of Aldermen; that they only could license theatrical exhibitions within the city; and that the players whom they did license should contribute half their receipts to charitable purposes. The civic authorities appear to have stretched their power somewhat too far; for in that very year James Burbage, and the other servants of the Earl of Leicester, erected their theatre amidst the houses of the great in the Blackfriars, within a stone's throw of the city walls, but absolutely out of the control of the city officers. The immediate neighbours of the players were the Lord Chamberlain and Lord Hunsdon, as we learn from a petition against the players from the inhabitants of the precinct. The petition was unavailing. The rooms which it states "one Burbadge hath lately bought" were converted "into a common playhouse;" and within fourteen years from the period of its erection William Shakespeare was one of its proprietors.

The royal patent of 1574 authorized in the exercise of their art and faculty "James Burbadge, John Perkyn, John Lanham, William Johnson, and Robert Wilson," who are described as the servants of the Earl of Leicester. Although on the early stage the characters were frequently doubled, we can scarcely imagine that these five persons were of themselves sufficient to form a company of comedians. They had, no doubt, subordinate actors in their pay; they being the proprietors or shareholders in the general adventure. Of these five original patentees four remained as the "sharers in the Blackfriars Playhouse" in 1589, the name only of John Perkyn being absent from the subscribers to a certificate to the Privy Council that the company acting at the Blackfriars "have never given cause of displeasure in that they have brought into their plays matters of state and religion." This certificate—which bears the date of November, 1589—exhibits to us the list of the professional companions of Shakespeare in an early stage of his career, though certainly not in the very earliest. The certificate describes the persons subscribing it as "her Majesty's poor players," and sets

forth that they are "all of them sharers in the Blackfriars Playhouse." Their names are presented in the following order:—1. James Burbadge. 2. Richard Burbadge. 3. John Lanham. 4. Thomas Greene. 5. Robert Wilson. 6. John Taylor. 7. Anth. Wadeson. 8. Thomas Pope. 9. George Peele. 10. Augustine Phillipps. 11. Nicholas Towley. 12. William Shakespeare. 13. William Kempe. 14. William Johnson. 15. Baptiste Goodale. 16. Robert Armin.

It would not be an easy matter, without some knowledge of minute facts and a considerable effort of imagination, to form an accurate notion of that building in the Blackfriars—rooms converted into a common playhouse—in which we may conclude that the first plays of Shakespeare were exhibited. The very expression used by the petitioners against Burbage's project would imply that the building was not very nicely adapted to the purposes of dramatic representation. They say, "which rooms the said Burbage is now altering, and meaneth very shortly to convert and turn the same into a common playhouse." And yet we are not to infer that the rooms were hastily adapted to their object by the aid of a few boards and drapery, like the barn of a strolling company. In 1596 the shareholders say, in a petition to the Privy Council, that the theatre, "by reason of its having been so long built, hath fallen into great decay, and that, besides the reparation thereof, it has been found necessary to make the same more convenient for the entertainment of auditories coming thereto." The structure, no doubt, was adapted to its object without any very great regard to durability; and the accommodations, both for actors and audience, were of a somewhat rude nature. The Blackfriars was a winter theatre; so that, differing from the Globe, which belonged to the same company, it was, there can be little doubt, roofed in. It appears surprising that, in a climate like that of England, even a summer theatre should be without a roof; but the surprise is lessened when we consider that, when the Globe was built, in 1594, not twenty years had elapsed since plays were commonly represented in the open yards of the inns of London. The Belle Savage was amongst the most famous of these inn-yard theatres; and even the present area of that inn will show how readily it might be adapted for such performances. The Blackfriars theatre was probably little more than a large space, arranged pretty much like the Belle Savage yard, but with a roof over it. Indeed, so completely were the public theatres adapted after the model of the temporary ones, that the space for the "groundlings" long continued to be called the yard. One of the earliest theatres, built probably about the same time as the Blackfriars, was called the Curtain, from which we may infer that the refinement of separating the actors from

the audience during the intervals of the representation was at first peculiar to that theatre.

In the continuation of Stow's 'Chronicle,' by Edmund Howes, there is a very curious passage, which carries us back from the period in which he was writing (1631) for sixty years. He describes the destruction of the Globe by fire in 1613, the burning of the Fortune Playhouse four years after, the rebuilding of both theatres, and the erection of "a new fair playhouse near the Whitefriars." He then adds,—"And this is the seventeenth stage, or common playhouse, which hath been new made within the space of threescore years within London and the suburbs, viz. : five inns, or common hostleries, turned to playhouses, one Cockpit, St. Paul's singing-school, one in the Blackfriars, and one in the Whitefriars, which was built last of all, in the year one thousand six hundred twenty-nine. All the rest not named were erected only for common playhouses, besides the new-built Bear-garden, which was built as well for plays, and fencers' prizes, as bull-baiting; besides one in former time at Newington Butts. Before the space of threescore years abovesaid I neither knew, heard, nor read of any such theatres, set stages, or playhouses, as have been purposely built within man's memory." It would appear, as far as we can judge from the very imperfect materials which exist, that in the early period of Shakespeare's connexion with the Blackfriars it was the only private theatre. It is natural to conclude that the proprietors of this theatre, being the Queen's servants, were the most respectable of their vocation; conformed to the ordinances of the state with the utmost scrupulousness; endeavoured to attract a select audience rather than an uncritical multitude; and received higher prices for admission than were paid at the public theatres. The performances at the Blackfriars were for the most part in the winter. Whether the performances were in the day or evening, artificial lights were used. The audience in what we now call the pit (then also so called) sat upon benches, and did not stand, as in the yard open to the sky of the public playhouse. There were small rooms corresponding with the private boxes of existing theatres. A portion of the audience, including those who aspired to the distinction of critics, sat upon the stage. It is possible, and indeed there is some evidence, that the rate of admission varied according to the attraction of the performance; and we may be pretty sure that a company like that of Shakespeare's generally charged at a higher rate than the larger theatres, which depended more upon the multitude.

At an early period, but not so early as the date of the certificate of 1589, which shows that Shakespeare was a sharer in the company acting at the Blackfriars, he is mentioned by contemporaries. Henry Chettle is

one of the very few persons who have left us any distinct memorial of Shakespeare. He appears to have had some connexion with the writers of his time, in preparing their manuscripts for the press. He so prepared Greene's posthumous tract, 'The Groat's-worth of Wit,' copying out the author's faint and blotted sheets, written on his sick-bed. In this pamphlet of Greene's an insult was offered to Shakespeare; and it would appear from the allusions of Chettle that he was justly offended. Marlowe, also, resented, as well he might, a charge of impiety which was levelled against him. Chettle says, "With neither of them that take offence was I acquainted." By acquaintance he means companionship, if not friendship. He goes on, "And with one of them I care not if I never be." He is supposed here to point at Marlowe. But to the other he tenders an apology, in all sincerity: "The other, whom at that time I did not so much spare as since I wish I had, for that as I have moderated the heat of living writers, and might have used my own discretion (especially in such a case), the author being dead, that I did not I am as sorry as if the original fault had been my fault; because myself have seen his demeanour no less civil than he excellent in the quality he professes; besides, divers of worship have reported his uprightness of dealing, which argues his honesty, and his facetious grace in writing, that approves his art." In the Induction to 'Cynthia's Revels' Ben Jonson makes one of the personified spectators on the stage say, "I would speak with your author; where is he?" It may be presumed, therefore, that it was not uncommon for the author to mix with that part of the audience; and thus Henry Chettle may be good evidence of the civil demeanour of William Shakespeare. We may thus imagine the young author composedly moving amidst the throng of wits and critics that fill the stage. He moves amongst them modestly, but without any false humility. In worldly station, if such a consideration could influence his demeanour, he is fully their equal. They are for the most part, as he himself is, actors, as well as makers of plays. Phillips says Marlowe was an actor. Greene is reasonably conjectured to have been an actor. Peele and Wilson were actors of Shakespeare's own company; and so was Anthony Wadeson. There can be little doubt that upon the early stage the occupations for the most part went together. The dialogue was less regarded than the action. A plot was hastily got up, with rude shows and startling incidents. The characters were little discriminated; one actor took the tyrant line, and another the lover; and ready words were at hand for the one to rant with and the other to whine. The actors were not very solicitous about the words, and often discharged their mimic passions in extemporaneous eloquence. In a few years

the necessity of pleasing more refined audiences changed the economy of the stage. Men of high talent sought the theatre as a ready mode of maintenance by their writings; but their connexion with the stage would naturally begin in acting rather than in authorship. The managers, themselves actors, would think, and perhaps rightly, that an actor would be the best judge of dramatic effect. The rewards of authorship through the medium of the press were in those days small indeed; and paltry as was the dramatist's fee, the players were far better paymasters than the stationers. To become a sharer in a theatrical speculation offered a reasonable chance of competence, if not of wealth. If a sharer existed who was "excellent" enough in "the quality" he professed to fill the stage creditably, and added to that quality "a facetious grace in writing," there is no doubt that with "uprightness of dealing" he would, in such a company as that of the Blackfriars, advance rapidly to distinction, and have the countenance and friendship of "divers of worship." Those of Shakespeare's early competitors who approached the nearest to him in genius possessed not that practical wisdom which carried him safely and honourably through a life beset with some temptations. They knew not the value of "government and modesty." He lived amongst them, but we may readily conclude that he was not of them.

In the spring of 1588, and through the summer also, we may well believe that Shakespeare abided in London, whether or not he had his wife and children about him. The course of public events was such that he would scarcely have left the capital, even for a few weeks. For the hearts of all men in the vast city were mightily stirred; and whilst in that "shop of war" might be heard on every side the din of "anvils and hammers waking to fashion out the plates and instruments of armed justice,"* the poet had his own work to do, in urging forward the noble impulse through which the people, of whatever sect or whatever party, willed that they would be free. It was the year of the Armada.

But, glorious as was the contemplation of the attitude of England during this year, the very energy that had called forth this noble display of patriotic spirit exhibited itself in domestic controversy when the pressure from without was removed. The same season that witnessed the utter destruction of the armament of Spain saw London excited to the pitch of fury by polemical disputes. It was not now the quarrel between Protestant and Romanist, but between the National Church and Puritanism. The theatres, those new and powerful teachers, lent themselves to the controversy. In some of these their licence to entertain the people was

abused by the introduction of matters connected with religion and politics; so that in 1589 Lord Burghley not only directed the Lord Mayor to inquire what companies of players had offended, but a commission was appointed for the same purpose. How Shakespeare's company proceeded during this inquiry has been made out most clearly by the valuable document discovered at Bridgewater House by Mr. Collier, wherein they disclaim to have conducted themselves amiss. "These are to certify your Right Honourable Lordships that her Majesty's poor players, James Burbage, Richard Burbage, John Laneham, Thomas Greene, Robert Wilson, John Taylor, Anth. Wadeson, Thomas Pope, George Peele, Augustine Phillipps, Nicholas Towley, William Shakespeare, William Kempe, William Johnson, Baptiste Goodale, and Robert Armin, being all of them sharers in the Blackfriars playhouse, have never given cause of displeasure, in that they have brought into their plays matters of state and religion, unfit to be handled by them or to be presented before lewd spectators: neither hath any complaint in that kind ever been preferred against them or any of them. Wherefore they trust most humbly in your Lordships' consideration of their former good behaviour, being at all times ready and willing to yield obedience to any command whatsoever your Lordships in your wisdom may think in such case meet," &c.

"Nov. 1589."

In this petition, Shakespeare, a sharer in the theatre, but with others below him in the list, says, and they all say, that "they have never brought into their plays matters of state and religion." The public mind in 1589-90 was furiously agitated by "matters of state and religion." A controversy was going on which is now known as that of *Martin Marprelate*, in which the constitution and discipline of the church were most furiously attacked in a succession of pamphlets; and they were defended with equal violence and scurrility. The theatres took part in the controversy, as we learn from a tract by Gabriel Harvey.

Shakespeare's great contemporary, Edmund Spenser, in a poem entitled 'The Tears of the Muses,' originally published in 1591, describes, in the 'Complaint' of Thalia, the Muse of Comedy, the state of the drama at the time in which he is writing:—

"Where be the sweet delights of learning's treasure,
That wont with comic sock to beautify
The painted theatres, and fill with pleasure
The listeners' eyes, and ears with melody;
In which I late was wont to reign as queen,
And mask in mirth with graces well beseen?

O! all is gone; and all that goodly glee,
Which wont to be the glory of gay wits,
Is laid a-bed, and nowhere now to see;
And in her room unseemly Sorrow sits,
With hollow brows and grisly countenance,
Marring my joyous gentle dalliance.

* Milton: 'Speech for the Liberty of Unlicensed Printing.'

And him beside sits ugly Barbarism,
And brutish Ignorance, ycrept of late
Out of dread darkness of the deep abyssm,
Where being bred, he light and heaven does hate;
They in the minds of men now tyrannize,
And the far scene with rudeness foul disguise.

All places they with folly have possess'd,
And with vain toys the vulgar entertain;
But me have banished, with all the rest
That whilom wont to wait upon my train,
Fine Counterfesance, and unhurtful Sport,
Delight, and Laughter, deck'd in seemly sort."

Spenser was in England in 1590-91, and it is probable that 'The Tears of the Muses' was written in 1590. The four stanzas which we have quoted are descriptive, as we think, of a period of the drama when it had emerged from the semi-barbarism by which it was characterized, "from the commencement of Shakespeare's boyhood, till about the earliest date at which his removal to London can be possibly fixed."* This description has nothing in common with those accounts of the drama which have reference to this "semi-barbarism." Nor does the writer of it belong to the school which considered a violation of the unities of time and place as the great defect of the English theatre. Nor does he assert his preference of the classic school over the romantic, by objecting, as Sir Philip Sidney objects, that "plays be neither right tragedies nor right comedies mingling kings and clowns." There had been, according to Spenser, a state of the drama that would

"Fill with pleasure
The listeners' eyes, and ears with melody."

Can any comedy be named, if we assume that Shakespeare had, in 1590, not written any, which could be celebrated—and by the exquisite versifier of 'The Fairy Queen'—for its "melody"? Could any also be praised for

"That goodly glee
Which wont to be the glory of gay wits'?"

Could the plays before Shakespeare be described by the most competent of judges—the most poetical mind of that age next to Shakespeare—as abounding in

"Fine Counterfesance, and unhurtful Sport,
Delight, and Laughter, deck'd in seemly sort"?

We have not seen such a comedy, except some three or four of Shakespeare's, which could have existed before 1590. We do not believe there is such a comedy from any other pen. What, according to the 'Complaint' of Thalia, has banished such comedy? "Unseemly Sorrow," it appears, has been fashionable;—not the proprieties of tragedy, but a Sorrow

"With hollow brows and grievous countenance;"—

the violent scenes of blood which were offered for the excitement of the multitude, before the tragedy of real art was devised. But this state of the drama is shortly

passed over. There is something more defined. By the side of this false tragic sit "ugly Barbarism and brutish Ignorance." These are not the barbarism and ignorance of the *old stage*;—they are

"Ycrept of late
Out of dread darkness of the deep abyssm."

They "*now tyrannize*;" they now "*disguise*" the fair scene "*with rudeness*." The Muse of Tragedy, Melpomene, had previously described the "*rueful spectacles*" of "*the stage*." It was a stage which had *no* "*true tragedy*." But it had possessed

"Delight, and Laughter, deck'd in seemly sort."

The four stanzas which we have quoted are immediately followed by these four others:—

"All these, and all that else the comic stage
With season'd wit and goodly pleasure graced,
By which man's life in his likeliest image
Was limned forth, are wholly now defaced;
And those sweet wits, which wont the like to frame,
Are now despid, and made a laughing game.

And he, the man whom Nature self had made
To mock herself, and Truth to imitate
With kindly counter, under mimic shade
Our pleasant Willy, ah! is dead of late
With whom all joy and jolly merriment
Is also deaded, and in dolour drent.

Instead thereof scoffing Scurrility,
And scornful Folly, with Contempt, is crept,
Rolling in rhymes of shameless ribaldry,
Without regard or due decorum kept;
Each idle wit at will presumes to make,
And doth the Learned's task upon him take.

But that same gentle spirit, from whose pen
Large streams of honey and sweet nectar flow,
Scorning the boldness of such base-born men,
Which dare their follies forth so rashly throw,
Doth rather choose to sit in idle cell
Than so himself to mockery to sell."

The love of personal abuse had driven out real comedy, and there was *one* who, for a brief season, had left the madness to take its course. We cannot doubt that

"He, the man whom Nature self had made
To mock herself, and Truth to imitate,"

was William Shakespeare.

England was sorely visited by the plague in 1592 and 1593. The theatres were shut; there were no performances at Court. Shakespeare, we may believe, during the long period of the continuance of the plague in London, had no occupation at the Blackfriars Theatre; and the pastimes of the Lord Chamberlain's servants were dispensed with at the palaces. It is probable that he was residing at his own Stratford. The leisure, we think, afforded him opportunity of preparing the most important of that wonderful series of historical dramas which unquestionably appeared within a few years of this period; and of producing some other dramatic compositions of the highest order of poetical excellence. It appears to us, looking at the printed labours of Shakespeare at this exact period, that there

* 'Edinburgh Review,' vol. lxxi., p. 469.

was some pause in his professional occupation; and that many months' residence in Stratford, from the autumn of 1592 to the summer of 1593, enabled him more systematically to cultivate those higher faculties which placed him, even in the opinion of his contemporaries, at the head of the living poets of England.

It is easy to believe that if any external impulse were wanting to stimulate the poetical ambition of Shakespeare—to make him aspire to some higher character than that of the most popular of dramatists—such might be found in 1593 in the clear field which was left for the exercise of his peculiar powers. Robert Greene had died on the 3rd of September, 1592, leaving behind him a sneer at the actor who aspired "to bombast out a blank verse." Had his genius not been destroyed by the wear and tear, and the corrupting influences, of a profligate life, he never could have competed with the mature Shakespeare. But as we know that "the only Shake-scene in a country," at whom the unhappy man presumed to scoff, felt the insult somewhat deeply, so we may presume he took the most effectual means to prove to the world that he was not, according to the malignant insinuation of his envious compeer, "an upstart crow beautified with our feathers." We believe that in the gentleness of his nature, when he introduced into 'A Midsummer Night's Dream'

"The thrice three Muses mourning for the death
Of learning late deceas'd in beggary,"

he dropped a tear upon the grave of Greene, whose demerits were to be forgiven in his misery. On the 1st of June, 1593, Christopher Marlowe perished in a wretched brawl, "slain by Francis Archer," as the Register of Burials of the parish of St. Nicholas, Deptford, informs us. Who was left of the dramatists that could enter into competition with William Shakespeare, such as he then was? He was almost alone. The great disciples of his school had not arisen. Jonson had not appeared to found a school of a different character. It was for him, thenceforth, to sway the popular mind after his own fashion; to disregard the obligation which the rivalry of high talent might have imposed upon him of listening to other suggestions than those of his own lofty art; to make the multitude bow before that art, rather than that it should accommodate itself to their habits and prejudices. But at a period when the exercise of the poetical power in connexion with the stage was scarcely held amongst the learned and the polite in itself to be poetry, Shakespeare vindicated his reputation by the publication of the 'Venus and Adonis.' It was, he says, "the first heir of my invention." There may be a doubt whether Shakespeare meant to say literally that this was the first poetical work that he had produced; or whether he held, in deference to some critical opinions, that his dramatic productions

could not be classed amongst the heirs of "invention." We think that he meant to use the words literally; and that he used them at a period when he might assume, without vanity, that he had taken his rank amongst the poets of his time. He dedicates to the Earl of Southampton something that had not before been given to the world. He calls his verses "unpolished lines;" he vows to take advantage of all idle hours till he had honoured the young patron of the Muses with "some graver labour." But *invention* was received then, as it was afterwards, as the highest quality of the poet. Dryden says,—"A poet is a maker, as the word signifies; and he who cannot make, that is, *invent*, hath his name for nothing." We consider, therefore, that "my invention" is not the language of one unknown to fame. He was exhibiting the powers which he possessed upon a different instrument than that to which the world was accustomed; but the world knew that the power existed. We employ the word *genius* always with reference to the inventive or creative faculty. Substitute the word *genius* for *invention*, and the expression used by Shakespeare sounds like arrogance. But the substitution may indicate that the actual expression could not have been used by one who came forward for the first time to claim the honours of the poet. It has been argued from this expression that Shakespeare had produced nothing original before the 'Venus and Adonis'—that up to the period of its publication, in 1593, he was only a repairer of the works of other men. We hold that the expression implies the direct contrary.

We have a distinct record when the theatres were re-opened after the plague. The 'Diary' of Philip Henslowe records that "the Earl of Sussex his men" acted 'Hun of Bordeaux' on the 28th of December, 1593. Henslowe appears to have had an interest in this company. It is probable that Shakespeare's theatre of the Blackfriars was opened about the same period. We have some evidence to show what was the duration of the winter season at this theatre; for the same diary shows that from June, 1594, the performances of the theatre at Newington Butts were a joint undertaking by the Lord Admiral's men and the Lord Chamberlain's men. How long this association of two companies lasted is not easy to determine; but during the month of June we have entries of the exhibition of 'Andronicus,' of 'Hamlet,' and of 'The Taming of a Shrew.' No subsequent entries exhibit the names of plays which have any real or apparent connexion with Shakespeare. It appears that in December, 1593, Richard Burbage entered into a bond with Peter Streete, a carpenter, for the performance on the part of Burbage of the covenants contained in an indenture of agreement by which Streete undertook to erect a new theatre for Burbage's

company. This was the famous Globe on the Bankside, of which Shakespeare was unquestionably a proprietor. We thus see that in 1594 there were new demands to be made upon his invention; and we may reasonably conclude that the reliance of Burbage and his other fellows upon their poet's unequalled powers was one of their principal inducements to engage in this new enterprise.

In the midst of his professional engagements, which doubtless were renewed with increased activity after their long suspension, Shakespeare published his 'Rape of Lucrece.' He had vowed to take advantage of all idle hours till he had honoured Lord Southampton with some graver labour than the first heir of his invention. The 'Venus and Adonis' was entered in the Registers of the Stationers' Company on the 18th of April, 1593. The 'Lucrece' appears in the same Registers on the 9th of May, 1594. That this elaborate poem was wholly or in part composed in that interval of leisure which resulted from the shutting of the theatres in 1593 may be reasonably conjectured; but it is evident that during the year which had elapsed between the publication of the first and the second poem, Shakespeare had been brought into more intimate companionship with his noble patron. The language of the first dedication is that of distant respect, the second is that of grateful friendship. At the period when Shakespeare dedicated to him his 'Venus and Adonis' Lord Southampton was scarcely twenty years of age. He is supposed to have become intimate with Shakespeare from the circumstance that his mother had married Sir Thomas Heneage, who filled the office of Treasurer of the Chamber, and in the discharge of his official duties would be brought into frequent intercourse with the Lord Chamberlain's players. This is Drake's theory. The more natural belief appears to be that he had a strong attachment to literature, and, with the generous impetuosity of his character, did not regard the distinctions of rank to the extent with which they were regarded by men of colder temperaments and more worldly minds. Shakespeare appears to have been the first amongst the writers of his day that offered a public tribute to the merits of the young nobleman. Both the dedications, and especially that of 'Lucrece,' are conceived in a modest and a manly spirit, entirely different from the ordinary language of literary adulation. There is evidence in the second dedication of a higher sort of intercourse between the two minds than consists with any forced adulation of any kind, and especially with any extravagant compliments to the learning and to the abilities of a superior in rank. Such testimonies are always suspicious; and probably honest old Florio, when he dedicated his 'World of Words' to the Earl in 1598, shows pretty

correctly what the race of panegyrists expected in return for their compliments: "In truth, I acknowledge an entire debt, not only of my best knowledge, but of all; yea of more than I know, or can, to your bounteous lordship, in whose pay and patronage I have lived some years; to whom I owe and vow the years I have to live. But, as to me, and many more, the glorious and gracious sunshine of your honour hath infused light and life." There is an extraordinary anecdote told by Rowe of Lord Southampton's munificence to Shakespeare, which seems to bring the poet somewhat near to Florio's plain-speaking association of pay and patronage:—"What grace soever the Queen conferred upon him, it was not to her only he owed the fortune which the reputation of his wit made. He had the honour to meet with many great and uncommon marks of favour and friendship from the Earl of Southampton, famous in the histories of that time for his friendship to the unfortunate Earl of Essex. It was to that noble lord that he dedicated his poem of 'Venus and Adonis.' There is one instance so singular in the magnificence of this patron of Shakespeare's, that if I had not been assured that the story was handed down by Sir William D'Avenant, who was probably very well acquainted with his affairs, I should not have ventured to have inserted; that my Lord Southampton at one time gave him a thousand pounds, to enable him to go through with a purchase which he heard he had a mind to. A bounty very great, and very rare at any time, and almost equal to that profuse generosity the present age has shown to French dancers and Italian singers.' This is one of the many instances in which we are not warranted in rejecting a tradition, however we may look suspiciously upon the accuracy of its details. D'Avenant could scarcely be very well acquainted with Shakespeare's affairs, for he was only ten years old when Shakespeare died. The sum mentioned as the gift of the young nobleman to the poet is so large, looking at the value of money in those days, that it could scarcely consist with the independence of a generous spirit to bear the load of such a prodigality of bounty. The notions of those days were, however, different from ours. Examples will readily suggest themselves of the most lavish rewards bestowed by princes and nobles upon great painters. They received such gifts without any compromise of their intellectual dignity. It was the same then with poets. According to the habits of the time Shakespeare might have received a large gift from Lord Southampton, without any forfeiture of his self-respect. Nevertheless, Rowe's story must still appear sufficiently apocryphal: "My Lord Southampton at one time gave him a thousand pounds, to enable him to go through with a purchase which he heard he had a mind to." It is not necessary to account for the

gradual acquisition of property by Shakespeare that we should yield our assent to this tradition, without some qualification. In 1589, when Lord Southampton was a lad at College, Shakespeare had already acquired that property which was to be the foundation of his future fortune. He was then a shareholder in the Blackfriars Theatre. That the adventure was a prosperous one, not only to himself but to his brother shareholders, may be inferred from the fact that four years afterwards they began the building of another theatre. The Globe was commenced in December, 1593; and being constructed for the most part of wood, was ready to be opened, we should imagine, in the summer of 1594. In 1596 the same prosperous company were prepared to expend considerable sums upon the repair and extension of their original theatre, the Blackfriars. The name of Shakespeare occupies a prominent position in the document from which we collect this fact: it is a petition to the Lords of the Privy Council from "Thomas Pope, Richard Burbadge, John Hemings, Augustine Philips, William Shakespeare, William Kempe, William Slye, Nicholas Tooley, and others, servants to the Right Honorable the Lord Chamberlain to her Majesty;" and it sets forth that they are "the owners and players of the private theatre in the Blackfriars; that it hath fallen into decay; and that it has been found necessary to make the same more convenient for the entertainment of auditories coming thereto." It then states what is important to the present question:—"To this end your petitioners have all and each of them put down sums of money according to their shares in the said theatre, and which they have justly and honestly gained by the exercise of their quality of stage-players." It then alleges that certain inhabitants of the precinct had besought the Council not to allow the said private house to remain open, "but hereafter to be shut up and closed, to the manifest and great injury of your petitioners, who have no other means whereby to maintain their wives and families, but by the exercise of their quality as they have heretofore done." The common proprietorship of the company in the Globe and Blackfriars is also noticed:—"In the summer season your petitioners are able to play at their new-built house on the Bankside, called the Globe, but in the winter they are compelled to come to the Blackfriars." If the winter theatre be shut up, they say they will be "unable to practise themselves in any plays or interludes when called upon to perform for the recreation and solace of her Majesty and her honourable Court, as they have been heretofore accustomed." Though the Registers of the Council and the Office-books of the Treasurer of the Chamber are wanting for this exact period, we have here the distinct evidence of the intimate relation between Shakespeare's com-

pany and the Court. The petitioners, in concluding by the prayer that their "honourable Lordships will grant permission to finish the reparations and alterations they have begun," add as a reason for this favour that they "have hitherto been well ordered in their behaviour and just in their dealings." The performances at the Blackfriars went on without interruption. Shakespeare, in 1597, bought "all that capital messuage or tenement in Stratford called the New Place." This appears to have been his first investment in property distinct from his theatrical speculations. The purchase of the best house in his native town, at a period of his life when his professional occupations could have allowed him little leisure to reside in it, would appear to have had in view an early retirement from a pursuit which probably was little agreeable to him. His powers as a dramatic writer might be profitably exercised without being associated with the actor's vocation. We know from other circumstances that at this period Stratford was nearest to his heart. On the 24th of January, 1598, Mr. Abraham Sturley, an alderman of Stratford, writes to his brother-in-law, Richard Quiney, then in London:—"I would write nothing unto you now—but come home. I pray God send you comfortably home. This is one special remembrance, from your father's motion. It seemeth by him that our countryman Mr. Shakspeare is willing to disburse some money upon some odd yard land or other at Shottery, or near about us. He thinketh it a very fit pattern to move him to deal in the matter of our tithes. By the instructions you can give him thereof, and by the friends he can make therefore, we think it a fair mark for him to shoot at, and not impossible to hit. It obtained, would advance him indeed, and would do us much good." We thus see that in a year after the purchase of New Place, Shakespeare's accumulation of money was going on. The worthy alderman and his connexions appear to look confidently to their countryman, Mr. Shakespeare, to assist them in their needs. On the 4th of November, in the same year, Sturley again writes a very long letter "to his most loving brother Mr. Richard Quiney, at the Bell, in Carter Lane, in London," in which he says of a letter written by Quiney to him on the 21st of October, that it imported, amongst other matters, "that our countryman Mr. W. Shakspeare would procure us money, which I well like of, as I shall hear when, and where, and how; and I pray let not go that occasion, if it may sort to any indifferent conditions." Quiney himself at this very time writes the following characteristic letter to his "loving good friend and countryman, Mr. William Shakspeare:—" "Loving countryman, I am bold of you as of a friend, craving your help with thirty pounds upon Mr. Bushell and my security, or Mr. Mytens with me. Mr. Ross-

well is not come to London as yet, and I have especial cause. You shall friend me much in helping me out of all the debts I owe in London, I thank God, and much quiet to my mind which would not be indebted. I am now towards the Court in hope your answer for the dispatch of my business. You shall neither lose credit nor money by me, the Lord willing; and now but persuade yourself so as I hope, and you shall not need to fear but with all hearty thankfulness I will hold my time, and content your friend, and if we bargain farther, you shall be the paymaster yourself. My time bids me to hasten to an end, and so I commit this to your care and hope of your help. I fear I shall not be back this night from the Court. Haste. The Lord be with you and with us all. Amen. From the Bell in Carter Lane, the 25th October, 1598. Yours in all kindness, Ryc. Quiney." The anxious dependence which these honest men appear to have upon the good offices of their townsman is more satisfactory even than the evidence which their letters afford of his worldly condition.

In the midst of this prosperity the registers of the parish of Stratford-upon-Avon present to us an event which must have thrown a shade over the brightest prospects. The burial of the only son of the poet is recorded in 1596. Hamnet was born on the 2nd of February, 1585; so that at his death he was eleven years and six months old. He was a twin child; and it is not unlikely that he was constitutionally weak. Some such cause interfered probably with the education of the twin-sister Judith; for whilst Susanna, the elder, is recorded to have been "witty above her sex," and wrote a firm and vigorous hand, as we may judge from her signature to a deed in 1639, the mark of Judith appears as an attesting witness to a conveyance in 1611.

With the exception of this inevitable calamity, the present period may probably be regarded as a happy epoch in Shakespeare's life. He had conquered any adverse circumstances by which his earlier career might have been impeded. He had taken his rank among the first minds of his age; and, above all, his pursuits were so engrossing as to demand a constant exercise of his faculties, and to demand that exercise in the cultivation of the highest and the most pleasurable thoughts. This was the period to which belong the great histories of 'Richard II.,' 'Richard III.,' and 'Henry IV.,' and the delicious comedies of the 'Merchant of Venice,' 'Much Ado about Nothing,' and 'Twelfth Night.' These productions afford the most abundant evidence that the greatest of intellects was in the most healthful possession of its powers. These were not hasty adaptations for the popular appetite, as we may well believe some of the earlier plays were in their first shape; but

highly-wrought performances, to which all the method of his cultivated art had been strenuously applied. It was at this period that the dramatic poet appears not to have been satisfied with the applause of the Globe or the Blackfriars, or even with the gracious encouragements of a refined Court. During three years he gave to the world careful editions of some of these plays, as if to vindicate the drama from the pedantic notion that the Muses of tragedy and comedy did not meet their sisters upon equal ground. 'Richard II.,' and 'Richard III.,' were published in 1597; 'Love's Labour's Lost,' and 'Henry IV., Part I.,' in 1598; 'Romeo and Juliet,' corrected and augmented, in 1599; 'Henry IV., Part II.,' the 'Merchant of Venice,' 'A Midsummer Night's Dream,' and 'Much Ado about Nothing,' in 1600. The system of publication then ceased. It no doubt interfered with the interests of his fellows: and Shakespeare was not likely to assert an exclusive interest, or to gratify an exclusive pride, at the expense of his associates. But his reputation was higher than that of any other man, when only four of his plays were accessible to the readers of poetry. In 1598 it was proclaimed, not timidly or questionably, that "as Plautus and Seneca are accounted the best for tragedy and comedy among the Latins, so Shakespeare, among the English, is the most excellent in both kinds for the stage:" and "As the soul of Euphorbus was thought to live in Pythagoras, so the sweet witty soul of Ovid lives in mellifluous and honey-tongued Shakespeare." It was certainly not at this period of Shakespeare's life that he wrote with reference to himself, unlocking his heart to some nameless friend:—

"When in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,
I all alone beweep my outcast state."

Sonnets of Shakespeare were in existence in 1598, when Meres tells us of "his sugared sonnets among his private friends." We do not receive these Sonnets altogether as evidences of Shakespeare's personal history or feelings. We believe that the order in which they were printed is an arbitrary one; that some form a continuous poem or poems, that others are isolated in their subjects and the persons to whom they are addressed; that some may express the poet's personal feelings, that others are wholly fictitious, dealing with imaginary loves and jealousies, and not attempting to separate the personal identity of the artist from the sentiments which he expressed, and the situations which he delineated. We believe that, taken as works of art, having a certain degree of continuity, the Sonnets of Spenser, of Daniel, of Drayton, of Shakespeare, although in many instances they might shadow forth real feelings and be outpourings of the inmost heart, were presented to the world as exercises of fancy, and were received by the world as such. Even of those portions of these remarkable lyrics which appear to have an obvious ref-

erence to the poet's feelings and circumstances, we cannot avoid rejecting the principle of continuity; for they clearly belong to different periods of his life, if they are the reflection of his real sentiments. We have the playfulness of an early love, and the agonizing throes of an unlawful passion. They speak of a period when the writer had won no honour or substantial rewards—"in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes," the period of his youth, if the allusion was at all real; and yet the writer is

"With time's injurious hand crush'd and o'erworn."

One little dedicatory poem says,

"Lord of my love, to whom in vassalage
Thy merit hath my duty strongly knit,
To thee I send this written embassy,
To witness duty, not to show my wit."

Another (and it is distinctly associated with what we hold to be a continued little poem, wholly fictitious, in which the poet dramatizes as it were the poetical character) boasts that

"Not marble, not the gilded monuments,
Of princes shall outlive this powerful rhyme."

Without attempting therefore to disprove that these Sonnets were addressed to the Earl of Southampton, or to the Earl of Pembroke, we must leave the reader who fancies he can find in them a shadowy outline of Shakespeare's life to form his own conclusion from their careful perusal. They want unity and consistency too much to be received as credible illustrations of this life. The 71st to the 74th Sonnets seem bursting from a heart oppressed with a sense of its own unworthiness, and surrendered to some overwhelming misery. There is a line in the 74th which points at suicide. We cling to the belief that the sentiments here expressed are essentially dramatic. In the 32nd Sonnet, where we recognise the man Shakespeare speaking in his own modest and cheerful spirit, death is to come across his "well-contented day." We must place one sentiment in opposition to the other, and then the effect is neutralized. The opinion which we have formed of the probable admixture of the artificial and the real in the Sonnets arising from their supposed original fragmentary state, necessarily leads to the belief that some are accurate illustrations of the poet's situation and feelings. It is collected from these Sonnets, for example, that his profession as a player was disagreeable to him; and this complaint is found amongst those portions which may be separated from the series of verses which appear to us to be written in an artificial character. It might be addressed to any one of his family, or some honoured friend, such as Lord Southampton:—

"O, for my sake do you with Fortune chide,
The guilty goddess of my harmful deeds,
That did not better for my life provide
Than public means, which public manners breeds.

Thence comes it that my name receives a brand,
And almost thence my nature is subdued
To what it works in, like the dyer's hand."

But if from his professional occupation his nature was felt by him to be subdued to what it worked in,—if thence his name received a brand,—if vulgar scandal sometimes assailed him,—he had high thoughts to console him, such as were never before imparted to mortal. This was probably written in some period of dejection, when his heart was ill at ease, and he looked upon the world with a slight tinge of indifference, if not of dislike. Every man of high genius has felt something of this. It was reserved for the highest to throw it off, "like dew-drops from the lion's mane." But the profound self-abasement and despondency of the 74th Sonnet, exquisite as the diction is, appear to us unreal, as a representation of the mental state of William Shakespeare; written, as it most probably was, at a period of his life when he revels and luxuriates (in the comedies which belong to the close of the sixteenth century) in the spirit of enjoyment, gushing from a heart full of love for his species, at peace with itself and with all the world.

About the close of the year 1599, the Blackfriars Theatre was remarkable for the constant presence of two men of high rank, who were there seeking amusement and instruction as some solace for the bitter mortifications of disappointed ambition. "My Lord Southampton and Lord Rutland came not to the Court; the one doth but very seldom; they pass away the time in London merely in going to plays every day."* Essex had arrived from Ireland on the 28th of September, 1599—not

"Bringing rebellion broached on his sword,"—

not surrounded with swarms of citizens who

"Go forth, and fetch their conquering Cæsar in,"

but a fugitive from his army; one who in his desire for peace had treated with rebels, and had brought down upon him the censures of the Court; one who knew that his sovereign was surrounded with his personal enemies, and who in his reckless anger once thought to turn his army homeward to compel justice at their hands; one who at last rushed alone into the Queen's presence, "full of dirt and mire," and found that he was in the toils of his foes. From that Michaelmas till the 26th of August, 1600, Essex was in the custody of the Lord Keeper; in free custody as it was termed, but to all intents a prisoner. It was at this period that Southampton and Rutland passed "away the time in London merely in going to plays every day." Southampton, in 1598, had married Elizabeth Vernon, a cousin of Lord Essex. The marriage was without the

* Letter of Rowland Whyte to Sir Robert Sydney, in the 'Sydney Papers.'

consent of the Queen ; and therefore Southampton was under the bar of the Court, having been peremptorily dismissed by Elizabeth from the office to which Essex had appointed him in the expedition to Ireland. Rutland was also connected with Essex by family ties, having married the daughter of Lady Essex, by her first husband, the accomplished Sir Philip Sidney. The season when these noblemen sought recreation at the Theatre was one therefore of calamity to themselves, and to the friend who was at the head of their party in the state. At Shakespeare's theatre there were at this period abundant materials for the highest intellectual gratification. Of Shakespeare's own works we know that at the opening of the seventeenth century there were twenty plays in existence. Thirteen (considering 'Henry IV.,' as two parts) are recorded by Meres in 1598 ; 'Much Ado About Nothing,' and 'Henry V.,' (not in Meres' list), were printed in 1600 ; and we have to add the three parts of 'Henry VI.,' 'The Taming of the Shrew,' and the original 'Hamlet,' which are also wanting in Meres' record, but which were unquestionably produced before this period. We cannot with extreme precision fix the date of any novelty from the pen of Shakespeare when Southampton and Rutland were amongst his daily auditors ; but there is every reason to believe that 'As You Like It' belongs as nearly as possible to this exact period. It is pleasant to speculate upon the tranquillizing effect that might have been produced upon the minds of the banished courtiers by the exquisite philosophy of this most delicious play. It is pleasant to imagine Southampton visiting Essex in the splendid prison of the Lord Keeper's house, and there repeating to him from time to time those lessons of wisdom that were to be found in the woods of Arden. We could almost slide into the belief that 'As You Like It' had an especial reference to the circumstances in which Essex and Southampton were placed in the spring of 1600. There is nothing desponding in its tone, nothing essentially misanthropical in its philosophy. Jaques stands alone in his railing against mankind. The healing influences of nature fall sweetly and fruitfully upon the exiled Duke and his co-mates. But, nevertheless, the ingratitude of the world is emphatically dwelt upon, even amidst the most soothing aspects of a pure and simple life "under the greenwood tree."

The period at which Essex fell upon the block, and Southampton was under condemnation, must have been a gloomy period in the life of Shakespeare. The friendship of Southampton in all likelihood raised the humble actor to that just appreciation of himself which could alone prevent his nature being subdued to what it worked in. There had been a compromise between the inequality of rank and the inequality of intellect, and

the fruit had been a continuance and a strengthening of that "love" which seven years earlier had been described as "without end." Those ties were now broken by calamity. The accomplished noble, a prisoner looking daily for death, could not know the depth of the love of his "especial friend."^{*} He was beyond the reach of any service that his friend could render him. All was gloom and uncertainty. It has been said, and we believe without any intention to depreciate the character of the great poet, that "There seems to have been a period of Shakespeare's life when his heart was ill at ease, and ill content with the world or his own conscience ; the memory of hours mis-spent, the pang of affection misplaced or unrequited, the experience of man's worse nature, which intercourse with ill-chosen associates, by choice or circumstance, peculiarly teaches ; --these, as they sank down into the depths of his great mind, seem not only to have inspired into it the conception of Lear and Timon, but that of one primary character, the censurer of mankind."[†] The genius of Shakespeare was so essentially dramatic, that neither Lear, nor Timon, nor Jaques, nor the Duke in 'Measure for Measure,' nor Hamlet, whatever censure of mankind they may express, can altogether be held to reflect "a period of Shakespeare's life when his heart was ill at ease, and ill content with the world." That period is referred to the beginning of the seventeenth century, to which the plays belong that are said to exhibit these attributes.[‡] But from this period there is certainly a more solemn cast of thought in all the works of the great poet. The influence of time in the formation and direction of the poetical power must yet be taken into account, as well as any temper arising out of passing events. Shakespeare was now thirty-seven years of age. He had attained to the consciousness of his own intellectual strength, and he had acquired by long practice the mastery of his own genius. He had already learnt to direct the stage to higher and nobler purposes than those of mere amusement. It might be carried farther into the teaching of the highest philosophy through the medium of the grandest poetry. The epoch which produced 'Othello,' 'Lear,' and 'Macbeth,' has been described as exhibiting the genius of Shakespeare in full possession and habitual exercise of power, "at its very point of culmination."

The year 1601 was also a year which brought to Shakespeare a great domestic affliction. His father died on the 8th of September of that year. It is impossible not to feel that Shakespeare's family arrangements, imperfectly as we know them, had especial reference to

* The expression is used by Southampton in his letter to Lord Ellesmere touching Shakespeare and Burbage in 1608. See Collier's 'New Essays,' p. 231.

† Bacon's 'Literature of Europe,' vol. III., p. 268.

‡ Mr. Hallam refers to 'Lear' in its altered name.

the comfort and honour of his parents. When he bought New Place in 1597, his occupations then demanding his presence in London through great part of the year, his wife and children, we may readily imagine, were under the same roof with his father and mother. They had sighed over the declining health of his little Hamnet,—they had watched over the growth of his Susanna and Judith. If restricted means had at any previous period assailed them, he had provided for the comforts of their advanced age. And now that father, the companion of his boyhood—he who had led him forth into the fields and had taught him to look at nature with a practical eye—was gone. More materials for deep thought in the year 1601. The Register of Stratford attests the death of this earliest friend.

The fortieth volume of the registers of the Town Council of Aberdeen contains some entries, which are not without their reference to the life of Shakespeare :

"Nono Octobris 1601.

"Ordinance to the dean of gild.

"The samen day The prouest Bailles and counsall ordanis the ssume of threttie tua merkis to be gevin to the Kingis serwantes presently in this burcht. . quha playes comedies and staige playes. Be reason they ar recommendit be his majesties speciall letter and hes played sum of their comedies in this burcht and ordanis the said ssume to be payit to tham be the dean of gild quhilk salbe allowit in his comptis."

"22 Octr 1601.

"The Quhilk day Sir Francis Hospitall of Haulszie Knycht Frenschman being recommendit be his majestie to the Prouest Bailles and Counsall of this burcht to be favorable Interteuit with the gentilmen his majesties sernands efter specifeit quha war direct to this burcht be his majestie to accompanie the said Frenschman being ane nobillman of France cumming only to this burcht to sic the towne and cuntrie the said Frenschman with the knightis and gentilmen folowing wer all res-quit and admittit Burgesses of Gild of this burcht quha gawe their sithis in common form folowis the names of thame that war admittit burgesses

Sir Francis Hospitall of halzie knycht

Sir Claud Hamiltoun of Schawfeld knycht

Sir John Grahame of orkill knycht

Sir John Ramsay of Ester Baronie knycht

James Hay James Auchterlony Robert Ker James Schaw Thomas foster James Gleghorne David Drummond Seruitours to his Majestie

Monsieur de Scheyne Monsieur la Bar Seruitours to the said Sir Francis

James Law

James Hamiltoun seruitour to the said Sir Claud

Archibald Sym Trumpeter

Laurence Fletcher comediane to his majestie

Mr David Wed

John Bronderstainis"

These documents present something more than the facts, that a company of players, specially recommended by the King, were paid a gratuity from the Corporation of Aberdeen for their performances in that town, one of them subsequently receiving the freedom of the borough. The provost, bailies, and council ordain that thirty-two marks should be given to the King's servants then in that borough, who played comedies and stage-plays. The circumstance that they are recommended by the King's special letter is not so important

as the description of them as the King's servants. Thirteen days after the entry of the 9th of October, at which first period these servants of the King had played some of their comedies, Lawrence Fletcher, comedian to his Majesty, is admitted a burgess of guild of the borough of Aberdeen—the greatest honour which the Corporation could bestow. He is admitted to this honour in company with a nobleman of France visiting Aberdeen for the gratification of his curiosity, and recommended by the King to be favourably entertained; as well as with three men of rank, and others, who were directed by his Majesty to accompany "the said Frenchman." All the party are described in the document as knights and gentlemen. We have to inquire, then, who was Lawrence Fletcher, comedian to his Majesty? Assuredly the King had not in his service a company of Scotch players. In 1599 he had licensed a company of English comedians to play at Edinburgh. Fond as James was of theatrical exhibitions, he had not the means of gratifying his taste, except through the visits of English comedians. Scotland had no drama in the proper sense of the word. We may safely conclude that King James would have no Scottish company of players, because Scotland had no dramas to play.

"Lawrence Fletcher, comedian to his Majesty," was undoubtedly an Englishman; and "the King's servants presently in this borough who play comedies and stage-plays" were as certainly English players. There are not many facts known by which we can trace the history of Lawrence Fletcher. He is not mentioned amongst "the names of the principal actors in all these plays," which list is given in the first folio edition of Shakespeare; but he undoubtedly belonged to Shakespeare's company. Augustine Phillipps, who, by his will, in 1605, bequeathed a thirty-shilling piece of gold to his "fellow" William Shakespeare, also bequeathed twenty shillings to his "fellow" Lawrence Fletcher. But there is more direct evidence than this of the connexion of Fletcher with Shakespeare's company. The patent of James I., dated at Westminster on the nineteenth of May, 1603, in favour of the players acting at the Globe, is headed "Pro Laurentio Fletcher et Willielmo Shakespeare et aliis;" and it licenses and authorises the performances of "Laurence Fletcher, William Shakespeare, Richard Burbage, Augustine Phillipps, John Hemings, Henrie Condell, William Sly, Robert Armin, Richard Cowly, and the rest of their associates." The connexion in 1603 of Fletcher and Shakespeare cannot be more distinctly established than by this document. Chalmers says that Fletcher "was placed before Shakespeare and Richard Burbage in King James's license as much perhaps by accident as by design." The Aberdeen Register is evidence against this

opinion. Lawrence Fletcher, comedian to his Majesty, is admitted to honours which are not bestowed upon the other King's servants who had acted plays in the borough of Aberdeen in 1601. Lawrence Fletcher is first named in the letters patent of 1603. It is evident, we think, that he was admitted a burgess of Aberdeen as the head of the company, and that he was placed first in the royal license for the same reason. But there is a circumstance, we apprehend, set forth in the Aberdeen Registers which is not only important with reference to the question of Shakespeare having visited Scotland, but which explains a remarkable event in the history of the stage. The company rewarded by the Corporation of Aberdeen on the 9th of October, 1601, were not only recommended by his Majesty's special letter, but they were the King's servants. Lawrence Fletcher, according to the second entry, was comedian to his Majesty. This English company, then, had received an honour from the Scottish King, which had not been bestowed upon them by the English Queen. They were popularly termed the Queen's players about 1590; but subsequently, we find them invariably mentioned in the official entries as the Lord Chamberlain's servants. Mr. Collier, in noticing the license '*Pro Laurentio Fletcher et Willielmo Shakespeare et aliis*,' says that the Lord Chamberlain's company "by virtue of this instrument, in which they are termed 'our servants,' became the King's players, and were so afterwards constantly distinguished." But the instrument did not create Lawrence Fletcher, William Shakespeare, and others, the King's servants: it recognises them as the King's servants already appointed: "Know you that we, of our special grace, certain knowledge, and mere motion, have licensed and authorised, and by these presents do license and authorise, these our servants," &c. They are licensed to use and exercise their art and faculty "as well for the recreation of our loving subjects as for our solace and pleasure, when we shall think good to see them." They are "to show and exercise publicly to their best commodity when the infection of the plague shall decrease, within their now usual house called the Globe," as in all other places. The justices, mayors, sheriffs, and others to whom the letters patent are addressed, are called upon to aid and assist them, and to do them courtesies; and the instrument thus concludes: "And also what further favour you shall show to these our servants for our sake we shall take kindly at your hands." The terms of this patent exhibit towards the players of the Globe a favour and countenance, almost an affectionate solicitude for their welfare, which is scarcely reconcilable with a belief that they first became the King's players by virtue of this instrument. James arrived in London, at the Charter House, on the 7th of May, 1603. He then re-

moved to the Tower, and subsequently to Greenwich on the 13th. The Privy Seal, directing the letters patent to Fletcher, Shakespeare, and others, is dated from Greenwich on the 17th of May; and in that document the exact words of the patent are prescribed. The words of the Privy Seal and of the patent undoubtedly imply some previous appointment of the persons therein named as the King's servants. It appears scarcely possible that during the three days which elapsed between James taking up his residence at Greenwich, and the day on which the Privy Seal is issued, the Lord Chamberlain's servants, at the season of the plague, should have performed before the King, and have so satisfied him that he constituted them his own servants. It would at first seem improbable that amidst the press of business consequent upon the accession, the attention of the King should have been directed to the subject of players at all, especially in the selection of a company as his own servants, contrary to the precedent of the former reign. If these players had been the servants of Elizabeth, their appointment as the servants of James might have been asked as a matter of course; but certain players were at once to be placed above all their professional brethren, by the King's own act, carried into effect within ten days after his arrival within his new metropolis. But all these objections are removed when we refer to the facts opened to us by the council registers of Aberdeen. King James the Sixth of Scotland had recommended his servants to the magistrates of Aberdeen; and Lawrence Fletcher, there can be no doubt, was one of those servants so recommended. The patent of James the First of England directed to Lawrence Fletcher, William Shakespeare, and others, eighteen months after the performances at Aberdeen, is directed to those persons as "our servants." It does not appoint them the King's servants, but recognises the appointment as already existing. Can there be a reasonable doubt that the appointment was originally made by the King in Scotland, and subsisted when the same King ascended the English throne? Lawrence Fletcher was admitted a burgess of Guild of the borough of Aberdeen as comedian to his Majesty, in company with other persons who were servitors to his Majesty. He received that honour, we may conclude, as the head of the company, also the King's servants. We know not how he attained this distinction amongst his fellows, but it is impossible to imagine that accident so favoured him in two instances. The King's servant who was most favoured at Aberdeen, and the King's servant who is first in the patent in 1603, was surely placed in that position by the voice of his fellows, the other King's servants. William Shakespeare is named with him in a marked manner in the heading of the

patent. Several of their fellows are also named, as distinguished from "the rest of their associates." There can be no doubt of the identity of the Lawrence Fletcher, the servant of James VI. of Scotland, and the Lawrence Fletcher, the servant of James I. of England. Can we doubt that the King's servants who played comedies and stage-plays in Aberdeen, in 1601, were, taken as a company, the King's servants who were licensed to exercise the art and faculty of playing throughout all the realm, in 1603? If these points are evident, what reason have we to doubt that William Shakespeare, the second named in the license of 1603, was amongst the King's servants at Aberdeen in 1601? Every circumstance concurs in the likelihood that he was of that number recommended by the King's special letter; and his position in the license, even before Burbage, was, we may well believe, a compliment to him who in 1601 had taught "our James" something of the power and riches of the English drama. These circumstances give us, we think, warranty to conclude that the story of Macbeth might have been suggested to Shakespeare upon Scottish ground; that the accuracy displayed in the local descriptions and allusions might have been derived from a rapid personal observation; and that some of the peculiarities of his witchcraft imagery might have been found in Scottish superstitions, and more especially in those which were rife at Aberdeen at the beginning of the seventeenth century.

In May, 1602, Shakespeare made a large addition to his property at Stratford by the purchase, from William and John Combe, for the sum of three hundred and twenty pounds, of one hundred and seven acres of arable land in the town of Old Stratford. The indenture, which is in the possession of Mr. Wheler of Stratford, is dated the 1st of May, 1602. The conveyance bears the signatures of the vendors of the property. But although it concludes in the usual form, "The parties to these presents having interchangeably set to their hands and seals," the counterpart (also in the possession of Mr. Wheler) has not the hand and seal of the purchaser of the property described in the deed as "William Shakspeare, of Stratford-upon-Avon, in the countie aforesaide, Gentleman." The counterpart is not signed, and the piece of wax which is affixed to it is unimpressed with any seal. The acknowledgment of possession is however recorded. The property is delivered to Gilbert Shakespeare to the use of William. Gilbert was two years and a half younger than William, and in all likelihood was the cultivator of the land which the poet thus bought, or assisted their father in the cultivation.

Amongst the few papers rescued from "time's devouring maw" which enable us to trace Shakespeare's

career with any exactness, there is another which relates to the acquisition of property in the same year. It is a copy of Court Roll for the Manor of Rowington, dated the 28th of September, 1602, containing the surrender by Walter Getley to the use of William Shakespeare of a house in Stratford, situated in Walker-street. This tenement was opposite Shakespeare's house of New Place. It is now taken down; it was in existence a few years ago. This document, which is in the possession of Mr. Hunt, the town-clerk of Stratford, also shows that at the latter end of September, 1602, William Shakespeare, the purchaser of this property, was not at Stratford. It could not legally pass to him, being a copyhold, till he had done suit and service in the Lord's Court; and the surrender therefore provides that it should remain in the possession of the lord till he, the purchaser, should appear.

In the September of 1602, the Earl of Worcester, writing to the Earl of Shrewsbury, says, "We are frolic here in Court, much dancing in the Privy Chamber of country-dances before the Queen's Majesty, who is exceedingly pleased therewith." In the December she was entertained at Sir Robert Cecil's house in the Strand, and some of the usual devices of flattering mummery were exhibited before her. A few months saw a period to the frolic and the flattery. The last entry in the books of the Treasurer of the Chamber during the reign of Elizabeth, which pertains to Shakespeare, is the following;—melancholy in the contrast between the Candlemas-Day of 1603, the 2nd of February, and the following 24th of March, when Elizabeth died:—"To John Hemynges and the rest of his companie, servaunts to the Lorde Chamberleyne, upon the Councells Warraunte, dated at Whitehall the xxth of April, 1603, for their paines and expences in presentinge before the late Queenes Ma^{tie} twoe playes, the one upon St. Stephens day at night, and thother upon Candlemas day at night, for ech of which they were allowed, by way of her Ma^{tie} reward, tenne poundes, amounting in all to xx."

King James I. of England left his good city of Edinburgh on the 5th of April, 1603. He was nearly five weeks on the road. On the 7th of May he was safely lodged at the Charter House; and one of his first acts of authority was, as already noticed, after creating four new peers, and issuing a proclamation against robbery on the Borders, to order the Privy Seal for the patent to Lawrence Fletcher, William Shakespeare, and others. We learn from the patent itself that the King's servants were to perform publicly "when the infection of the plague shall decrease." It is clear that the King's servants were not at liberty then to perform publicly. How long the theatres were closed we do not exactly know; but a document is in existence, dated April 9th,

1604, directing the Lord Mayor of London, and Justices of Middlesex and Surrey, "to permit and suffer the three companies of players to the King, Queen, and Prince to exercise their plays in their several and usual houses." On the 20th of October, 1603, Joan, the wife of the celebrated Edward Alleyn, writes to her husband from London,—"About us the sickness doth cease, and likely more and more, by God's help, to cease. All the companies be come home, and well, for aught we know." Her husband is hawking in the country, and Henslowe, his partner, is at the Court. Shakespeare is in London. Some one propounded a theory that there was no real man called William Shakespeare, and that the plays which passed with his name were the works of Marlowe and others. This very letter of good Mrs. Alleyn shows that William Shakespeare not only lived, but went about pretty much like other people, calling common things by their common names, giving advice about worldly matters in the way of ordinary folk, and spoken of by the wife of his friend without any wonder or laudation, just as if he had written no 'Midsummer Night's Dream,' or 'Othello':—"Aboute a weeke a goe there came a youthe, who said he was Mr. Francis Chaloner, who would have borrowed x" to have bought things for and said he was known unto you, and Mr. Shakespeare of the Globe, who came said he knewe hym not, onely he herde of hym that he was a roge so he was glade we did not lend him the monney. Richard Johnes [went] to seeke and inquire after the fellow, and said he had lent hym a horse. I feare me he gulled hym, though he gulled not us. The youthe was a prety youthe, and hansome in appayrell: we knowe not what became of hym."* But although Shakespeare was in London on the 20th of October, 1603, it is tolerably clear that the performances at the public theatres were not resumed till after the order of the 9th of April, 1604. In the Office Books of the Treasurer of the Chamber there is an entry of a payment of thirty-two pounds upon the Council's warrant dated at Hampton Court, February 8th, 1604, "by way of his Majesty's free gift" to Richard Burbage, one of his Majesty's comedians, "for the maintenance and relief of himself and the rest of his company, being prohibited to present any plays publicly in or near London, by reason of great peril that might grow through the extraordinary concourse and assembly of people, to a new increase of the plague, till it shall please God to settle the city in a more perfect health."† But though the public playhouses might be closed through the fear of an "extraordinary concourse and

assembly of people," the King, a few months previous, had sent for his own players to a considerable distance to perform before the Court at Wilton. There is an entry in the same Office Book of a payment of thirty pounds to John Hemings "for the pains and expenses of himself and the rest of his company in coming from Mortlake in the county of Surrey unto the Court aforesaid, and there presenting before his Majesty one play on the 2nd of December last, by way of his Majesty's reward." Wilton was the seat of William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, to whom it has been held that Shakespeare's Sonnets were addressed. We do not yield our assent to this opinion. But we know from good authority that this nobleman, "the most universally beloved and esteemed of any man of that age," (according to Clarendon,) befriended Shakespeare, and that his brother joined him in his acts of kindness. The dedication by John Heminge and Henry Condell, prefixed to the first collected edition of the works of Shakespeare, is addressed "To the most noble and incomparable pair of brethren, William Earl of Pembroke, and Philip Earl of Montgomery." In the submissive language of poor players to their "singular good lords" they say, "When we value the places your Honours sustain, we cannot but know their dignity greater than to descend to the reading of these trifles; and while we name them trifles, we have deprived ourselves of the defence of our dedication. But since your Lordships have been pleased to think these trifles something, heretofore; and have prosecuted both them, and their author living, with so much favour: we hope that (they out-living him, and he not having the fate, common with some, to be executor to his own writings) you will use the like indulgence toward them you have done unto their parent." They subsequently speak of their Lordships liking the several parts of the volume when they were acted; but their author was the object of their personal regard and favour. The call to Wilton of Shakespeare's company might probably have arisen from Lord Pembroke's desire to testify this favour. It would appear to be the first theatrical performance before James in England. The favour of the Herberts towards Shakespeare thus began early. The testimony of the player-editors would imply that it lasted during the poet's life.

At the Christmas of the same year the King had taken up his residence at Hampton Court. It was here, a little before the period when the Conference on Conformity in Religion was begun, that the Queen and eleven ladies of honour were presenting Daniel's Masque; and Shakespeare and his fellows performed six plays before the King and Prince, receiving twenty nobles for each play.* The patronage of the new King

* From the papers in Dulwich College, printed in Mr Collier's *Memoirs of Edward Alleyn*

† Cunningham's 'Revels at Court,' p. xxxv.

* Cunningham's 'Revels at Court,' p. xxiv.

to his servants, players acting at the Globe, seems to have been constant and liberal. To Shakespeare this must have been a season of prosperity and of honour. The accession of the King gave him something better. His early friend and patron Southampton was released from a long imprisonment. Enjoying the friendship of Southampton and Pembroke, who were constantly about the King, their tastes may have led the monarch to a just preference of the works of Shakespeare before those of any other dramatist. The six plays performed before the King and Prince in the Christmas of 1603-4 at Hampton Court, were followed at the succeeding Christmas by performances "at the Banqueting-House at Whitehall," in which the plays of Shakespeare were preferred above those of every other competitor. There were eleven performances by the King's players, of which eight were plays of Shakespeare. Jonson shared this honour with him in the representation of 'Every One in his Humour,' and 'Every One out of his Humour.' A single play by Heywood, another by Chapman, and a tragedy by an unknown author, completed the list of these revels at Whitehall. It is told, Malone says, "upon authority which there is no reason to doubt, that King James bestowed especial honour upon Shakspeare." The story is told in the Advertisement to Lintot's edition of Shakespeare's Poems—"That most learned Prince, and great patron of learning, King James the First, was pleased with his own hand to write an amicable letter to Mr. Shakespeare; which letter, though now lost, remained long in the hands of Sir William Davenant, as a credible person now living can testify." Was the honour bestowed as a reward for the compliment to the King in 'Macbeth,' or was the compliment to the King a tribute of gratitude for the honour?

We have seen that in the year 1602 Shakespeare was investing the gains of his profession in the purchase of property at Stratford. It appears from the original Fines of the Court of King's Bench, preserved in the Chapter-house, that a little before the accession of James, in 1603, Shakespeare had also purchased a messuage at Stratford, with barns, gardens, and orchards, of Hercules Underhill, for the sum of sixty pounds. There can be little doubt that this continued acquisition of property in his native place had reference to the ruling desire of the poet to retire to his quiet fields and the placid intercourse of society at Stratford, out of the turmoil of his professional life and the excitement of the companionship of the gay and the brilliant. And yet it appears highly probable that he was encouraged, at this very period, through the favour of those who rightly estimated his merit, to apply for an office which would have brought him even more closely in con-

nexion with the Court, that of Master of the Queen's Revels, to which office Samuel Daniel was appointed. It is not impossible that Shakespeare looked to this appointment as a compensation for his retirement from the profession of an actor, retaining his interest, however, as a theatrical proprietor. Be that as it may, he still carried forward his ruling purpose of the acquisition of property at Stratford. In 1605 he accomplished a purchase which required a larger outlay than any previous investment. On the 24th of July, in the third year of James, a conveyance was made by Ralph Huband, Esq., to William Shakespeare, gentleman, of a moiety of a lease of the great and small tithes of Stratford, for the remainder of a term of ninety-two years, and the amount of the purchase was four hundred and forty pounds. There can be little doubt that he was the cultivator of his own land, availing himself of the assistance of his brother Gilbert, and, in an earlier period, probably of his father. An account in 1597 of the stock of malt in the borough of Stratford, is said to exhibit ten quarters in the possession of William Shakespeare, of Chapel Street Ward. New Place was situated in Chapel Street. The purchase of a moiety of the tithes of so large a parish as Stratford might require extensive arrangements for their collection. Tithes in those days were more frequently collected in kind than by a *modus*. But even if a *modus* was taken, it would require a knowledge of the value of agricultural produce to farm the tithes with advantage. But before the date of this purchase it is perfectly clear that William Shakespeare was in the exercise of the trading part of a farmer's business. He bought the hundred and seven acres of land of John and William Combe in May, 1602. In 1604 a declaration was entered in the Borough Court of Stratford, on a plea of debt, William Shakespeare against Philip Rogers, for the sum of thirty-five shillings and ten-pence, for corn delivered. The precept was issued in the usual form upon this declaration, the delivery of the corn being stated to have taken place at several times in the first and second years of James. There cannot be more distinct evidence that William Shakespeare, at the very period when his dramas were calling forth the rapturous applause of the new Sovereign and his Court, and when he himself, as it would seem, was ambitious of a courtly office, did not disdain to pursue the humble though honourable occupation of a farmer in Stratford, and to exercise his just rights of property in connexion with that occupation. We must believe that he looked forward to the calm and healthful employment of the evening of his days, as a tiller of the land which his father had tilled before him, at the same time working out noble plans of poetical employment in his comparative leisure as the best scheme of life in his de-

clining years. The exact period when he commenced the complete realization of these plans is somewhat doubtful. He had probably ceased to appear as an actor before 1605. If the date 1608 be correctly assigned to a letter held to be written by Lord Southampton, it is clear that Shakespeare was not then an actor, for he is there described as "till of late an actor of good account in the company, now a sharer in the same." His partial freedom from his professional labours certainly preceded his final settlement at Stratford.

In the conveyance by the Combes to Shakespeare in 1602, he is designated as William Shakespeare of Stratford-upon-Avon. The same designation holds in subsequent legal documents connected with Stratford; but there is no doubt that, at the period of the conveyance from the Combes, he was an actor in the company performing at the Blackfriars and at the Globe; and in tracing therefore the "whereabout" of Shakespeare, from the imperfect records which remain to us, we have assumed that where the fellows of Shakespeare are to be found, there is he to be also located. But in the belief that before 1608 he had ceased to be an actor, we are not required to assume that he was so constantly with his company as before that partial retirement. His interest would no doubt require his occasional presence with them, for he continued to be a considerable proprietor in their lucrative concerns. That prudence and careful management which could alone have enabled him to realize a large property out of his professional pursuits, and at the same time not to dissipate it by his agricultural occupations, appears to have been founded upon an arrangement by which he secured the assistance of his family, and at the same time made a provision for them. We have seen that in 1602 his brother Gilbert was his representative at Stratford. Richard, who was ten years his junior, and who, dying a year before him, was buried at Stratford, would also appear to have been resident there. His youngest brother Edmund, sixteen years his junior, was, there can be little question, associated with him in the theatre; and he probably looked to him to attend to the management of his property in London, after he retired from any active attention to its conduct. But Edmund died early. He lived in the parish of St. Saviour's, in all probability at his brother's house in the liberty of the Clink; and the register of burials of that parish has the following record:—"1607, December 31st. Edmond Shakespeare, a player, in the church." The death of his brother might probably have had a considerable influence upon the habits of his life, and might have induced him to dispose of all his theatrical property, as there is reason to believe he did, several years before his death. The value of a portion of this property has been ascertained, as far as it can be, upon an estimate for its sale; and

by this estimate the amount of his portion, as compared with that of his co-proprietors, is distinctly shown. In 1608 the question of the jurisdiction of the City in the Blackfriars, and especially with reference to the playhouse, was brought before Lord Ellesmere, the Chancellor. The proprietors of the theatre remained in undisturbed possession. Out of this attempt a negotiation appears to have arisen for the purchase of the property by the City; for amongst the documents connected with this attempt of the Corporation is found a paper headed, "For avoiding of the playhouse in the precinct of the Blackfriars." The document states, in conclusion, that "in the whole it will cost the Lord Mayor and the citizens at the least 7000*l*." Richard Burbage claims 1000*l*. for the fee, and for his four shares 93*l*. 6*s*. 8*d*. Laz. Fletcher owns three shares, which he rates at 700*l*., that is, at seven years' purchase. "W. Shakespeare asketh for the wardrobe and properties of the same playhouse 500*l*., and for his four shares the same as his fellowes Burbidge and Fletcher, viz. 93*l*. 6*s*. 8*d*." Heminge and Condell have each two shares, Taylor and Lowin each a share and a half; four more players each a half share; which they all value at the same rate. The hired men of the company also claim recompense for their loss; "and the widows and orphans of players who are paid by the sharers at divers rates and proportions."* It thus appears that, next to Richard Burbage, Shakespeare was the largest proprietor in the theatre; that Burbage was the exclusive owner of the real property, and Shakespeare of the personal. If the valuation be correct, Shakespeare's annual income derived from his shares in the Blackfriars alone, was 133*l*. 6*s*. 8*d*. His wardrobe and properties, being perishable matters, were probably valued at five years' purchase, giving him an additional income of 100*l*. This income was derived from the Blackfriars alone. His property in the Globe Theatre was in all likelihood quite equal. He would, besides, derive additional advantages as the author of new plays. With a professional income, then, of 400*l*. or 500*l*. per annum, which may be held to be equal to six times the amount in our present money, it is evident that Shakespeare possessed the means not only of a liberal expenditure at his houses in London and at Stratford, but from the same source was enabled to realize considerable sums, which he invested in real property in his native place. All the records of Shakespeare's professional life, and the results of his success as exhibited in the accession of property, indicate a steady and regular advance. They show us that perseverance and industry were as much the characteristics of the man as the greatness of his genius; that he

* This valuable document was discovered by Mr. Collier, and published by him in his *New Facts*.

held with constancy to the course of life which he had early adopted; that year by year it afforded him increased competence and wealth; and that if he had the rare privilege of pursuing an occupation which called forth the highest exercise of his powers, rendering it in every essential a pleasurable occupation, he despised not the means by which he had risen: he lived in a free and genial intercourse with his professional brethren, and to the last they were his friends and fellows.

Aubrey says of Shakespeare, "He was wont to go to his native country once a-year." This statement, which there is no reason to disbelieve, has reference to the period when Shakespeare was engaged as an actor. There is another account of Shakespeare's mode of life, which does not contradict Aubrey, but brings down his information to a later period. In the 'Diary of the Rev. John Ward, Vicar of Stratford-upon-Avon,' the manuscript of which was discovered in the library of the Medical Society of London, we find the following curious record of Shakespeare's later years:—"I have heard that Mr. Shakespeare was a natural wit, without any art at all; he frequented the plays all his younger time, but in his elder days lived at Stratford, and supplied the stage with two plays every year, and for it had an allowance so large, that he spent at the rate of 1000*l.* a-year, as I have heard." The Diary of John Ward extends from 1648 to 1679; and it is in many respects interesting, from the circumstance that he united the practice of medicine to the performance of his duties as a parish priest. He was appointed to the vicarage of Stratford in 1662.

It is evident that, although forty-six years had elapsed since the death of Shakespeare, his memory was the leading association with Stratford-upon-Avon. After noticing that Shakespeare had two daughters, we find the entry presented above. It is just possible that the new vicar of Stratford might have seen Shakespeare's younger daughter Judith, who was born in 1585, and, having married Thomas Quiney in 1616, lived to the age of seventy-seven, having been buried on the 9th of February, 1662. The descendants of Shakespeare's family and of his friends surrounded the worthy vicar on every side; and he appears to have thought it absolutely necessary to acquire such a knowledge of the productions of the great poet as might qualify him to speak of them in general society:—"Remember to peruse Shakespeare's plays, and be much versed in them, that I may not be ignorant in that matter." The honest vicar was not quite certain whether the fame of Shakespeare was only a provincial one, for he adds—"Whether Dr. Heylin does well, in reckoning up the dramattick poets which have been famous in England, to omit Shakespeare?" The good

man is not altogether to be blamed for having previously to 1662 been "ignorant" of Shakespeare's plays. He was only thirty-three years of age; and his youth had been passed in the stormy period when the Puritans had well nigh banished all literature, and especially dramatic literature, from the minds of the people, in their intolerant proscription of all pleasure and recreation. At any rate we may accept the statements of the good vicar as founded upon the recollections of those with whom he was associated in 1662. It is wholly consistent with what we otherwise know of Shakespeare's life, that "he frequented the plays all his younger time." It is equally consistent that he "in his elder days lived at Stratford." There is nothing improbable in the belief that he "supplied the stage with two plays every year." The last clause of the sentence is somewhat startling:—"And for it had an allowance so large, that he spent at the rate of 1000*l.* a-year, as I have heard." And yet the assertion must not be considered wholly an exaggeration. "He spent at the rate of 1000*l.* a-year," must mean the rate of the time when Mr. Ward is writing. During the half-century which had preceded the Restoration there had been a more important decrease in the value of money than had even taken place in the reign of Elizabeth. During that reign the prices of all commodities were constantly rising; but after the reduction of the legal rate of interest from ten per cent. to eight in 1624, and from eight to six in 1651, the change was still more remarkable. Sir Josias Child, in 1688, says that five hundred pounds with a daughter, sixty years before, was esteemed a larger portion than two thousand pounds now. It would appear, therefore, that the thousand a-year in 1662 was not more than one-third of the amount in 1612; and this sum, from 300*l.* to 400*l.*, was, as near as may be, the amount which Shakespeare appears to have derived from his theatrical property. In all probability he held that property during the greater part of the period when he "supplied the stage with two plays every year;" and this indirect remuneration for his poetical labours might readily have been mistaken, fifty years afterwards, as "an allowance so large" for authorship that the good vicar records it as a memorable thing.

It is established that 'Othello' was performed in 1602; 'Hamlet,' greatly enlarged, was published in 1604; 'Measure for Measure' was acted before the Court on St. Stephen's night in the same year. If we place Shakespeare's partial retirement from his professional duties about this period, and regard the plays whose dates up to this point have not been fixed by any authentic record, or satisfactory combination of circumstances, we have abundant work in reserve for the great poet in the maturity of his intellect. 'Lear,' 'Mac-

beth,' 'Timon of Athens,' 'Troilus and Cressida,' 'Cymbeline,' 'The Winter's Tale,' 'The Tempest,' 'Henry VIII.,' 'Coriolanus,' 'Julius Cæsar,' 'Antony and Cleopatra,' eleven of the noblest productions of the human intellect, so varied in their character,—the deepest passion, the profoundest philosophy, the wildest romance, the most comprehensive history—what a glorious labour to fill the nine or ten remaining years of the life of the man who had left his native fields twenty years before to seek for advancement in doubtful and perilous paths,—in a profession which was denounced by some and despised by others,—amongst companions full of genius and learning, but who had perished early in their pride and their self-abandonment! And he returns wealthy and honoured to the bosom of those who are dearest to him—his wife and daughters, his mother, his sisters and brothers. The companions of his boyhood are all around him. They have been useful members of society in their native place. He has constantly kept up his intercourse with them. They have looked to him for assistance in their difficulties. He is come to be one of them, to dwell wholly amongst them, to take a deeper interest in their pleasures and in their cares, to receive their sympathy. He is come to walk amidst his own fields, to till them, to sell their produce. His labour will be his recreation. In the activity of his body will the energy of his intellect find its support and its rest. His nature is eminently fitted for action as well as contemplation. Were it otherwise, he would have "bad dreams," like his own Hamlet. Morbid thoughts may have come over him "like a passing cloud;" but from this time his mind will be eminently healthful. The imagination and the reason henceforth will be wonderfully balanced. Much of this belongs to the progressive character of his understanding; something to his favourable position.

With the exception of a playful piece of ridicule in 'The Merry Wives of Windsor,' we know not of a single personality which can be alleged against Shakespeare, in an age when his dramatic contemporaries, especially, bespattered their rivals and their enemies as freely as any modern paragraph writer. But vulgar opinion, which is too apt most easily to recognise the power of talent in its ability to inflict pain, has assigned to Shakespeare a performance which has the quality, extraordinary as regards himself, of possessing scurrility without wit. It is something lower in the moral scale even than the fabricated ballad upon Sir Thomas Lucy; for it exhibits a wanton and unprovoked outrage upon an unoffending neighbour, in the hour of convivial intercourse. Rowe tells the story as if he thought he were doing honour to the genius of the man whose good qualities he is at the same moment reviling: "The latter part of his life was spent, as all men of

good sense will wish theirs may be—in ease, retirement, and the conversation of his friends. He had the good fortune to gather an estate equal to his occasion, and, in that, to his wish; and is said to have spent some years before his death at his native Stratford. His pleasurable wit and good nature engaged him in the acquaintance, and entitled him to the friendship, of the gentlemen of the neighbourhood. Amongst them, it is a story still remembered in that country that he had a particular intimacy with Mr. Combe, an old gentleman noted thereabouts for his wealth and usury: it happened, that in a pleasant conversation amongst their common friends, Mr. Combe told Shakespeare, in a laughing manner, that he fancied he intended to write his epitaph, if he happened to outlive him, and since he could not know what might be said of him when he was dead, he desired it might be done immediately, upon which Shakespeare gave him these four lines:—

'Ten in the hundred lies here ingrav'd;
'Tis a hundred to ten his son! is not sav'd.
If any man ask, Who lies in this tomb?
Oh! Oh! quoth the devil, 'tis my John-a-Combe.'

But the sharpness of the satire is said to have stung the man so severely, that he never forgave it." Certainly this is an extraordinary illustration of Shakespeare's "pleasurable wit and good nature"—of those qualities which won for him the name of the "gentle Shakespeare;" which made Jonson, stern enough to most men, proclaim—"He was honest, and of an open and free nature," and that his "mind and manners" were reflected in his "well-turned and true-fil'd lines." John-a-Combe never forgave the sharpness of the satire! And yet he bequeathed by his last will "To Mr. William Shakespeare, five pounds." Aubrey tells the story with a difference:—"One time, as he was at the tavern at Stratford-upon-Avon, one Combes, an old rich usurer, was to be buried, he makes there this extemporary epitaph;" and then he gives the lines with a variation, in which "vows" rhymes to "allows," instead of "sav'd" to "ingrav'd." Of course, following out this second story, the family of John Combe resented the insult to the memory of their parent, who died in 1614; and yet an intimacy subsisted between them even till the death of Shakespeare, for in his own will he bequeaths to the son of the usurer a remarkable token of personal regard, the badge of a gentleman:—"To Mr. Thomas Combe my sword." The whole story is a fabrication. Ten in the hundred was the old name of opprobrium for one who lent money. To receive interest at all was called usury. "That ten in the hundred was gone to the devil," was an old joke, that shaped itself into epigrams long before the death of John Combe; and in the 'Remains of Richard Brathwaite,' printed in 1618, we have the very epitaph assigned to Shakespeare, with a third set of variations, given as a notable produc-

tion of this voluminous writer: "Upon one John Combe, of Stratford-upon-Avon, a notable usurer, fastened upon a Tombe that he had caused to be built in his Lifetime." The lie direct is given by the will of John Combe to this third version of the lines against him; for it directs that a convenient tomb shall be erected one year after his decease.

The register of marriages at Stratford-upon-Avon for the year 1607 contains the entry of the marriage of John Hall, gentleman, and Susanna Shakespeare, on the 5th June. Susanna, the eldest daughter of William Shakespeare, was now twenty-four years of age. John Hall, gentleman, a physician settled at Stratford, was in his thirty-second year. This appears in every respect to have been a propitious alliance. Shakespeare received into his family a man of learning and talent.

The season at which the marriage of Shakespeare's elder daughter took place would appear to give some corroboration to the belief that, at this period, he had wholly ceased to be an actor. It is not likely that an event to him so deeply interesting would have taken place during his absence from Stratford. It was the season of performances at the Globe. It is at this period that we can fix the date of 'Lear.' That wonderful tragedy was first published in 1608; and the title-page recites that "It was plaide before the King's Majesty at White-Hall, upon S. Stephen's Night; in Christmas Hollidaies." This most extraordinary production might well have been the first fruits of a period of comparative leisure; when the creative faculty was wholly untrammelled by petty cares, and the judgment might be employed in working again and again upon the first conceptions, so as to produce such a masterpiece of consummate art without after labour. The next season of repose gave birth to an effort of genius wholly different in character; but almost as wonderful in its profound sagacity and knowledge of the world, as 'Lear' is unequalled for its depth of individual passions. 'Troilus and Cressida' was published in 1609. We may well believe that the Sonnets were published in 1609, without the consent of their author. That the appearance of those remarkable lyrics should have annoyed him, by exposing, as they now appear in the eyes of some to do, the frailties of his nature, we do not for a moment believe. They would be received by his family and by the world as essentially fictitious; and ranked with the productions of the same class with which the age abounded.

The year 1608 brought its domestic joys and calamities to Shakespeare. In the same font where he had been baptized, forty-three years before, was baptized, on the 21st of February, his grand-daughter, "Elizabeth, daughter of John Hall." In the same grave

where his father was laid in 1601, was buried his mother, "Mary Shakespeare, widow," on the 9th of September, 1608. She was the youngest daughter of Robert Arden, who died in 1556. She was probably, therefore, about seventy years of age when her sons followed her to the "house of all living."

There is a memorandum existing, by Thomas Greene, a contemporary of Shakespeare, residing at Stratford, which, under the date of November 17th, 1614, has this record:—"My cousin Shakespeare coming yesterday to town, I went to see him how he did." We cite this memorandum here, as an indication of Shakespeare's habit of occasionally visiting London: for Thomas Greene was then in the capital, with the intent of opposing the project of an inclosure at Stratford. The frequency of Shakespeare's visits to London would essentially depend upon the nature of his connexion with the theatres. He was a permanent shareholder, as we have seen, at the Blackfriars; and no doubt at the Globe also. His interests as a sharer might be diligently watched over by his fellows; and he might only have visited London when he had a new play to bring for ward, the fruit of his leisure in the country. But until he disposed of his wardrobe and other properties, more frequent demands might be made upon his personal attendance than if he were totally free from the responsibilities belonging to the charge of such an embarrassing stock in trade. Mr. Collier has printed a memorandum in the handwriting of Edward Alleyn, dated April, 1612, of the payment of various sums "for the Blackfryers," amounting to 599*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* Mr. Collier adds, "To whom the money was paid is nowhere stated; but, for aught we know, it was to Shakespeare himself, and just anterior to his departure from London." The memorandum is introduced with the observation, "It seems very likely, from evidence now for the first time to be adduced, that Alleyn became the purchaser of our great dramatist's interest in the theatre, properties, wardrobe, and stock of the Blackfriars." Certainly the document itself says nothing about properties, wardrobe, and stock. It is simply as follows:—

"1612.

Money paid by me E. A. for the Blackfryers	160 <i>li</i>
More for the Blackfryers	126 <i>li</i>
More againe for the Lease	310 <i>li</i>
The writings for the same, and other small charges	3 <i>li</i> 6 <i>s.</i> 5 <i>d.</i>

More than half of the entire sum is paid "again for the lease." If the estimate "For avoiding of the Play-house" be not rejected as an authority, the conjecture of Mr. Collier, that the property purchased by Alleyn belonged to Shakespeare, is wholly untenable; for the Fee, valued at a thousand pounds, was the pro-

perty of Burbage, and to the owner of the Fee would be paid the sum for the lease. Subsequent memoranda by Alleyn show that he paid rent for the Blackfriars, and expended sums upon the building—collateral proofs that it was not Shakespeare's personal property that he bought in April, 1612. There is distinct evidence furnished by another document that Shakespeare was not a resident in London in 1613; for in an indenture executed by him on the 10th of March in that year, for the purchase of a dwelling-house in the precinct of the Blackfriars, he is described as "William Shakespeare of Stratford Upon Avon in the countie of Warwick gentleman;" whilst his fellow, John Hemyng, who is a party to the same deed, is described as "of London, gentleman." From the situation of the property it would appear to have been bought either as an appurtenance to the theatre, or for some protection of the interests of the sharers. In the deed of 1602, Shakespeare is also described as of Stratford-upon-Avon. It is natural that he should be so described, in a deed for the purchase of land at Stratford; but upon the same principle, had he been a resident in London in 1613, he would have been described as of London in a deed for the purchase of property in London. Yet we also look upon this conveyance as evidence that Shakespeare had in March, 1613, not wholly severed himself from his interest in the theatre. He is in London at the signing of the deed, attending, probably, to the duties which still devolved upon him as a sharer in the Blackfriars. He is not a resident in London; he has come to town, as Thomas Greene describes in 1614. But we have no evidence that he sold his theatrical property at all. Certainly the evidence that he sold it to Edward Alleyn may be laid aside in any attempt to fix the date of Shakespeare's departure from London.

Every one agrees that during the last three or four years of his life Shakespeare ceased to write. Yet we venture to think that every one is in error. The opinion is founded upon a belief that he only finally left London towards the close of 1613. We have shown, from his purchase of a large house at Stratford, his constant acquisition of landed property there, his active engagements in the business of agriculture, the interest which he took in matters connected with his property in which his neighbours had a common interest, that he must have partially left London before this period. There were no circumstances, as far as we can collect, to have prevented him finally leaving London several years before 1613. But his biographers, having fixed a period for the termination of his connexion with the active business of the theatre, assume that he became wholly unemployed; that he gave himself up, as Rowe has described, to "ease, retirement, and the conversation of his friends." His income was enough, they say, to dis-

pense with labour; and therefore he did not labour. But when the days of leisure arrived, is it reasonable to believe that the mere habit of his life would not assert its ordinary control: that the greatest of intellects would suddenly sink to the condition of an everyday man—cherishing no high plans for the future, looking back with no desire to equal and excel the work of the past? At the period of life when Chaucer began to write the 'Canterbury Tales,' Shakespeare, according to his biographers, was suddenly and utterly to cease to write. We cannot believe it. Is there a parallel case in the career of any great artist who had won for himself competence and fame? Is the mere applause of the world, and a sufficiency of the goods of life, "the end-all and the be-all" of the labours of a mighty mind? These attained, is the voice of his spiritual being to be heard no more? If those who reason thus could present a satisfactory record of the dates of all Shakespeare's works, and especially of his later works, we should still cling to the belief that some fruits of the last years of his literary industry had wholly perished. It is unnecessary, as it appears to us, to adopt any such theory. Without the means of fixing the precise date of many particular dramas, we have indisputable traces, up to this period, of the appearance of at least five-sixths of all Shakespeare's undoubted works. Are there any dramas whose individual appearance is not accounted for by those who have attempted to fix the exact chronology of other plays? There are such dramas, and they form a class. They are the three great Roman plays of 'Coriolanus,' 'Julius Caesar,' and 'Antony and Cleopatra.'

The happy quiet of Shakespeare's retreat was not wholly undisturbed by calamity, domestic and public. His brother Richard, who was ten years his junior, was buried at Stratford on the 4th of February, 1613. Of his father's family, his sister Joan, who had married Mr. William Hart of Stratford, was probably the only other left. There is no record of the death of his brother Gilbert; but as he is not mentioned in the will of William, in all likelihood he died before him. Oldys, in his manuscript notes upon Langbaine, has a story of "One of Shakespeare's younger brothers, who lived to a good old age, even some years, as I compute, after the restoration of King Charles II." Gilbert was born in 1566; so that if he had lived some years after the restoration of Charles II. it is not surprising that "his memory was weakened," as Oldys reports, and that he could give "the most noted actors" but "little satisfaction in their endeavours to learn something from him of his brother." The story of Oldys is clearly apocryphal, as far as regards any brother of Shakespeare's. They were a short lived race. His sister, indeed, survived him thirty years. The family at New Place, at

this period, would be composed therefore of his wife only, and his unmarried daughter Judith; unless his elder daughter and his son-in-law formed a part of the same household, with their only child Elizabeth, who was born in 1608. The public calamity to which we have alluded was a great fire, which broke out at Stratford on the 9th of July, 1614. That Shakespeare assisted with all the energy of his character in alleviating the miseries of this calamity, and in the restoration of his town, we cannot doubt. In the same year we find him taking some interest in the project of an inclosure of the common-fields of Stratford. The inclosure would probably have improved his property, and especially have increased the value of the tithes, of the moiety of which he held a lease. The Corporation of Stratford were opposed to the inclosure. They held that it would be injurious to the poorer inhabitants, who were then deeply suffering from the desolation of the fire; and they appear to have been solicitous that Shakespeare should take the same view of the matter as themselves. His friend William Combe, then high sheriff of the county, was a principal person engaged in forwarding the inclosure. The Corporation sent their common clerk, Thomas Greene, to London to oppose the project; and a memorandum in his handwriting, which still remains, exhibits the business-like manner in which Shakespeare informed himself of the details of the plan. The first memorandum is dated the 17th of November, 1614, and is as follows:—"My Cosen Shakspeare comyng yesterday to town, I went to see how he did. He told me that they assured him they ment to inclose no further than to Gospel Bush, and so upp straight (leaving out pt. of the Dyngles to the field) to the gate in Clopton hedg, and take in Salisbury's peece; and that they mean in April to svey. the land and then to gyve satisfaccion, and not before: and he and Mr. Hall say they think yr. will be nothyng done at all." Mr. Greene appears to have returned to Stratford in about a fortnight after the date of this memorandum, and Shakespeare seems to have remained in London; for according to a second memorandum, which is damaged and partly illegible, an official letter was written to Shakespeare by the Corporation, accompanied by a private letter from Mr. Greene, moving him to exert his influence against this plan of the inclosure:—"23 Dec. A. Hall, Lres. wrytten, one to Mr. Manyring—another to Mr. Shakspeare, with almost all the company's hands to eyther. I also wrytte myself to my Csn. Shakspear, the copyes of all our . . . then also a note of the inconvenyences wold . . . by the inclosure." Arthur Mannering, to whom one of these letters was written by the Corporation, was officially connected with the Lord Chancellor, and then residing at his house; and from the letter to him, which has been pre-

served, "it appears that he was apprised of the injury to be expected from the intended inclosure; reminded of the damage that Stratford, then 'lying in the ashes of desolation,' had sustained from recent fires; and entreated to forbear the inclosure." The letter to Shakespeare has not been discovered. The fact of its having been written leaves no doubt of the importance which was attached to his opinion by his neighbours. Truly in his later years he had

"Honour, love, obedience, troops of friends."

The younger daughter of Shakespeare was married on the 10th of February, 1616, to Thomas Quiney, as the register of Stratford shows. Thomas Quiney was the son of Richard Quiney of Stratford, whom we have seen in 1598 soliciting the kind offices of his loving countryman Shakespeare. Thomas, who was born in 1588, was probably a well-educated man. The last will of Shakespeare would appear to have been prepared in some degree with reference to this marriage. It is dated the 25th of March, 1616; but the word "Januarii" seems to have been first written and afterwards struck out, "Martii" having been written above it. It is not unlikely, and indeed it appears most probable, that the document was prepared before the marriage of Judith; for the elder daughter is mentioned as Susanna Hall,—the younger simply as Judith. To her, one hundred pounds is bequeathed, and fifty pounds conditionally. The life-interest of a further sum of one hundred and fifty pounds is also bequeathed to her, with remainder to her children; but if she died without issue within three years after the date of the will, the hundred and fifty pounds was to be otherwise appropriated. We pass over the various legacies to relations and friends to come to the bequest of the great bulk of the property. All the real estate is devised to his daughter Susanna Hall, for and during the term of her natural life. It is then entailed upon her first son and his heirs male; and in default of such issue, to her second son and his heirs male; and so on: in default of such issue, to his granddaughter Elizabeth Hall (called in the language of the time his "niece"); and in default of such issue, to his daughter Judith and her heirs male. By this strict entailment it was manifestly the object of Shakespeare to found a family. Like many other such purposes of short-sighted humanity, the object was not accomplished. His elder daughter had no issue but Elizabeth, and she died childless. The heirs male of Judith died before her. The estates were scattered after the second generation, and the descendants of his sister were the only transmitters to posterity of his blood and lineage.

"Item, I give unto my wife my second-best bed, with the furniture." This is the clause of the will upon which, for half a century, all men believed that

Shakespeare recollected his wife only to mark how little he esteemed her,—to “cut her off, not indeed with a shilling, but with an old bed.”* We had the satisfaction of first showing the utter groundlessness of this opinion; and we here briefly repeat the statement which we made in our Postscript to “Twelfth Night,” that the wife of Shakespeare was unquestionably provided for by the natural operation of the law of England. His estates, with the exception of a copyhold tenement, expressly mentioned in his will, were *freehold*. *His wife was entitled to dower.* She was provided for amply, *by the clear and undeniable operation of the English law.* Of the houses and gardens which Shakespeare inherited from his father, she was assured of the life-interest of a third, should she survive her husband, the instant that old John Shakespeare died. Of the capital messuage called New Place, the best house in Stratford, which Shakespeare purchased in 1597, she was assured of the same life-interest, from the moment of the conveyance, provided it was a direct conveyance to her husband. That it was so conveyed we may infer from the terms of the conveyance of the lands in Old Stratford, and other places, which were purchased by Shakespeare in 1602, and were then conveyed “to the onely proper use and behoofe of the saide William Shakspeare, his heires and assignes, for ever.” Of a life-interest in a third of these lands also was she assured. The tenement in Blackfriars, purchased in 1614, was conveyed to Shakespeare and *three other persons*; and after his death was reconveyed by those persons to the uses of his will, “for and in performance of the confidence and trust in them reposed by William Shakespeare deceased.” In this estate, certainly, the widow of our poet had not dower. It has been remarked to us that even the express mention of the second-best bed was anything but unkindness and insult; that the best bed was in all probability an heir-loom: it might have descended to Shakespeare himself from his father as an heir-loom, and, as such, was the property of his own heirs. The best bed was considered amongst the most important of those chattels which went to the heir by custom with the house.†

The will of Shakespeare thus commences:—“I, Wil-

liam Shakespeare, of Stratford-upon-Avon, in the county of Warwick, gent., in perfect health and memory, (God be praised!) do make and ordain this my last will and testament.” And yet within one month of this declaration William Shakespeare is no more:

OBITU AND. DOI. 1616. ETATIS 53. DIE 23. AP.

Such is the inscription on his tomb. It is corroborated by the register of his burial:—“April 25. Will Shakspeare gent.” Writing forty-six years after the event, the vicar of Stratford says, “Shakspeare, Drayton, and Ben Jonson had a merry meeting, and, it seems, drank too hard, for Shakspeare died of a fever there contracted.” A tradition of this nature, surviving its object nearly half a century, is not much to be relied on. But if it were absolutely true, our reverence for Shakespeare would not be diminished by the fact that he accelerated his end in the exercise of hospitality, according to the manner of his age, towards two of the most illustrious of his friends. The “merry-meeting,” the last of many social hours spent with the full-hearted Jonson and the elegant Drayton, may be contemplated without a painful feeling. Shakespeare possessed a mind eminently social—“he was of a free and generous nature.” But, says the tradition of half a century, “he drank too hard” at this “merry meeting.” We believe that this is the vulgar colouring of a common incident. He “died of a fever there contracted.” The fever that is too often the attendant upon a hot spring, when the low grounds upon a river bank have been recently inundated, is a fever that the good people of Stratford did not well understand at that day. The “merry meeting” rounded off a tradition much more effectively. Whatever was the immediate cause of his last illness, we may well believe that the closing scene was full of tranquillity and hope; and that he who had sought, perhaps more than any man, to look beyond the material and finite things of the world, should rest at last in the “peace which passeth all understanding”—in that assured belief which the opening of his will has expressed with far more than formal solemnity:—“I commend my soul into the hands of God my creator, hoping, and assuredly believing, through the only merits of Jesus Christ, my Saviour, to be made partaker of life everlasting.”

* *Metre.*

† And note that in some places chattels as heir-looms (as the best bed, table, pot, pan, cart, and other dead chattels moveable) may go to the heir, and the heir in that case may have an action for them at the common law, and shall not sue for them in the

ecclesiastical court; but the heir-loom is due to custom, and not by the common law.” *Coke upon Littleton*, 18 b.

SHAKESPEARE'S WILL,

FROM THE ORIGINAL

IN THE OFFICE OF THE PREROGATIVE COURT OF CANTERBURY.

Vicesimo quinto die Martii, Anno Regni Domini nostri Jacobi nunc Regis Angliæ, &c. decimo quarto, et Sextæ quadragesimo nono. Anno Domini 1616.

In the name of God, Amen. I William Shakespeare of Stratford-upon-Avon, in the county of Warwick, gent., in perfect health and memory, (God be praised!) do make and ordain this my last will and testament in manner and form following; that is to say:

First, I commend my soul into the hands of God my creator, hoping, and assuredly believing, through the only merits of Jesus Christ my Saviour, to be made partaker of live everlasting; and my body to the earth whereof it is made.

Item, I give and bequeath unto my daughter Judith, one hundred and fifty pounds of lawful English money, to be paid unto her in manner and form following; that is to say, one hundred pounds in discharge of her marriage portion within one year after my decease, with consideration after the rate of two shillings in the pound for so long time as the same shall be unpaid unto her after my decease; and the fifty pounds residue thereof, upon her surrendering of, or giving of such sufficient security as the overseers of this my will shall like of, to surrender or grant, all her estate and right that shall descend or come unto her after my decease, or that she now hath, of, in, or to, one copyhold tenement, with the appurtenances, lying and being in Stratford-upon-Avon aforesaid, in the said county of Warwick, being parcel or holden of the manor of Rowington, unto my daughter Susanna Hall, and her heirs for ever.

Item, I give and bequeath unto my said daughter Judith one hundred and fifty pounds more, if she, or any issue of her body, be living at the end of three years next ensuing the day of the date of this my will, during which time my executors to pay her consideration from my decease according to the rate aforesaid: and if she die within the said term without issue of her body, then my will is, and I do give and bequeath one hundred pounds thereof to my niece Elizabeth Hall, and the fifty pounds to be set forth by my executors during the life of my sister Joan Hart, and the use and profit thereof coming, shall be paid to my said sister Joan, and after her decease the said fifty pounds shall remain amongst the children of my said sister, equally to be divided amongst them; but if my said daughter Judith be living at the end of the said three years, or any issue of her body, then my will is, and so I devise and bequeath the said hundred and fifty pounds to be set out by my executors and overseers for the best benefit of her and her issue, and the stock not to be paid unto her so long as she shall be married and covert baron; but my will is, that she shall have the consideration yearly paid unto her during her life, and after her decease the said stock and consideration to be paid to her children, if she have any, and if not, to her executors or assigns, she living the said term after my decease: provided that if such husband as she shall at the end of the said three years be married unto, or at any [time] after, do sufficiently assure unto her, and the issue of her body, lands answerable to the portion by this my will given unto her, and to be adjudged so by my executors and overseers, then my will is, that the said hundred and fifty pounds shall be paid to such husband as shall make such assurance, to his own use.

Item, I give and bequeath unto my said sister Joan twenty pounds, and all my wearing apparel, to be paid and delivered within one year after my decease; and I do will and devise unto her the house, with the appurtenances, in Stratford, wherein she dwelleth, for her natural life, under the yearly rent of twelve-pence.

Item, I give and bequeath unto her three sons, William Hart, — Hart, and Michael Hart, five pounds apiece, to be paid within one year after my decease.

Item, I give and bequeath unto the said Elizabeth Hall all my plate, (except my broad silver and gilt bowl,) that I now have at the date of this my will.

Item, I give and bequeath unto the poor of Stratford aforesaid ten pounds; to Mr. Thomas Combe my sword; to Thomas Russel, esq., five pounds; and to Francis Collins of the borough of Warwick, in the county of Warwick, gent., thirteen pounds six shillings and eight-pence, to be paid within one year after my decease.

Item, I give and bequeath to Hamlet [*Hamnet*] Sadler twenty-six shillings eight-pence, to buy him a ring; to William Reynolds, gent., twenty-six shillings eight-pence, to buy him a ring; to my godson William Walker, twenty shillings in gold; to Anthony Nash, gent., twenty-six shillings eight-pence; and to Mr. John Nash, twenty-six shillings eight-pence; and to my fellows, John Hemynge, Richard Burbage, and Henry Cundell, twenty-six shillings eight-pence apiece, to buy them rings.

Item, I give, will, bequeath, and devise, unto my daughter Susanna Hall, for better enabling of her to perform this my will, and towards the performance thereof, all that capital messuage or tenement, with the appurtenances, in Stratford aforesaid, called The New Place, wherein I now dwell, and two messuages or tenements, with the appurtenances, situate, lying, and being in Henley-street, within the borough of Stratford aforesaid; and all my barns, stables, orchards, gardens, lands, tenements, and hereditaments whatsoever, situate, lying, and being, or to be had, received, perceived, or taken, within the towns, hamlets, villages, fields, and grounds of Stratford-upon-Avon, Old Stratford, Bishopton, and Welcombe, or in any of them, in the said county of Warwick; and also all that messuage or tenement, with the appurtenances, wherein one John Robinson dwelleth, situate, lying and being, in the Blackfriars in London near the Wardrobe; and all other my lands, tenements, and hereditaments whatsoever; to have and to hold all and singular the said premises, with their appurtenances, unto the said Susanna Hall, for and during the term of her natural life; and after her decease to the first son of her body lawfully issuing, and to the heirs males of the body of the said first son lawfully issuing; and for default of such issue, to the second son of her body lawfully issuing, and to the heirs males of the body of the said second son lawfully issuing; and for default of such heirs, to the third son of the body of the said Susanna lawfully issuing, and to the heirs males of the body of the said third son lawfully issuing; and for default of such issue, the same so to be and remain to the fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh sons of her body, lawfully issuing one after another, and to the heirs males of the bodies of the said fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh sons lawfully issuing, in such manner as it is before limited to be and remain to the first, second, and third sons of her body, and to their heirs males; and for default of such issue, the said premises to be and remain to my said niece Hall, and the heirs males of her body lawfully issuing; and for default of such issue, to my daughter Judith, and the heirs males of her body lawfully issuing; and for default of such issue, to the right heirs of me the said William Shakespeare for ever.

Item, I give unto my wife my second best bed, with the furniture.

Item, I give and bequeath to my said daughter Judith my broad silver gilt bowl. All the rest of my goods, chattels, leases, plate, jewels, and household stuff whatsoever, after my debts and legacies paid, and my funeral expenses discharged, I give, devise, and bequeath to my son-in-law, John Hall, gent., and my daughter Susanna his wife, whom I ordain and make executors of this my last will and testament. And I do entreat and appoint the said Thomas Russel, esq., and Francis Collins, gent., to be overseers hereof. And do revoke all former wills, and publish this to be my last will and testament. In witness whereof I have hereunto put my hand, the day and year first above written.

By me WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

Witness to the publishing hereof,

FRA. COLLINS,
JULIUS SHAW,
JOHN ROBINSON,
HAMNET SADLER,
ROBERT WHATTICOTT.

Probatum fuit testamentum suprascriptum apud London, coram Magistro William Byrde, Legum Doctore, &c. vocante secundo die mensis Junii, Anno Domini 1616; juramento Johannis Hall unius ex. cui, &c. de bene, &c. jur. & reverentia potestate, &c. Susanna Hall, alt. ex. &c. cum cum venerit, &c. petitur. &c.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
LIFE OF SHAKESPEARE	vii
SHAKESPEARE'S WILL	liii

Comedies.

THE TEMPEST	1
THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA	43
THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR	81
MEASURE FOR MEASURE	137
THE COMEDY OF ERRORS	187
MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING	221
LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST	267
MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM	315
MERCHANT OF VENICE	357
AS YOU LIKE IT	403
TAMING OF THE SHREW	447
ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL	493
TWELFTH NIGHT; OR, WHAT YOU WILL	537
WINTER'S TALE	577

The Tempest.

The storm which vanish'd on the neigh'ring shore,
Was taught by Shakespeare's Tempest first to roar.

DRYDEN.

WHEN the friends and fellow-players of Shakespeare, a few years after his untimely death, collected his works into a folio volume, they commenced with the romantic drama of the *Tempest*. The reasons which guided them in this arrangement are unknown; but, unless we imagine they followed no particular order, printing the dramas somewhat capriciously after they had once determined on the three grand divisions of Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies,—we may perhaps conclude the *Tempest* occupies its prominent position from a superior degree of royal favour bestowed upon it, for it is well known to have been acted before the court, and its peculiar construction would have adapted it to the scenic contrivances of the masques which were produced so elaborately during the reign of the first James and his successor.

Internal evidence, as far as can be judged from the imperfect history of Shakespeare's genius, would lead to the conclusion that the *Tempest* is one of his late works, or at least written at a somewhat advanced period of life. The external evidence may be stated in a very few words. It appears from the original account-book still preserved at the Audit Office, Somerset House, that it was performed before James I. at Whitehall on the first of November, 1611:—"Hallomas nyght was presented att Whithall before the Kinges Ma^{tie} a play called the Tempest." A marginal note informs us that it was acted "by the King's players." This is the earliest notice of the play that has yet been discovered, but it proves nothing beyond that it was in existence at that time, the entry of its performance in no way distinguishing it as a new production. It was also played with success at the Blackfriars' Theatre,* and it was again performed at Court early in the year 1613, before Prince Charles, the Lady Elizabeth, and the Prince Palatine Elector, as appears from the MS. accounts of Lord Harrington, Treasurer of the Chamber to James I., preserved in the Bodleian Library.

This species of negative evidence is extremely valuable, saving us the necessity of producing serious argument to controvert the specious reasoning of Chalmers and others, who would prove that Shakespeare had a real storm in his mind when he wrote the play, and that a great tempest in England in 1612 occasioned the selection of the title. Malone, a far more able critic than Chalmers, was yet prejudiced in favour of the received idea that an actual event was referred to, and wrote a pamphlet to show that the storm which dispersed the fleet of Sir George Somers and Sir Thomas Gates in July, 1609, on their passage with a large supply of provisions and men for the infant colony in Virginia, suggested this ethereal drama; and this opinion, solely grounded on a few trifling similarities which the accounts of

* This interesting fact is obtained from Dryden's preface to the *Tempest*, 1670. It has escaped the notice of Knight and Collier.

THE TEMPEST.

any two shipwrecks might possess, is re-echoed by so recent a writer as Mr. Collier. But even the notice of "the still-vexed Bermoothes," which of itself renders it quite certain that the Bermudas never suggested the scene of the play,* might have been derived from many an earlier authority than Jourdain, who wrote an account of Somers' shipwreck published in 1610. Chalmers and Hunter insist upon it that the information was derived from Raleigh's Discoverie of Guiana, 1596; but surely, in an age when maritime adventures of every description were so popularly interesting and so universally read, there can be no necessity for fixing on a particular book, for many others can be found which mention the Bermudas as being surrounded by stormy seas, and inhabited with spirits. Jourdain's account is entitled, "A Discovery of the Bermudas, otherwise called the Isle of Devils," and he says that the "islands of the Bermudas as every man knoweth that hath heard or read of them, were never inhabited by any Christian or heathen people, but ever esteemed and reputed a most prodigious and enchanted place, affording nothing but gusts, storms, and foul weather; which made every navigator and mariner to avoid them as Scylla and Charybdis, or as they would shun the devil himself." Jourdain does not write as if this were a piece of recondite information, only to be met with in one other work.

The British Museum contains a relic of Shakespeare, the only book with his autograph known to exist, at least the only one of established authenticity, which must ever be quoted in any enquiry relating to the date of the *Tempest*. This precious volume is a copy of Florio's translation of Montaigne's Essays, fol. 1603, and the poet's autograph is written on the fly-leaf opposite the title in clear bold characters. We have indubitable proof that this work was read by Shakespeare, for there is contained, at p. 102, Gonzalo's scheme for government in nearly the same words used in the play:—"It is a nation, would I answer Plato, that hath no kinde of traffike, no knowledge of letters, no intelligence of numbers, no name of magistrate, nor of politike superioritie; no use of service, of riches, or of poverty; no contracts, no successions, no divorcences, no occupation, but idle; no respect of kindred, but common; no apparell, but naturall; no manuring of lands; no use of wine, corne, or mettle. The very words that import lying, falshood, treason, dissimulation, covetousnes, envie, detraction and pardon, were never heard amongst them." This is undoubtedly more than accidental similarity, Shakespeare having done little more than rewrite the passage in verse: and we may, therefore, conclude with great safety that the play was written in or after 1603, the year this work was published. One critic, and one critic only, without attempting to deny the source of Gonzalo's speech, anxious to establish an early date for the *Tempest*, says that Florio's work *might* have been seen by Shakespeare in manuscript. But to reason on mere possibilities of this kind without evidence would render most literary discussions nugatory, and facts like the above are too rare with reference to Shakespeare's dramas to be dismissed without the strongest reasons.

Ben Jonson, in the Prologue to *Every Man in his Humour*, acted in 1598, ridicules the old plays of the sixteenth century in a passage which has been supposed to aim at the *Tempest*,—

He rather prays you will be pleas'd to see
One such to day, as other plays should be;
Where neither chorus wafts you o'er the seas,
Nor creaking throne comes down the boys to please.
Nor nimble squib is seen to make afeard
The gentlewomen; nor roll'd bullet heard
To say, it thunders; nor tempestuous drum
Rumbles to tell you when the storm doth come.

But the allusions are not sufficiently minute to mark one particular play, and that only. Even the descent of a throne, the most marked indication, is found in another drama. "Rare Ben," however, has something more definite in his *Bartholomew Fair*, 1614:—"If there be never a *servant monster*,"

* The mistake has been, however, committed by two or three critics, and I am told it would now be worse than folly in the Bermudas to doubt that they were not the scene of the play. But the only notice of these islands in the Journal is when Ariel tells Prospero to raise him up at midnight to fetch dew "from the still-vex'd Bermoothes;" and the enchanted island, therefore, could not possibly have been the same locality.

† This fact, unknown to Mr. Knight, is derived from Lovelace's *Lucasta*.

the fair, who can help it, he says, nor a nest of anties? He is loth to make Nature afraid in his plays like those that beget Tales, Tempests, and such like drolleries." We can scarcely doubt that Caliban is intended by the servant-monster, the title by which he is addressed by Stephano in Shakespeare's play: and the whole passage is strikingly applicable to the *Tempest*, if we suppose it to be jocularly alluded to by Jonson, not necessarily with an ill feeling, as assumed by the commentators. At the same time while expressing this belief, it must be recollected there were no doubt drolleries or puppet-shows exhibited in Jonson's time at Bartholomew Fair of the kind here indicated. In connexion with this subject, I may mention that a curious early original bill describing a new droll, called the *Tempest*, is preserved in the British Museum, and as it has never been noticed by any of the critics, a copy of it will probably not be unacceptable to the reader:—

"*Never acted before.* At Miller's Booth, over against the Cross-daggers near the Crown Tavern, during the time of Bartholomew Fair, will be presented an excellent new droll, call'd *The Tempest, or the Distressed Lovers*, with the English hero, and the Island Princess, with the comical humours of the enchanted Scotchman, or Jockey and the three witches: Shewing how a nobleman of England was cast away upon the Indian shore, and in his travel found the princess of the country, with whom he fell in love, and after many dangers and perils, was married to her: and his faithful Scotchman, who was saved with him, travelling thorow woods, fell in among witches, where between 'em is abundance of comical diversion. There in the *Tempest* is Neptune, with his tritons, in his chariot drawn with sea-horses, and mermaids singing. With variety of entertainments performed by the best masters: the particulars would be too tedious to be inserted here."

Still more uncertain, as a criterion for establishing a date, must be considered the notice of the "dead Indian" in act ii, sc. 2, for although Shakespeare alludes most probably to some celebrated exhibition of the day, yet as far as our research enables us to judge, there were several shows to which his slight notice might possibly apply. I am induced to quote here at considerable length a remarkable account of the sights of England in the year 1609, written by Henry Peacham, not only because it is an interesting piece and unnoticed by all editors, (even by Gifford, who would have found much in it to illustrate Jonson), but also as possibly containing a notice of the exhibition to which Shakespeare alludes:—

Why doe the rude vulgar so hastily peep in a madnesse,
To gaze at tritles and toys not worthy the viewing,
And thinke them happy; when may be shew'd for a penny
The Fleet-streete Mandrakes, that heavenly Motion of Eltham,
Westminster monuments, and Guild-hall huge Corineus,
That home of Windsor (of an Unicorn very likely)
The exce of *Morlin*, the skirts of old *Ton* a Lincoln
King *Johns* sword at Linne, with the cup the Fraternity drinke in,
The Tombe of *Beauchampe*, and sword of Sir *Guy* a Warwicke:
The great long Dutchman, and roaring Marget a Barwicke,
The *Mummied Princes*, and Caesars wine yet i' Dover,
Saint James his Ginney Hens, the Cassawarway moreover,
The Beaver i' the Parke (strange beast as er'e any man saw)
Downe-shearing willowes with teeth as sharpe as a hand-saw.
The Lance of *John* a *Gaunt*, and *Brandons* still i' the Tower:
The fall of *Ninive*, with *Norwich* built in an hower.
King *Henries* slip-shoes, the sword of valiant *Edward*;
The Convetry Boares-shield, and fire-workes seen but to bedward.
Drakes ship at Detford, King *Richards* bed-sted i' Leyster,
The White Hall whale-bones, the silver Bason i' Chester;
The live-caught Dog-fish, the Wolfe and *Harry* the Lyon,
Hunks of the Beare-garden, to be feared, if he be nigh on.

In the time of Shakespeare, the knowledge of distant countries and their history was but in its infancy; so that a "mummied prince" might be, or pass for, a "dead Indian" with the sight-seers. At all events, the conjecture is more probable (this is not saying much) than any produced by the commentators. From the records of Lewes, co. Sussex, it appears that a company of vagrant showmen

exhibited something of the kind in that town in 1694, but whether dead or alive is not stated: "Expenses in playing the Indian twice, and in cleansing the roome whear hee stands, in all 3s. 6d."

The notice of the "strange fish" is still more vague. Scarcely a year passed without something of the kind being exhibited, and the satire is therefore too general to be reduced to any particular application. In 1568 appeared, "A most true and marveilous straunge wonder, the lyke hath sel lom been scene, of seventeen monstrous fisses taken in Suffolke at Downam Brydge;" and on the Registers of the Stationers' Company, for 1595, is entered an account of "a strange and hughe fishe dryven on the sandes at Outhorne in Holdernes in Februaire." Wolfe, also, in 1586, printed a broadside containing an account of a monster fish found in the heart of a horse! The custom of exhibiting strange fishes was afterwards ridiculed by Maine, in his comedy of the *City Match*, ed. 1639, p. 23; and many other allusions to the practice could no doubt be collected. We do not attempt, then, to draw any conclusion from such notices, and at present must be contented with the certainty that the *Tempest* was written between the years 1603 and 1611, probably at a period inclining towards the former date.

No one has yet discovered the romance on which the *Tempest* was founded, although that such a tale exists either in Italian or Spanish can scarcely be doubted. Warton was informed by Collins that it was to be found in an Italian novel, and a similar intimation was made to Boswell, but the name of the work cannot now be ascertained. In the absence of this evidence, Malone has advanced the pretensions of the sixth tragical tale of Turberville, and Greene's comedy of *Alphonsus, king of Arragon*, as having suggested part of the plot; but the similarities he has pointed out are extremely slender and trivial. I have scarcely any doubt, if, by any fortunate accident, the novel mentioned by Collins should ever be recovered, we should discover in it most of the broad circumstances of the plot of the *Tempest*, and find that the poet has etherialized an ancient necromantic story. Prospero is a far more virtuous magician than any we read of elsewhere; and Ariel, in the original tale, more likely resembled Mephistophilus than the delicate spirit represented in the play. As, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Shakespeare has made our pretty national fairy mythology more fanciful and more poetical, so in the *Tempest* he has clothed necromancy with the robes of virtue,* and made us reverence a magician.

A German drama by Ayrrer, published in 1618, entitled the '*Beautiful Sidea*,'—*Sidea* corresponding to Shakespeare's *Miranda*—is founded on a tale containing striking similarities to the *Tempest*; but we cannot agree with Mr. Thoms, who introduced this subject to English readers, in considering it a version of an earlier drama on which Shakespeare founded his play. It is a well ascertained fact that English actors performed in Germany in Shakespeare's time, and it is not unlikely Ayrrer thus borrowed in some measure from the plays they performed.† In addition to this German production, an English ballad, called the '*Enchanted Island*,' has also been brought forward as a claimant for the honour of contributing to the tale of the *Tempest*; but it is now generally acknowledged to be a later production, and founded on the play. In this ballad, the names and localities are changed, and the verbal similarities to Shakespeare are very few. *Miranda's* smile is transferred from the sea to the island,—

When landed on th' Enchanted Isle,
His little *Ida's* morning smile
Made him forget his woe,
And thus, within a cavern drear,
They lived for many a year i-fero,
For Heaven had will'd it so.

* It is for this reason we find old treatises on necromancy and magic afford fewer illustrations of this play than might otherwise have been expected.

† Shakespeare was very little known in Germany in the seventeenth century, except in this way; and Eschenburg quotes the earliest notice of him in that country from a book printed in 1682, and the second from Benthem, who, however, merely copies an earlier English writer.

THE TEMPEST.

Geraldo, the Prospero of the ballad, burns his book, breaks his "magic wand," and forswears the art of magic:—

From that day forth the isle has been
By wandering sailors never seen—
Some say 'tis buried deep
Beneath the sea, which breaks and roars
Above its savage rocky shores,
Nor ere is known to sleep.

This account of the fate of Prospero's island is not unpoetical, and may safely be accepted by the readers of Shakespeare. Mr. Hunter, however, tells a very different story. He says that if you take a map (reading the *Tempest* with a map!), and, tracing the line of Alonso's track, speculate on the island on which Prospero and Miranda may be supposed to have been cast, you will soon be persuaded that island was Lampedusa. Mr. Hunter pursues the argument through many pages, but our space will not permit an extract, and the reader will not require one; for he who reads the '*Tempest*' in a congenial spirit will scarcely be willing to have his imagination fettered by realities. Lampedusa may very possibly have been the scene of the original novel, but the management of Shakespeare's drama leads us to believe the author himself intended an undefined vagueness inconsistent with the introduction of any particular island.

Soon after the Restoration, Dryden produced an alteration of the *Tempest*, in which he introduced a man who had never seen a woman, as a contrast to Miranda, who had never seen a man, and furnished Caliban with a sister-monster. He acknowledges to have received the assistance of Davenant in this work, which was extremely successful; but the purity of the original is entirely lost, and the simple but noble-minded Miranda is converted into a character using language which borders on indelicacy.

Like the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, with which it has been classed, the *Tempest* is one of those romantic dramas which defy analytical criticism, and would lose in effect by being subjected to a rigid examination of realities. Although the unities are preserved, perhaps accidentally, not by design, no play owes less allegiance to the exact sciences; and the interest is not weakened by trivial incongruities in the author's conduct of time and space. A hag-born monster, a young lady educated by a magician prince in a desolate island, and an attendant spirit, capable of the assumption of any form, who not only treads the ooze of the salt deep, runs on the sharp wind of the North, works in the frosted earth, and rides on the curled clouds, but in his lighter moods, rides on the bat's back or reposes in a cowslip's-bell, are singular materials for a drama, the simplicity of whose construction exhibits in strong outline the boundless skill by which it is made so irresistibly attractive. It required the genius of Shakespeare to reconcile these apparently discordant elements, and construct out of them an harmonious structure. If, however, the reader imagines a defect exists, and agreeing with some critics in the opinion that Ariel was not an "etherial featureless angel," observes an inconsistency in the development of his character, let us entreat him to merge it into the romantic conduct of the plot, and regard the whole drama as a purely imaginative construction formed on the idea of retributive justice, to which no one but Shakespeare has made necromancy subservient without in some degree injuring the cause of virtue.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

ALONSO, *King of Naples.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 3.
Act V. sc. 1.

SEBASTIAN, *his brother.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 3.
Act V. sc. 1.

PROSPERO, *the rightful Duke of Milan.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 1.
Act V. sc. 1; and Epilogue.

ANTONIO, *the usurping Duke of Milan, brother to
Prospero.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 3.
Act V. sc. 1.

FERDINAND, *son to the King of Naples.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 1.
Act V. sc. 1.

GONZALO, *an honest old counsellor of Naples.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 3.
Act V. sc. 1.

ADRIAN, *a lord.*

Appears, Act II. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 3. Act V. sc. 1.

FRANCISCO, *a lord.*

Appears, Act II. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 3. Act V. sc. 1.

CALIBAN, *a savage and deformed slave.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 2.
Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 1.

TRINCULO, *a jester.*

Appears, Act II. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 1.
Act V. sc. 1.

STEPHANO, *a drunken butler.*

Appears, Act II. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 1.
Act V. sc. 1.

A ship-master, Boatswain, and Mariners.

Appear, Act I. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 1.

MIRANDA, *daughter to Prospero.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 1.
Act V. sc. 1.

ARIEL, *an airy spirit.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 2; sc. 3.
Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 1.

IRIS, *a spirit.*

Appears, Act IV. sc. 1.

CERES, *a spirit.*

Appears, Act IV. sc. 1.

JUNO, *a spirit.*

Appears, Act IV. sc. 1.

Nymphs.

Appear, Act IV. sc. 1.

Reapers.

Appear, Act IV. sc. 1.

Other spirits attending on Prospero.

SCENE,—THE SEA, WITH A SHIP; AFTERWA
AN ISLAND.

The Tempest.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*On a Ship at Sea. A Storm, with Thunder and Lightning.*

Enter a Ship-master and a Boatswain.

Master. Boatswain!

Boats. Here, master: What cheer?

Master. Good, speak to the mariners:¹ fall to 't surely, or we run ourselves aground: bestir, bestir. *[Exit.*

Enter Mariners.

Boats. Heigh, my hearts! cheerly, cheerly, my hearts; yare, yare! Take in the topsail: Tend to the master's whistle.—Blow, till thou burst thy wind, if room enough!

Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, FERDINAND,² GONZALO, and others.

Alon. Good boatswain, have a care. Where 's the master? Play the men.³

Boats. I pray now, keep below.

Ant. Where is the master, boatswain?⁴

Boats. Do you not hear him? You mar our labour: Keep your cabins: You do assist the storm.

Gon. Nay, good, be patient.

Boats. When the sea is. Hence! What care these roarers for the name of king? To cabin: silence! trouble us not.

Gon. Good, yet remember whom thou hast aboard!

Boats. None that I more love than myself. You are a counsellor; if you can command these

elements to silence, and work the peace of the present,⁵ we will not hand a rope more; use your authority. If you cannot, give thanks you have liv'd so long, and make yourself ready in your cabin for the mischance of the hour, if it so hap.—Cheerly, good hearts!—Out of our way, I say. *[Exit.*

Gon. I have great comfort from this fellow: methinks he hath no drowning mark upon him; his complexion is perfect gallows. Stand fast, good fate, to his hanging! make the rope of his destiny our cable, for our own doth little advantage! If he be not born to be hang'd, our case is miserable. *[Exeunt.*

Re-enter Boatswain.

Boats. Down with the topmast; yare; lower, lower; bring her to try with main-course.⁶ *[A cry within.]* A plague upon this howling! they are louder than the weather, or our office.—

Re-enter SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, and GONZALO.

Yet again? what do you here? Shall we give o'er, and drown? Have you a mind to sink?

Seb. A pox o' your throat! you bawling, blasphemous, incharitable dog!

Boats. Work you, then.

Ant. Hang, cur, hang! you whoreson, insolent noise-maker, we are less afraid to be drown'd than thou art.

Gon. I'll warrant him for drowning,⁷ though the ship were no stronger than a nut-shell, and a leaky as an unstanch'd wench.

Boats. Lay her a-hold, a-hold:⁸ set her two courses;⁹ off to sea again; lay her off.

Enter Mariners, wet.

Mar. All lost! to prayers, to prayers! all lost!

[*Exeunt.*]

Boats. What! must our mouths be cold?

Gon. The king and prince at prayers!
Let 's assist them, for our case is as theirs.

Seb. I am out of patience.

Ant. We are merely¹⁰ cheated of our lives by drunkards.—

This wide-chapp'd rascal;—'Would thou mightst lie drowning
The washing of ten tides!

Gon. He 'll be hang'd yet,
Though every drop of water swear against it,
And gape at wid'st to glut¹¹ him.

[*A confused noise within.—'Mercy on us!
We split, we split!—Farewell, my wife and children!
—Farewell, brother!—We split, we split, we split!'*]

Ant. Let 's all sink with th' king. [*Exit.*]

Seb. Let 's take leave of him. [*Exit.*]

Gon. Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for an acre of barren ground; long heath, brown furze, anything: The wills above be done! but I would fain die a dry death. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—*The Enchanted Island, near the Cell of Prospero.*

Enter PROSPERO and MIRANDA.

Mira. If by your art, my dearest father, you have
Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them:
The sky, it seems, would pour down stinking pitch,
But that the sea, mounting to th' welkin's cheek,
Dashes the fire out. O, I have suffered
With those that I saw suffer! a brave vessel,
Who had no doubt some noble creature in her,
Dash'd all to pieces. O, the cry did knock
Against my very heart! Poor souls! they perish'd.
Had I been any god of power, I would
Have sunk the sea within the earth, or ere
It should the good ship so have swallow'd, and
The freighting¹² souls within her.

Pro. Be collected;
No more amazement: tell your piteous heart,
There 's no harm done.

Mira. O, woe the day!

Pro. No harm.
I have done nothing but in care of thee.

(Of thee, my dear one! thee, my daughter!) who
Art ignorant of what thou art, nought knowing
Of whence I am; nor that I am more better¹³
Than Prospero, master of a full poor cell.
And thy no greater father.

Mira. More to know
Did never meddle with my thoughts.

Pro. 'T is time
I should inform thee further. Lend thy hand,
And pluck my magic garment from me.—So:

[*Lays down his mantle.*]

Lie there, my art.—Wipe thou thine eyes; have comfort.

The direful spectacle of the wreck, which touch'd
The very virtue of compassion in thee,
I have with such provision in mine art
So safely ordered, that there is no soul¹⁴—
No, not so much perdition as an hair
Betid to any creature in the vessel,
Which thou heard'st cry, which thou saw'st sink
Sit down; for thou must now know further.

Mira. You have often
Begun to tell me what I am; but stopp'd,
And left me to a bootless inquisition,¹⁵
Concluding, "Stay; not yet."—

Pro. The hour 's now come;
The very minute bids thee ope thine ear;
Obey, and be attentive. Canst thou remember
A time before we came unto this cell?
I do not think thou canst, for then thou wast not
Out three years old.¹⁶

Mira. Certainly, sir, I can.

Pro. By what? by any other house, or person?
Of anything the image tell me, that
Hath kept with thy remembrance.

Mira. 'T is far off;
And rather like a dream, than an assurance
That my remembrance warrants: Had I not
Four or five women once, that tended me?

Pro. Thou hadst, and more, Miranda: But how
is it
That this lives in thy mind? What see'st thou
else

In the dark backward and abysm¹⁷ of time?
If thou remember'st aught ere thou cam'st bere,
How thou cam'st here thou may'st.

Mira. But that I do not.

Pro. Twelve year since, Miranda, twelve year
since

Thy father was the duke of Milan, and
A prince of power.

Mira. Sir, are not you my father

Pro. Thy mother was a piece of virtue, and
She said thou wast my daughter, and thy father
Was duke of Milan; and his only heir
A princess,—no worse issued.¹⁸

Mira. O, the heavens
What foul play had we, that we came from thence?
O, blessed was't we did!¹⁹

Pro. Both, both, my girl;
By foul play, as thou say'st, were we heav'd
thence,

But He sadly help hither.

Mira. O, my heart bleeds
To think o' th' teen²⁰ that I have turn'd you to,
Which is from my remembrance! Please you,
further.

Pro. My brother, and thy uncle, call'd Antonio,—
I pray thee, mark me,—that a brother should
Be so perfidious!—he whom, next thyself,
Of all the world I lov'd, and to him put
The manage of my state;—as, at that time,
Through all the signories it was the first,
And Prospero the prime duke, being so reputed
In dignity; and for the liberal arts
Without a parallel: those being all my study,
The government I cast upon my brother,
And to my state grew stranger, being transported
And rapt in secret studies. Thy false uncle—
Dost thou attend me?

Mira. Sir, most heedfully.

Pro. Being once perfected how to grant suits,
How to deny them; who t' advance,²¹ and who
To trash²² for overtopping; new created
The creatures that were mine, I say, or chang'd
them,
Or else new form'd them; having both the key
Of officer and office, set all hearts i' the state
To what tune pleas'd his ear; that now he was
The ivy which had hid my princely trunk,
And suck'd my verdure out on 't.—Thou attend'st
not.

Mira. O, good sir, I do!

Pro. I pray thee, mark me.
I thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated
To closeness, and the bettering of my mind
With that, which, but by being so retir'd,
O'erpriz'd all popular rate, in my false brother
Awak'd an evil nature: and my trust,
Like a good parent,²³ did beget of him
A falsehood, in its contrary as great
As my trust was,—which had, indeed, no limit,
A confidence sans bound. He being thus lorded,
Not only with what my revenue yielded,

But what my power might else exact,—like one
Who having unto truth, by telling of it,²⁴
Made such a sinner of his memory,
To credit his own lie,—he did believe
He was indeed the duke, out o' th' substitution,
And executing th' outward face of royalty
With all prerogative:—Hence his ambition grow-

ing,—
Dost thou hear?

Mira. Your tale, sir, would cure deafness.

Pro. To have no screen²⁵ between this part he
play'd,
And him he play'd it for, he needs will be
Absolute Milan. Me, poor man! my library
Was dukedom large enough; of temporal royalties
He thinks me now incapable: confederates
(So dry he was for sway²⁶) with th' king of Naples
To give him annual tribute, do him homage,
Subject his coronet to his crown, and bend
The dukedom, yet unbow'd, (alas, poor Milan!)
To most ignoble stooping.

Mira. O the heavens!

Pro. Mark his condition, and th' event; then
tell me,
If this might be a brother.

Mira. I should sin
To think but nobly of my grandmother:
Good wombs have borne bad sons.

Pro. Now the condition
This king of Naples, being an enemy
To me inveterate, hearkens my brother's suit,
Which was, that he, in lieu²⁷ o' th' premises
Of homage, and I know not how much tribute,
Should presently extirpate me and mine
Out of the dukedom, and confer fair Milan,
With all the honours, on my brother: Whereon,
A treacherous army levied, one midnight,
Fated to the purpose, did Antonio open
The gates of Milan; and, i' th' dead of darkness
The ministers for the purpose hurried thence
Me, and thy crying self.

Mira. Alack, for pity!
I, not rememb'ring how I cry'd out then,
Will cry it o'er again: it is a hint
That wrings mine eyes to 't.

Pro. Hear a little further,
And then I'll bring thee to the present business
Which now 's upon 's; without the which this
story
Were most impertinent.

Mira. Wherefore did they not
That hour destroy us?

Pro. Well demanded, wench;
My tale provokes that question. Dear, they durst
not,—

So dear the love my people bore me,—nor set
A mark so bloody on the business; but
With colours fairer painted their foul ends.
In few, they hurried us aboard a bark;
Bore us some leagues to sea; where they prepar'd
A rotten carcass of a boat,²⁸ not rigg'd,
Nor tackle, sail, nor mast; the very rats
Instinctively have quit it:²⁹ there they hoist us,
To cry to th' sea that rear'd to us; to sigh
To the winds, whose pity, sighing back again,
Did us but loving wrong.

Mira. Alack! what trouble
Was I then to you!

Pro. O! a cherubim
Thou wast that did preserve me! Thou didst
smile,

Infused with a fortitude from heaven,
(When I have deck'd³⁰ the sea with drops full salt;
Under my burthen groan'd;) which rais'd in me
An undergoing stomach,³¹ to bear up
Against what should ensue.

Mira. How came we ashore?

Pro. By Providence divine.³²
Some food we had, and some fresh water, that
A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo,
Out of his charity (who being then appointed
Master of this design) did give us; with
Rich garments, linens, stuffs, and necessities,
Which since have steaded much. So, of his gentle-
ness,

Knowing I lov'd my books, he furnish'd me,
From mine own library, with volumes that
I prize above my dukedom.

Mira. Would I might
But ever see that man!

Pro. Now I arise:—
Sit still, and hear the last of our sea-sorrow.
Here in this land we arriv'd; and here
Have I, thy schoolmaster, made thee more profit
Than other princess can, that have more time
For vainer hours, and tutors not so careful.

Mira. Heavens thank you for 't! And now, I
prayer you, sir,
(For all 't is beating in my mind,) your reason
For this sea-storm?

Pro. Know thus far-forth.³³
By accident most strange, bountiful Fortune,
Now my dear lady,³⁴ hath mine enemies
Brought to this shore; and by my prescience,

I find my zenith doth depend upon
A most auspicious star; whose influence
If now I court not, but omit, my fortunes
Will ever after droop.—Here cease more questions:
Thou art inclin'd to sleep; 't is a good dullness,
And give it way;—I know thou canst not choose.

[*MIRANDA sleeps*]

Come away, servant, come! I am ready now;
Approach, my Ariel. Come!

Enter ARIEL.

Ari. All hail, great master! grave sir, hail! I
come

To answer thy best pleasure; be 't to fly,
To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride
On the curl'd clouds; to thy strong bidding task
Ariel, and all his quality.

Pro. Hast thou, spirit,
Perform'd to point³⁵ the tempest that I bade thee?

Ari. To every article.

I boarded the king's ship: now on the beak,³⁶
Now in the waist, the deck, in every cabin,
I flam'd amazement: Sometime I 'd divide,
And burn in many places; on the topmast,
The yards and bowsprit, would I flame distinctly,
Then meet and join. Jove's lightnings, the pre-
cursors

O' the dreadful thunder-claps, more momentary
And sight-outrunning were not. The fire and
cracks

Of sulphurous roaring the most mighty Neptune
Seem to besiege, and make his bold waves tremble
Yea, his dread trident shake!

Pro. My brave spirit!
Who was so firm, so constant, that this coil
Would not infect his reason?

Ari. Not a soul
But felt a fever of the mad, and play'd
Some tricks of desperation: All but th' mariners
Plung'd in the foaming brine, and quit the vessel,
Then all a-fire with me: the king's son, Ferdi-
nand,

With hair up-staring, (then like reeds, not hair)
Was the first man that leap'd; cry'd, 'Hell' s
empty,

And all the devils are here.

Pro. Why, that 's my spirit!
But was not this high shore?

Ari. Close by, my master.

Pro. But are they, Ariel, safe?

Ari. Not a hair perish'd;
On their sustaining garments not a blemish,

But fresher than before! and, as thou bad'st me,
In troops I have dispers'd them 'bout the isle:
The king's son have I landed by himself,
Whom I left cooling of the air with sighs,
In an odd angle of the isle, and sitting,
His arms in this sad knot.³⁸

Pro. Of the king's ship
The mariners, say how thou hast dispos'd,
And all the rest o' the fleet.

Ari. Safely in harbour
Is the king's ship; in the deep nook, where once
Thou call'dst me up at midnight to fetch dew
From the still-vev'd Bermoothes,³⁹ there she's hid:
The mariners all under hatches stowed;
Who, with a charm join'd to their suffer'd labour,
I have left asleep: and for the rest o' the fleet,
Which I dispers'd, they all have met again,
And are upon the Mediterranean flote,
Bound sadly home for Naples;
Supposing that they saw the king's ship wreck'd,
And his great person perish.

Pro. Arit, thy charge
Exactly is perform'd; but there's more work:
What is the time o' the day?

Ari. Past the mid season.

Pro. At least two glasses. The time 'twixt six
and now

Must by us both be spent most precious.

Ari. Is there more toil? Since thou dost give
me pains,

Let me remember thee what thou hast promis'd,
Which is not yet perform'd me.

Pro. How now, moody?

What is 't thou canst demand?

Ari. My liberty.

Pro. Before the time be out? no more!

Ari. I prithee

Remember I have done thee worthy service,
Told thee no lies, made thee no mistakings, serv'd
Without or grudge, or grumbings: thou didst
promise

To bate me a full year.

Pro. Dost thou forget

From what a torment I did free thee?

Ari. No.

Pro. Thou dost! and think'st it much to tread
the ooze

Of the salt deep;

To run upon the sharp wind of the north;

To do me business in the veins o' th' earth,
When it is bak'd with frost.

Ari. I do not, sir.

Pro. Thou liest, malignant thing! Hast thou
forgot

The foul witch Sycorax, who, with age and envy
Was grown into a hoop? hast thou forgot her?

Ari. No, sir.

Pro. Thou hast: Where was she born? Speak
tell me.

Ari. Sir, in Argier.⁴⁰

Pro. O! was she so? I must,

Once in a month, recount what thou hast been,
Which thou forget'st. This damn'd witch, Sy-
corax,

For mischiefs manifold, and sorceries terrible
To enter human hearing, from Argier,
Thou know'st, was banish'd; for one thing she did,
They would not take her life. Is not this true?

Ari. Ay, sir.

Pro. This blue-ey'd hag was hither brought
with child,

And here was left by the sailors: Thou, my slave,
As thou report'st thyself, wast then her servant:

And, for thou wast a spirit too delicate
To act her earthy and abhorr'd commands,
Refusing her grand hests, she did confine thee,

By help of her more potent ministers,
And in her most unmitigable rage,
Into a cloven pine; within which rift
Imprison'd, thou didst painfully remain
A dozen years; within which space she dy'd,
And left thee there; where thou didst vent thy
groans.

As fast as mill-wheels strike. Then was this
island

(Save for the son that she did litter here,
A freckled whelp, hag-born) not honour'd with
A human shape.

Ari. Yes; Caliban, her son.

Pro. Dull thing, I say so,—he, that Caliban,
Whom now I keep in service. Thou best know'st
What torment I did find thee in: thy groans
Did make wolves howl, and penetrate the breasts
Of ever-angry bears: it was a torment
To lay upon the damn'd, which Sycorax
Could not again undo; it was mine art,
When I arriv'd, and heard thee, that made gape
The pine, and let thee out.

Ari. I thank thee, master.

Pro. If thou more murther'st, I will rend an
oak,

And peg thee in his knotty entrails, till
Thou hast howl'd away twelve winters.

Ari. Pardon, master!

I will be correspondent to command,
And do my spriting gently.

Pro. Do so; and after two days
I will discharge thee.

Ari. That 's my noble master!
What shall I do? say what,—what shall I do?

Pro. Go make thyself like a nymph o' the sea;
Be subject to no sight but thine and mine; invi-
sible

To every eyeball else. Go, take this shape,
And hither come in 't. Go; hence, with diligence!

[*Exit ARIEL.*]

Awake, dear heart, awake! thou hast slept well;
Awake!

Mir. The strangeness of your story put
Heaviness in me.

Pro. Shake it off: Come on;
We'll visit Caliban, my slave, who never
Yields us kind answer.

Mir. 'T is a villain, sir,
I do not love to look on.

Pro. But, as 't is,
We cannot miss him: 't he does make our fire,
Fetch in our wood, and serves in offices
That profit us. What ho! slave! Caliban!
Thou earth, thou! speak.

Cal. [*Within.*] There 's wood enough within.

Pro. Come forth, I say; there 's other business
for thee:
Come, thou tortoise! when? ⁴⁰

Re-enter ARIEL, like a water-nymph.

Fine apparition! My quaint ⁴¹ Ariel,
Hark in thine ear.

Ari. My lord, 't shall be done. [*Exit.*]

Pro. Thou poisonous slave, got by the devil
himself

Upon thy wicked dam, come forth!

Enter CALIBAN.

Cal. As wicked ⁴² dew as e'er my mother brush'd
With raven's feather from unwholesome fen,
Drop on you both! a south-west blow on ye,
And blister you all o'er!

Pro. For this, be sure, to-night thou shalt have
cramps,
Side-stitches that shall pen thy breath up; urchins ⁴³
Shall, for that vast of night that they may work,
All exercise on thee: thou shalt be pinch'd
As tickles him who smothered, each pinch more stinging
Than bees that made them.

Cal. I must eat my dinner.

This island 's mine, by Sycorax my mother,
Which thou tak'st from me. When thou cam'st
first,

Thou strok'dst me, and mad'st much of me; wouldst
give me

Water with berries in 't; and teach me how
To name the bigger light, and how the less,
That burn by day and night: and then I lov'd
thee,

And show'd thee all the qualities o' the isle,
The fresh springs, brine-pits,—barren place, and
fertile;

Curs'd be I that did so!—All the charms
Of Sycorax, toads, beetles, bats, light on you!
For I am all the subjects that you have,
Which first was mine own king: and here you
sty me

In this hard rock, whiles you do keep from me
The rest o' the island.

Pro. Thou most lying slave,
Whom stripes may move, not kindness: I leave
us'd thee,

Filth as thou art, with human care; and lodg'd
thee

In mine own cell, till thou didst seek to violate
The honour of my child.

Cal. O ho! O ho!—'would 't had been done!
Thou didst prevent me; I had peopled else
This isle with Calibans.

Pro. Abhorred slave,
Which any print of goodness wilt not take,
Being capable of all ill! I pitied thee,
Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each
hour

One thing or other: 't when thou didst not, savage,
Know thine own meaning, but wouldst gabble like
A thing most brutish, I endow'd thy purposes
With words that made them known: But thy
vild ⁴⁴ race,

Though thou didst learn, had that in 't which
good natures

Could not abide to be with; therefore wast thou
Deservedly confin'd into this rock,
Who hadst deserv'd more than a prison.

Cal. You taught me language, and my profit
on 't

Is, I know how to curse! the red plague rid you: ⁴⁵
For learning me your language!

Pro. Hag-seed, hence!
Fetch us in fuel; and be quick, thou 'ert best,
To answer other business. Shrugg'st thou, malice
If thou neglect'st, or dost unwillingly

What I command, I'll rack thee with old cramps;
Fill all thy bones with aches;⁴⁸ make thee roar,
That beasts shall tremble at thy din.

Cal. No, 'pray thee!—
I must obey: his art is of such pow'r, [*Aside.*
It would control my dam's god, Setebos,⁴⁹
And make a vassal of him.

Pro. So, slave; hence! [*Exit CAL.*

*Re-enter ARIEL invisible, playing and singing;
FERDINAND following him.*

ARIEL'S Song.

Come unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands:
Courtsied when you have, and kiss'd,
The wild waves whistle;⁵⁰
Foot it feath'ly here and there;
And, sweet sprites, the burthen bear.

Bur. [*dispersedly.*⁵¹] Hark, hark! Bowgh, wowgh.
The watch-dogs bark.
Bowgh, wowgh.

Ari. Hark, hark! I hear
The strain of strutting Chanicleer
Cry, cock-a-diddle-dow.⁵²

Fer. Where should this music be? i' the air,
or the earth?

It sounds no more:—and, sure, it waits upon
Some god o' the island. Sitting on a bank,
Weeping again the king my father's wreck,
This music crept by me upon the waters,
Allaying both their fury, and my passion,
With its sweet air: thence I have follow'd it,
Or it hath drawn me rather:—But 't is gone!
No, it begins again.

ARIEL sings.

Full fadom's five thy father lies;
Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls that were his eyes:
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:

[*Burthen, ding-dong.*

Hark! now I hear them,—ding-dong, bell.

Fer. The ditty does remember my drown'd
father:—

This is no mortal business, nor no sound
That the earth owes:⁵⁴—I hear it now above me.

Pro. The fringed curtains of thine eye advance,
And say what thou seest yond.

Mira. What is 't? a spirit?
Lord, how it looks about! Believe me, sir,
It carries a brave form:—But 't is a spirit.

Pro. No, wench; it eats, and sleeps, and hath
such senses

As we have, such. This gallant, which thou seest,
Was in the wreck; and but he 's something stain'd
With grief, that 's beauty's canker, thou might'st
call him

A goodly person. He hath lost his fellows,
And strays about to find them.

Mira. I might call him
A thing divine; for nothing natural
I ever saw so noble.

Pro. It goes on, I see, [*Aside*
As my soul prompts it:—Spirit, fine spirit! I 'll
free thee

Within two days for this.

Fer. Most sure, the goddess
On whom these airs attend!—Vouchsafe my pray'r
May know if you remain upon this island;
And that you will some good instruction give,
How I may bear me here: My prime request,
Which I do last pronounce, is, O you wonder!
If you be maid or no?⁵⁵

Mira. No wonder, sir,
But certainly a maid.

Fer. My language! heavens!—
I am the best of them that speak this speech,
Were I but where 't is spoken.

Pro. How! the best?
What wert thou, if the king of Naples heard thee?

Fer. A single thing,⁵⁶ as I am now, that wonders
To hear thee speak of Naples. He does hear me;
And, that he does, I weep: myself am Naples,
Who, with mine eyes, never since at ebb, beheld
The king, my father, wreck'd.

Mira. Alack, for mercy!

Fer. Yes, faith, and all his lords; the duke of
Milan,

And his brave son,⁵⁷ being twain.

Pro. The duke of Milan,
And his more braver daughter, could control thee,⁵⁸
If now 't were fit to do 't:—At the first sight

[*Aside*
They have chang'd eyes:—Delicate Ariel,
I 'll set thee free for this!—A word, good sir;
I fear you have done yourself some wrong—a
word!

Mira. Why speaks my father so ungently? This
Is the third man that e'er I saw; the first
That e'er I sigh'd for. Pity move my father
To be inclin'd my way!

Fer. O, if a virgin,
And your affection not gone forth, I 'll make you

The queen of Naples.

Pro. Soft, sir! one word more.—
They are both in either's pow'rs; but this swift
business

I must uneasy make, lest too light winning [*Aside.*
Make the prize light.—One word more; I charge
thee

That thou attend me: thou dost here usurp
The name thou ow'st not, and hast put thyself
Upon this island, as a spy, to win it
From me, the lord on 't.

Fer. No, as I am a man!

Mira. There's nothing ill can dwell in such a
temple:

If the ill spirit have so fair a house,
Good things will strive to dwell with 't.

Pro. Follow me.— [*To FERD.*
Speak not you for him; he's a traitor.—Come.
I'll manacle⁵⁹ thy neck and feet together:
Sea-water shalt thou drink; thy food shall be
The fresh-brook muscles, wither'd roots, and husks
Wherein the acorn cradled: Follow.

Fer. No;
I will resist such entertainment, till
Mine enemy has more power.

[*He draws, and is charmed from moving.*

Mira. O dear father,
Make not too rash a trial of him, for
He's gentle, and not fearful.⁶⁰

Pro. What! I say;
My foot my tutor!⁶¹ Put thy sword up, traitor!
Who mak'st a show, but dar'st not strike,—thy
conscience

Is so possess'd with guilt: come from thy ward,⁶²
For I can here disarm thee with this stick,
And make thy weapon drop.

Mira. Beseech you, father!

Pro. Hence! hang not on my garments.

Mira. Sir, have pity;

I'll be his surety.

Pro. Silence! one word more
Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee. What!
An advocate for an impostor! hush!
Thou think'st there are no more such shapes as he,
Having seen but him and Caliban: Foolish wench!
To the most of men this is a Caliban,
And they to him are angels.

Mira. My affections
Are then most humble; I have no ambition
To see a goodlier man.

Pro. Come on; obey: [*To FERD*
Thy nerves are in their infancy again,
And have no vigour in them.

Fer. So they are:
My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up.
My father's loss, the weakness which I feel,
The wreck of all my friends, nor this man's threats,
To whom I am subdu'd, are but light to me,
Might I but through my prison once a day
Behold this maid: all corners else o' the earth
Let liberty make use of; space enough
Have I in such a prison.

Pro. It works:—Come on.—
Thou hast done well, fine Ariel!—Follow me.—

[*To FERD. and MIRA*
Hark, what thou else shalt do me. [*To ARIEL*

Mira. Be of comfort;
My father's of a better nature, sir,
Than he appears by speech; this is unwonted,
Which now came from him.

Pro. [*To ARIEL.*] Thou shalt be as free
As mountain winds: but then exactly do
All points of my command.

Ari. To the syllable!

Pro. Come, follow: speak not for him.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Another part of the Island.*

Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, GONZALO,
ADRIAN, FRANCISCO, *and others.*

Gon. 'Beseech you, sir, be merry: you have cause
(So have we all) of joy; for our escape
Is much beyond our loss. Our hint of woe⁶³
Is common: every day, some sailor's wife,
The masters of some merchant,⁶⁴ and the merchant,
Have just our theme of woe: but for the miracle,
I mean our preservation, few in millions
Can speak like us: then wisely, good sir, weigh
Our sorrow with our comfort.

Alon. Prithce, peace.

Seb. He receives comfort like cold porridge.

Ant. The visitor will not give him o'er so.⁶⁵

Seb. Look; he's winding up the watch of his
wit: by and by it will strike.

Gon. Sir,—

Seb. One:—Tell.

Gon. When every grief is entertain'd that 's
offer'd,

Comes to the entertainer—

Seb. A dollar.

Gon. Dolour comes to him, indeed; you have
spoken truer than you purpos'd.

Seb. You have taken it wiselier than I meant
you should.

Gon. Therefore, my lord,—

Ant. Fie, what a spendthrift is he of his tongue!

Alon. I prithee, spare.

Gon. Well, I have done: But yet—

Seb. He will be talking.

Ant. Which of them, he or Adrian, for a good
wager, first begins to crew?

Seb. The old cock.

Ant. The cockrel.

Seb. Done! the wager?

Ant. A laughter.

Seb. A match.

Adr. Though this island seem to be desert,—

Seb. Ha, ha, ha!—So, you 're paid.⁶⁶

Adr. Uninhabitable, and almost inaccessible,—

Seb. Yet,—

Adr. Yet,—

Ant. He could not miss it.

Adr. It must needs be of subtle, tender, and
delicate temperance.⁶⁷

Ant. Temperance was a delicate wench.

Seb. Ay, and a subtle; as he most learnedly
deliver'd.

Adr. The air breathes upon us here most sweetly.

Seb. As if it had lungs, and rotten ones.

Ant. Or as 't were perfum'd by a fen.

Gon. Here is everything advantageous to life.

Ant. True; save means to live.

Seb. Of that there 's none, or little.

Gon. How lush and lusty⁶⁸ the grass looks
how green!

Ant. The ground, indeed, is tawny.

Seb. With an eye of green in 't.

Ant. He misses not much.

Seb. No; he doth but mistake the truth totally.

Gon. But the rarity of it is, which is indeed
almost beyond credit,—

Seb. As many vouch'd rarities are.

Gon. That our garments, being, as they were,
drench'd in the sea, hold, notwithstanding, their
freshness and glosses; being rather new dy'd,
than stain'd with salt water.

Ant. If but one of his pockets could speak,
would it not say, he lies?

Seb. Ay, or very falsely pocket up his report.

Gon. Methinks our garments are now as fresh
as when we put them on first in Afric, at the
marriage of the king's fair daughter Claribel
to the king of Tunis.

Seb. 'T was a sweet marriage, and we prosper
well in our return.

Adr. Tunis was never grac'd before with such
a paragon to their queen.

Gon. Not since widow Dido's time.⁶⁹

Ant. Widow? a pox o' that! How came that
widow in? Widow Dido!

Seb. What if he had said, widower Æneas
too? good lord, how you take it!

Adr. Widow Dido, said you? you make me study of that: She was of Carthage, not of Tunis.

Gon. This Tunis, sir, was Carthage.

Adr. Carthage?

Gon. I assure you, Carthage.

Ant. His word is more than the miraculous lamp.⁷⁰

Seb. He hath rais'd the wall and houses too.

Ant. What impossible matter will he make easy next?

Seb. I think he will carry this island home in his pocket, and give it his son for an apple.

Ant. And, sowing the kernels of it in the sea, bring forth more islands.

Gon. Ay.

Ant. Why, in good time.

Gon. Sir, we were talking that our garments seem now as fresh as when we were at Tunis at the marriage of your daughter, who is now queen.

Ant. And the rarest that ere came there.

Seb. Bate, I beseech you, widow Dido.

Ant. O, widow Dido! ay, widow Dido!

Gon. Is not, sir, my doublet as fresh as the first day I wore it? I mean, in a sort.

Ant. That sort was well fish'd for.

Gon. When I wore it at your daughter's marriage?

Alon. You cram these words into mine ears, against

The stomach of my sense.⁷¹ Would I had never Married my daughter there! for, coming thence, My son is lost; and, in my rate, she too, Who is so far from Italy removed, I ne'er again shall see her—O thou mine heir Of Naples and of Milan, what strange fish Hath made his meal on thee?

Fran. Sir, he may live:

I saw him beat the surges under him, And ride upon their backs; he trod the water, Whose enmity he flung aside, and breasted The surge most swoln that met him; his bold head

'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oar'd Himself with his good arms in lusty stroke To the shore, that o'er his wave-worn basis bowed, As stooping to relieve him; I not doubt, He came alive to land.

Alon. No, no, he's gone.

Seb. Sir, you may thank yourself for this great loss;

That would not bless our Europe with your daughter,

But rather lose her to an African;

Where she, at least, is banish'd from your eye, Who hath cause to wet the grief on 't.⁷²

Alon. Prithee, peace.

Seb. You were kneel'd to, and importun'd otherwise,

By all of us; and the fair soul herself

Weigh'd, between loathness and obedience, at

Which end the beam should bow.⁷³ We have lost your son,

I fear, for ever: Milan and Naples have

More widows in them of this business' making,

Than we bring men to comfort them:⁷⁴

The fault's your own.

Alon. So is the dear'st o' the loss.

Gon. My lord Sebastian,

The truth you speak doth lack some gentleness,

And time to speak it in; you rub the sore,

When you should bring the plaster.

Seb. Very well.

Ant. And most chirurgeonly.

Gon. It is foul weather in us all, good air, When you are cloudy.

Seb. Foul weather?

Ant. Very foul.

Gon. Had I plantation of this isle, my lord,—

Ant. He'd sow 't with nettle-seed.

Seb. Or docks, or mallows.

Gon. —and were the king on 't, What would I do?

Seb. Scape being drunk, for want of wine.

Gon. If the commonwealth I would by contraries

Execute all things; for no kind of traffic

Would I admit; no name of magistrate;

Letters should not be known: riches, poverty,

And use of service, none; contract, succession,

Bourn, bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none:

No use of metal, corn, or wine, or oil:

No occupation; all men idle, all,—

And women too; but innocent and pure:

No sovereignty:—

Seb. Yet he would be king on 't.

Ant. The latter end of his commonwealth forgets the beginning.

Gon. All things in common nature should produce

Without sweat or endeavour: treason, felony,

Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any engine,

Would I not have; but nature should bring forth,

Of its own kind, all foison,⁷⁵ all abundance,

To feed my innocent people.

Seb. No marrying 'mong his subjects?

Ant. None, man; all idle; whores and knaves.

Gon. I would with such perfection govern, sir,
I excel the golden age.

Seb. Save his majesty!

Ant. Long live Gonzalo!

Gon. And, do you mark me, sir?—

Alon. Prithee, no more: thou dost talk nothing
to me.

Gon. I do well believe your highness; and did
it to minister occasion to these gentlemen, who
are of such sensible and nimble lungs, that they
always use to laugh at nothing

Ant. 'Twas you we laugh'd at.

Gon. Who, in this kind of merry fooling, am
nothing to you: so you may continue, and laugh
at nothing still.

Ant. What a blow was there given!

Seb. An it had not fall'n flat-long.

Gon. You are gentlemen of brave metal;⁷⁶ you
would lift the moon out of her sphere, if she would
continue in it five weeks without changing.

Enter ARIEL (invisible) playing solemn music.

Seb. We would so, and then go a bat-fowl-
ing.

Ant. Nay, good my lord, be not angry.

Gon. No, I warrant you, I will not adventure
my discretion so weakly. Will you laugh me
asleep, for I am very heavy?

Ant. Go, sleep, and hear us.

[*All sleep but ALON., SEB., and ANT.*]

Alon. What, all so soon asleep! I wish mine
eyes

Would with themselves shut up my thoughts;
I find

They are inclin'd to do so.

Seb. Please you, sir,

Do not omit the heavy offer of it:⁷⁷

It seldom visits sorrow; when it doth,

It is a comforter.

Ant. We two, my lord,

Will guard your person, while you take your
rest,

And watch your safety.

Alon. Thank you: wondrous heavy.

[*ALON. sleeps. Exit ARIEL.*]

Seb. What a strange drowsiness possesses them!

Ant. It is the quality o' the climate.

Seb. Why

Doth it not then our eyelids sink? I find not

Myself dispos'd to sleep.

Ant. Nor I; my spirits are nimble.

They fell together all, as by consent;

They dropp'd, as by a thunder-stroke. What
might

Worthy Sebastian—O, what might—No more:—

And yet, methinks, I see it in thy face,

What thou shouldst be: th' occasion speaks thee;
and

My strong imagination sees a crown

Dropping upon thy head.

Seb. What! art thou waking?

Ant. Do you not hear me speak?

Seb. I do; and, surely,

It is a sleepy language; and thou speak'st

Out of thy sleep: What is it thou didst say?

This is a strange repose, to be asleep

With eyes wide open; standing, speaking, moving,
And yet so fast asleep.

Ant. Noble Sebastian,

Thou lett'st thy fortune sleep, — die rather;
wink'st

Whiles thou art waking.

Seb. Thou dost snore distinctly;

There's meaning in thy snores.

Ant. I am more serious than my custom: you
Must be so too, if heed me; which to do,
Trebles thee o'er.

Seb. Well, I am standing water.

Ant. I'll teach you how to flow.

Seb. Do so: to ebb

Hereditary sloth instructs me.

Ant. O,

If you but knew how you the purpose cherish.

Whiles thus you mock it! how, in stripping it

You more invest it! Ebbing men, indeed,

Most often do so near the bottom run,

By their own fear, or sloth.

Seb. Prithee say on:

The setting of thine eye, and cheek, proclaim

A matter from thee; and a birth, indeed.

Which throes thee much to yield.

Ant. Thus, sir:

Although this lord of weak remembrance, this,

(Who shall be of as little memory,

When he is earth'd) hath here almost persuaded

(For he's a spirit of persuasion, only⁷⁸

Professes to persuade) the king his son's alive,—

'T is as impossible that he's undrown'd.

As he, that sleeps here, swims.

Seb. I have no hope

That he's undrown'd.

Ant. O, out of that no hope,
What great hope have you! no hope that way, is
Another way so high a hope, that even
Ambition cannot pierce a wink beyond,
But doubts discovery there. Will you grant with
me,

That Ferdinand is drown'd?

Seb. He 's gone.

Ant. Then, tell me,
Who 's the next heir of Naples?

Seb. Claribel.

Ant. She that is queen of Tunis: she that
dwells

Ten leagues beyond man's life;⁷⁹ she that from
Naples

Can have no note, unless the sun were post,
(The man i' the moon's too slow,)—till new-born
chins

Be rough and razorable: she that from whom
We all were sea-swallow'd, though some cast
again,

(And by that destiny)⁸⁰ to perform an act
Whereof what 's past is prologue; what to come
In yours and my discharge.

Seb. What stuff is this?—How say you?
'T is true, my brother's daughter's queen of
Tunis,—

So is she heir of Naples; 'twixt which regions
There is some space.

Ant. A space whose ev'ry cubit
Seems to cry out, "How shall that Claribel
Measure us back to Naples?"—Keep in Tunis,
And let Sebastian wake!—Say, this were death
That now hath seiz'd them; why, they were no
worse

Than now they are: There be that can rule
Naples

As well as he that sleeps; lords that can prate
As amply and unnecessarily
As this Gonzalo; I myself could make
A chough⁸¹ of as deep chat. O, that you bore
The mind that I do! what a sleep were this
For your advancement! Do you understand me?

Seb. Methinks I do.

Ant. And how does your content
Tender your own good fortune?

Seb. I remember,
You did supplant your brother Prospero.

Ant. True:
And look how well my garments sit upon me,
Much feater than before. My brother's servants
Were then my fellows; now they are my men.

Seb. But, for your conscience—

Ant. Ay, sir; where lies that? if 't were a
kybe,

'T would put me to my slipper: But I feel not
This deity in my bosom; twenty consciences,
That stand 'twixt me and Milan, candied be they
And melt ere they molest! Here lies your
brother,

No better than the earth he lies upon,—
If he were that which now he 's like, that 's
dead,

Whom I, with this obedient steel, three inches
of it,

Can lay to bed for ever: whiles you, doing thus,
To the perpetual wink for aye might put
This ancient morsel,⁸² this sir Frudence, who
Should not upbraid our course. For all the rest,
They 'll take suggestion, as a cat laps milk;
They 'll tell the clock to any business that
We say befits the hour.

Seb. Thy case, dear friend,
Shall be my precedent; as thou gott'st Milan,
I 'll come by Naples. Draw thy sword: one
stroke

Shall free thee from the tribute which thou
pay'st;

And I the king shall love thee.

Ant. Draw together:
And when I rear my hand, do you the like,
To fall it on Gonzalo.

Seb. O, but one word.

[*They converse apart.*]

Music. Re-enter ARIEL, invisible.

Ari. My master through his art foresees the
danger

That you, his friend, are in; and sends me forth,
(For else his project dies,) to keep them living.⁸³

[*Sings in GONZALO's ear*

While you here do snoring lie,
Open-cy'd Conspiracy
His time doth take.
If of life you keep a care,
Shake off slumber, and beware:
Awake! awake!

Ant. Then let us both be sudden.

Gon. Now, good angels, preserve the king!

[*They awake.*]

Alon. Why, how now, ho! awake! Why are
you drawn?⁸⁴

Wherefore this ghastly looking?

Gon. What's the matter?

Seb. Whiles we stood here securing your repose,
Even now, we heard a hollow burst of bellowing
Like bulls, or rather lions; did it not wake you?
It struck mine ear most terribly.

Alon. I heard nothing.

Ant. O, 't was a din to fright a monster's ear;
To make an earthquake! sure, it was the roar
Of a whole herd of lions.

Alon. Heard you this, Gonzalo?

Gon. Upon mine honour, sir, I heard a humming,

And that a strange one too, which did awake me:
I shak'd you, sir, and cry'd; as mine eyes open'd,
I saw their weapons drawn:—there was a noise,
That's verity: 'T is best we stand upon our guard,

Or that we quit this place: let's draw our weapons.

Alon. Lead off this ground; and let's make further search

For my poor son.

Gon. Heavens keep him from these beasts!
For he is, sure, i' the island.

Alon. Lead away.

Ari. Prospero (my lord) shall know what I have done: [Aside.]

So, king, go safely on to seek thy son. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—Another part of the Island.

Enter CALIBAN with a burthen of wood. A noise of thunder heard.

Cal. All the infections that the sun sucks up
From bogs, fens, flats, on Prosper fall, and make him
By inch-meal a disease! His spirits hear me,
And yet I needs must curse. But they'll nor pinch,
Fright me with urchin shows, pitch me i' the mire,
Nor lead me, like a firebrand, in the dark
Out of my way, unless he bid them; but
For every trifle are they set upon me:
Sometime like apes, that moe⁸³ and chatter at me,
And after, bite me; then like hedgehogs, which
Lie tumbling in my barefoot way, and mount
Their pricks⁸⁴ at my footfall; sometime am I
All wound with adders, who, with cloven tongues,
Do hiss me into madness:—Lo! now! lo!

Enter TRINCULO.

Here comes a spirit of his, and to torment me,
For bringing wood in slowly: I'll fall flat;
Perchance, he will not mind me.

Trin. Here's neither bush nor shrub, to bear
off any weather at all, and another storm brewing:
I hear it sing i' the wind: yond same black cloud,
yond huge one, looks like a foul bombard⁸⁷ that
would shed his liquor. If it should thunder as it
did before, I know not where to hide my head:
yond same cloud cannot choose but fall by pail-
fuls.—What have we here,—a man or a fish? Dead
or alive? A fish: he smells like a fish; a very ancient
and fish-like smell; a kind of (not of the newest)
Poor John; a strange fish! Were I in England now,
(as once I was,) and had but this fish painted, not a
holiday fool there but would give a piece of silver:
there would this monster make a man;⁸⁸ any strange
beast there makes a man: when they will not
give a doit to relieve a lame beggar, they will lay
out ten to see a dead Indian. Legg'd like a man!
and his fins like arms! Warm, o' my troth! I do
now let loose my opinion, hold it no longer,—this
is no fish, but an islander, that hath lately suffered
by a thunder-bolt. [Thunder.] Alas! the storm
is come again: my best way is to creep under his
gaberdine;⁸⁹ there is no other shelter hereabouts.
Misery acquaints a man with strange bedfellows.
I will here shroud till the dregs of the storm be
past.

Enter STEPHANO, singing; a bottle in his hand.

Ste. I shall no more to sea, to sea,
Here shall I die ashore;—

This is a very scurvy tune to sing at a man's funeral:
Well, here's my comfort.

[Drinks and sings.]

The master, the swabber, the boatswain, and I,
The gunner, and his mate,
Lov'd Mall, Meg, and Marian, and Margery,
But none of us car'd for Kate:
For she had a tongue with a tang,
Would cry to a sailor, "Go hang!"
She lov'd not the savour of tar nor of pitch,
Yet a tailor might scratch her where'er she did itch:
Then to sea, boys, and let her go hang!

This is a scurvy tune too: But here's my comfort!
[Drinks.]

Cal. Do not torment me: O!

Ste. What's the matter? Have we devils here?
Do you put tricks upon 's with salvages,⁹⁰ and
men of Inde? Ha! I have not scap'd drowning,
to be afeard now of your four legs; for it hath been
said, As proper a mar as ever went on four legs
cannot make him give ground: and it shall be said
so again, while Stephano breathes at 'nostrils.⁹¹

Cal. The spirit torments me: O!

Ste. This is some monster of the isle, with four legs, who hath got, as I take it, an ague. Where the devil should he learn our language? I will give him some relief, if it be but for that: If I can recover him, and keep him tame, and get to Naples with him, he 's a present for any emperor that ever trod on neat's leather.

Cal. Do not torment me, prithee; I 'll bring my wood home faster.

Ste. He 's in his fit now, and does not talk after the wisest. He shall taste of my bottle: if he have never drunk wine afore, it will go near to remove his fit: if I can recover him, and keep him tame, I will not take too much for him:⁹² he shall pay for him that hath him, and that soundly.

Cal. Thou dost me yet but little hurt;⁹³ thou wilt anon; I know it, by thy trembling: Now Prosper works upon thee.

Ste. Come on your ways; open your mouth: here is that which will give language to you, cat; open your mouth: this will shake your shaking, I can tell you, and that soundly: you cannot tell who 's your friend: open your chaps again.

Trin. I should know that voice: it should be—but he is drown'd; and these are devils: O! defend me!—

Ste. Four legs, and two voices; a most delicate monster! His forward voice, now, is to speak well of his friend; his backward voice is to utter foul speeches, and to detract. If all the wine in my bottle will recover him, I will help his ague. Come,—Amen! I will pour some in thy other mouth.

Trin. Stephano!—

Ste. Doth thy other mouth call me? Mercy! Mercy! This is a devil, and no monster: I will leave him; I have no long spoon.⁹⁴

Trin. Stephano!—if thou beest Stephano, touch me, and speak to me; for I am Trinculo;—be not afraid,—thy good friend Trinculo.

Ste. If thou beest Trinculo, come forth; I 'll pull thee by the lesser legs: if any be Trinculo's legs, these are they. Thou art very Trinculo, indeed! How cam'st thou to be the siege of this moon-calf?⁹⁵ Can he vent Trinculos?

Trin. I took him to be kill'd with a thunder-stroke:—But art thou not drown'd, Stephano? I hope, now, thou art not drown'd. Is the storm overblown? I hid me under the dead moon-calf's gaberdine, for fear of the storm: And art thou

living, Stephano? O Stephano, two Neapolitans scap'd!

Ste. Prithee, do not turn me about; my stomach is not constant.

Cal. These be fine things, an if they be not sprites.

That 's a brave god, and bears celestial liquor: I will kneel to him!

Ste. How didst thou 'scape? How cam'st thou nither? swear, by this bottle, how thou cam'st hither. I escap'd upon a butt of sack, which the sailors heaved o'erboard, by this bottle! which I made of the bark of a tree, with mine own hands, since I was cast ashore.

Cal. I 'll swear, upon that bottle, to be thy true subject; for the liquor is not earthly.

Ste. Here; swear, then, how thou escap'dst.

Trin. Swam ashore, man, like a duck; I can swim like a duck, I 'll be sworn.

Ste. Here, kiss the book: Though thou canst swim like a duck, thou art made like a goose.

Trin. O Stephano, hast any more of this?

Ste. The whole butt, man; my cellar is in a rock by the sea-side, where my wine is hid. How now, moon-calf? how does thine ague?

Cal. Hast thou not dropp'd from heaven?

Ste. Out o' the moon, I do assure thee: I was the man i' the moon, when time was.

Cal. I have seen thee in her, and I do adore thee; my mistress show'd me thee, and thy dog, and thy bush.

Ste. Come, swear to that; kiss the book: I will furnish it anon with new contents: swear.

Trin. By this good light, this is a very shallow monster!—I afraid of him! a very weak monster:—The man i' the moon!—a most poor credulous monster: Well drawn, monster, in good sooth.

Cal. I 'll show thee every fertile inch o' the island; and I will kiss thy foot: I prithee be my god!

Trin. By this light, a most perfidious and drunken monster! when 's god 's asleep, he 'll rob his bottle.

Cal. I 'll kiss thy foot: I 'll swear myself thy subject.

Ste. Come on, then; down, and swear.

Trin. I shall laugh myself to death at this puppy-headed monster: a most scurvy monster! I could find in my heart to beat him,—

Ste. Come, kiss.

Trin. —but that the poor monster 's in drink; An abominable monster!

Cal. I'll show thee the best springs; I'll pluck thee berries;

I'll fish for thee, and get thee wood enough.

A plague upon the tyrant that I serve!

I'll bear him no more sticks, but follow thee, thou wondrous man!

Trin. A most ridiculous monster! to make a wonder of a poor drunkard.

Cal. I prithee let me bring thee where crabs grow,

And I with my long nails will dig thee pig-nuts,

Show thee a jay's nest, and instruct thee how

To snare the nimble marmozet; I'll bring thee

To clust'ring filberts, and sometimes I'll get thee

Young scamels⁹¹ from the rock: Wilt thou go with me?

Ste. I prithee, now, lead the way without any

more talking.—Trinculo, the king and all our company else being drown'd, we will inherit here. Here; bear my bottle. Fellow Trinculo, we'll fill him by and by again.

Cal. [*Sings drunkenly.*] Farewell, master: farewell farewell!

Trin. A howling monster; a drunken monster!

Cal. No more dams I'll make for fish;

Nor fetch in firing

At requiring,

Nor scrape trencher,⁹² nor wash dish:

'Ban, 'Ban, Ca—Caliban

Has a new master—Get a new man!

Freedom, hey-day! hey-day, freedom! freedom, hey-day, freedom!

Ste. O brave monster, lead the way! [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Before Prospero's Cell.*

Enter FERDINAND, bearing a log.

Fer. There be some sports are painful, and their labour

Delight in them sets off: some kinds of baseness

Are nobly undergone; and most poor matters

Point to rich ends. This my mean task

Would be as heavy to me as odious; but

The mistress which I serve quickens what's dead,

And makes my labours pleasures: O, she is

Ten times more gentle than her father's crabbed;

And he's compos'd of harshness. I must remove

Some thousands of these logs, and pile them up,

Upon a sore injunction. My sweet mistress

Weeps, when she sees me work; and says, such baseness

Had never like executor. I forget:

But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my labours,

Most busy-less⁹³ when I do it.

Enter MIRANDA, and PROSPERO at a distance.

Mira. Alas, now! pray you

Work not so hard; I would the lightning had burnt up those logs that you are enjoin'd to pile! Pray set it down, and rest you: when this burns, 'T will weep for having wearied you.⁹⁴ My father is hard at study: pray, now, rest yourself; He's safe for these three hours.

Fer. O most dear mistress! The sun will set, before I shall discharge What I must strive to do.

Mira. If you'll sit down, I'll bear your logs the while: Pray give me that;

I'll carry it to the pile.

Fer. No, precious creature! I had rather crack my sinews, break my back, Than you should such dishonour undergo, While I sit lazy by.

Mira. It would become me As well as it does you: and I should do it With much more ease; for my good will is to it, And yours it is against.

Pro. Poor worm! thou art infected; This visitation shows it.

Mira. You look wearily.

Fer. No, noble mistress; 't is fresh morning
with me,

When you are by at night. I do beseech you,
(Chiefly, that I might set it in my prayers,)
'What is your name?

Mira. Miranda :—O my father,
I have broke your hest¹⁰⁰ to say so!

Fer. Admir'd Miranda!
Indeed the top of admiration; worth
What 's dearest to the world! Full many a lady
I have ey'd with best regard, and many a time
Th' harmony of their tongues hath into bondage
Brought my too diligent ear: for several virtues
Have I lik'd several women; never any
With so full soul, but some defect in her
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she ow'd,
And put it to the foil: But you, O you!
So perfect, and so peerless, are created
Of every creature's best.

Mira. I do not know
One of my sex; no woman's face remember,
Save, from my glass, mine own; nor have I seen
More that I may call men, than you, good friend,
And my dear father: how features are abroad,
I am skill-less of; but, by my modesty,
(The jewel in my dower,) I would not wish
Any companion in the world but you;
Nor can imagination form a shape,
Besides yourself, to like of. But I prattle
Something too wildly, and my father's precepts
I therein do forget.

Fer. I am, in my condition,
A prince, Miranda; I do think, a king,—
(I would not so!)—and would no more endure
This wooden slavery, than to suffer
The flesh-fly blow my mouth.—Hear my soul
speak:—

The very instant that I saw you, did
My heart fly to your service; there resides,
To make me slave to it; and for your sake
Am I this patient log-man.

Mira. Do you love me?

Fer. O heaven! O earth! bear witness to this
sound,

And crown what I profess with kind event,
If I speak true; if hollowly, invert
What best is boded me, to mischief! I,
Beyond all limit of what else¹⁰¹ i' the world,
Do love, prize, honour you.

Mira. I am a fool,

To weep at what I am glad of.

Pro. Fair encounter

Of two most rare affections! Heavens rain grace
On that which breeds between them!

Fer. Wherefore weep you?

Mira. At mine unworthiness, that dare no
offer

What I desire to give; and much less take
What I shall die to want. But this is trifling;
And all the more it seeks¹⁰² to hide itself,
The bigger bulk it shows. Hence, bashful cun-
ning!

And prompt me, plain and holy innocence!
I am your wife, if you will marry me;
If not, I'll die your maid: to be your fellow
You may deny me; but I'll be your servant,
Whether you will or no.

Fer. My mistress, dearest,
And I thus humble ever.

Mira. My husband, then?

Fer. Ay, with a heart as willing
As bondage ere of freedom: here's my hand.

Mira. And mine, with my heart in 't: And
now, farewell,

Till half an hour hence.

Fer. A thousand, thousand!¹⁰³

[*Exeunt FER. and MIRA*]

Pro. So glad of this as they I cannot be,
Who are surpris'd with all; but my rejoicing
At nothing can be more. I'll to my book;
For yet, ere supper-time, must I perform
Much business appertaining. [*Exit*]

SCENE II.—*Another part of the Island.*

*Enter STEPHANO and TRINCULO; CALIBAN following
with a bottle.*

Ste. Tell not me;—when the butt is out, we
will drink water; not a drop before: therefore
bear up, and board 'em: Servant-monster, drink
to me.

Trin. Servant-monster? the folly of this island!
They say there 's but five upon this isle: we are
three of them; if th' other two be brain'd like us,
the state totters.

Ste. Drink, servant-monster, when I bid thee;
thy eyes are almost set in thy head.

Trin. Where should they be set else? he were a
brave monster indeed, if they were set in his tail.

Ste. My man-monster hath drown'd his tongue
in sack: for my part, the sea cannot drown me: I
swam, ere I could recover the shore, five-and-
thirty leagues, off and on,—by this light! Thou
shalt be my lieutenant, monster, or my standard.¹⁰⁴

Trin. Your lieutenant, if you list; he's no standard.

Ste. We'll not run, monsieur monster.

Trin. Nor go neither: but you'll lie like dogs, and yet say nothing neither.

Ste. Moon-calf, speak once in thy life, if thou beest a good moon-calf.

Cal. How does thy honour? Let me lick thy shoe: I'll not serve him, he is not valiant.

Trin. Thou liest, most ignorant monster; I am in case to justle a constable: why, thou debosh'd¹⁰⁵ fish thou, was there ever man a coward that hath drunk so much sack as I to-day? Wilt thou tell a monstrous lie, being but half a fish, and half a monster?

Cal. Lo, how he mocks me! wilt thou let him, my lord?

Trin. Lord, quoth he!—that a monster should be such a natural!

Cal. Lo, lo, again! bite him to death, I prithee.

Ste. Trinculo, keep a good tongue in your head; if you prove a mutineer, the next tree—The poor monster's my subject, and he shall not suffer indignity.

Cal. I thank my noble lord. Wilt thou be pleas'd to hearken once again to the suit I made to thee?

Ste. Marry will I: kneel and repeat it; I will stand, and so shall Trinculo.

Enter ARIEL, invisible.

Cal. As I told thee before, I am subject to a tyrant; a sorcerer, that by his cunning hath cheated me of the island.

Ari. Thou liest!

Cal. Thou liest, thou jesting monkey thou; I would my valiant master would destroy thee: I do not lie.

Ste. Trinculo, if you trouble him any more in's tale, by this hand, I will supplant some of your teeth.

Trin. Why, I said nothing.

Ste. Mum then, and no more.—[*To CALIBAN.* Proceed.

Cal. I say, by sorcery he got this isle; from me he got it. If thy greatness will Revenge it on him—for I know thou dar'st; But this thing dare not.—)

Ste. That's most certain.

Cal. Thou shalt be lord of it, and I'll serve thee.

Ste. How, now, shall this be compass'd? Canst thou bring me to the party?

Cal. Yea, yea, my lord; I'll yield him thee asleep,

Where thou mayst knock a nail into his head.

Ari. Thou liest! thou canst not.

Cal. What a pi'd ninny's this!¹⁰⁶ Thou scurvy patch!—

I do beseech thy greatness, give him blows, And take his bottle from him: when that's gone, He shall drink nought but brine; for I'll not show him

Where the quick freshes are.

Ste. Trinculo, run into no further danger: interrupt the monster one word further, and, by this hand, I'll turn my mercy out o' doors, and make a stockfish of thee.

Trin. Why, what did I? I did nothing; I'll go no further off.¹⁰⁷

Ste. Didst thou not say he lied?

Ari. Thou liest!

Ste. Do I so? take thou that. [*Strikes him* As you like this, give me the lie another time.

Trin. I did not give the lie:—Out o' your wits, and hearing too?—A pox o' your bottle. This can sack and drinking do!—A murrain on your monster, and the devil take your fingers!

Cal. Ha, ha, ha!

Ste. Now, forward with your tale. Prithee stand further off.

Cal. Beat him enough: after a little time, I'll beat him too.

Ste. Stand further.—Come, proceed.

Cal. Why, as I told thee, 't is a custom with him

I' the afternoon to sleep: there thou mayst brain him,

Having first seiz'd his books; or with a log Batter his skull, or paunch him with a stake, Or cut his wezand with thy knife: Remember First to possess his books; for, without them, He's but a sot,¹⁰⁸ as I am, nor hath not One spirit to command: They all do hate him As rootedly as I: Burn but his books; He has brave utensils, (for so he calls them,) Which, when he has a house, he'll deck withal. And that most deeply to consider, is The beauty of his daughter; he himself Calls her a nonpareil: I never saw a woman But only Syccorax my dam, and she; But she as far surpasseth Syccorax, As great'st does least.

Ste. Is it so brave a lass?

Cal. Ay, lord; she will become thy bed, I warrant,

And bring thee forth brave brood.

Ste. Monster, I will kill this man: his daughter and I will be king and queen, (save our graces!) and Trinculo and thyself shall be viceroys. Dost thou like the plot, Trinculo?

Trin. Excellent!

Ste. Give me thy hand; I am sorry I beat thee: but, while thou liv'st, keep a good tongue in thy head.

Cal. Within this half-hour will he be asleep; Wilt thou destroy him then?

Ste. Ay, on mine honour!

Ari. This will I tell my master.

Cal. Thou mak'st me merry: I am full of pleasure;

Let us be jocund: Will you troll the catch
You taught me but while-ere?

Ste. At thy request, monster, I will do reason,
any reason:

Come on, Trinculo, let us sing. [Sings.

Flout 'em, and skout 'em;¹⁰⁹ and skout 'em, and flout 'em;
Thought is free.

Cal. That 's not the tune.

[*ARIEL plays the tune on a tabor and pipe.*

Ste. What is this same?

Trin. This is the tune of our catch, play'd by the picture of Nobody.¹¹⁰

Ste. If thou beest a man, show thyself in thy likeness: if thou beest a devil, take 't as thou list.

Trin. O, forgive me my sins!

Ste. He that dies, pays all debts; I defy thee.
Mercy upon us!

Cal. Art thou afraid?

Ste. No, monster, not I.

Cal. Be not afraid; the isle is full of noises,
Sounds, and sweet airs, that give delight, and hurt
not.

Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments
Will hum about mine ears, and sometime voices,
That, if I then had wak'd after long sleep,
Will make me sleep again: and then, in dream-
ing,

The clouds, methought, would open, and show
riches

Ready to drop upon me, that when I wak'd,
I cry'd to dream again.

Ste. This will prove a brave kingdom to me,
where I shall have my music for nothing.

Cal. When Prospero is destroy'd.

Ste. That shall be by and by: I remember the
story.

Trin. The sound is going away: let 's follow it,
and after do our work.

Ste. Lead, monster; we 'll follow.—I would I
could see this taborer: he lays it on.

Trin. Wilt come?¹¹¹ I 'll follow Stephano.

[*Exeunt*

SCENE III.—*Another part of the Island.*

Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, GONZALO
ADRIAN, FRANCISCO, and others.

Gon. By 'r lakin,¹¹² I can go no further, sir;
My old bones ache: here 's a maze trod, indeed,
Through forth-rights¹¹³ and meanders! by your
patience,

I needs must rest me.

Alon. Old lord, I cannot blame thee,
Who am myself attach'd with weariness,
To the dulling of my spirits: sit down and rest.
Even here I will put off my hope, and keep it
No longer for my flatterer: he is drown'd,
Whom thus we stray to find, and the sea mocks
Our frustrate search on land. Well, let him go.

Ant. I am right glad that he 's so out of hope.

[*Aside to SEB.*

Do not, for one repulse, forego the purpose
That you resolv'd t' effect.

Seb. The next advantage
Will we take th'roughly.

Ant. Let it be to-night;
For, now they are oppress'd with travel, they
Will not, nor cannot, use such vigilance,
As when they are fresh.

Seb. I say, to-night: no more.

*Solemn and strange music; and PROSPERO above,
invisible. Enter several strange Shapes, bringing
in a banquet; they dance about it with gentle
actions of salutation; and, inviting the King and
the rest to eat, they depart.*

Alon. What harmony is this? my good friends,
hark!

Gon. Marvellous sweet music!

Alon. Give us kind keepers, heavens! What
were these?

Seb. A living drollery:¹¹⁴ Now I will believe
That there are unicorns; that in Arabia
There is one tree, the phoenix' throne,¹¹⁵ one phoenix
At this hour reigning there.

Ant. I 'll believe both;
And what does else want credit, come to me,

And I 'll be sworn 't is true: Travellers ne'er
did lie,

Though fools at home condemn them.

Gon. If in Naples

I should report this now, would they believe me?

If I should say I saw such islanders,

(For, certes, these are people of the island,)

Who, though they are of monstrous shape, yet, note,

Their manners are more gentle, kind, than of

Our human generation you shall find

Many,—nay, almost any.

Pro. Honest lord,

Thou hast said well; for some of you there present

Are worse than devils. [*Aside.*

Alon. I cannot too much muse¹¹⁶

Such shapes, such gesture, and such sound,
expressing

(Although they want the use of tongue) a kind

Of excellent dumb discourse.

Pro. Praise in departing. [*Aside.*

Fran. They vanish'd strangely.

Seb. No matter, since

They have left their viands behind; for we have
stomachs.—

Will 't please you taste of what is here?

Alon. Not I.

Gon. Faith, sir, you need not fear: When we
were boys,

Who would believe that there were mountaineers
Dew-lapp'd like bulls, whose throats had hanging
at them

Wallets of flesh? or that there were such men,
Whose heads stood in their breasts? which now
we find,

Each putter-out at five for one¹¹⁷ will bring us
Good warrant of.

Alon. I will stand to, and feed, although
my last:

No matter, since I feel the best is past:—

Brother, my lord the duke;—Stand to, and do as
we.

Thunder and lightning. Enter ARIEL like a harpy.

*He claps his wings upon the table, and, with a
quaint device, the banquet vanishes.¹¹⁸*

Ari. You are three men of sin, whom destiny
(That hath to instrument this lower world,
And what is in 't) the never-surfeited sea
Hath caus'd to belch up you,¹¹⁹ and on this island,
Where man doth not inhabit, you 'mongst men
Being most unfit to live. I have made you mad;

[*Seeing them draw their swords.*

And even with such-like valour, men hang and
drown

Their proper selves. You fools! I and my fellows
Are ministers of fate; the elements,

Of whom your swords are temper'd, may as well

Wound the loud winds, or with bemock'd-at stabs

Kill the still-closing waters, as diminish

One dowle¹²⁰ that 's in my plume; my fellow-
ministers

Are like invulnerable. If you could hurt,
Your swords are now too massy for your strengths,

And will not be uplifted. But, remember,

(For that 's my business to you,) that you three

From Milan did supplant good Prospero:

Expos'd unto the sea; which hath requit it,

Him and his innocent child: for which foul deed

The powers, delaying, not forgetting, have

Incens'd the seas and shores, yea, all the creatures,

Against your peace. Thee, of thy son, Alonso,

They have bereft; and do pronounce, by me,

Ling'ring perdition (worse than any death

Can be at once) shall step by step attend

You and your ways; whose wraths to guard you
from

(Which here, in this most desolate isle, else falls
Upon your heads) is nothing but heart's sorrow,
And a clear life ensuing.

*He vanishes in thunder: then, to soft music, enter
the Shapes again, and dance with mocks and mores,
and carry out the table.*

Pro. Bravely the figure of this harpy hast thou
Perform'd, my Ariel; a grace it had, devouring:

Of my instruction hast thou nothing bated,

In what thou hadst to say: so, with good life,¹²¹

And observation strange, my meaner ministers

Their several kinds have done: my high charms
work,

And these, mine enemies, are all knit up

In their distractions: they now are in my power,

And in these fits I leave them, while I visit

Young Ferdinand, (whom they suppose is drown'd,)

And his and mine lov'd darling.¹²²

[*Exit Pros. from above.*

Gon. I' the name of something holy, sir, why
stand you

In this strange stare?

Alon. O, it is monstrous! monstrous!

Methought the billows spoke, and told me of it;

The winds did sing it to me; and the thunder,

That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounc'd

The name of Prosper; it did base my trespass.¹²³

Therefore my son i' the ooze is bedded; and
I 'll seek him deeper than ere plummet sounded,
And with him there lie mudded.

[*Exit.*

Seb. But one fiend at a time;
I 'll fight their legions o'er.

Ant. I 'll be thy second.

[*Exeunt* *SEB. and ANT.*

Gon. All three of them are desperate; their
great guilt,
Like poison given to work a great time after,
Now 'gins to bite the spirits. I do beseech you,
That are of suppler joints, follow them swiftly,
And hinder them from what this ecstasy¹²⁴
May now provoke them to.

Adr. Follow, I pray you. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Before Prospero's Cell.*

Enter *PROSPERO, FERDINAND, and MIRANDA.*

Pro. If I have too austere punish'd you,
Your compensation makes amends; for I
Have given you here a thread of mine own life,¹²⁵
Or that for which I live; who once again
I tender to thy hand. All thy vexations
Were but my trials of thy love, and thou
Hast strangely stood the test: here, afore Heaven,
I ratify this my rich gift. O Ferdinand,
Do not smile at me that I boast her off,
For thou shalt find she will outstrip all praise,
And make it halt behind her.

Fer. I do believe it,
Against an oracle.

Pro. Then, as my gift, and thine own acquisition
Worthily purchas'd, take my daughter: But
If thou dost break her virgin knot, before
All sanctimonious ceremonies may
With full and holy rite be minister'd,
No sweet aspersion¹²⁶ shall the heavens let fall
To make this contract grow: but barren hate,
Sour-ey'd disdain, and discord, shall bestrew
The union of your bed with weeds so loathly,
That you shall hate it both: therefore take heed,
As Hymen's lamps shall light you.

Fer. As I hope
For quiet days, fair issue, and long life,
With such love as 't is now, the murkiest den,
The most opportune place, the strong'st suggestion
Our worser genius can, shall never melt
Mine honour into lust; to take away

The edge of that day's celebration,
When I shall think or Phœbus' steeds¹²⁷ are
founder'd,

Or night kept chain'd below.

Pro. Fairly spoke:
Sit, then, and talk with her, she is thine own.—
What, Ariel; my industrious servant, Ariel!

Enter *ARIEL.*

Ari. What would my potent master? here I am.

Pro. Thou and thy meaner fellows your last
service

Did worthily perform; and I must use you
In such another trick: go, bring the rabble,
O'er whom I give thee power, here, to this place
Incite them to quick motion; for I must
Bestow upon the eyes of this young couple
Some vanity of mine art; it is my promise,
And they expect it from me.

Ari. Presently?

Pro. Ay, with a twink.

Ari. Before you can say, Come, and Go,
And breathe twice, and cry, So, so,—
Each one, tripping on his toe,
Will be here with mop and mow:
Do you love me, master? no?

Pro. Dearly, my delicate Ariel. Do not approach
Till thou dost hear me call.

Ari. Well, I conceive. [*Exit.*

Pro. Look thou be true: do not give dalliance
Too much the rein: the strongest oaths are straw
To the fire i' the blood: be more abstemious,
Or else, good night your vow!

Fer. I warrant you, sir,
The white cold virgin snow upon my heart
Abates the ardour of my liver.¹²⁸

Pro. Well.—
Now come, my Ariel: bring a corollary,¹²⁹
Rather than want a spirit: appear, and pertly.—
No tongue, all eyes; be silent. [*Soft music.*]

A Masque. Enter IRIS.

Iris. Ceres, most bounteous lady, thy rich leas
Of wheat, rye, barley, vetches, oats, and pease;
Thy turfey mountains, where live nibbling sheep,
And flat meads thatch'd with stover,¹³⁰ them to
keep;

Thy banks with pioned and twilled brims,
Which spongy April at thy hest betrimms,
To make cold nymphs chaste crowns; and thy
broom-groves,¹³¹

Whose shadow the dismissed bachelor loves,
Being lass-lorn; thy pole-clipp'd vineyard;
And thy sea-marge, steril, and rocky-hard,
Where thou thyself dost air: The queen o' the
sky,

Whose wat'ry arch, and messenger, am I,
Bids thee leave these, and with her sovereign
grace,

[*JUNO commences her descent.*]

Here on this grass-plot, in this very place,
To come and sport: her peacocks fly amain:
Approach, rich Ceres, her to entertain.

Enter CERES.

Cer. Hail, many-colour'd messenger, that ne'er
Dost disobey the wife of Jupiter;
Who, with thy saffron wings, upon my flow'rs
Diffusest honey-drops, refreshing show'rs;
And with each end of thy blue bow dost crown
My bosky¹³² acres, and my unshrub'd down,
Rich scarf to my proud earth: Why hath thy queen
Summon'd me hither, to this short-grass'd green?

Iris. A contract of true love to celebrate,
And some donation freely to estate
On the bless'd lovers.

Cer. Tell me, heavenly bow,
If Venus, or her son, as thou dost know,
Do now attend the queen? since they did plot
The means that dusky Dis my daughter got,
Her and her blind boy's scandal'd company
I have forsworn.

Iris. Of her society
Be not afraid; I met her deity

Cutting the clouds towards Paphos, and her son
Dove-drawn with her: here thought they to have
done

Some wanton charm upon this man and maid,
Whose vows are that no bed-rite shall be paid
Till Hymen's torch be lighted: but in vain!
Mars's hot minion is return'd again;
Her waspish-headed son has broke his arrows,
Swears he will shoot no more, but play with
sparrows,

And be a boy right out.

Cer. Highest queen of state,
Great Juno comes: I know her by her gait.

JUNO descends.

Jun. How does my bounteous sister? Go with me,
To bless this twain, that they may prosperous be,
And honour'd in their issue.

SONG.

Jun. Honour, riches, marriage blessing,
Long continuance, and increasing,
Hourly joys be still upon you!
Juno sings her blessings on you.

Cer. Earth's increase, foison plenty,
Barns and garners never empty;
Vines, with clust'ring bunches growing;
Plants with goodly burthen bowing;
Spring come to you, at the farthest,
In the very end of harvest!
Scarcity and want shall shun you;
Ceres' blessing so is on you.

Fer. This is a most majestic vision, and
Harmonious charmingly:¹³³ May it be bold
To think these spirits?

Pro. Spirits, which by mine art
I have from their confines¹³⁴ call'd, to enact
My present fancies.

Fer. Let me live here ever;
So rare a wonder'd father, and a wise,¹³⁵
Makes this place Paradise.

[*JUNO and CERES whisper, and send IRIS
on employment.*]

Pro. Sweet now, silence;
Juno and Ceres whisper, seriously;
There's something else to do. Hush, and be mute
Or else our spell is marr'd.¹³⁶

Iris. You nymphs call'd Naiads, of the wind-
ing brooks,¹³⁷
With your seg'd crowns, and ever harmless looks,
Leave your crisp channels, and on this green land
Answer your summons:—Juno does command:

Come, temperate nymphs, and help to celebrate
A contract of true love: be not too late.

Enter certain Nymphs.

You, sun-burn'd sicklemen, of August weary,
Come hither from the furrow, and be merry;
Make holiday: your rye-straw hats put on,
And these fresh nymphs encounter every one
In country footing.

Enter certain Reapers, properly habited; they join with the Nymphs in a graceful dance; towards the end whereof, PROSPERO starts suddenly, and speaks; after which, to a strange, hollow, and confused noise, they heavily vanish.

Pro. [Aside.] I had forgot that foul conspiracy
Of the beast Caliban, and his confederates,
Against my life; the minute of their plot
Is almost come.—*[To the Spirits.]* Well done;—
avoid;—no more!

Fer. This is strange: your father's in some
passion
That works him strongly.

Mira. Never till this day,
Saw I him touch'd with anger so distemper'd.

Pro. You do look, my son, in a mov'd sort,
As if you were dismay'd: be cheerful, sir:
Our revels now are ended. These our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air:
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit,¹³⁸ shall dissolve;
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a wreck behind.¹³⁹ We are such stuff
As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.—Sir, I am vex'd;
Bear with my weakness; my old brain is troubled.
Be not disturb'd with my infirmity:
If you be pleas'd, retire into my cell,
And there repose; a turn or two I'll walk,
To still my beating mind.

Fer., Mira. We wish your peace.

[Exeunt.]

Pro. Come with a thought:—I thank thee:—
Ariel, come.

Enter ARIEL.

Ari. Thy thoughts I cleave to: What's thy
pleasure?

Pro. Spirit,

We must prepare to meet with⁴⁰ Caliban.

Ari. Ay, my commander; when I presented
Ceres,

I thought to have told thee of it; but I fear'd
Lest I might anger thee.

Pro. Say again, where didst thou leave these
varlets?

Ari. I told you, sir, they were red-hot with
drinking:

So full of valour, that they smote the air
For breathing in their faces; beat the ground
For kissing of their feet; yet always bending
Towards their project. Then I beat my tabor,
At which, like unback'd colts, they prick'd their
ears,

Advanc'd their eyelids, lifted up their noses,
As they smelt music; so I charm'd their ears,
That, calf-like, they my lowing follow'd through
Tooth'd briers, sharp furzes, pricking goss¹⁴¹ and
thorns,

Which enter'd their frail shins: at last I left them
I' the filthy mantled pool beyond your cell,
There dancing up to the chins, that the foul lake
O'erstunk their feet.

Pro. This was well done, my bird;
Thy shape invisible retain thou still:
The trumpery in my house, go, bring it hither,
For stale¹⁴² to catch these thieves.

Ari. I go, I go. *[Exit]*

Pro. A devil, a born devil, on whose nature
Nurture¹⁴³ can never stick; on whom my pains,
Humanely taken, all, all lost, quite lost!
And as, with age his body uglier grows,
So his mind cankers: I will plague them all,

Re-enter ARIEL, laden with glistening apparel, &c.
Even to roaring:—Come, hang them on this line

*PROSPERO and ARIEL remain invisible. Enter CALI-
BAN, STEPHANO, and TRINCULO, all wet.*

Cal. Pray you tread softly, that the blind mole
may not hear a foot fall: we now are near his
cell.

Ste. Monster, your fairy, which you say is a
harmless fairy, has done little better than play'd
the Jack¹⁴⁴ with us.

Trin. Monster, I do smell all horse-piss, at
which my nose is in great indignation.

Ste. So is mine. Do you hear, monster? If I
should take a displeasure against you; look you,—

Trin. Thou wert but a lost monster.

Cal. Good my lord, give me thy favour still.
Be patient, for the prize I'll bring thee to

Shall hoodwink this mischance: therefore, speak softly;

All 's hush'd as midnight yet.

Trin. Ay, but to lose our bottles in the pool,—

Ste. There is not only disgrace and dishonour in that, monster, but an infinite loss.

Trin. That 's more to me than my wetting: yet this is your harmless fairy, monster.

Ste. I will fetch off my bottle, though I be o'er ears for my labour.

Cal. Prithee, my king, be quiet. See'st thou here,

This is the mouth o' the cell: no noise, and enter. Do that good mischief, which may make this island

Thine own for ever, and I, thy Caliban, For aye thy foot-licker.

Ste. Give me thy hand: I do begin to have bloody thoughts.

Trin. O king Stephano! O peer!¹⁴⁵ O worthy Stephano! look, what a wardrobe here is for thee!

Cal. Let it alone, thou fool; it is but trash.

Trin. O, ho, monster; we know what belongs to a frippery:¹⁴⁶—O, king Stephano!

Ste. Put off that gown, Trinculo; by this hand, I'll have that gown.

Trin. Thy grace shall have it.

Cal. The dropsy drown this fool! what do you mean,

To doat thus on such luggage? Let 't alone,¹⁴⁷

And do the murther first: if he awake, From toe to crown he 'll fill our skins with pinches,—

Make us strange stuff.

Ste. Be you quiet, monster.—Mistress line, is not this my jerkin? Now is the jerkin under the line: now, jerkin, you are like to lose your hair, and prove a bald jerkin.

Trin. Do, do: We steal by line and level, an 't like your grace.

Ste. I thank thee for that jest: here 's a garment for 't: wit shall not go unrewarded while I am king of this country. 'Steal by line and level' is an excellent pass of pate; there 's another garment for 't.

Trin. Monster, come, put some lime upon your fingers, and away with the rest.

Cal. I will have none on 't: we shall lose our time

And all be turn'd to barnacles,¹⁴⁸ or to apes With foreheads villainous low.

Ste. Monster, lay-to your fingers; help to bear this away where my hogshead of wine is, or I 'll turn you out of my kingdom: go to, carry this.

Trin. And this.

Ste. Ay, and this.

A noise of hunters heard. Enter divers Spirits, in shape of dogs and hounds, hunting them about; PROSPERO and ARIEL setting them on.

Pro. Hey, Mountain, hey!

Ari. Silver! there it goes, Silver!

Pro. Fury, Fury! there, Tyrant, there! hark, hark!

[*They are driven out.*

Go, charge my goblins that they grind their joints With dry convulsions; shorten up their sinews With aged cramps; and more pinch-spotted make them,

Than pard or cat o' mountain.

Ari. Hark, they roar.

Pro. Let them be hunted soundly: At this hour Lie at my mercy all mine enemies:

Shortly shall all my labours end, and thou Shalt have the air at freedom: for a little,

Follow, and do me service.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Before the Cell of Prospero.*

Enter PROSPERO in his magic robes; and ARIEL.

Pro. Now does my project gather to a head :
My charms crack not; my spirits obey; and Time
Goes upright with his carriage. How 's the day?

Ari. On the sixth hour; at which time, my lord,
You said our work should cease.

Pro. I did say so,
When first I rais'd the tempest. Say, my spirit,
How fares the king and 's followers?

Ari. Confin'd together
In the same fashion as you gave in charge;
Just as you left them; all prisoners, sir,
In the line-grove¹⁴⁹ which weather-fends your cell;
They cannot budge till you release.¹⁵⁰ The king,
His brother, and yours, abide all three distracted;
And the remainder mourning over them,
Brimfull of sorrow and dismay; but chiefly
Him that you term'd, sir, "The good old lord,
Gonzalo;"

His tears run down his beard, like winter's drops
From eaves of reeds: your charm so strongly
works them,

That, if you now beheld them, your affections
Would become tender.

Pro. Dost thou think so, spirit?

Ari. Mine would, sir, were I human.

Pro. And mine shall!

Hast thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling
Of their afflictions, and shall not myself,
One of their kind, that relish all as sharply¹⁵¹
Passion as they, be kindlier mov'd than thou art?
Though with their high wrongs I am strook to
the quick,

Yet, with my nobler reason 'gainst my fury
Do I take part. The rarer action is
In virtue than in vengeance: they being penitent,
The sole drift of my purpose doth extend
Not a frown further. Go, release them, Ariel;
My charms I 'll break, their senses I 'll restore,
And they shall be themselves.

Ari. I 'll fetch them, sir.

[*Exit.*

Pro. Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes,
and groves;

And ye that, on the sands with printless foot,
Do chase the ebbing Neptune, and do fly him,
When he comes back; you demi-puppets, that
By moonshine do the green sour ringlets make,
Whereof the ewe not bites; and you, whose pastime
Is to make midnight mushrooms;¹⁵² that rejoice
To hear the solemn curfew; by whose aid
(Weak masters though ye be)¹⁵³ I have bedimm'd
The noontide sun, call'd forth the mutinous winds,
And 'twixt the green sea and the azur'd vault
Set roaring war: to the dread rattling thunder
Have I given fire, and rifted Jove's stout oak
With his own bolt: the strong-bas'd promontory
Have I made shake, and by the spurs pluck'd up
The pine and cedar: graves, at my command,
Have wak'd their sleepers,—op'd, and let them
forth

By my so potent art. But this rough magic
I here abjure: and, when I have requir'd
Some heavenly music, (which even now I do)
To work mine end upon their senses that
This airy charm is for, I 'll break my staff,
Bury it certain fadoms in the earth,
And, deeper than did ever plummet sound,
I 'll drown my book. [*Solemn music.*

*Re-enter ARIEL: after him, ALONSO, with a frantic
gesture, attended by GONZALO; SEBASTIAN and
ANTONIO in like manner, attended by ADRIAN and
FRANCISCO: they all enter the circle which PROS-
PERO had made, and there stand charmed; which
PROSPERO observing, speaks.*

A solemn air, and the best comforter
To an unsettled fancy, cure thy brains,
Now useless, boil'd within thy skull! There
stand,
For you are spell-stopp'd.
Holy Gonzalo, honourable man,
Mine eyes, e'en sociable to the show of thine,
Fall fellowly drops.—The charm dissolves apace;
And as the morning steals upon the night,

Melting the darkness, so their rising senses
 Begin to chase the ignorant fumes that mantle
 Their clearer reason.—O good Gonzalo,
 My true preserver, and a loyal sir
 To him thou follow'st, I will pay thy graces
 Home, both in word and deed.—Most cruelly
 Didst thou, Alonso, use me and my daughter :
 Thy brother was a furtherer in the act;—
 Thou art pinch'd for 't now, Sebastian.—Flesh
 and blood,

You brother mine, that entertain'd ambition,
 Expell'd remorse¹⁵⁴ and nature;¹⁵⁵ who, with Se-
 bastian,

(Whose inward pinches therefore are most strong,)
 Would here have kill'd your king; I do forgive
 thee,

Unnatural though thou art! Their understanding
 Begins to swell, and the approaching tide
 Will shortly fill the reasonable shore,¹⁵⁶
 That now lies foul and muddy. Not one of them
 That yet looks on me, or would know me:

Ariel,

Fetch me the hat and rapier in my cell;

[Exit ARIEL.]

I will discase me, and myself present,
 As I was sometime Milan:—quickly, spirit;
 Thou shalt ere long be free.

ARIEL *re-enters, singing, and helps to attire* PRO-
 SPERO.

Ari. Where the bee sucks, there suck I;¹⁵⁷
 In a cowslip's bell I lie;
 There I couch when owls do cry;
 On the bat's back I do fly
 After summer merrily:
 Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,
 Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

Pro. Why, that's my dainty Ariel! I shall
 miss thee;

But yet thou shalt have freedom: so, so, so.—
 To the king's ship, invisible as thou art:
 There shalt thou find the mariners asleep
 Under the hatches; the master, and the boat-
 swain,

Being awake, enforce them to this place;
 And presently, I prithee.

Ari. I drink the air before me, and return
 Or ere your pulse twice beat. [Exit ARIEL.]

Gon. All torment, trouble, wonder, and amaze-
 ment

Inhabits here: Some heavenly power guide us
 Out of this fearful country!

Pro. Behold, sir king,
 The wronged duke of Milan, Prospero:
 For more assurance that a living prince
 Does now speak to thee, I embrace thy body;
 And to thee, and thy company, I bid
 A hearty welcome.

Alon. Whe'r thou beest he, or no,
 Or some enchanted trifle to abuse me,
 As late I have been, I not know: thy pulse
 Beats, as of flesh and blood; and, since I saw
 thee,

Th' affliction of my mind amends, with which,
 I fear, a madness held me: this must crave
 (And if this be at all) a most strange story.
 Thy dukedom I resign,¹⁵⁸ and do entreat
 Thou pardon me my wrongs:—But how should

Prospero

Be living, and be here?

Pro. First, noble friend,
 Let me embrace thine age, whose honour cannot
 Be measur'd, or confin'd.

Gon. Whether this be,
 Or be not, I'll not swear.

Pro. You do yet taste
 Some subtilties o' the isle, that will not let you
 Believe things certain:—Welcome, my friend
 all:—

But you, my brace of lords, were I so minded,
 [Aside to SEBAS. and ANT.]

I here could pluck his highness' frown upon you,
 And justify you traitors;—at this time
 I will tell no tales.

Seb. The devil speaks in him. [Aside.]

Pro. No:—

For you, most wicked sir, whom to call brother
 Would even infect my mouth, I do forgive
 Thy rankest fault; all of them; and require
 My dukedom of thee, which, perforce, I know
 Thou must restore.

Alon. If thou beest Prospero,
 Give us particulars of thy preservation:
 How thou hast met us here, whom three hours
 since

Were wreck'd upon this shore; where I have lost
 (How sharp the point of this remembrance is!)

My dear son Ferdinand.

Pro. I am woe for 't, sir.

Alon. Irreparable is the loss; and patience
 Says it is past her cure.

Pro. I rather think,
 You have not sought her help; of whose soft
 grace

For the like loss I have her sovereign aid,
And rest myself content.

Alon. You the like loss?

Pro. As great to me, as late; and supportable
To make the dear loss, have I means much
weaker

Than you may call to comfort you; for I
Have lost my daughter.

Alon. A daughter?

O heavens! that they were living both in Naples,
The king and queen there! that they were, I wish
Myself were mudded in that oozy bed
Where my son lies. When did you lose your
daughter?

Pro. In this last tempest. I perceive these lords
At this encounter do so much admire,
That they devour their reason; and scarce think
Their eyes do offices of truth, their words
Are natural breath: but, howsoever you have
Been justled from your senses, know for certain
That I am Prospero, and that very duke
Which was thrust forth of Milan; who most
strangely

Upon this shore, where you were wreck'd, was
landed,

To be the lord on 't. No more yet of this;
For 't is a chronicle of day by day,
Not a relation for a breakfast, nor
Befitting this first meeting. Welcome, sir;
This cell's my court: here have I few attendants,
And subjects none abroad: pray you, look in.
My dukedom since you have given me again,
I will requite you with as good a thing;
At least, bring forth a wonder to content ye,
As much as me my dukedom.

The entrance of the Cell opens, and discovers FERDINAND and MIRANDA playing at chess.

Mira. Sweet lord, you play me false.

Fer. No, my dearest love,
I would not for the world.

Mira. Yes, for a score of kingdoms you should
wrangle,¹⁰⁹

And I would call it fair play.

Alon. If this prove
A vision of the island, one dear son
Shall I twice lose.

Seb. A most high miracle!

Fer. Though the seas threaten, they are mer-
ciful.

I have curs'd them without cause.

[*Fer. kneels to ALON.*

Alon. Now all the blessings
Of a glad father compass thee about!
Arise, and say how thou cam'st here.

Mira. O! wonder!
How many goodly creatures are there here!
How beauteous mankind is! O brave new
world,

That has such people in 't!

Pro. 'T is new to thee.

Alon. What is this maid, with whom thou wast
at play?

Your eld'st acquaintance cannot be three hours:
Is she the goddess that hath sever'd us,
And brought us thus together?

Fer. Sir, she is mortal;
But, by immortal providence, she's mine;
I chose her, when I could not ask my father
For his advice; nor thought I had one. She
Is daughter to this famous duke of Milan,
Of whom so often I have heard renown,
But never saw before; of whom I have
Receiv'd a second life, and second father
This lady makes him to me.

Alon. I am her's:
But O, how oddly will it sound that I
Must ask my child forgiveness!

Pro. There, sir, stop;
Let us not burden our remembrances with
A heaviness that's gone.

Gon. I have inly wept,
Or should have spoke ere this. Look down, you
gods,

And on this couple drop a blessed crown;
For it is you that have chalk'd forth the way
Which brought us hither!

Alon. I say, amen, Gonzalo!

Gon. Was Milan thrust from Milan that his
issue

Should become kings of Naples? O, rejoice
Beyond a common joy, and set it down
With gold on lasting pillars. In one voyage
Did Claribel her husband find at Tunis;
And Ferdinand, her brother, found a wife,
Where he himself was lost; Prospero, his duke-
dom,

In a poor isle; and all of us, ourselves,
When no man was his own.¹¹⁰

Alon. Give me your hands:

[*To FER. and MIR.*

Let grief and sorrow still embrace his heart
That doth not wish you joy!

Gon. Be it so! Amen!

*Re-enter ARIEL, with the Master and Boatswain
amazedly following.*

O look, sir, look, sir; here are more of us!
I prophesied, if a gallows were on land,
This fellow could not drown: now, blasphemy.
That swear'st grace o'erboard, not an oath on
shore?

Hast thou no mouth by land? What is the
news?

Boats. The best news is, that we have safely
found

Our king, and company: the next our ship,
Which, but three glasses since, we gave out split,
Is tight, and yare, and bravely rigg'd, as when
We first put out to sea.

Ari. Sir, all this service
Have I done since I went. } *Aside.*

Pro. My tricksy¹⁶¹ spirit!

Alon. These are not natural events; they
strengthen

From strange to stranger. Say, how came you
hither?

Boats. If I did think, sir, I were well awake,
I'd strive to tell you. We were dead of sleep,
And (how we know not) all clapp'd under
hatches,

Where, but even now, with strange and several
noises

Of roaring, shrieking, howling, gingling chains,
And more diversity¹⁶² of sounds, all horrible,
We were awak'd; straightway, at liberty:
Where we, in all her trim,¹⁶³ freshly beheld
Our royal, good, and gallant ship; our master
Cap'ring to eye her: on a trice, so please you,
Even in a dream, were we divided from them,
And were brought moping hither.

Ari. Was 't well done?

Pro. Bravely, my diligence! Thou } *Aside.*
shalt be free.

Alon. This is as strange a maze as ere men
trod,

And there is in this business more than nature
Was ever conduct¹⁶⁴ of: some oracle
Must rectify our knowledge.

Pro. Sir, my liege,
Do not infest your mind with beating on
The strangeness of this business: at pick'd lei-
sure.

Which shall be shortly, single I'll resolve you
(Which to you shall seem probable) of every
These happen'd accidents: till when, be cheerful,

And think of each thing well.—Come hither,
spirit;

Set Caliban and his companions free:

Untie the spell. [*Exit ARIEL.*] How fares my
gracious sir?

There are yet missing of your company
Some few odd lads that you remember not.

*Re-enter ARIEL, driving in CALIBAN, STEPHANO,
and TRINCULO, in their stolen apparel.*

Ste. Every man shift for all the rest, and let no
man take care for himself; for all is but fortune:—
Coragio, bully-monster, Coragio!

Trin. If these be true spies which I wear in my
head, here's a goodly sight.

Cal. O Setebos! these be brave spirits, indeed!
How fine my master is! I am afraid
He will chastise me.

Seb. Ha, ha!

What things are these, my lord Antonio?
Will money buy them?

Ant. Very like; one of them
Is a plain fish,¹⁶⁵ and, no doubt, marketable.

Pro. Mark but the badges of these men, my
lords,

Then say if they be true:¹⁶⁶ this mis-shapen
knave,—

His mother was a witch, and one so strong
That could control the moon, make flows and
ebbs,

And deal in her command, without her power:
These three have robb'd me: and this demi-devil
(For he's a bastard one) had plotted with them
To take my life: two of these fellows you
Must know, and own; this thing of darkness I
Acknowledge mine.

Cal. I shall be pinch'd to death!

Alon. Is not this Stephano, my drunken
butler?

Seb. He is drunk now: where had he wine?

Alon. And Trinculo is reeling ripe: Where
should they

Find this grand liquor that hath gilded them?—
How cam'st thou in this pickle?

Trin. I have been in such a pickle, since I saw
you last, that, I fear me, will never out of my
bones: I shall not fear fly-blowing.

Seb. Why, how now, Stephano?

Ste. O, touch me not; I am not Stephano, but
a cramp.

Pro. You'd be king o' the isle, sirrah?

Ste. I should have been a sore one then.

Alon. This is a strange thing as e'er¹⁶⁷ I look'd on.

[*Pointing to CAL.*]

Pro. He is as disproportion'd in his manners As in his shape:—Go, sirrah, to my cell; Take with you your companions; as you look To have my pardon, trim it handsomely.

Cal. Ay, that I will; and I'll be wise hereafter,

And seek for grace. What a thrice-double ass Was I, to take this drunkard for a god, And worship this dull fool!

Pro. Go to; away!

Alon. Hence, and bestow your luggage where you found it.

Seb. Or stole it, rather.

[*Exeunt CAL., STE., and TRIN.*]

Pro. Sir, I invite your highness, and your train,

To my poor cell: where you shall take your rest For this one night; which (part of it) I'll waste With such discourse, as, I not doubt, shall make it

Go quick away,—the story of my life, And the particular accidents gone by, Since I came to this isle: And in the morn I'll bring you to your ship, and so to Naples, Where I have hope to see the nuptial Of these our dear-belov'd solemnized; And thence retire me to my Milan, where Every third thought shall be my grave.

Alon. I long

To hear the story of your life, which must Take the ear strangely.

Pro. I'll deliver all;

And promise you calm seas, auspicious gales, And sail so expeditious, that shall catch Your royal fleet far off.—My Ariel,—chick,— That is thy charge;—then to the elements Be free, and fare thou well!—[*aside*] Please you, draw near. [*Exeunt.*]

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by PROSPERO.

Now my charms are all o'erthrown,
And what strength I have's mine own;
Which is most faint: now 't is true,
I must be here confin'd by you,
Or sent to Naples. Let me not,
Since I have my dukedom got,
And pardon'd the deceiver, dwell
In this bare island, by your spell;
But release me from my bands,
With the help of your good hands.
Gentle breath of yours my sails
Must fill, or else my project fails,
Which was to please. Now I want
Spirits to enforce, art to enchant;
And my ending is despair,
Unless I be reliev'd by prayer;
Which pierces so, that it assaults
Mercy itself, and frees all faults.
As you from crimes would pardon'd be,
Let your indulgence set me free.

NOTES TO THE TEMPEST.

¹ *Good, speak to the mariners.*

The reader of Shakespeare will find it advantageous to bear in mind that the poet continually employs elliptical expressions. *Good*, in this passage, is elliptical for *good friends*. The master could scarcely tell the boatswain matters were in a favourable condition, though that is the only meaning to be derived from the punctuation adopted by Knight, Collier, and other modern editors. *What cheer* is an expletive, nearly equivalent to *holloa* in reply to a summons. *Yarely*, quickly, nimbly.—*Blow, till thou burst thy wind, if room enough*. This is said by the boatswain, apostrophizing the storm, and may be explained,—*Blow, till thou burst thyself, if there be sufficient sea-room*.

Rise, winds!

Blow till ye burst the air, and swell the seas,
That they may sink the stars!

Fletcher's Double Marriage, 1647.

Mr. Holt, who wrote a tract on this play printed in 1749, says, "the whole dialogue here, consisting of sea-terms and phrases, though not quite perfect, is by much the best of that kind ever introduced on the stage; for unless when Gonzalo mentions the cable, which is of no use but when the ship is at anchor, and here it is plain they are under sail, there is not one improperly used." It should, however, be recollected that Gonzalo is not a sailor. Competent judges have declared the description faultless.

² *Antonio, Ferdinand.*

The first folio reads *Anthonio* and *Ferdinando*. In the first of these instances, the *h* may perhaps be retained, but of course not admitted into the pronunciation.

³ *Play the men.*

That is, behave like men. The phrase occurs in the Bible, 2 Samuel, x. 12.

⁴ *Where is the master, boatswain?*

Mr. Knight here reads *boson*, from the first folio, but Mr. Dyce has clearly shown this to be a mere variation of form arising from the unsettled state of our early orthography. Besides, had it been a familiar form of the word, it might have been employed by one sailor to another, but scarcely by a person of so exalted a station as Antonio.

⁵ *Of the present.*

That is, of the present time.

⁶ *Bring her to try with main course*

A sea-phrase. As the gale is increasing, the topmast is struck, to take the weight from aloft, make the ship drive less to leeward, and bear the mainsail under which the ship is laid to. Smith, in his *Sea Grammar*, 1627, explains it, "to hale the tacke aboard, the sheate close aft, the boling set up, and the helme tied close aboard."

⁷ *I'll warrant him for drowning.*

The preposition *for* is here archaic in the absolute sense of *from*, not *on account of*, as Mr. Knight explains it. There is, therefore, no necessity for adopting Theobald's alteration, *from drowning*.

⁸ *Lay her a-hold, a-hold!*

The ship, having driven near the shore, is brought to lie as near the wind as she can, and the mainsail is hauled up.

⁹ *Set her two courses.*

Holt's punctuation is here followed. He says, "the courses meant are two of the three lowest and largest sails of a ship, which are so called, because, as largest, they contribute most to give her way through the water, and consequently enable her to feel her helm, and steer her course better, than when they are not set or spread to the wind."

¹⁰ *We are merely cheated.*

Merely, i. e. absolutely; wholly. It is the primitive meaning, from the Latin *merus*.

¹¹ *To glut him.*

That is, to swallow him. It is scarcely necessary to remark that Gonzalo is referring to the old proverb,—*"He that is born to be hanged will never be drowned."*

¹² *The freighting souls within her.*

Messrs. Collier and Knight adopt the orthography *fraughting* from the first folio, which is merely the early form of the word, and can scarcely be considered worth retaining. We must make a wide distinction between different words and different forms of words.

¹³ *I am more better.*

The reader must recollect that these double comparatives belonged to the grammar of Shakespeare's period.

¹⁴ *That there is no soul,—*

Prospero here, speaking very energetically, breaks the

sentence. Why should I say soul? There is not so much perdition as a hair betid to any creature in the vessel.

¹⁵ *Inquisition* i. e. enquiry. "Torturing strangers with inquisition after his grace." Cynthia's Revels.

¹⁶ *Out three years old.*

That is, quite three years old.

¹⁷ *Backwa l and abysm of time.*

Backward, the past state. *Abysm*, abyss, from the old French *abysme*.

¹⁸ *And princess—no worse issued.*

I have ventured to arrange this speech differently from my predecessors. Prospero says his wife asserted Miranda to be his daughter, and his only heir and princess, *no worse descended*. The passage, *and thy futher was Duke of Milan*, is parenthetical, to bring the fact to his daughter's mind, not an assertion that the Duchess herself would have considered it necessary to have added, or Prospero, speaking for her.

¹⁹ *Or blessed was 't we did.*

That is, or was it a blessing that we did.

²⁰ *The teen that I have turn'd you to.*

Teen, sorrow, trouble, grief. This is a pure Anglo-Saxon word, very common in old English.

²¹ *Who t advance.*

This is no doubt Shakespeare's diction, being consonant with the grammatical usage of his time. My text is from the first folio. Modern editors adopt the later reading, *whom to advance*. Knight and Collier frequently depart from the original, not sufficiently considering that the age of Shakespeare had a grammar of its own, quite as systematic and far more genuine than what we now use.

²² *To trash for over-topping.*

That is, whom to lop in case of over-topping. *Trash* is an old gardening term for, *to lop*, and Dryden substitutes the latter term, evidently understanding it in that sense.

²³ *Like a good parent.*

Alluding to the old saying,—A wise father has often a foolish son.

²⁴ *Who having unto truth, by telling of it, &c.*

This sentence is confused, though the meaning is evident by transposition,—who having unto truth made such a sinner of his memory, to credit his own lie by telling of it. This is Mr. Knight's explanation. The emendation, *by telling oft*, perhaps renders the line more consistent with sense and metre; but it is not impossible a line may be irrecoverably lost, for the construction appears, under any explanation, to require some addition. The old edition reads, *into truth*, and the passage would be similarly explained,—who having, by telling of his own lie, made such a sinner of his memory, to credit it into truth.

²⁵ *To have no screen, &c.*

That is, to prevent the necessity of his acting a part.

²⁶ *Dry he was for sway.*

Dry is now a vulgarism for *thirsty*, and its metaphorical use here might at first sight perplex the casual reader.

²⁷ *In lieu o' th' premises.*

That is, in consideration for.

²⁸ *A rotten carcase of a boat.*

The old editions unfortunately read *butt* for *boat*, and Knight and Collier restore the evident corruption to the text in the sense of a wine-butt! Mr. Dyce observes that a butt large enough to contain Prospero and his daughter, with the articles furnished by Gonzalo, must have been the Great Tun of Heidelberg borrowed for the occasion. The editors omit the only feasible argument in favour of their restoration, that *butt* might possibly be used metaphorically for a vessel no better than a cask.

²⁹ *Instinctively have quit it.*

Dryden altered *have* to *had*, and his reading was followed by many editors. There is no necessity for disturbing the original. Prospero uses the present tense to bring his narrative more vividly to his hearer's mind.

³⁰ *When I have deck'd the sea.*

We may probably use the term *deck'd* in the original sense of *covered*. This seems preferable to the violent alteration *degg'd*, sprinkled, which is recommended by some editors. Tears, to be sure, are called *melting pearls* in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, and might thus be metaphorically supposed to adorn the sea, but the image appears too forced for Prospero to use in speaking of his own. Although Prospero could raise a Tempest, he could not allay the storm of Nature, and confesses his weakness by his tears.

³¹ *An undergoing stomach.*

Stomach is here used in the old sense of *courage*. Elyot in his *Dictionary*, 1556, translates *spiritus* by this word.

³² *By Providence divine.*

Mr. Knight places a comma after this sentence, and says the entire speech is an answer to Miranda's question. But this is surely an error. By the aid of divine Providence they reached the shore. The provisions, garments and books, furnished by Gonzalo, can scarcely be referred to the same source, in a reply to the question asked by Miranda.

³³ *Know thus far-forth.*

Far-forth, literally, far in advance. The phrase is here equivalent to, know thus much.

³⁴ *Now my dear lady.*

This refers to Fortune, who is now my dear lady, my auspicious mistress.

³⁵ *Perfora'd to point.*

That is, perfectly. A French phrase.

³⁶ *Now on the beak, now in the waist.*

Beak, the prow of a ship; *extremitas prore*, Coles *Waist*, the part between the quarter-deck and the fore-castle

³⁷ *Sustaining garments.*

That is, enduring garments, garments which bore the drenching of the sea.

³⁸ *His arms in this sad knot.*

Here Ariel of course folds his arms in imitation of Ferdinand's position.

³⁹ *The still-vex'd Bermoothes.*

The Bermudas were supposed to be inhabited by evil spirits. Dekker, in his *Strange Horse Race*, 1613, mentions them as being "haunted, as all men know, with hogs and bobgoblins," and adds, the "Bermudas called the land of Divels by reason of the grunting of swine heard from thence to the sea."

Greatnesse to me seem'd ever full of feare,
Which thou found'st false at thy arriving there;
Of the Bermudes the example such,
Where not a ship untill this time durst touch,
Kept, as suppos'd, by hels infernall dogs,
Our fleet found their most honest courteous hogs.

Coryat's Crudities, 1611.

⁴⁰ *Sir, in Argier.*

An old name for Algiers.

⁴¹ *We cannot miss him.*

We cannot miss him, i. e., we cannot do without him, a phrase, according to Malone, current in the midland counties. Mr. Collier says, "no similar use of it has been pointed out in other writers." Palsgrave, however, gives a very similar idiom in his *Table of Verbes*, f. 180—"I can nat want my gloves, *je ne me puis passer sans mes gans*." So also Cotgrave, in v. *Passer*, "*De cela je ne puis passer*, I can by no meanes want it, I cannot bee without it." This form of expression is common enough in America.

⁴² *Come, thou tortoise! when?*

When is a very common expression of great impatience in old plays. So in *Julius Caesar*, "When, Lucius, when?"

⁴³ *Quaint, brisk, dexterous. (Fr. cointe.)*

⁴⁴ *As wicked dew.*

Wicked, i. e., baneful, pernicious. His mother was a witch, and the raven's feather was an article in her laboratory.

⁴⁵ *Urchins shall, for that vast, &c.*

Urchins is an archaic, and still used as a provincial, term for *hedgehogs*, but here may be employed for a kind of spirits or fairies, who perhaps were supposed to assume that shape. The term again occurs in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*. *For that vast of night*, during that depth of night.

⁴⁶ *But thy wild race.*

Wild is an old form of *vile*, and being necessary for the verse in other places, should not be altered by the editors. *Race* appears to mean *natural disposition*, a disposition inherited from the mother. The word occurs in a similar sense in *Measure for Measure*,—"now I give my sensual face the rein."

⁴⁷ *The red plague rid you.*

Rid you, i. e., destroy you.

⁴⁸ *Aches.*

In Shakespeare's time this substantive was always used as a disyllable. Kemble was, perhaps, correct in his pronunciation, however much we may question his judgment in persisting in the old form on the modern stage.

⁴⁹ *My dam's god, Setebos.*

Setebos was the supreme god of the Patagonians, and although Sycorax was born in Algiers, she might have been descended from them. He is termed a "great devyll" in Eden's *History of Travayle*, 1577, p. 434.

⁵⁰ *The wild waves whistle.*

I think we must consider this line parenthetical, the wild waves being silent. Mr. Knight suggests the pretty idea, you have kissed the wild waves into silence; but this interpretation scarcely suits the construction of the original.

⁵¹ *Dispersedly*, in several places. "A musick that seem'd to come from all parts of the stage," Capell.

⁵² *Cry, cock-a-diddle-dow.*

It seems preferable to preserve this version of the strain, as printed in the first folio, to the modern one, it being evidently intended to rhyme with *bowgh*, *wowgh*.

⁵³ *Full fadom five thy father lies.*

Fadom, the old Anglo-Saxon form of *fathom*. This is a case, I apprehend, where it is not in an editor's discretion to alter the original text. The alliteration in this line, and in the previous song, is worth observation.

⁵⁴ *That the earth owes.*

That is, owns, possesses. This archaic use of the word is frequent in Shakespeare.

⁵⁵ *If you be maid or no.*

This is no doubt the correct reading, but it has been differently explained. By some, that Ferdinand's immediate and preternatural love for Miranda renders his *prince's request* the question whether she is unmarried. The only objection I have to this is, that Miranda's reply would in that sense possibly detract somewhat from the extreme purity of her character. Others think the enquiry is merely whether she is a mortal or goddess.

⁵⁶ *A single thing.*

That is, a simple weak person. "My *single state* o man." *Single* is used elsewhere by Shakespeare in the same sense.

⁵⁷ *And his brave son.*

This personage is not mentioned elsewhere in the play, a circumstance which may perhaps be attributed to the tale being taken from an early novel.

⁵⁸ *Could control thee.*

That is, disprove or contradict. Coles translates *controul* by, *redarguo*, *contradico*. "I fear you have done yourself some wrong," that is, says Steevens, I fear that in asserting yourself to be King of Naples, you have uttered a falsehood injurious to your character.

⁵⁹ *I'll manacle thy neck and feet together.*

That is, fasten them together with a manacle, or an iron instrument so formed that when a prisoner was placed in it he could not change his position.

⁶⁰ *He's gentle and not fearful.*

Fearful has the two significations, timorous and formidable. Here Miranda seems to imply he is not to be feared, and therefore that there was no necessity for "too rash a trial."

NOTES TO THE TEMPEST.

⁶¹ *My foot my tutor.*

The term *foot* is apparently employed metaphorically for his child.

⁶² *Come from thy ward.*

That is, thy posture of defence.

⁶³ *Our hint of woe.*

In other words, the woe which our misfortune *hints* or suggests to us.

⁶⁴ *The masters of some merchant.*

That is, of some merchant vessel. The term is used in the same sense by Dryden.

⁶⁵ *The visitor will not give him o'er so.*

The visitor is Gonzalo, who is represented as consoler, and therefore so called in allusion to the person who visits and consoles the sick.

⁶⁶ *So, you're paid.*

The wager laid was a laughter, and as Sebastian laughs immediately after Adrian commences speaking, he remarks that the wager is paid. In the old copies these words are given to Antonio, but they clearly do not belong to him, as it is he who wins the wager.

⁶⁷ *Delicate temperance.*

Steevens says temperance here means temperature, and that the allusion in the next line is to the Puritanical custom of christening children from the titles of religious and moral virtues

⁶⁸ *How lush and lusty.*

Lush is juicy, succulent. The term is apparently used for moist by Topsell, in his *Historie of Beasts*, 1607, p. 343. *An eye of green*, a shade or tint of green.

⁶⁹ *Not since widow Dido's time.*

Dr. Johnson supposes this alludes to the widows their wreck had made for a time; but Dido's husband had been murdered before she went to Carthage.

⁷⁰ *More than the miraculous harp.*

Alluding to the story of Amphion, who was so incomparable a musician, that when he played upon a lute presented to him by Mercury, the stones which built Thebes followed him to the place where they should be laid.

⁷¹ *The stomach of my sense.*

The stomach or appetite of my sense, i.e. my desire.

⁷² *Who hath cause to wet the grief on 't.*

This line will be best understood by explaining *who* to refer to *eye*. The relatives *who* or *which* are frequently used indiscriminately by Shakespeare.

⁷³ *Which end the beam should bow.*

The old copies read, *which end o' th' beam should bow*. altered generally to, *which end o' the beam she'd bow*. Either this reading, or that I have adopted, makes perfect sense.

⁷⁴ *More widows in them of this business' making,
Than we bring men to comfort them.*

Sebastian means to say, there are more widows in Milan and Naples than there are men preserved in the island alluding to the others he supposes have perished.

⁷⁵ *Foison* i.e. abundance. The word occurs again at p. 27. It is from the Anglo-Norman *fuison*, but Collier and Knight print *foizon* and *foison* in this same play, blindly following the unsettled orthography of the time.

⁷⁶ *You are gentlemen of brave metal.*

Metal in the original edition, is changed by modern editors to *mettle*, but this latter word conveys a stronger meaning than Shakespeare intended. *Metal* is used metaphorically for *temper* or *disposition*, and *brave* in the ordinary old sense of *fine* or *arrogant*.

⁷⁷ *The heavy offer of it.*

Alluding of course to *sleep*, but the next line has a relative without an antecedent.

⁷⁸ *For he's a spirit of persuasion.*

The word *who* is understood before *only*, a mode of elision we again meet with in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*. The sentence is rather obscure. His entire business is the profession of persuasion.

⁷⁹ *Ten leagues beyond man's life.*

We have here one of the vexed questions which have tormented critics for more than a century. Some say it implies a greater distance than the life of man is long enough to reach; others, that *Man's Life* is the name of a place. It is perfectly clear Antonio wishes to express and even exaggerate the distance between Naples and Tunis, in order to persuade Sebastian of the possibility of his design.

⁸⁰ *And by that destiny, &c.*

This difficult passage receives no explanation at the hands of Collier or Knight, but it surely requires a note. The passage, *and by that destiny*, I suppose is spoken elliptically, and the sense of the whole will be,—though some thrown on shore to perform a deed of which the past is only a prologue; the future depends on what you and I are to perform. The construction of the last line, *in your's and my discharge*, is somewhat peculiar, but seems preferable to *is your's*, as Theobald reads, because it leaves the question open to Sebastian's desires, whereas the latter would read as if he had quite determined on the course to be adopted.

⁸¹ *Chough*, i.e. a jack-daw. "Choughs and rooks," *Macbeth*.

⁸² *Morsel*, figuratively used for a small person, or perhaps for any individual in familiar language. The term occurs again in *Measure for Measure*.

⁸³ *To keep them living.*

Malone's alteration in this line, *his projects die*, for *his project dies*, has been adopted. Some emendation must be made, or *them* is inexplicable, unless, indeed, we refer it to *Gonzalo and the project*.

NOTES TO THE TEMPEST.

⁸⁴ *Why are you drawn?*

That is, why are your swords drawn?

⁸⁵ *Moe*, i.e. make mouths. "To mop, mow, jest, rail," Declaration of Popish Impostures, 1603.

⁸⁶ *Pricks*, i.e. prickles. *Wound*, i.e. wrapped round.

⁸⁷ *A foul bumbar.*

A bumbar was a large kind of drinking-can. "That huge bumbar of sack," 1 Henry IV.

⁸⁸ *There would this monster make a man.*

That is, make a man's fortune. The phrase occurs frequently in Shakespeare. So in the old ballad of Robin Hood and the Tinker,—

I have a warrant from the king
To take him where I can;
If you can tell me where he is,
I will make you a man.

⁸⁹ *To creep under his gaberline.*

A gaberline was a kind of coarse cloak or mantle, worn chiefly by peasants and Jews.

⁹⁰ *Salvages*, i.e. savages. It was the pronunciation of the time, and should be preserved.

⁹¹ *While Stephano breathes at' nostrils.*

I have here followed the original edition in placing a mark of elision after *at*, which is probably elliptical for *at his*.

⁹² *I will not take too much for him.*

A vulgar kind of ironical speaking, implying he will take as much as he can get.

⁹³ *Thou dost me yet but little hurt.*

Dr. Grey thinks Caliban always speaks in verse, and arranges this speech as follows,—

Thou dost me yet but little hurt; thou wilt
Anon: I know it by thy trembling:
Now Prospero works so on thee.

Notes on Shakespeare, ed. 1754, i. 19. Mr. Knight in act iii. sc. 2, says Caliban *always* speaks metrically, though he arranges the above as prose! In fact, if an editor can make blank verse of the present speech, so he could of every article in the Times newspaper with equal facility.

⁹⁴ *I have no long spoon.*

"He hath need of a long spoon that eateth with the devil," old proverb.

⁹⁵ *The siege of this mooncalf.*

Mr. Collier erroneously explains *siege* by *seat*, though its meaning (save reverence) is perfectly clear, and needs not a note. A *mooncalf* is an imperfectly developed foetus, here metaphorically applied to a misshapen monster.

⁹⁶ *Young scameles from the rock.*

Holt, writing in 1749, says limpets are termed *scams* in some counties, and I have the authority of Mr. Crofton for asserting that the term is still retained in Ire-

land in that sense. Mr. Croft bears evidence to the same effect, and Waldron, notes to the Sad Shepherd, p. 126. observes that a vessel called the *Scammel* is mentioned in the Pennsylvania Journal for July 15th, 1782. Theobald proposes to read *stannels*, a species of hawk.

⁹⁷ *Nor scrape trencher.*

The early editions read *trenchering*, an obvious typographical blunder, which, though corrected by Dryden, has alteration of this play, and by Theobald, is unaccountably re-introduced by Knight and Collier. This blind adherence to the old copies, in defiance of sense, cannot be judicious. The only supposition on which the old reading can be made partially correct is that Shakespeare wrote *trencheren*, the old English plural; but this is scarcely probable, and, on the whole, we believe our reading to be the best. In Shakespeare's time, when trenchers were used, they were generally scraped, not washed.

⁹⁸ *Most busy-less when I do it.*

The second folio reads, "most busy, least when I do it," a reading adopted by several critics of the last century, and revived by Mr. Collier as original. The above is Theobald's correction. Mr. Dyce characterizes Mr. Collier's reading as "a corruption which outrages language, taste, and common sense."

⁹⁹ *'Twill weep for having wearied you.*

A beautiful allusion to the dewy vapour on green wood when burning.

¹⁰⁰ *Hest*, i.e. behest, command.

¹⁰¹ *What else*, i.e. whatever else, aught else.

¹⁰² *It seeks*, i.e. affection seeks.

¹⁰³ *A thousand, thousand!*

That is, a thousand, thousand times farewell!

¹⁰⁴ *Standard*, i.e. ensign.

¹⁰⁵ *Thou debosh'd fish.*

Debosh'd, lewd and debauched. This is more than a mere variation of orthography, and should of course be preserved; and if the reader refers to Minshew, he may conclude it means rather more than *debauched*.

¹⁰⁶ *What a pied ninny's this?*

Trinculo, the jester, was a domestic buffoon, and this passage puts it beyond doubt that he should be habited on the stage in a suit of motley.

¹⁰⁷ *I'll go no further off.*

The word *no* is taken from the second folio, and seems necessary to the sense. Stephano wishes to get rid of Trinculo's interruption, but the latter is bent on listening to Caliban, and as Stephano commands him to stand further off twice in a few lines, we may suppose some movement of the hand is here given to the same effect.

¹⁰⁸ *He's but a sot.*

Sot is here used in the sense of *fool*, from the French.

¹⁰⁰ *Flout 'em, and shout 'em.*

The original, by an easy misprint, reads *cout* for *shout*, and Mr. Knight follows it, but does not tell us the meaning of the term.

¹¹⁰ *The picture of Nobody.*

Nobody was once the subject of sign-boards. It was usually represented by a picture of a head upon two legs, with arms; a physical realization.

¹¹¹ *Wilt come?*

These words should be added to Stephano's speech, or else they are intended to be addressed to Caliban.

¹¹² *By'r la'kin*, diminutive of *By our lady*, a very common ancient oath.

¹¹³ *Through forth-rights and meanders.*

That is, through straight and wandering paths. The first term occurs again in *Troilus* and *Cressida*.

¹¹⁴ *A living drollery.*

A drollery or puppet-show represented by living characters.

¹¹⁵ *There is one tree, the phoenix' throne.*

"Phoenix is a bird, and there is but one of that kinde in all the wide worlde, therefore ignorant men wonder thereof; and among the Arabians, there this bird Phenix is bred. He is called *singularis*, alone." *Batman uppon Bartholome*, fol. Lond. 1582, fol. 183.

¹¹⁶ *Muse*, i.e. wonder.

¹¹⁷ *Each putter out at five for one.*

It was the custom in Shakespeare's time, when travelling was not very safe, for persons to put out money before going abroad, on condition of receiving back two, three, four or even five times the amount on their return, according to the supposed danger of the expedition. Shirley makes an incident of this kind conspicuous in his play called the *Ball*. It appears from Barnaby Rieh, that three for one was paid even for a journey to Rome. Davies in his *Epigrams*, has one of considerable point on the practice of putting out:—

Lycus, which lately is to Venice gone,
Shall, if he do return, gain three for one;
But, ten to one, his knowledge and his wit
Will not be better'd or increas'd a whit.

We shall hear more of men with heads standing below the shoulders in *Othello*.

¹¹⁸ *With a quaint device, the banquet vanishes.*

This means nothing more, as Mr. Dyce observes, than that the mechanist of the theatre was to do his best to make it seem that the harpy had devoured the banquet.

¹¹⁹ *To belch up you.*

Mr. Collier omits the last word, but erroneously, for nothing is more common in the Elizabethan drama than the duplication of the pronoun, and we have many instances of it in Shakespeare. *That hath to instrument*, &c., i.e. that uses all the world as its instrument or design for work. This is one of the finest speeches in the play, and its moral effect should shield the whole from the censure of the opponents of the drama.

¹²⁰ *Dowle*, i.e. a feather, or, perhaps, more strongly, a single particle of down.

¹²¹ *Good life*, i.e. good spirit, energy.

¹²² *And his and mine lov'd darling.*

Here both Collier and Knight alter the expressive original *mine* to *my*, in defiance of the usage of Shakespeare.

¹²³ *It did base my trespass.*

That is, the thunder pronounced his crime in the deep base sound. Spenser has a similar image in his *Faerie Queen*,—

The rolling sea, resounding oft,
In his big base them fitly answered.

¹²⁴ *Ecstasy*, i.e. madness. It is used in the same sense in *Hamlet*.

¹²⁵ *A third of mine own life.*

Although I have very great doubts whether Theobald's alteration *thread* should not be substituted for *third*, yet as every old edition concurs in the latter reading, and tolerable sense can be made of it, I have followed the first folio. Mr. Collier adopts the explanation that Prospero has given Ferdinand a third of his own life, a portion of his very existence, in bestowing Miranda upon him. Can we accept it in the sense that Prospero has bestowed a third portion of his life on the care and education of Miranda? Shakespeare elsewhere uses *thread of life* in its strict classical sense, so that he would probably have written *the thread*, had he intended to use that word.

¹²⁶ *Aspersio*, i.e. sprinkling, the primitive sense of the term.

¹²⁷ *Or Phæbus' steeds.*

It is almost unnecessary to observe that the first *or* is used here for *either*.

¹²⁸ *The ardour of my live.*

In the physiology of our ancestors, the liver was considered the seat of the passions.

¹²⁹ *Bring a corollary.*

Corollary, a surplus number, (Fr.) i.e. bring more than are sufficient rather than want any. Minsheu explains it, the addition or advantage over measure.

¹³⁰ *Stover*, properly applied to grass fodder for cattle. See my Dictionary of Archaisms, p. 814. Not necessarily coarse grass, as stated by Mr. Collier. *Twilled* in the next line has occasioned much controversy, and its exact meaning does not appear to be ascertained. A reed is called a *twill* in the North of England. *Lass-lorn*, forsaken by his mistress. *Pole-clypt vineyard*, alluding to the poles being clipped or embraced by the vines.

¹³¹ *And thy broom groves.*

An old Scotch ballad represents a lover waiting for his mistress in a broom-grove,—

But let them say, or let them do,
'Tis a' ane to me,
For he's low down, he's in the broom,—
Is waiting for me.

¹³² *Bosky*, i. e. shrubby, woody.

NOTES TO THE TEMPEST.

132 *Harmonious charmin'ly.*

Shakespeare's construction, not requiring the laboured annotation of the commentators. Coleridge writes, "beautiful exceedingly." In the *Midsummer Night's Dream* we have "miserable most" for "most miserable."

134 *From their confine.*

The second folio reads, *all* their confines.

135 *A wonder'd father and a wise.*

The common phraseology of Shakespeare's time. This is the old reading, adopted by Mr. Collier. Most editors read *wife*; but we may retain the original reading, though at first sight not so apposite. Ferdinand is enraptured with the masque, and pays a merited compliment to Prospero. *A wonder'd father*, that is, a father able to perform wonders.

136 *Be mute, or else our spell is marr'd.*

Silence was indispensably necessary during all magical operations. The witch in *Macbeth* says of the armed head,—

Hear his speech, but say thou nought.

137 *Of the winding brooks.*

The old copies corruptly read *windring*, and are absolutely followed by Mr. Knight, although no one can produce such a word in the old English language. See Mr. Dyce's remarks on this editorial absurdity.

138 *Inherit. i.e. possesseth.*

139 *Leave not a wreck behind.*

I will give my reason for preferring *wreck* to the ordinary reading *rack*. The latter is never found with the indefinite article. *Wreck* is sometimes misprinted *rack*, as in the early editions of Beaumont and Fletcher. See the argument further discussed in my Dictionary of Archaisms, p. 661. *Rack* is applied to the thin vapoury clouds. So Fletcher,—

— shall I stray
In the middle air, and stay
The sailing *rack*, or nimble take
Hold by the moon, and gently make
Suit to the pale queen of night,
For a beam to give thee light?

140 *Meet with, i.e. counteract.*

¹⁴¹ *Gorse*, a species of furze. Shakespeare here seems to make a distinction between gorse and furze, but we learn from Gerard that in his time, as at present, the former was only a provincial term for the other.

142 *Stale, i.e. a trap or decoy.*

143 *Nurture, i.e. education.*

144 *Played the Jack.*

A common old proverbial phrase for playing the knave. There is not necessarily an allusion to Jack o' Lantern, as Mr. Collier supposes.

145 *O, King Stephano! O Peer!*

The old ballad here referred to is quoted in *Othello*,—
King Stephen was a worthy peer,
His breeches cost him but a crown.

146 *We know what belongs to a frippery.*

A frippery was a shop where old clothes were sold and exchanged. Ben Jonson mentions one in the *Old Jewry*.

147 *Let 't alone.*

Theobald reads, *let's alone*, but the old edition has *let's alone*, and our text, which is adopted by Hamner and Collier, is a less violent alteration. The original reading can scarcely be right, though Steevens explains it,—“Let you and I only go to commit the murder, leaving Trinculo, who is so solicitous about the trash of dress, behind us;” but Stephano was equally enraptured with the gown.

¹⁴⁸ *Barnacles*; the *clakis* or tree-goose is here referred to. Early writers believed that the barnacle-goose was produced from the shell of the fish.

149 *In the line-grove.*

Line is the old term for the lime-tree, and should be preserved. Mr. Hunter has ingeniously conjectured that when Prospero, in a previous scene, says to Ariel, who comes in bringing the glittering apparel, “Come, hang them on this line,” he means on one of the line-trees near his cell, which could hardly have been mistaken if the word of the original copies had been allowed to keep its place. I am, however, convinced with Mr. Knight that the poet intended a horse-hair line, and that the players are right in hanging one across the stage, otherwise the “clumsy joking” about the line, as Mr. Hunter calls a clever dialogue, though replete with quibbling, would be absolutely unintelligible.

150 *Till you release.*

So the later folio. The first reads *till your release*, which does not appear to be grammatical.

151 *That relish all as sharply passion as they*

That is, that relish or feel passion as deeply as they do. The passage scarcely seems to require explanation, had not Collier and Knight placed a comma in the middle of it, intending, I suppose, that *passion* should be considered a verb.

152 *Midnight mushrooms.*

The old edition has the form *mushrumps*. Our author probably means toadstools. In Shakespeare's time, the term was applied both to toadstools, what we now term mushrooms, and many kind of fungi.

153 *Weak masters though ye be.*

Weak if left to your own guidance, powerful when assisting the designs of one able to direct.

154 *Remorse, i.e. pity.*

155 *Nature, i.e. natural affection.*

156 *The reasonable shore.*

So the old editions, which read *ly* for *lies* in the next line. All modern editors read *shores*.

157 *Where the bee sucks.*

This, and the song commencing, *Full fadom five*, were originally set to music by Robert Johnson, a composer contemporary with Shakespeare. See a note by Burney in

NOTES TO THE TEMPEST.

the variorum edition, p. 61. Dr. Wilson also set them to music, and his compositions are printed in his *Cheerful Ayres or Ballads*, 1660. Wilson's music to the present song will also be found in Playford's Musical Companion, Second Part, 1672, pp. 174—5. Lock's music to the Tempest was published in 1675, 4to.

¹⁵⁸ *Thy dukedom I resign.*

Alluding to the duchy of Milan having been made tributary to him by Antonio.

¹⁵⁹ *For a score of kingdoms you should wrangle.*

The term *wrangle* appears to be here equivalent to playing falsely. This seems a less forced interpretation than that given by Dr. Johnson.

¹⁶⁰ *When no man was his own.*

That is, when no man was himself, or in his right senses.

¹⁶¹ *Trickish*, i.e. quick, clever, elegant.

42

¹⁶² *And more diversity.*

Here, and in some other places, the early editions read *mo*, the old word for *more*.

¹⁶³ *In all her trim.*

The old editions read, *our trim*, but the expression seems more applicable to the ship than the crew. "The ship is in her trim," Comedy of Errors.

¹⁶⁴ *Conduct*, i.e. conductor, guide.

¹⁶⁵ *A plain fish*, i.e. plainly a fish.

¹⁶⁶ *True*, honest.

¹⁶⁷ *A strange thing as etc.*

Mr. Knight, in his Pictorial Edition, reads, *as strange a thing as e'er*, which is only partially corrected in the Library Edition, although the original is referred to! Mr Collier rightly follows the first folio.

The Two Gentlemen of Verona.

THE *Diana* of Jorge de Montemayor was one of the books which had the rare merit of escaping the flames that consumed the greater portion of the library of Don Quixote. "I am of opinion we ought not to burn it, but only take out that part of it which treats of the magician Felicia and the enchanted water, as also all the longer poems, and let the work escape with its prose, and the honour of being the first in that kind." The *Diana* deserved the praise of Cervantes, and it appears to have been extremely popular in England during the later years of the sixteenth century. It was translated by Bartholomew Yonge somewhere about 1582 or 1583, by Thomas Wilson in 1595 or 1596, and parts of it were rendered into English by Edward Paston and the celebrated Sir Philip Sidney;* but Yonge's version was the only one published, and that did not appear till 1598, the year in which we first hear of the *Two Gentlemen of Verona* in the pages of *Meres*.

The fact of the popularity of the *Diana* in England at this period is of considerable importance, for, although it would seem that Shakespeare could not have read the printed translation by Yonge before he composed the play, there are similarities between a story contained in Montemayor and the drama too minute to be accidental. Mr. Collier says the incident common to the two is only such as might be found in other romances, and limits the resemblance to the assumption of male attire by the lady. But the most striking similitude is contained in the account of the incident of bringing the letter, and the waywardness of Julia; and I subjoin an extract from the *Diana*, which will exhibit even several of Shakespeare's own expressions, and prove that Mr. Collier's opinion is quite untenable:—

"When he had, therefore, by sundry signs, as by tilts and tourneys, and by prancing up and down upon his proud genet before my windows, made it manifest that he was in love with me, for at the first I did not so well perceive it, he determined in the end to write a letter unto me; and having practised divers times before with a maid of mine, and at length, with many gifts and fair promises, gotten her good will and furtherance, he gave her the letter to deliver to me. But to see the means that Rosina made unto me, for so was she called, the dutiful services and unwonted circumstances before she did deliver it, the oaths that she sware unto me, and the subtle words and serious protestations she used, it was a pleasant thing, and worthy the noting. To whom, nevertheless, with an angry countenance I turned again, saying, If I had not regard of mine own estate, and what hereafter might be said, I would make this shameless face of thine be known ever after for a mark of an impudent and bold minion; but because it is the first time, let this suffice that I have said, and give thee warning to take heed of the second.

"Methinks I see now the crafty wench, how she held her peace, dissembling very cunningly the sorrow that she conceived by my angry answer, for she feigned a counterfeit smiling, saying, Jesus! mistress, I gave it you, because you might laugh at it, and not to move your patience with it in this sort; for if I had any thought that it would have provoked you to anger, I pray God he may show his wrath as great towards me as ever he did to the daughter of any mother. And with this she added many words more, as she could do well enough, to pacify the feigned anger and ill opinion that I had conceived of her, and taking her letter with her, she departed from me. This having passed thus, I

* This fact, hitherto unnoticed, is obtained from the later editions of the *Arcadia*.

THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

began to imagine what might ensue thereof, and love, methought, did put a certain desire into my mind to see the letter, though modesty and shame forbade me to ask it of my maid, especially for the words that had passed between us, as you have heard. And so I continued all that day until night in varietie of many thoughts; but when Rosina came to help me to bed, God knows how desirous I was to have her entreat me again to take the letter, but she would never speak unto me about it, nor (as it seemed) did so much as once think thereof. Yet to try if by giving her some occasion I might prevail, I said unto her: And is it so, Rosina, that Don Felix, without any regard to mine honour, dares write unto me. These are things, mistress, said she demurely to me again, that are commonly incident to love; wherefore I beseech you pardon me, for if I had thought to have angered you with it, I would have first pulled out the balls of mine eyes. How cold my heart was at that blow, God knows, yet did I dissemble the matter, and suffer myself to remain that night only with my desire, and with occasion of little sleep. And so it was, indeed, for that, methought, was the longest and most painful night that ever I passed. But when, with a slower pace than I desired, the wished day was come, the discreet and subtle Rosina came into my chamber to help me to make me ready, in doing whereof of purpose she let the letter closely (*secretly*) fall, which, when I perceived,—What is that fell down? said I, let me see it. It is nothing, mistress, said she. Come, come, let me see it, said I. What! move me not, or else tell me what it is. Good Lord, mistress, said she, why will you see it: it is the letter I would have given you yesterday. Nay, that it is not, said I: wherefore show it me, that I may see if you lie or no. I had no sooner said so, but she put it into my hands, saying, God never give me good if it be any other thing; and although I knew it well indeed, yet I said, What? this is not the same, for I know that well enough, but it is one of thy lover's letters: I will read it, to see in what need he standeth of thy favour.

It is by no means impossible that the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, as we now possess it, has received additions from its author's hands to what was perhaps originally a very meagre production. This conjecture would well agree with what we know to have been the dramatic usage of the time, and it seems difficult to account on any other supposition for the use Shakespeare has made of the tale of *Felismena*. The absolute origin of the entire plot has possibly to be discovered in some Italian novel.* The error in the first folio of Padua for Milan in Act ii. Sc. 5 has perhaps to be referred to some scene in the original novel. Tieck mentions an old German play founded on a tale similar to the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, but it has not yet been made accessible to English students, and we have no means of ascertaining how far the resemblance extends.

Should the original novel, supposing one to exist, ever be discovered, it will probably be found to assimilate more to the ancient tales of perfect friendship than might be suspected from Shakespeare's play. In venturing upon this conjecture, I have been guided in a great measure by the romantic generosity of Valentine in the last act, which scarcely looks like a free result of the poet's own invention. It is quite true he might have found similar instances in several old friendship tales but it seems more natural to suppose he transferred it from the same source to which we are indebted for the play, than that the incident was introduced from another copy. That any editor can have a doubt as to Shakespeare's intention to represent Valentine's generosity so great, that, in the excess of his rapture for the repentance of Proteus, he gives up to him all his right in Silvia, would be improbable, had we not two late instances of attempts to explain the scene in a different manner; but any interpretation which destroys the literal meaning of Valentine's gift,—

And that my love may appear plain and free,
All that was mine in Silvia I give thee.

renders Julia's exclamation,—“O me unhappy!”—which immediately follows, entirely unmeaning. Mr. Collier thinks Valentine suspected Silvia's purity from her position with Proteus in the forest, and is therefore giving his friend a present no longer desirable to himself! It would be difficult to imagine a supposition that would more completely destroy the poetry and romance of Valentine's character.

The commentators have brought much curious learning to illustrate the question of the date at which this play was written; but their arguments are for the most part founded on vague generalities, such as notices of foreign adventure and classical allusions, not by any means sufficiently minute to enable us to conclude any particular circumstances were intended by the author. Meres, in his *Wits*

* A similarity which has been pointed out between the incident of Valentine turning captain of the outlaws and a story in the “*Arcadia*” is of the slightest kind; but there is in that work an encomium on solitude which may be compared with Valentine's soliloquy in Act v. Sc. 4.

THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

Treasury, 1598, says "Shakespeare among the English is the most excellent in both kinds of the stage: for comedy, witness his *Gentlemen of Verona*, his *Errors*, &c." This is the earliest notice of the play that has come down to us; but most critics believe it to have been written several years before the publication of the *Wits Treasury*, and Mr. Hudson (*Lectures on Shakespeare*, i. 220) appears to consider it the poet's earliest dramatic work.

Although probably not quite the "first heir" of Shakespeare's dramatic invention, the *Two Gentlemen of Verona* exhibits a deficiency of effective situation, and to some extent a crudity of construction, which would most likely have been avoided by a practised writer for the stage. But these defects are unnoticed by the reader in the richness of its poetical beauties and overflowing humour,—its romance and pathos. The tale is based on love and friendship. Valentine is the ideal personification of both, of pure love to Silvia, and romantic attachment to the friend of his youth. Proteus, on the contrary, selfish and sensual, suffers himself to be guided by his passions, and concludes his inconstancy to his love with perfidious treachery to his friend. Valentine, noble and brave, but timid before the mistress of his affections, adoring Silvia's glove, and too diffident even to interpret her stratagem of the letter: Proteus, daring all, and losing his integrity, in the excess of a tumultuous passion. If Shakespeare has painted these elements in an outline something too bold for the extreme refinement of the present day, the error must be ascribed to his era not to himself; and if it be also objected to this play, that the female characters are germs only of more powerful creations in *Twelfth Night* or *Cymbeline*, the reader must bear in mind they are perhaps more suitable to the extreme simplicity of the story, that the chief object of the dramatist is directed to the development of the characters of Valentine and Proteus, and, above all, that the play should be judged by itself. There are few, indeed, who would be willing to miss the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, for it is, nevertheless, a gem, though it may not shine quite as brilliantly as some others in the Shakesperian cabinet.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

DUKE OF MILAN, *father to Silvia.*

*Appears, Act II. sc. 4. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2.
Act V. sc. 2; sc. 4.*

VALENTINE.

*Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 4. Act III. sc. 1.
Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 4.*

PROTEUS.

*Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act II. sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 6.
Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 2.
Act V. sc. 2; sc. 4.*

ANTONIO, *father to Proteus.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 3.

THURIO, *a foolish rival to Valentine.*

*Appears, Act II. sc. 4. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 2.
Act V. sc. 2; sc. 4.*

EGLAMOUR, *agent for Silvia in her escape.*

Appears, Act IV. sc. 2. Act V. sc. 1.

SPEED, *a clownish servant to Valentine.*

*Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 4; sc. 5.
Act III. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 1.*

LAUNCE, *a clownish servant to Proteus.*

*Appears, Act II. sc. 3; sc. 5. Act III. sc. 1
Act IV. sc. 2.*

PANTHINO, *servant to Antonio.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 3. Act II. sc. 2; sc. 3.

Host *at the inn where Julia lodges.*

Appears, Act IV. sc. 2.

OUTLAWS *with Valentine.*

Appear, Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 3, sc. 4.

JULIA, *beloved of Proteus.*

*Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 2; sc. 7. Act IV. sc. 2.
Act V. sc. 2; sc. 4.*

SILVIA, *beloved of Valentine.*

*Appears, Act II. sc. 1; sc. 4. Act IV. sc. 2. Act V. sc. 1
sc. 3; sc. 4.*

LUCETTA, *waiting-woman to Julia.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 7.

Servants, Musicians.

SCENE,—IN VERONA, IN MILAN, AND ON THE
FRONTIERS OF MANTUA.

The Two Gentlemen of Verona.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*An open place in Verona.*

Enter VALENTINE and PROTEUS.

Val. Cease to persuade, my loving Proteus;
Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits:
Were 't not affection chains thy tender days
To the sweet glances of thy honour'd love,
I rather would entreat thy company,
To see the wonders of the world abroad,
Than, living dully sluggardiz'd at home,
Wear out thy youth with shapeless idleness.
But, since thou lov'st, love still, and thrive therein,
Even as I would, when I to love begin.

Pro. Wilt thou be gone? Sweet Valentine,
adieu!

Think on thy Proteus, when thou, haply, seest
Some rare note-worthy object in thy travel:
Wish me partaker in thy happiness,
When thou dost meet good hap: and in thy
danger,

If ever danger do environ thee,
Commend thy grievance to my holy prayers,
For I will be thy beadsman,¹ Valentine.

Val. And on a love-book pray for my success.²

Pro. Upon some book I love, I'll pray for thee.

Val. That's on some shallow story of deep love,
How young Leander cross'd the Hellespont.

Pro. That's a deep story of a deeper love;
For he was more than over shoes in love.

Val. 'Tis true; for you are over boots in love,³
And yet you never swom the Hellespont.

Pro. Over the boots? nay, give me not the
boots.

Val. No, I will not, for it boots thee not,—

Pro. What?

Val. To be in love, where scorn is bought with
groans;

Coy looks with heart-sore sighs; one fading mo-
ment's mirth

With twenty watchful, weary, tedious nights:

If haply won, perhaps a hapless gain;

If lost, why then a grievous labour won;

However, but a folly bought with wit,

Or else a wit by folly vanquished.

Pro. So, by your circumstance,⁴ you call me
fool.

Val. So, by your circumstance, I fear you'll
prove.

Pro. 'Tis Love you cavil at; I am not Love.

Val. Love is your master, for he masters you:

And he that is so yoked by a fool,

Methinks should not be chronicled for wise.

Pro. Yet writers say, as in the sweetest bud
The eating canker⁵ dwells, so eating love
Inhabits in the finest wits of all.

Val. And writers say, as the most forward bud

Is eaten by the canker ere it blow,

Even so by love the young and tender wit

Is turn'd to folly; blasting in the bud,

Losing his verdure even in the prime,

And all the fair effects of future hopes.

But wherefore waste I time to counsel thee,

That art a votary to fond desire?

Once more adieu! my father at the road^o

Expects my coming, there to see me shipp'd.

Pro. And thither will I bring thee, Valentine.

Pro. Sweet Proteus, no; now let us take our leave.

For Milan let me hear from thee by letters,

Of thy success in love, and what news else

Betideleth here in absence of thy friend;

And I likewise will visit thee with mine.

Pro. All happiness berhance to thee in Milan!

Val. As much to you at home! and so, farewell.

[*Exit VALENTINE.*]

Pro. He after honour hunts, I after love:

He leaves his friends to dignify them more;

I leave myself, my friends, and all for love.

Thou, Julia, thou hast metamorphos'd me,—

Made me neglect my studies, lose my time,

War with good counsel, set the world at nought;

Made wit with musing weak, heart sick with thought.

Enter SPEED.

Speed. Sir Proteus, save you! Saw you my master?

Pro. But now he parted hence, to embark for Milan

Speed. Twenty to one then he is shipp'd already,

And I have play'd the sheep^o in losing him.

Pro. Indeed a sheep doth very often stray,

And if the shepherd be awhile away.

Speed. You conclude that my master is a shepherd, then, and I a sheep.

Pro. I do.

Speed. Why, then my horns are his horns, whether I wake or sleep.

Pro. A silly answer, and fitting well a sheep.

Speed. This proves me still a sheep.

Pro. True; and thy master a shepherd.

Speed. Nay, that I can deny by a circumstance.

Pro. It shall go hard but I'll prove it by another.

Speed. The shepherd seeks the sheep, and not the sheep the shepherd; but I seek my master, and my master seeks not me: therefore, I am no sheep.

Pro. The sheep for fodder follow the shepherd, the shepherd for food follows not the sheep; thou for wages followest thy master, thy master for wages follows not thee: therefore, thou art a sheep.

Speed. Such another proof will make me cry 'baa.'

Pro. But, dost thou hear? gav'st thou my letter to Julia?

Speed. Ay, sir; I, a lost mutton, gave your letter to her, a lac'd mutton;^o and she, a lac'd mutton, gave me, a lost mutton, nothing for my labour!

Pro. Here's too small a pasture for such store of muttons.

Speed. If the ground be overcharg'd, you were best stick her.

Pro. Nay, in that you are a-stray;¹⁰ 't were best 'pound you.

Speed. Nay, sir, less than a pound shall serve me for carrying your letter.

Pro. You mistake; I mean the pound, a pin-fold.

Speed. From a pound to a pin? fold it over and over,

'T is threefold too little for carrying a letter to your lover.

Pro. But what said she?

Speed. She did¹¹—[*he nods.*]

Pro. Did she nod?

Speed. I.

Pro. Nod, I; why, that's noddy.

Speed. You mistook, sir; I say, she did nod: and you ask me if she did nod; and I say, I.

Pro. And that set together is—noddy.

Speed. Now you have taken the pains to set it together, take it for your pains.

Pro. No, no, you shall have it for bearing the letter.

Speed. Well, I perceive I must be fain to bear with you.

Pro. Why, sir, how do you bear with me?

Speed. Marry, sir, the letter very orderly; having nothing but the word, noddy, for my pains.

Pro. Beshrew me, but you have a quick wit.

Speed. And yet it cannot overtake your slow purse.

Pro. Come, come, open the matter in brief: what said she?

Speed. Open your purse, that the money, and the matter, may be both at once delivered.

Pro. Well, sir, here is for your pains (*giving him money*): What said she?

Speed. Truly, sir, I think you'll hardly win her.

Pro. Why? Couldst thou perceive so much from her?

Speed. Sir, I could perceive nothing at all from

her: no, not so much as a ducat for delivering your letter: And being so hard to me that brought your mind, I fear she 'll prove as hard to you in telling your mind.¹² Give her no token but stones, or she 's as hard as steel.

Pro. What! said she nothing?

Speed. No, not so much as—"Take this for thy pains." To testify your bounty, I thank you, you have testur'd¹³ me; in requital whereof, henceforth carry your letters yourself: and so, sir, I 'll commend you to my master. [*Exit.*]

Pro. Go, go, be gone, to save your ship from wreck,

Which cannot perish, having thee aboard,
Being destin'd to a drier death on shore:—
I must go send¹⁴ some better messenger;
I fear my Julia would not deign my lines,
Receiving them from such a worthless post.¹⁵

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—*The same. Garden of JULIA'S House.*

Enter JULIA and LUCETTA.

Jul. But say, Lucetta, now we are alone,
Wouldst thou, then, counsel me to fall in love?

Luc. Ay, madam; so you stumble not unheededly.

Jul. Of all the fair resort of gentlemen,
That every day with parle¹⁶ encounter me,
In thy opinion which is worthiest love?

Luc. Please you repeat their names, I 'll show my mind
According to my shallow simple skill.

Jul. What think'st thou of the fair sir Eglamour?

Luc. As of a knight well-spoken, neat and fine;
But, were I you, he never should be mine.

Jul. What think'st thou of the rich Mercatio?

Luc. Well of his wealth; but of himself, so, so.

Jul. What think'st thou of the gentle Proteus?

Luc. Lord, Lord! to see what folly reigns in us!

Jul. How now! what means this passion at his name?

Luc. Pardon, dear madam; 't is a passing shame,

That I, unworthy body as I am,
Should censure¹⁷ thus on lovely gentlemen.

Jul. Why not on Proteus, as of all the rest?

Luc. Then thus: of many good I think him best.

Jul. Your reason?

Luc. I have no other but a woman's reason;
I think him so, because I think him so.

Jul. And wouldst thou have me cast my love on him?

Luc. Ay, if you thought your love not cast away.

Jul. Why, he, of all the rest, hath never mov'd me.

Luc. Yet he, of all the rest, I think, best loves ye.

Jul. His little speaking shows his love but small.

Luc. Fire that 's closest kept burns most of all.

Jul. They do not love that do not show their love.

Luc. O, they love least that let men know their love.

Jul. I would I knew his mind.

Luc. Peruse this paper, madam.

Jul. "To Julia,"—Say, from whom?

Luc. That the contents will show.

Jul. Say, say, who gave it thee.

Luc. Sir Valentine's page; and sent, I think, from Proteus:

He would have given it you, but I, being in the way,

Did in your name receive it; pardon the fault. I pray.

Jul. Now, by my modesty, a goodly broker!¹⁸

Dare you presume to harbour wanton lines?

To whisper and conspire against my youth?

Now, trust me, 't is an office of great worth,

And you an officer fit for the place.

There, take the paper! see it be return'd,

Or else return no more into my sight.

Luc. To plead for love deserves more fee than hate.

Jul. Will ye be gone?

Luc. [*Aside.*] That you may ruminate. [*Exit*]

Jul. And yet I would I had o'erlook'd the letter.

It were a shame to call her back again,

And pray her to a fault for which I chid her.

What fool is she, that knows I am a maid,

And would not force the letter to my view!

Since maids, in modesty, say "No" to that

Which they would have the profferer construe
"Ay."

Fie, fie! how wayward is this foolish love,

That, like a testy babe, will scratch the nurse,

And presently, all humbled, kiss the rod!

How churlishly I chid Lucetta hence,

When willingly I would have had her here!

How angerly¹⁹ I taught my brow to frown,

When inward joy enforc'd my heart to smile

My penance is, to call Lucetta back,

And ask remission for my folly past:—
What, ho! Lucetta!

Re-enter LUCETTA.

Luc. What would your ladyship?

Jul. Is 't near dinner-time?

Luc. I would it were;

That you might kill your stomach²⁰ on your meat,
And not upon your maid.

Jul. What is 't that you took up so gingerly?

Luc. Nothing.

Jul. Why didst thou stoop then?

Luc. To take a paper up that I let fall.

Jul. And is that paper nothing?

Luc. Nothing concerning me.

Jul. Then let it lie for those that it concerns.

Luc. Madam, it will not lie where it concerns,
Unless it have a false interpreter.

Jul. Some love of yours hath writ to you in
rhyme.

Luc. That I might sing it, Madam, to a tune:
Give me a note: your ladyship can set—

Jul. As little by such toys²¹ as may be possible:
Best sing it to the tune of "Light o' love."²²

Luc. It is too heavy for so light a tune.

Jul. Heavy? belike it hath some burden then.

Luc. Ay; and melodious were it, would you
sing it.

Jul. And why not you?

Luc. I cannot reach so high.

Jul. Let's see your song:—How now, minion?

Luc. Keep tune there still, so you will sing it
out:

And yet, methinks, I do not like this tune.

Jul. You do not?

Luc. No, madam; 't is too sharp.

Jul. You, minion, are too saucy.

Luc. Nay, now you are too flat,

And mar the concord with too harsh a descant:²³

There wanteth but a mean to fill your song.

Jul. The mean is drown'd with your unruly base.

Luc. Indeed, I bid the base for Proteus.²⁴

Jul. This babble shall not henceforth trouble me.

Here is a coil with protestation!—[*Tears the letter.*]

Go, get you gone, and let the papers lie:

You would be fing'ring them, to anger me.

Luc. She makes it strange; but she would be
best pleas'd

To be so anger'd with another letter. [*Exit.*]

Jul. Nay, would I were so anger'd with the same!

O hateful hands, to tear such loving words!

Injurious wasps to feed on such sweet honey,

And kill the bees, that yield it, with your stings!

I 'll kiss each several paper for amends.

Look, here is writ—"kind Julia:"—unkind Julia

As in revenge of thy ingratitude,

I throw thy name against the bruising stones,

Trampling contemptuously on thy disdain!

And here is writ—"love-wounded Proteus:"—

Poor wounded name! my bosom, as a bed,

Shall lodge thee, till thy wound be throughly
heal'd;

And thus I search²⁵ it with a sovereign kiss.

But twice, or thrice, was Proteus written down.

Be calm, good wind, blow not a word away,

Till I have found each letter in the letter,

Except mine own name: that some whirlwind bear

Unto a ragged, fearful, hanging rock,

And throw it thence into the raging sea!

Lo, here in one line is his name twice writ,—

"Poor forlorn Proteus, passionate Proteus,—

To the sweet Julia;" that I 'll tear away,—

And yet I will not, sith so prettily

He couples it to his complaining names;

Thus will I fold them one upon another:

Now kiss, embrace, contend, do what you will.

Re-enter LUCETTA.

Luc. Madam, dinner is ready, and your father
stays.

Jul. Well, let us go.

Luc. What, shall these papers lie like tell-tales
here?

Jul. If you respect them, best to take them up.

Luc. Nay, I was taken up for laying them down:
Yet here they shall not lie, for catching cold.²⁶

Jul. I see you have a month's mind²⁷ to them.

Luc. Ay, madam, you may say what sights you
see;

I see things too, although you judge I wink.

Jul. Come, come; wilt 't please you go? [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The same. A Room in ANTONIO'S
House.*

Enter ANTONIO and PANTHINO.

Ant. Tell me, Panthino, what sad talk²⁸ was that
Wherewith my brother held you in the cloister?

Pan. 'T was of his nephew Proteus, your son.

Ant. Why, what of him?

Pan. He wonder'd that your lordship
Would suffer him to spend his youth at home;

While other men, of slender reputation,

Put forth their sons to seek preferment out:

Some, to the wars, to try their fortune there;

Some, to discover islands far away,
Some, to the studious universities.
For any, or for all these exercises,
He said that Proteus, your son, was meet:
And did request me to importune you,
To let him spend his time no more at home,
Which would be great impeachment to his age,
In having known no travel in his youth.

Ant. Nor need'st thou much importune me to that,

Whereon this month I have been hammering.
I have consider'd well his loss of time,
And how he cannot be a perfect man,
Not being tried and tutor'd in the world:
Experience is by industry achiev'd,
And perfected by the swift course of time:
Then, tell me, whither were I best to send him?

Pan. I think your lordship is not ignorant,
How his companion, youthful Valentine,
Attends the emperor in his royal court.

Ant. I know it well.

Pan. 'T were good, I think, your lordship sent him thither:

There shall he practise tilts and tournaments,
Hear sweet discourse, converse with noblemen,
And be in eye of every exercise
Worthy his youth and nobleness of birth.

Ant. I like thy counsel; well hast thou advis'd:
And, that thou mayst perceive how well I like it,
The execution of it shall make known:
Even with the speediest expedition,
I will despatch him to the emperor's court.

Pan. To-morrow, may it please you, Don Alphonso,

With other gentlemen of good esteem,
Are journeying to salute the emperor,
And to commend their service to his will.

Ant. Good company; with them shall Proteus go:
And,—in good time.²⁹—Now will we break with him.³⁰

Enter PROTEUS.

Pro. Sweet love!—sweet lines! sweet life!
Here is her hand, the agent of her heart;
Here is her oath for love, her honour's pawn
O, that our fathers would applaud our loves,
Or seal our happiness with their consents!
O, Havenly Julia!

Ant. How now? what letter are you reading there?

Pro. May 't please your lordship, 'tis a word or two

Of commendations sent from Valentine,
Deliver'd by a friend that came from him.

Ant. Lend me the letter; let me see what news.

Pro. There is no news, my lord; but that he writes

How happily he lives, how well-belov'd,
And daily graced by the emperor;
Wishing me with him, partner of his fortune.

Ant. And how stand you affected to his wish?

Pro. As one relying on your lordship's will,
And not depending on his friendly wish.

Ant. My will is something sorted with his wish
Muse not that I thus suddenly proceed,
For what I will, I will, and there an end.

I am resolv'd that thou shalt spend some time
With Valentinus in the emperor's court;
What maintenance he from his friends receives,
Like exhibition³¹ thou shalt have from me.
To-morrow be in readiness to go:

Excuse it not, for I am peremptory.

Pro. My lord, I cannot be so soon provided;
Please you, deliberate a day or two.

Ant. Look, what thou want'st shall be sent after thee:

No more of stay; to-morrow thou must go.—
Come on, Panthino; you shall be employ'd
To hasten on his expedition. [*Exeunt ANT. and PAN.*]

Pro. Thus have I shunn'd the fire, for fear of burning,

And drench'd me in the sea, where I am drown'd
I fear'd to show my father Julia's letter,
Lest he should take exceptions to my love;
And, with the vantage of mine own excuse,
Hath he excepted most against my love.
O, how this spring of love resembleth
The uncertain glory of an April day;
Which now shows all the beauty of the sun,
And by and by a cloud takes all away!

Re-enter PANTHINO.

Pan. Sir Proteus, your father calls for you;
He is in haste; therefore, I pray you, go.

Pro. Why, this it is! my heart accords thereto;
And yet a thousand times it answers, No. [*Exeunt*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Milan. *A Room in the Duke's palace.*

Enter VALENTINE and SPEED.

Speed. [*Picking up a glove.*] Sir, your glove?

Val. Not mine; my gloves are on.

Speed. Why, then this may be yours, for this is but one.³²

Val. Ha! let me see: ay, give it me, it's mine: Sweet ornament, that decks a thing divine!

Ah Silvia! Silvia!

Speed. [*Calls.*] Madam Silvia! madam Silvia!

Val. How now, sirrah?

Speed. She is not within hearing, sir.

Val. Why, sir, who bade you call her?

Speed. Your worship, sir; or else I mistook.

Val. Well, you'll still be too forward.

Speed. And yet I was last chidden for being too slow.

Val. Go to, sir; tell me, do you know madam Silvia?

Speed. She that your worship loves?

Val. Why, how know you that I am in love?

Speed. Marry, by these special marks: First, you have learn'd, like sir Proteus, to wreath your arms like a malcontent; to relish a love-song, like a robin-redbreast; to walk alone, like one that had the pestilence; to sigh, like a schoolboy that had lost his A.B.C.; to weep, like a young wench that had buried her grandam; to fast, like one that takes diet;³³ to watch, like one that fears robbing; to speak puling, like a beggar at Hallowmas. You were wont, when you laughed, to crow like a cock; when you walk'd, to walk like one of the lions; when you fasted, it was presently after dinner; when you look'd sadly, it was for want of money: and now you are metamorphos'd with a mistress, that, when I look on you, I can hardly think you my master.

Val. Are all these things perceiv'd in me?

Speed. They are all perceiv'd without ye.

Val. Without me they cannot.

Speed. Without you? nay, that's certain, for without you were so simple, none else would: but

you are so without these follies, that these follies are within you, and shine through you like the water in an urinal, that not an eye that sees you but is a physician to comment on your malady.

Val. But tell me dost thou know my lady Silvia?

Speed. She that you gaze on so, as she sits at supper?

Val. Hast thou observed that? even she I mean.

Speed. Why, sir, I know her not.

Val. Dost thou know her by my gazing on her, and yet know'st her not?

Speed. Is she not hard-favour'd, sir?

Val. Not so fair, boy, as well favour'd.

Speed. Sir, I know that well enough.

Val. What dost thou know?

Speed. That she is not so fair as (of you) well favour'd.

Val. I mean, that her beauty is exquisite, but her favour infinite.

Speed. That's because the one is painted, and the other out of all count.

Val. How painted? and how out of count?

Speed. Marry, sir, so painted, to make her fair, that no man counts of her beauty.

Val. How esteem'st thou me? I account of her beauty.

Speed. You never saw her since she was deform'd.

Val. How long hath she been deform'd?

Speed. Ever since you lov'd her.

Val. I have lov'd her ever since I saw her; and still I see her beautiful.

Speed. If you love her, you cannot see her.

Val. Why?

Speed. Because Love is blind. O, that you had mine eyes; or your own eyes had the lights they were wont to have, when you chid at sir Proteus for going ungarter'd!

Val. What should I see then?

Speed. Your own present folly, and her passing deformity: for he, being in love, could not see to garter his hose; and you, being in love cannot see to put on your hose.

Val. Belike, boy, then you are in love; for last morning you could not see to wipe my shoes.

Speed. True, sir; I was in love with my bed: I thank you, you swing'd me for my love, which makes me the bolder to chide you for yours.

Val. In conclusion, I stand affected to her.

Speed. I would you were set; so your affection would cease.

Val. Last night she enjoin'd me to write some lines to one she loves.

Speed. And have you?

Val. I have.

Speed. Are they not lamely writ?

Val. No, boy, but as well as I can do them;—Peace! here she comes.

Enter SILVIA.

Speed. O excellent motion!³⁴ O exceeding puppet! Now will he interpret to her.

Val. Madam and mistress, a thousand good-morrows.

Speed. O, 'give ye good ev'n! here's a million of manners. [*Aside.*]

Sil. Sir Valentine and servant,³⁵ to you two thousand.

Speed. He should give her interest, and she gives it him.

Val. As you enjoin'd me, I have writ your letter Unto the secret nameless friend of yours; Which I was much unwilling to proceed in, But for my duty to your ladyship.

Sil. I thank you, gentle servant. 't is very clerkly done.

Val. Now trust me, madam, it came hardly off; For, being ignorant to whom it goes, I writ at random, very doubtfully.

Sil. Perchance you think too much of so much pains?

Val. No, madam; so it stead you, I will write, Please you command, a thousand times as much: And yet,—

Sil. A pretty period! Well, I guess the sequel; And yet I will not name it;—and yet I care not;—And yet take this again;—and yet I thank you; Meaning henceforth to trouble you no more.

Speed. And yet you will; and yet another yet.

[*Aside.*]

Val. What means your ladyship? do you not like it?

Sil. Yes, yes; the lines are very quaintly writ, But since unwillingly, take them again: Nay take them.

Val. Madam, they are for you.

Sil. Ay, ay, you writ them, sir, at my request But I will none of them; they are for you: I would have had them writ more movingly.

Val. Please you, I'll write your ladyship another.

Sil. And when it's writ, for my sake read it over:

And if it please you, so:³⁶ if not, why, so.

Val. If it please me, madam! what then?

Sil. Why, if it please you, take it for your labour. And so, good morrow, servant. [*Exit SILVIA.*]

Speed. O jest unseen, inscrutable, invisible, As a nose on a man's face, or a weathercock on a steeple!

My master sues to her, and she hath taught her suitor,

He being her pupil, to become her tutor.

O excellent device! was there ever heard a better, That my master, being scribe, to himself should write the letter?

Val. How now, sir? what, are you reasoning with yourself?

Speed. Nay, I was rhyming; 't is you that have the reason.³⁷

Val. To do what?

Speed. To be a spokesman from madam Silvia.

Val. To whom?

Speed. To yourself: why, she woos you by a figure.

Val. What figure?

Speed. By a letter, I should say.

Val. Why, she hath not writ to me?

Speed. What need she, when she hath made you write to yourself? Why, do you not perceive the jest?

Val. No, believe me.

Speed. No believing you, indeed, sir: but did you perceive her earnest?

Val. She gave me none, except an angry word.

Speed. Why, she hath given you a letter.

Val. That's the letter I writ to her friend.

Speed. And that letter hath she deliver'd, and there an end.³⁸

Val. I would it were no worse.

Speed. I'll warrant you 't is as well:

For often have you writ to her; and she, in modesty,

Or else for want of idle time, could not again reply;

Or fearing else some messenger, that might her mind discover Herself hath taught her love himself to write unto her lover.—

All this I speak in print,³⁹ for in print I found it.—Why muse you, sir? 't is dinner-time.

Val. I have din'd.

Speed. Ay, but hearken, sir; though the camelion Love can feed on the air, I am one that am nourish'd by my victuals,⁴⁰ and would fain have meat. O, be not like your mistress; be moved, be moved.⁴¹ [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—Verona. *A room in JULIA's House.*

Enter PROTEUS and JULIA.

Pro. Have patience, gentle Julia.

Jul. I must, where is no remedy.

Pro. When possibly I can, I will return.

Jul. If you turn not, you will return the sooner: Keep this remembrance for thy Julia's sake.

[Giving a ring.

Pro. Why, then we 'll make exchange;⁴² here, take you this. [Giving her another.

Jul. And seal the bargain with a holy kiss.

Pro. Here is my hand for my true constancy; And when that hour o'erslips me in the day, Wherein I sigh not 'Julia' for thy sake, The next ensuing hour some foul mischance Torment me for my love's forgetfulness! My father stays my coming; answer not: The tide is now: nay, not thy tide of tears; That tide will stay me longer than I should:

[Exit JULIA.

Julia, farewell!—What! gone without a word? Ay, so true love should do: it cannot speak; For truth hath better deeds than words to grace it.

Enter PANTHINO.

Pan. Sir Proteus, you are stay'd for.

Pro. Go; I come, I come:— Alas! this parting strikes poor lovers dumb.

[Exeunt.

SCENE III.—*The same. A street.*

Enter LAUNCE, leading a dog.

Laun. Nay, 't will be this hour ere I have done weeping; all the kind of the Launces have this very fault. I have receiv'd my proportion, like the prodigious son, and am going with sir Proteus to the imperial's court. I think Crab my dog be the sourest-natured dog that lives: my mother weeping, my father wailing, my sister crying, our maid howling, our cat wringing her hands, and all our house in a great perplexity, yet did not this cruel-hearted cur shed one tear: he is a stone, a very pebble-stone, and has no more pity in him than a dog: a Jew would have wept to have seen our parting; why, my grandam, having no eyes,

look you, wept herself blind at my parting. Nay, I 'll show you the manner of it: This shoe is my father;—no, this left shoe is my father; no, no, this left shoe is my mother;—nay, that cannot be so neither:—yes, it is so, it is so; it hath the worser sole. This shoe, with the hole in it, is my mother, and this my father; A vengeance on 't! there 't is: now, sir, this staff is my sister; for, look you, she is as white as a lily, and as small as a wand: this hat is Nan, our maid; I am the dog:—no, the dog is himself, and I am the dog,—O! the dog is me, and I am myself; ay, so, so. Now come I to my father; "Father, your blessing;" now should not the shoe speak a word for weeping; now should I kiss my father; well, he weeps on. Now come I to my mother, (O, that she could speak now like an old woman;⁴³)—well, I kiss her;—why, there 't is; here 's my mother's breath up and down. Now come I to my sister; mark the moan she makes: now the dog all this while sheds not a tear, nor speaks a word; but see how I lay the dust with my tears

Enter PANTHINO.

Pan. Launce, away, away, aboard! Thy master is shipp'd, and thou art to post after with oars. What 's the matter? why weep'st thou, man? Away, ass; you 'll lose the tide, if you tarry any longer.

Laun. It is no matter if the ti'd were lost; for it is the unkindest ti'd that ever any man ti'd.

Pan. What 's the unkindest tide?

Laun. Why, he that 's ti'd here; Crab, my dog.

Pan. Tut, man, I mean thou 'lt lose the flood; and, in losing the flood, lose thy voyage; and, in losing thy voyage, lose thy master; and, in losing thy master, lose thy service; and, in losing thy service,—Why dost thou stop my mouth?

Laun. For fear thou should'st lose thy tongue.

Pan. Where should I lose my tongue?

Laun. In thy tale.

Pan. In thy tail?

Laun. Lose the ti'd,⁴⁴ and the voyage, and the master, and the service, and the tide!—Why, man, if the river were dry, I am able to fill it with my tears; if the wind were down, I could drive the boat with my sighs.

Pan. Come, come away, man; I was sent to call thee.

Laun. Sir, call me what thou dar'st.

Pan. Wilt thou go?

Laun. Well, I will go.

[Exeunt

SCENE IV.—Milan. *A Room in the Duke's Palace.**Enter VALENTINE, SILVIA, THURIO, and SPEED.**Sil.* Servant!*Val.* Mistress.*Speed.* Master, sir Thurio frowns on you.*Val.* Ay, boy, it 's for love.*Speed.* Not of you.*Val.* Of my mistress, then.*Speed.* 'Twere good you knock'd him.*Sil.* Servant, you are sad.*Val.* Indeed, madam, I seem so.*Thu.* Seem you that you are not?*Val.* Haply I do.*Thu.* So do counterfeits.*Val.* So do you.*Thu.* What seem I that I am not?*Val.* Wise.*Thu.* What instance of the contrary?*Val.* Your folly.*Thu.* And how quote⁴⁵ you my folly?*Val.* I quote it in your jerkin.*Thu.* My jerkin is a doublet.*Val.* Well, then, I 'll double your folly.*Thu.* How?*Sil.* What, angry, sir Thurio? do you change colour?*Val.* Give him leave, madam; he is a kind of cameleon*Thu.* That hath more mind to feed on your blood, than live in your air.*Val.* You have said, sir.*Thu.* Ay, sir, and done too, for this time.*Val.* I know it well, sir; you always end ere you begin.*Sil.* A fine volley of words, gentlemen, and quickly shot off.*Val.* 'T is indeed, madam; we thank the giver.*Sil.* Who is that, servant?*Val.* Yourself, sweet lady; 'for you gave the fire: Sir Thurio borrows his wit from your ladyship's looks, and spends what he borrows kindly in your company.*Thu.* Sir, if you spend word for word with me, I shall make your wit bankrupt.*Val.* I know it well, sir:⁴⁶ you have an exchequer of words, and, I think, no other treasure to give your followers; for it appears, by their bare liveries, that they live by your bare words.*Sil.* No more, gentlemen, no more; here comes my father.*Enter the DUKE.**Duke.* Now, daughter Silvia, you are hard beset: Sir Valentine, your father is in good health: What say you to a letter from your friends Of much good news?*Val.* My lord, I will be thankful To any happy messenger from thence.*Duke.* Know ye Don Antonio, your countryman?*Val.* Ay, my good lord; I know the gentleman To be of worth, and worthy estimation, And not without desert so well reputed.*Duke.* Hath he not a son?*Val.* Ay, my good lord; a son that well deserves The honour and regard of such a father.*Duke.* You know him well?*Val.* I knew him, as myself; for from our infancy We have convers'd and spent our hours together: And though myself have been an idle truant, Omitting the sweet benefit of time To clothe mine age with angel-like perfection, Yet hath sir Proteus, for that 's his name, Made use and fair advantage of his days; His years but young, but his experience old; His head unmellowed, but his judgment ripe; And, in a word, (for far behind his worth Come all the praises that I now bestow,) He is complete in feature,⁴⁸ and in mind, With all good grace to grace a gentleman.*Duke.* Beshrew me, sir, but if he make this good, He is as worthy for an empress' love, As meet to be an emperor's counsellor. Well, sir; this gentleman is come to me, With commendation from great potentates; And here he means to spend his time awhile: I think 't is no unwelcome news to you.*Val.* Should I have wish'd a thing, it had been he.*Duke.* Welcome him, then, according to his worth, Silvia, I speak to you: and you, sir Thurio:— For Valentine, I need not cite him to it: I will send him hither to you presently.[*Exit DUKE.*]*Val.* This is the gentleman I told your ladyship Had come along with me, but that his mistress Did hold his eyes lock'd in her crystal looks.*Sil.* Belike, that now she hath enfranchis'd them, Upon some other pawn for fealty.*Val.* Nay, sure, I think she holds them prisoners still.*Sil.* Nay, then, he should be blind; and, being blind,

How could he see his way to seek out you?

Val. Why, lady, Love hath twenty pair of eyes

Thu. They say that Love hath not an eye at all—

Val. To see such lovers, Thurio, as yourself;
Upon a homely object Love can wink.

Enter PROTEUS.

Sil. Have done, have done; here comes the gentleman. [*Exeunt* THURIO and SPEED.]

Val. Welcome, dear Proteus!—Mistress, I beseech you

Confirm his welcome with some special favour.

Sil. His worth is warrant for his welcome hither,
If this be he you oft have wish'd to hear from.

Val. Mistress, it is: sweet lady, entertain him
To be my fellow-servant to your ladyship.

Sil. Too low a mistress for so high a servant!

Pro. Not so, sweet lady; but too mean a servant
To have a look of such a worthy mistress.

Val. Leave off discourse of disability:—
Sweet lady, entertain him for your servant.

Pro. My duty will I boast of, nothing else.

Sil. And duty never yet did want his meed;
Servant, you are welcome to a worthless mistress.

Pro. I 'll die on him that says so, but yourself.

Sil. That you are welcome?

Pro. That you are worthless.⁴⁸

Re-enter THURIO.

Thu. Madam, my lord⁵⁰ your father would speak
with you.

Sil. I wait upon his pleasure. Come, Sir Thurio,
Go with me:—once more, new servant, welcome:
I 'll leave you to confer of home affairs;
When you have done, we look to hear from you.

Pro. We 'll both attend upon your ladyship.

[*Exeunt* SILVIA and THURIO.]

Val. Now, tell me, how do all from whence you
came?

Pro. Your friends are well, and have them much
commended.

Val. And how do yours?

Pro. I left them all in health.

Val. How does your lady? and how thrives
your love?

Pro. My tales of love were wont to weary you
I know you joy not in a love-discourse.

Val. Ay, Proteus, but that life is alter'd now:
I have done penance for contemning Love,
Whose high imperious thoughts⁵¹ have punish'd me
With bitter fasts, with penitential groans,
With nightly tears, and daily heart-sore sighs;
For, in revenge of my contempt of love,
Love hath claus'd sleep from my enthralled eyes,

And made them watchers of mine own heart's
sorrow.

O, gentle Proteus, Love's a mighty lord;

And hath so humbled me, as, I confess,

There is no woe⁵² to his correction,

Nor to his service no such joy on earth!

Now, no discourse, except it be of love;

Now can I break my fast, dine, sup, and sleep,

Upon the very naked name of Love.

Pro. Enough; I read your fortune in your eye,
Was this the idol that you worship so?

Val. Even she; and is she not a heavenly
saint?

Pro. No; but she is an earthly paragon.

Val. Call her divine.

Pro. I will not flatter her.

Val. O, flatter me, for love delights in praises.

Pro. When I was sick, you gave me bitter pills
And I must minister the like to you.

Val. Then speak the truth by her; if not divine,
Yet let her be a principality,⁵³

Sovereign to all the creatures on the earth.

Pro. Except my mistress.

Val. Sweet, except not any;
Except thou wilt except against my love.

Pro. Have I not reason to prefer mine own?

Val. And I will help thee to prefer her, too:
She shall be dignified with this high honour,—
To bear my lady's train, lest the base earth
Should from her vesture chance to steal a kiss,
And, of so great a favour growing proud,
Disdain to root the summer-swelling flower,
And make rough winter everlastingly.

Pro. Why, Valentine, what braggardism is
this?

Val. Pardon me, Proteus: all I can is nothing
To her, whose worth makes other worthies
nothing;

She is alone!⁵⁴

Pro. Then let her alone.

Val. Not for the world: why, man, she is mine
own;

And I as rich in having such a jewel,
As twenty seas, if all their sand were pearl,
The water nectar, and the rocks pure gold.
Forgive me, that I do not dream on thee,
Because thou seest me dote upon my love.
My foolish rival, that her father likes,
Only for his possessions are so huge,
Is gone with her along; and I must after,
For love, thou know'st, is full of jealousy

Pro. But she loves you?

Val. Ay, and we are betroth'd: Nay, more, our marriage hour,
With all the cunning manner of our flight,
Determin'd of: how I must climb her window;
The ladder made of cords; and all the means
Plotted, and 'greed on, for my happiness.
Good Proteus, go with me to my chamber,
In these affairs to aid me with thy counsel.

Pro. Go on before; I shall inquire, you forth:
I must unto the road, to disembark
Some necessities that I needs must use;
And then I'll presently attend you.

Val. Will you make haste?

Pro. I will.—

[*Exit VAL.*]

Even as one heat another heat expels,
Or as one nail by strength drives out another,
So the remembrance of my former love
Is by a newer object quite forgotten.
Is it her mien, or Valentinus' praise,⁵⁵
Her true perfection, or my false transgression,
That makes me, reasonless, to reason thus?
She is fair; and so is Julia, that I love—
That I did love, for now my love is thaw'd;
Which, like a waxen image 'gainst a fire,
Bears no impression of the thing it was.
Methinks, my zeal to Valentine is cold,
And that I love him not, as I was wont:
O! but I love his lady too-too much,⁵⁶
And that's the reason I love him so little
How shall I dote on her with more advice,⁵⁷
That thus without advice begin to love her!
T is but her picture⁵⁸ I have yet beheld,
And that hath dazzled my reason's light;
But when I look on her perfections,
There is no reason but I shall be blind.
If I can check my erring love, I will;
If not, to compass her I'll use my skill. [*Exit.*]

SCENE V. *A street in Milan.*

Enter SPEED and LAUNCE.

Speed. Launce! by mine honesty, welcome to Milan.

Laun. Forswear not thyself, sweet youth; for I am not welcome. I reckon this, always—that a man is never undone, till he be hang'd; nor never welcome to a place, till some certain shot be paid, and the hostess say, 'Welcome.'

Speed. Come on, you madcap, I'll to the ale-house with you presently; where, for one shot of five-pence, thou shalt have five thousand welcomes. But, sirrah, how did thy master part with madam Julia?

Laun. Marry, after they clos'd in earnest, they parted very fairly in jest.

Speed. But shall she marry him?

Laun. No.

Speed. How then? Shall he marry her?

Laun. No, neither.

Speed. What, are they broken?

Laun. No, they are both as whole as a fish.

Speed. Why, then, how stands the matter with them?

Laun. Marry, thus; when it stands well with him, it stands well with her.

Speed. What an ass art thou! I understand thee not.

Laun. What a block art thou, that thou canst not! My staff understands me.

Speed. What thou say'st?

Laun. Ay, and what I do, too: look thee, I'll but lean, and my staff understands me.⁵⁹

Speed. It stands under thee, indeed.

Laun. Why, stand-under and under-stand is all one.

Speed. But tell me true, will 't be a match?

Laun. Ask my dog: if he say ay, it will; if he say no, it will; if he shake his tail, and say nothing, it will.

Speed. The conclusion is then, that it will.

Laun. Thou shalt never get such a secret from me, but by a parable.

Speed. 'T is well that I get it so. But, Launce, how say'st thou, that my master is become a notable lover?

Laun. I never knew him otherwise.

Speed. Than how?

Laun. A notable lubber, as thou reportest him to be.

Speed. Why, thou whoreson ass! thou mistak'st me.

Laun. Why, fool, I meant not thee, I meant thy master.

Speed. I tell thee my master is become a hot lover.

Laun. Why, I tell thee, I care not though he burn himself in love. If thou wilt go with me to the ale-house, so: if not, thou art a Hebrew, a Jew, and not worth the name of a Christian.

Speed. Why?

Laun. Because thou hast not so much charity in thee as to go to the ale⁶⁰ with a Christian: Wilt thou go?

Speed. At thy service.

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE VI.—Milan. *A Room in the Palace.**Enter PROTEUS.*

Pro. To leave my Julia, shall I be forsworn;
To love fair Silvia, shall I be forsworn;
To wrong my friend, I shall be much forsworn;
And ev'n that pow'r, which gave me first my
oath,

Provokes me to this threefold perjury.
Love bade me swear, and Love bids me forswear:
O sweet suggesting Love! if thou hast sinn'd,
Teach me, thy tempted subject, to excuse it.
At first I did adore a twinkling star,
But now I worship a celestial sun.

Unheedful vows may heedfully be broken;
And he wants wit that wants resolved will
To learn his wit⁶¹ t' exchange the bad for better.—
Fie, fie, unreverend tongue! to call her bad,
Whose sovereignty so oft thou hast preferr'd
With twenty thousand soul-confirming oaths.
I cannot leave to love, and yet I do;
But there I leave to love, where I should love.
Julia I lose, and Valentine I lose:

If I keep them, I needs must lose myself;
If I lose them, thus find I by their loss,
For Valentine, myself; for Julia, Silvia.
I to myself am dearer than a friend,
For love is still most precious in itself:
And Silvia, (witness Heaven, that made her fair!)

Shows Julia but a swarthy Ethiope.
I will forget that Julia is alive,
Remembr'ing that my love to her is dead;
And Valentine I'll hold an enemy,
Aiming at Silvia as a sweeter friend.

I cannot now prove constant to myself,
Without some treachery us'd to Valentine:—
This night, he meaneth with a corded ladder
To climb celestial Silvia's chamber-window,
Myself in counsel, his competitor.⁶²

Now presently I'll give her father notice
Of their disguising, and pretended flight;⁶³
Who, all enrag'd, will banish Valentine,
For Thurio, he intends, shall wed his daughter:
But, Valentine being gone, I'll quickly cross,
By some sly trick, blunt Thurio's dull proceeding.
Love, lend me wings to make my purpose swift,
As thou hast lent me wit to plot this drift! [*Exit.*]

SCENE VII.—Verona. *A Room in Julia's House.**Enter JULIA and LUCETTA.*

Jul. Counsel, Lucetta! gentle girl, assist me!
And, ev'n in kind love, I do conjure thee.⁶⁴—

Who art the table⁶⁵ wherein all my thoughts
Are visibly character'd and engrav'd,—
To lesson me; and tell me some good mean,
How, with my honour, I may undertake
A journey to my loving Proteus.

Luc. Alas! the way is wearisome and long.

Jul. A true-devoted pilgrim is not weary
To measure kingdoms with his feeble steps;
Much less shall she that hath Love's wings to fly;
And when the flight is made to one so dear,
Of such divine perfection, as sir Proteus.

Luc. Better forbear, till Proteus make return.

Jul. O, know'st thou not, his looks are my soul's
food?

Pity the dearth that I have pined in,
By longing for that food so long a time.
Didst thou but know the inly touch of love,
Thou would'st as soon go kindle fire with snow,
As seek to quench the fire of love with words.

Luc. I do not seek to quench your love's hot fire,
But qualify the fire's extreme rage,
Lest it should burn above the bounds of reason.

Jul. The more thou damm'st it up, the more it
burns;

The current that with gentle murmur glides,
Thou know'st, being stopp'd, impatiently doth rage;
But, when his fair course is not hindered,
He makes sweet music with th' enamell'd stones,
Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge
He overtaketh in his pilgrimage;
And so by many winding nooks he strays,
With willing sport, to the wild ocean.
Then let me go, and hinder not my course:
I'll be as patient as a gentle stream,
And make a pastime of each weary step,
Till the last step have brought me to my love;
And there I'll rest, as, after much turmoil,
A blessed soul doth in Elysium.

Luc. But in what habit will you go along?

Jul. Not like a woman, for I would prevent
The loose encounters of lascivious men:
Gentle Lucetta, fit me with such weeds
As may beseeem some well-reputed page.

Luc. Why, then your ladyship must cut your hair.

Jul. No, girl; I'll knit it up in silken strings,
With twenty odd-conceited true-love knots:
To be fantastic may become a youth
Of greater time than I shall show to be.

Luc. What fashion, madam, shall I make your
breeches?

Jul. That fits as well as—"Tell me, good my lord,
What compass will you wear your farthingale?"⁶⁶

Why, ev'n what fashion thou best lik'st, Lucetta.

Luc. You must needs have them with a cod-piece, madam.

Jul. Out, out, Lucetta!⁶⁷ that will be ill-favour'd.

Luc. A round hose, madam, now 's not worth a pin, unless you have a cod-piece to stick pins on.

Jul. Lucetta, as thou lov'st me, let me have What thou think'st meet, and is most mannerly. But tell me, wench, how will the world repute me,

For undertaking so unstaid a journey?

I fear me it will make me scandaliz'd.

Luc. If you think so, then stay at home, and go not.

Jul. Nay, that I will not.

Luc. Then never dream on infamy, but go. If Proteus like your journey, when you come, No matter who 's displeas'd when you are gone; I fear me he will scarce be pleas'd withal.

Jul. That is the least, Lucetta, of my fear: A thousand oaths, an ocean of his tears,

And instances of infinite⁶⁸ of love, Warrant me welcome to my Proteus.

Luc. All these are servants to deceitful man.

Jul. Base men, that use them to so base effect. But truer stars did govern Proteus' birth: His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles; His love sincere, his thoughts immaculate; His tears, pure messengers sent from his heart; His heart as far from fraud as heaven from earth.

Luc. Pray heav'n he prove so, when you come to him!

Jul. Now, as thou lov'st me, do him not that wrong,

To bear a hard opinion of his truth:

Only deserve my love, by loving him;

And presently go with me to my chamber,

To take a note of what I stand in need of,

To furnish me upon my longing journey.

All that is mine I leave at thy dispose,

My goods, my lands, my reputation;

Only, in lieu thereof, despatch me hence:

Come, answer not, but to it presently;

I am impatient of my tarriance.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Milan. *An Ante-room in the Duke's Palace.*

Enter DUKE, THURIO, and PROTEUS.

Duke. Sir Thurio, give us leave, I pray, awhile; We have some secrets to confer about.

[*Exit THURIO.*]

Now, tell me, Proteus, what 's your will with me?

Pro. My gracious lord, that which I would discover,

The law of friendship bids me to conceal:

But, when I call to mind your gracious favours Done to me, undeserving as I am,

My duty pricks me on to utter that

Which else no worldly good should draw from me.

Know, worthy prince, sir Valentine, my friend,

This night intends to steal away your daughter;

Myself am one made privy to the plot.

I know you have determin'd to bestow her

On Thurio, whom your gentle daughter hates;

And should she thus be stol'n away from you,

It would be much vexation to your age.

Thus, for my duty's sake, I rather chose To cross my friend in his intended drift, Than, by concealing it, heap on your head A pack of sorrows, which would press you down Being unprevented, to your timeless grave.

Duke. Proteus, I thank thee for thine honest care Which to requite, command me while I live.

This love of theirs myself have often seen, Haply, when they have judg'd me fast asleep; And oftentimes have purpos'd to forbid

Sir Valentine her company, and my court:

But, fearing lest my jealous aim might err,

And so, unworthily, disgrace the man,

(A rashness that I ever yet have shunn'd,)

I gave him gentle looks, thereby to find That which thyself hast now disclos'd to me.

And, that thou mayst perceive my fear of this,

Knowing that tender youth is soon suggested,⁵⁰

I nightly lodge her in an upper tow'r,

The key whereof myself have ever kept;

And thence she cannot be convey'd away.

Pro. Know, noble lord, they have devis'd a mean

How he her chamber-window will ascend,
And with a corded ladder fetch her down ;
For which the youthful lover now is gone,
And this way comes he with it presently ;
Where, if it please you, you may intercept him
But, good my lord, do it so cunningly,
That my discovery be not aimed at ;⁷⁰
For love of you, not hate unto my friend,
Hath made me publisher of this pretence.

Duke. Upon mine honour, he shall never know
That I had any light from thee of this.

Pro. Adieu, my lord ; sir Valentine is coming.

[*Exit.*]

Enter VALENTINE.

Duke. Sir Valentine, whither away so fast ?

Val. Please it your grace, there is a messenger
That stays to bear my letters to my friends,
And I am going to deliver them.

Duke. Be they of much import ?

Val. The tenor of them doth but signify
My health, and happy being at your court.

Duke. Nay, then, no matter ; stay with me a
while ;

I am to break with thee of some affairs,
That touch me near, wherein thou must be secret.
'T is not unknown to thee, that I have sought
To match my friend, sir Thurio, to my daughter.

Val. I know it well, my lord ; and, sure, the
match

Were rich and honourable ; besides, the gentleman
Is full of virtue, bounty, worth, and qualities
Beseeming such a wife as your fair daughter :
Cannot your grace win her to fancy him ?

Duke. No, trust me ; she is peevish, sullen,
froward,

Proud, disobedient, stubborn, lacking duty ;
Neither regarding that she is my child,
Nor fearing me as if I were her father :

And, may I say to thee, this pride of hers,
Upon advice, hath drawn my love from her ;
And, where⁷¹ I thought the remnant of mine age
Should have been cherish'd by her child-like duty,
I now am full resolv'd to take a wife,
And turn her out to who will take her in :
Then let her beauty be her wedding-dow'r,
For me and my possessions she esteems not.

Val. What would your grace have me to do in this ?

Duke. There is a lady, of Verona, here,
Whom I affect ; but she is nice and coy,
And nought esteems my aged eloquence :
Now, therefore, would I have thee to my tutor,

(For long ago I have forgot to court :
Besides, the fashion of the time is chang'd ;)
How, and which way, I may bestow myself,
To be regarded in her sun-bright eye.

Val. Win her with gifts, if she respect not words
Dumb jewels often, in their silent kind,
More than quick words, do move a woman's mind

Duke. But she did scorn a present that I sent her.

Val. A woman sometime scorns what best con-
tents her :

Send her another ; never give her o'er ;
For scorn at first makes after-love the more.
If she do frown, 't is not in hate of you,
But rather to beget more love in you :

If she do chide, 't is not to have you gone ;
For why, the fools are mad, if left alone.

Take no repulse, whatever she doth say :

For "get you gone," she doth not mean "away?"
Flatter, and praise, commend, extol their graces ;
Though ne'er so black, say they have angels' faces.
That man that hath a tongue, I say, is no man,
If with his tongue he cannot win a woman.

Duke. But she I mean is promis'd by her friends
Unto a youthful gentleman of worth,
And kept severely from resort of men,
That no man hath access by day to her.

Val. Why, then I would resort to her by night

Duke. Ay, but the doors be lock'd, and key:
kept safe,

That no man hath recourse to her by night.

Val. What lets⁷² but one may enter at her
window ?

Duke. Her chamber is aloft, far from the ground,
And built so shelving, that one cannot climb it
Without apparent hazard of his life.

Val. Why, then, a ladder, quaintly made of cords
To cast up with a pair of anchoring hooks,
Would serve to scale another Hero's tow'r,
So bold Leander would adventure it.

Duke. Now, as thou art a gentleman of blood
Advise me where I may have such a ladder.

Val. When would you use it? pray, sir, tell me
that.

Duke. This very night ; for Love is like a child
That longs for everything that he can come by.

Val. By seven o'clock I'll get you such a
ladder.

Duke. But, hark thee ; I will go to her alone ;
How shall I best convey the ladder thither ?

Val. It will be light, my lord, that you may
bear it

Under a cloak that is of any length.

Duke. A cloak as long as thine will serve the turn?

Val. Ay, my good lord.

Duke. Then let me see thy cloak:

I'll get me one of such another length.

Val. Why, any cloak will serve the turn, my lord.

Duke. How shall I fashion me to wear a cloak?—

I pray thee, let me feel thy cloak upon me.—

What letter is this same? What's here?—"To Silvia"?

And here an engine fit for my proceeding!

I'll be so bold to break the seal for once. [*Reads.*

"My thoughts do harbour with my Silvia nightly;

And slaves they are to me, that send them flying:

O, could their master come and go as lightly,

Himself would lodge where senseless they are lying.

My herald thoughts in thy pure bosom rest them;

While I, their king, that thither them importune,

Do curse the grace that with such grace hath bless'd them,

Because myself do want my servants' fortune:

I curse myself, for they are sent by me,⁷³

That they should harbour where their lord should be."

What 's here?

"Silvia, this night I will enfranchise thee:"

T is so; and here 's the ladder for the purpose.

Why, Phaëton, (for thou art Merops' son,)

Wilt thou aspire to guide the heavenly car,

And with thy daring folly burn the world?

Wilt thou reach stars, because they shine on thee?

Go, base intruder! overweening slave!

Bestow thy fawning smiles on equal mates;

And think my patience, more than thy desert,

Is privilege for thy departure hence:

Thank me for this, more than for all the favours,

Which, all too much, I have bestowed on thee.

But if thou linger in my territories,

Longer than swiftest expedition

Will give thee time to leave our royal court,

By heaven, my wrath shall far exceed the love

I ever bore my daughter, or thyself.

Be gone! I will not hear thy vain excuse;

But, as thou lov'st thy life, make speed from hence.

[*Exit DUKE.*

Val. And why not death, rather than living torment?

To die, is to be banish'd from myself;

And Silvia is myself: banish'd from her,

Is self from self: a deadly banishment!

What light is light, if Silvia be not seen?

What joy is joy, if Silvia be not by?

Unless it be to think that she is by,

And feed upon the shadow of perfection.

Except I be by Silvia in the night,

There is no music in the nightingale;

Unless I look on Silvia in the day,

There is no day for me to look upon:

She is my essence; and I leave to be,

If I be not by her fair influence

Foster'd, illumin'd, cherish'd, kept alive.

I fly not death, to fly his deadly doom;⁷⁶

Tarry I here, I but attend on death;

But, fly I hence, I fly away from life.

Enter PROTEUS and LAUNCE.

Pro. Run, boy; run, run, and seek him out.

Laun. So-hough!—so-hough!⁷⁵

Pro. What seest thou?

Laun. Him we go to find:

There's not a hair on's head, but 't is a Valentine.

Pro. Valentine?

Val. No.

Pro. Who then? his spirit?

Val. Neither.

Pro. What then?

Val. Nothing.

Laun. Can nothing speak? Master, shall I strike?

Pro. Who would'st thou strike?

Laun. Nothing.

Pro. Villain, forbear!

Laun. Why, sir, I'll strike nothing: I pray you,—

Pro. Sirrah, I say, forbear: Friend Valentine, a word.

Val. My ears are stopp'd, and cannot hear good news,

So much of bad already hath possess'd them.

Pro. Then in dumb silence will I bury mine, For they are harsh, untuneable, and bad.

Val. Is Silvia dead?

Pro. No, Valentine.

Val. No Valentine, indeed, for sacred Silvia!—Hath she forsworn me?

Pro. No, Valentine.

Val. No Valentine, if Silvia have forsworn me! What is your news?

Laun. Sir, there is a proclamation that you are vanished.

Pro. That thou art banish'd,—O, that's the news From hence, from Silvia, and from me, thy friend

Val. O, I have fed upon this woe already, And now excess of it will make me surfeit.

Doth Silvia know that I am banished?

Pro. Ay, ay; and she hath offered to the doom (Which, unrevers'd, stands in effectual force)

A sea of melting pearl, which some call tears:
Those at her father's churlish feet she tender'd;
With them, upon her knees, her humble self;
Wringing her hands, whose whiteness so became
them,

As if but now they waxed pale for woe:
But neither bended knees, pure hands held up,
Sad sighs, deep groans, nor silver-shedding tears,
Could penetrate her uncompassionate sire;
But Valentine, if he be ta'en, must die.
Besides, her intercession chaf'd him so,
When she for thy repeal was suppliant,
That to close prison he commanded her,
With many bitter threats of 'biding there.

Val. No more; unless the next word that thou
speak'st

Have some malignant power upon my life:
If so, I pray thee, breathe it in mine ear,
As ending anthem of my endless dolour.

Pro. Cease to lament for that thou canst not help,
And study help for that which thou lament'st.
Time is the nurse and breeder of all good.
Here if thou stay, thou canst not see thy love;
Besides, thy staying will abridge thy life.
Hope is a lover's staff; walk hence with that,
And manage it against despairing thoughts.
Thy letters may be here, though thou art hence:
Which, being writ to me, shall be deliver'd
Even in the milk-white bosom of thy love.
The time now serves not to expostulate:
Come, I'll convey thee through the city gate;
And, ere I part with thee, confer at large
Of all that may concern thy love-affairs:
As thou lov'st Silvia, though not for thyself,
Regard thy danger, and along with me.

Val. I pray thee, Launce, an' if thou seest my
boy,
Bid him make haste, and meet me at the north
gate.

Pro. Go, sirrah, find him out. Come, Valentine.

Val. O my dear Silvia! hapless Valentine!

[*Exeunt VALENTINE and PROTEUS.*]

Laun. I am but a fool, look you; and yet I have
the wit to think my master is a kind of a knave:
but that's all one, if he be but one knave.⁷⁰ He
lives not now, that knows me to be in love: yet I
am in love; but a team of horse shall not pluck
that from me; nor who 't is I love, and yet 't is a
woman: but what woman, I will not tell myself;
and yet 't is a milk-maid; yet 't is not a maid,
for she hath had gossips:⁷¹ yet 't is a maid, for she
is her master's maid, and serves for wages. She

hath more qualities than a water-spaniel,—which
is much in a bare Christian. Here is the catalog
[*pulling out a paper*] of her conditions. Imprimis,
"She can fetch and carry." Why, a horse can do
no more: nay, a horse cannot fetch, but only carry;
therefore is she better than a jade. Item, "She
can milk;" look you, a sweet virtue in a maid with
clean hands.

Enter SPEED.

Speed. How now, signior Launce? what news
with your mastership?

Laun. With my master's ship? why, it is at sea.

Speed. Well, your old vice still; mistake the
word: What news, then, in your paper?

Laun. The black'st news that ever thou heard'st.

Speed. Why, man, how black?

Laun. Why, as black as ink.

Speed. Let me read them.

Laun. Fie on thee, jolt-head! thou canst not read.

Speed. Thou liest: I can.

Laun. I will try thee. Tell me this: Who begot
thee?

Speed. Marry, the son of my grandfather.

Laun. O illiterate loiterer! it was the son of thy
grandmother: this proves that thou canst not read.

Speed. Come, fool, come: try me in thy paper.

Laun. There; and St Nicholas be thy speed!⁷²

Speed. Item, "She can milk?"⁷³

Laun. Ay, that she can.

Speed. Item, "She brews good ale."

Laun. And thereof comes the proverb,—Blessing
of your heart, you brew good ale.

Speed. Item, "She can sew."

Laun. That's as much as to say, can she so?

Speed. Item, "She can knit."

Laun. What need a man care for a stock with a
wench, when she can knit him a stock?⁷⁴

Speed. Item, "She can wash and scour."

Laun. A special virtue; for then she need not
be wash'd and scour'd.

Speed. Item, "She can spin."

Laun. Then may I set the world on wheels,
when she can spin for her living.

Speed. Item, "She hath many nameless virtues."

Laun. That's as much as to say, bastard virtues
that, indeed, know not their fathers, and therefore
have no names.

Speed. Here follow her vices.

Laun. Close at the heels of her virtues.

Speed. Item, "She is not to be fasting, in re-
spect of her breath."



George Warren as Anne.

Laun. Well, that fault may be mended with a breakfast. Read on.

Speed. Item, "She hath a sweet mouth."

Laun. That makes amends for her sour breath.

Speed. Item, "She doth talk in her sleep."

Laun. It's no matter for that, so she sleep not in her talk

Speed. I am, "She is slow in words."

Laun. O villain,⁸¹ that set this down among her vices! To be slow in words is a woman's only virtue: I pray thee, out with 't, and place it for her chief virtue.

Speed. Item, "She is proud."

Laun. Out with that, too; it was Eve's legacy, and cannot be ta'en from her.

Speed. Item, "She hath no teeth."

Laun. I care not for that neither, because I love crusts.

Speed. Item, "She is curst."

Laun. Well; the best is, she hath no teeth to bite.

Speed. Item, "She will often praise her liquor."⁸²

Laun. If her liquor be good, she shall: if she will not, I will; for good things should be praised.

Speed. Item, "She is too liberal."

Laun. Of her tongue she cannot, for that's writ down she is slow of: of her purse she shall not, for that I'll keep shut: now of another thing she may, and that cannot I help. Well, proceed.

Speed. Item, "She hath more hair than wit, and more faults than hairs, and more wealth than faults."

Laun. Stop there! I'll have her! She was mine, and not mine, twice or thrice in that last article. Rehearse that once more.

Speed. Item, "She hath more hair than wit,"—

Laun. More hair than wit,—it may be; I'll prove it. The cover of the salt hides the salt,⁸³ and therefore it is more than the salt; the hair that covers the wit is more than the wit, for the greater hides the less. What's next?

Speed.—"And more faults than hairs,"—

Laun. That's monstrous: O, that that were out!

Speed.—"And more wealth than faults."

Laun. Why, that word makes the faults gracious: Well, I'll have her: And if it be a match, as nothing is impossible,—

Speed. What then?

Laun. Why, then will I tell thee,—that thy master stays for thee at the north gate.

Speed. For me?

Laun. For thee? ay: who art thou? he hath stay'd for a better man than thee.

Speed. And must I go to him?

Laun. Thou must run to him, for thou hast stay'd so long, that going will scarce serve the turn.

Speed. Why didst not tell me sooner? 'pox of your love-letters! [*Exit*]

Laun. Now will he be swing'd for reading my letter! An unmannerly slave, that will thrust himself into secrets!—I'll after, to rejoice in the boy's correction. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—*The same. A Room in the Duke's Palace.*

Enter DUKE and THURIO.

Duke. Sir Thurio, fear not but that she will love you,

Now Valentine is banish'd from her sight.

Thu. Since his exile, she hath despis'd me most, Forsworn my company, and rail'd at me, That I am desperate of obtaining her.

Duke. This weak impress of love is as a figure Trenched in ice,⁸⁴ which with an hour's heat Dissolves to water, and doth lose his form. A little time will melt her frozen thoughts, And worthless Valentine shall be forgot.—

[*Enter PROTEUS*]
How now, sir Proteus? Is your countryman, According to our proclamation, gone?

Pro. Gone, my good lord.

Duke. My daughter takes his going grievously.⁸⁵

Pro. A little time, my lord, will kill that grief.

Duke. So I believe; but Thurio thinks not so.— Proteus, the good conceit I hold of thee, (For thou hast shown some sign of good desert) Makes me the better to confer with thee.

Pro. Longer than I prove loyal to your grace, Let me not live to look upon your grace.

Duke. Thou know'st how willingly I would effect The match between sir Thurio and my daughter.

Pro. I do, my lord.

Duke. And also, I think, thou art not ignorant How she opposes her against my will.

Pro. She did, my lord, when Valentine was here

Duke. Ay, and perversely she persèvers so. What might we do, to make the girl forget The love of Valentine, and love sir Thurio?

Pro. The best way is, to slander Valentine With falsehood, cowardice, and poor descent, Three things that women highly hold in hate.

Duke. Ay, but she'll think that it is spoke in hate.

Pro. Ay, if his enemy deliver it :
Therefore it must with circumstance be spoken
By one whom she esteemeth as his friend.

Duke. Then you must undertake to slander him.

Pro. And that, my lord, I shall be loth to do :
'T is an ill office for a gentleman,
Especially against his very⁸⁶ friend.

Duke. Where your good word cannot advantage
him,

Your slander never can endamage him ;
Therefore the office is indifferent,
Being entreated to it by your friend.

Pro. You have prevail'd, my lord : if I can do it,
By aught that I can speak in his dispraise,
She shall not long continue love to him.
But say, this weed her love from Valentine,
It follows not that she will love sir Thurio.

Thu. Therefore, as you unwind her love from him,
Lest it should ravel, and be good to none,
You must provide to bottom it on me ;⁸⁷
Which must be done by praising me as much
As you in worth dispraise sir Valentine.

Duke. And, Proteus, we dare trust you in this
kind ;

Because we know, on Valentine's report,
You are already Love's firm votary,
And cannot soon revolt and change your mind.
Upon this warrant shall you have access
Where you with Silvia may confer at large ;
For she is lumpish, heavy, melancholy,
And, for your friend's sake, will be glad of you ;
Where you may temper her,⁸⁸ by your persuasion,
To hate young Valentine, and love my friend.

Pro. As much as I can do, I will effect :—
But you, sir Thurio, are not sharp enough ;

You must lay lime, to tangle her desires,
By wailful sonnets, whose composed rhymes
Should be full fraught with serviceable vows.

Duke. Ay, much is the force of heaven-bred
poesy.

Pro. Say that upon the altar of her beauty
You sacrifice your tears, your sighs, your heart :
Write till your ink be dry ; and with your tears
Moist it again ; and frame some feeling line,
That may discover such integrity :⁸⁹
For Orpheus' lute was strung with poets' sinews,
Whose golden touch could soften steel and stones,
Make tigers tame, and huge leviathans
Forsake unsounded deeps to dance on sands.
After your dire lamenting elegies,
Visit by night your lady's chamber-window
With some sweet consort :⁹⁰ to their instruments
Tune a deploring dump ;⁹¹ the night's dead silence
Will well become such sweet complaining grievance,
This, or else nothing, will inherit her.⁹²

Duke. This discipline shows thou hast been in
love.

Thu. And thy advice this night I'll put in
practice.

Therefore, sweet Proteus, my direction-giver,
Let us into the city presently
To sort⁹³ some gentlemen well skill'd in music :
I have a sonnet that will serve the turn,
To give the onset to thy good advice.

Duke. About it, gentlemen.

Pro. We'll wait upon your grace till after
supper ;
And afterward determine our proceedings.

Duke. Even now about it ; I will pardon you.⁹⁴
[Exeunt.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Forest, near Milan.**Enter certain Outlaws.***1 Out.** Fellows, stand fast; I see a passenger.**2 Out.** If there be ten, shrink not, but down with 'em.*Enter VALENTINE and SPEED.***3 Out.** Stand, sir, and throw us that you have about you:

If not, we 'll make you sit, and rifle you.

Speed. Sir, we are undone! these are the villains that all the travellers do fear so much.*Val.* My friends,—**1 Out.** That's not so, sir; we are your enemies.**2 Out.** Peace! we 'll hear him.**3 Out.** Ay, by my beard, will we; for he is a proper man!⁹⁵*Val.* Then know, that I have little wealth to lose; A man I am, cross'd with adversity; My riches are these poor habiliments, Of which if you should here disfurnish me, You take the sum and substance that I have.**2 Out.** Whither travel you?*Val.* To Verona.**1 Out.** Whence came you?*Val.* From Milan.**3 Out.** Have you long sojourn'd there?*Val.* Some sixteen months; and longer might have stay'd,

If crooked fortune had not thwarted me.

1 Out. What, were you banish'd thence?*Val.* I was.**2 Out.** For what offence?*Val.* For that which now torments me to rehearse;

I kill'd a man, whose death I much repent; But yet I slew him manfully in fight, Without false vantage, or base treachery.

1 Out. Why, ne'er repent it, if it were done so: But were you banish'd for so small a fault?*Val.* I was, and held me glad of such a doom.**1 Out.** Have you the tongues?*Val.* My youthful travel therein made me happy; Or else I had been often miserable.**3 Out.** By the bare scalp of Robin Hood's fat friar,⁹⁶

This fellow were a king for our wild faction!

1 Out. We 'll have him; sirs, a word.*Speed.* Master, be one of them; it's an honourable kind of thievery.*Val.* Peace, villain!**2 Out.** Tell us this: Have you anything to take to?*Val.* Nothing but my fortune.**3 Out.** Know, then, that some of us are gentlemen, Such as the fury of ungovern'd youth,Thrust from the company of awful men:⁹⁷

Myself was from Verona banished,

For practising to steal away a lady,

An heir, and near allied unto the duke.

2 Out. And I from Mantua, for a gentleman, Whom, in my mood,⁹⁸ I stabb'd unto the heart.**1 Out.** And I, for such like petty crimes as these.

But to the purpose,—for we cite our faults, That they may hold excus'd our lawless lives, And, partly, seeing you are beautified

With goodly shape; and by your own report

A linguist; and a man of such perfection,

As we do in our quality much want.

2 Out. Indeed, because you are a banish'd man,

Therefore, above the rest, we parley to you:

Are you content to be our general?

To make a virtue of necessity,

And live, as we do, in this wilderness?

3 Out. What say'st thou? wilt thou be of our consort?

Say, ay, and be the captain of us all:

We'll do thee homage, and be rul'd by thee,

Love thee as our commander, and our king.

1 Out. But if thou scorn our courtesy, thou diest**2 Out.** Thou shalt not live to brag what we have offer'd.*Val.* I take your offer, and will live with you,

Provided that you do no outrages

On silly women,⁹⁹ or poor passengers.

3 *Out.* No, we detest such vile base practices.
Come, go with us, we'll bring thee to our crews,
And show thee all the treasure we have got;
Which, with ourselves, all rest at thy dispose.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—Milan. *The court of the Palace.*

Enter PROTEUS.

Pro. Already have I been false to Valentine,
And now I must be as unjust to Thurio.
Under the colour of commending him,
I have access my own love to prefer;
But Silvia is too fair, too true, too holy,
To be corrupted with my worthless gifts.
When I protest true loyalty to her,
She twits me with my falsehood to my friend:
When to her beauty I commend my vows,
She bids me think how I have been forsworn
In breaking faith with Julia whom I lov'd:
And, notwithstanding all her sudden quips,¹⁰⁰
The least whereof would quell a lover's hope,
Yet, spaniel-like, the more she spurns my love,
The more it grows, and fawneth on her still.
But here comes Thurio: now must we to her
window.
And give some evening music to her ear.

Enter THURIO and Musicians.

Thu. How now, sir Proteus; are you crept
before us?

Pro. Ay, gentle Thurio; for you know that love
Will creep in service where it cannot go.

Thu. Ay, but I hope, sir, that you love not here.

Pro. Sir, but I do; or else I would be hence.

Thu. Who? Silvia?

Pro. Ay, Silvia,—for your sake.

Thu. I thank you for your own. Now, gentlemen,
Let's tune, and to it lustily awhile.

Enter Host, at a distance; and JULIA, in boy's clothes.

Host. Now, my young guest! methinks you're
allycholly; I pray you, why is it?

Jul. Marry, mine host, because I cannot be merry.

Host. Come, we'll have you merry: I'll bring
you where you shall hear music, and see the gentle-
man that you ask'd for.

Jul. But shall I hear him speak?

Host. Ay, that you shall.

Jul. That will be music!

[*Music plays.*]

Host. Hark! hark!

Jul. Is he among these?

Host. Ay; but peace, let's hear 'em.

SONG.

Who is Silvia? what is she,
That all our swains commend her?
Holy, fair, and wise is she,
The heaven such grace did lend her,¹⁰¹
That she might admired be.
Is she kind as she is fair?
For beauty lives with kindness.
Love doth to her eyes repair,
To help him of his blindness;
And, being help'd, inhabits there.
Then to Silvia let us sing,
That Silvia is excelling;
She excels each mortal thing,
Upon the dull earth dwelling:
To her let us garlands bring.

Host. How now? are you sadder than you were
before?

How do you, man? the music likes you not.

Jul. You mistake; the musician likes me not.

Host. Why, my pretty youth?

Jul. He plays false, father.

Host. How? out of tune on the strings?

Jul. Not so; but yet so false that he grieves my
very heart-strings.

Host. You have a quick ear.

Jul. Ay, I would I were deaf! it makes me
have a slow heart.

Host. I perceive you delight not in music.

Jul. Not a whit,—when it jars so.

Host. Hark, what fine change is in the music!

Jul. Ay, that change is the spite!

Host. You would have them always play but
one thing.

Jul. I would always have one play but one thing.
But, host, doth this sir Proteus, that we talk on,
Often resort unto this gentlewoman?

Host. I tell you what Launce, his man, told me,
he lov'd her out of all nick.¹⁰²

Jul. Where is Launce?

Host. Gone to seek his dog; which, to-morrow,
by his master's command, he must carry for a pre-
sent to his lady.

Jul. Peace! stand aside! the company parts.

Pro. Sir Thurio, fear not you! I will so plead,
That you shall say my cunning drift excels.

Thu. Where meet we?

Pro. At saint Gregory's well.

Thu. Farewell. [*Exeunt THURIO and Musicians.*]

SILVIA appears above, at her window.

Pro. Madam, good ev'n to your ladyship

Sil. I thank you for your music, gentlemen:
Who is that, that spake?

Pro. One, lady, if you knew his pure heart's truth,

You would quickly learn to know him by his voice.

Sil. Sir Proteus, as I take it.

Pro. Sir Proteus, gentle lady, and your servant.

Sil. What's your will?

Pro. That I may compass yours.¹⁰³

Sil. You have your wish; my will is even this,—
That presently you hie you home to bed.

Thou subtle, perjur'd, false, disloyal man!

Think'st thou, I am so shallow, so conceitless,

To be seduced by thy flattery,

That hast deceiv'd so many with thy vows?

Return, return, and make thy love amends.

For me,—by this pale queen of night I swear,

I am so far from granting thy request,

That I despise thee for thy wrongful suit;

And by and by intend to chide myself,

Even for this time I spend in talking to thee.

Pro. I grant, sweet love, that I did love a lady;
But she is dead.

Jul. 'T were false, if I should speak it;
For I am sure she is not buried. [*Aside.*]

Sil. Say that she be; yet Valentine, thy friend
Survives; to whom, thyself art witness,
I am betroth'd: And art thou not ashamed
To wrong him with thy importunacy?

Pro. I likewise hear that Valentine is dead.

Sil. And so suppose am I; for in his grave
Assure thyself my love is buried.

Pro. Sweet lady, let me rake it from the earth.

Sil. Go to thy lady's grave, and call her's thence;
Or, at the least, in her's sepulchre thine.

Jul. He heard not that. [*Aside.*]

Pro. Madam, if your heart be so obdurate,
Vouchsafe me yet your picture for my love,
The picture that is hanging in your chamber;
To that I 'll speak, to that I 'll sigh and weep:
For, since the substance of your perfect self
Is else devoted, I am but a shadow,
And to your shadow will I make true love.

Jul. If 't were a substance, you would, sure,
deceive it;
And make it but a shadow, as I am. [*Aside.*]

Sil. I am very loth to be your idol, sir;
But, since your falsehood shall become you well
To worship shadows, and adore false shapes,
Send to me in the morning, and I'll send it:
And so, good rest.

Pro. As wretches have o'er night,
That wait for execution in the morn.

[*Exeunt* PROTEUS; and SILVIA, from above.]

Jul. Host, will you go?

Host. By my halidom,¹⁰⁴ I was fast asleep.

Jul. Pray you, where lies sir Proteus?

Host. Marry, at my house: Trust me, I think
't is almost day.

Jul. Not so; but it hath been the longest night
That e'er I watch'd, and the most heaviest.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter EGLAMOUR.

Egl. This is the hour that madam Silvia
Entreated me to call, and know her mind;
There's some great matter she'd employ me in.—
Madam, madam!

SILVIA appears above, at her window.

Sil. Who calls?

Egl. Your servant, and your friend;
One that attends your ladyship's command.

Sil. Sir Eglamour, a thousand times good
morrow.

Egl. As many, worthy lady, to yourself.
According to your ladyship's impose,¹⁰⁵
I am thus early come, to know what service
It is your pleasure to command me in.

Sil. O Eglamour, thou art a gentleman,
(Think not I flatter, for I swear I do not,)
Valiant, wise, remorseful,¹⁰⁶ well accomplish'd.
Thou art not ignorant what dear good will
I bear unto the banish'd Valentine;
Nor how my father would enforce me marry
Vain Thurio, whom my very soul abhorr'd.
Thyself hast lov'd; and I have heard thee say
No grief did ever come so near thy heart
As when thy lady and thy true love died,
Upon whose grave thou vow'dst pure chastity.
Sir Eglamour, I would to Valentine,
To Mantua, where, I hear, he makes abode;
And, for the ways are dangerous to pass,
I do desire thy worthy company,
Upon whose faith and honour I repose.
Urge not my father's anger, Eglamour,
But think upon my grief,—a lady's grief,—
And on the justice of my flying hence,
To keep me from a most unholy match,
Which heaven and fortune still reward with
plagues:

I do desire thee, even from a heart
As full of sorrows as the sea of sands,
To bear me company, and go with me:

If not, to hide what I have said to thee,
That I may venture to depart alone.

Egl. Madam, I pity much your grievances;
Which since I know they virtuously are plac'd,
I give consent to go along with you;
Reeking as little what betideth me,
As much I wish all good befortune you.
When will you go?

Sil. This evening coming.

Egl. Where shall I meet you?

Sil. At friar Patrick's cell,
Where I intend holy confession.

Egl. I will not fail your ladyship:
Good morrow, gentle lady.

Sil. Good morrow, kind sir Eglamour.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter LAUNCE, with his dog.

Laun. When a man's servant shall play the cur with him, look you, it goes hard: one that I brought up of a puppy; one that I sav'd from drowning, when three or four of his blind brothers and sisters went to it! I have taught him—even as one would say precisely, Thus I would teach a dog. I was sent to deliver him, as a present to mistress Silvia, from my master; and I came no sooner into the dining-chamber, but he steps me to her trencher,¹⁰⁷ and steals her capon's leg. O, 't is a foul thing when a cur cannot keep himself in all companies! I would have, as one should say, one that takes upon him to be a dog indeed, to be, as it were, a dog at all things. If I had not had more wit than he, to take a fault upon me that he did, I think verily he had been hang'd for 't; sure as I live he had suffer'd for't: you shall judge. He thrusts me himself into the company of three or four gentleman-like dogs, under the duke's table: he had not been there (bless the mark!) a pissing while, but all the chamber smelt him. "Out with the dog," says one; "What cur is that?" says another; "Whip him out," says the third; "Hang him up," says the duke. I, having been acquainted with the smell before, knew it was Crab; and goes me to the fellow that whips the dogs: "Friend," quoth I, "you mean to whip the dog?" "Ay, marry, do I," quoth he. "You do him the more wrong," quoth I, "'t was I did the thing you wot of." He makes me no more ado,¹⁰⁸ but whips me out of the chamber. How many masters would do this for his servant? Nay, I'll be sworn, I have sat in the stocks for puddings he hath stol'n, otherwise he

had been executed: I have stood on the pillory for geese he hath kill'd, otherwise he had suffer'd for't: thou think'st not of this now!—Nay, I remember the trick you serv'd me when I took my leave of madam Silvia; did not I bid thee still mark me, and do as I do? When didst thou see me heave up my leg, and make water against a gentlewoman's farthingale? didst thou ever see me do such a trick?

Enter PROTEUS and JULIA.

Pro. Sebastian is thy name? I like thee well,
And will employ thee in some service presently.

Jul. In what you please.—I'll do what I can.

Pro. I hope thou wilt.—How now, you whore-son peasant;
Where have you been these two days loitering?

Laun. Marry, sir, I carried mistress Silvia the dog you bade me.

Pro. And what says she to my little jewel?

Laun. Marry, she says, your dog was a cur; and tells you currish thanks is good enough for such a present.

Pro. But she receiv'd my dog?

Laun. No, indeed, did she not: here have I brought him back again.

Pro. What, didst thou offer her this from me?

Laun. Ay, sir; the other squirrel¹⁰⁹ was stol'n from me by the hangman's boys in the market-place: and then I offer'd her mine own, who is a dog as big as ten of yours, and therefore the gift the greater.

Pro. Go, get thee hence, and find my dog again,
Or ne'er return again into my sight.

Away, I say: Stayest thou to vex me here?

A slave, that still an end¹¹⁰ turns me to shame.

[*Exit LAUNCE.*]

Sebastian, I have entertained thee,
Partly, that I have need of such a youth,
That can with some discretion do my business,
For 't is no trusting to yon foolish lout;
But, chiefly, for thy face and thy behaviour,
Which (if my augury deceive me not)
Witness good bringing up, fortune, and truth:
Therefore know thee, for this I entertain thee.
Go presently, and take this ring with thee,
Deliver it to madam Silvia:
She lov'd me well,¹¹¹ deliver'd it to me.

Jul. It seems you lov'd not her to leave her token:

She is dead, belike?

Pro. Not so, I think she lives.

Jul. Alas!

Pro. Why dost thou cry, alas!

Jul. I cannot choose but pity her.

Pro. Wherefore shouldst thou pity her?

Jul. Because, methinks, that she lov'd you as well

As you do love your lady Silvia:

She dreams on him that has forgot her love;

You dote on her that cares not for your love.

'T is pity love should be so contrary,

And thinking on it makes me cry, alas!

Pro. Well, give her that ring, and therewithal
This letter;—that's her chamber.—Tell my lady,
I claim the promise for her heavenly picture.
Your message done, hie home unto my chamber,
Where thou shalt find me, sad and solitary.

[*Exit PRO.*]

Jul. How many women would do such a message?

Alas, poor Proteus! thou hast entertain'd

A fox to be the shepherd of thy lambs:

Alas, poor fool! why do I pity him,

That with his very heart despiseth me?

Because he loves her, he despiseth me:

Because I love him, I must pity him,

This ring I gave him, when he parted from me,

To bind him to remember my good will:

And now am I (unhappy messenger)

To plead for that, which I would not obtain;

To carry that, which I would have refus'd;

To praise his faith, which I would have disprais'd.

I am my master's true confirmed love,

But cannot be true servant to my master,

Unless I prove false traitor to myself.

Yet will I woo for him,—but yet so coldly,

As, heaven it knows, I would not have him speed.

[*Enter SILVIA, attended.*]

Gentlewoman, good day! I pray you, be my mean
To bring me where to speak with madam Silvia.

Sil. What would you with her, if that I be she?

Jul. If you be she, I do entreat your patience
To hear me speak the message I am sent on.

Sil. From whom?

Jul. From my master, sir Proteus, madam.

Sil. O!—he sends you for a picture?

Jul. Ay, madam.

Sil. Ursula, bring my picture there.

[*The picture is brought.*]

Go, give your master this: tell him, from me,
One Julia, that his changing thoughts forget,
Would better fit his chamber, than this shadow.

Jul. Madam, please you peruse this letter.—

Pardon me, madam; I have unadvis'd

Deliver'd you a paper that I should not:

This is the letter to your ladyship.

Sil. I pray thee, let me look on that again.

Jul. It may not be, good madam, pardon me.

Sil. There, hold

I will not look upon your master's lines:

I know they are studied with protestations,

And full of new-found oaths, which he will break

As easily as I do tear his paper.

Jul. Madam, he sends your ladyship this ring.

Sil. The more shame for him that he sends it
me;

For, I have heard him say a thousand times,

His Julia gave it him at his departure:

Though his false finger have profan'd the ring,

Mine shall not do his Julia so much wrong.

Jul. She thanks you.

Sil. What say'st thou?

Jul. I thank you, madam, that you tender her.
Poor gentlewoman! my master wrongs her much

Sil. Dost thou know her?

Jul. Almost as well as I do know myself:

To think upon her woes I do protest

That I have wept a hundred several times.

Sil. Belike, she thinks that Proteus hath for-
sook her.

Jul. I think she doth, and that 's her cause of
sorrow.

Sil. Is she not passing fair?

Jul. She hath been fairer, madam, than she is
When she did think my master lov'd her well,
She, in my judgment, was as fair as you;
But since she did neglect her looking-glass,
And threw her sun-expelling mask away,
The air hath starv'd the roses in her cheeks,
And pinch'd the lily-tincture of her face,¹¹²
That now she is become as black as I.

Sil. How tall was she?

Jul. About my stature: for, at Pentecost,
When all our pageants of delight were play'd.
Our youth got me to play the woman's part,
And I was trimm'd in madam Julia's gown;
Which served me as fit, by all men's judgments
As if the garment had been made for me:
Therefore, I know she is about my height.
And, at that time, I made her weep a-good¹¹³

For I did play a lamentable part;

Madam, 't was Ariadne, passioning

For Theseus' perjury and unjust flight,—

Which I so lively acted with my tears,

That my poor mistress, moved therewithal,

Wept bitterly; and, would I might be dead,
If I in thought felt not her very sorrow!

Sil. She is beholden to thee, gentle youth!—
Alas, poor lady! desolate and left!—
I weep myself to think upon thy words.
Here, youth, there is my purse; I give thee this
For thy sweet mistress' sake, because thou lov'st her.
Farewell. *[Exit SILVIA.]*

Jul. And she shall thank you for 't, if e'er you
know her.
A virtuous gentlewoman, mild, and beautiful.
I hope my master's suit will be but cold,
Since she respects my mistress' love so much.
Alas, how love can trifle with itself!
Here is her picture: Let me see; I think,
If I had such a tire, this face of mine
Were full as lovely as is this of hers:
And yet the painter flatter'd her a little,

Unless I flatter with myself too much.
Her hair is auburn, mine is perfect yellow:
If that be all the difference in his love,
I' ll get me such a colour'd periwig.¹¹⁴
Her eyes are grey as glass;¹¹⁵ and so are mine:
Ay, but her forehead's low, and mine's as high.
What should it be, that he respects in her,
But I can make respective¹¹⁶ in myself,
If this fond Love were not a blinded god?
Come, shadow, come, and take this shadow up,
For 't is thy rival. O thou senseless form,
Thou shalt be worshipp'd, kiss'd, lov'd and ador'd
And, were there sense in his idolatry,
My substance should be statue¹¹⁷ in thy stead.
I' ll use thee kindly for thy mistress' sake,
That us'd me so; or else, by Jove I vow,
I should have scratch'd out your unseeing eyes,
To make my master out of love with thee! *[Exit.]*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The same. An Abbey.*

Enter EGLAMOUR.

Egl. The sun begins to gild the western sky,
And now it is about the very hour
That Silvia, at friar Patrick's cell, should meet me.
She will not fail; for lovers break not hours,
Unless it be to come before their time;
So much they spur their expedition.

Enter SILVIA.

See where she comes: Lady, a happy evening!

Sil. Amen, amen! go on, good Eglamour,
Out at the postern by the abbey-wall;
I fear I am attended by some spics.

Egl. Fear not: the forest is not three leagues off:
If we recover that, we are sure enough. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II.—*The same. A Room in the Duke's Palace.*

Enter THURIO, PROTEUS, and JULIA.

Thu. Sir Proteus, what says Silvia to my suit?

Pro. O, sir, I find her milder than she was;
And yet she takes exceptions at your person.

Thu. What, that my leg is too long?

Pro. No, that it is too little.

Thu. I' ll wear a boot, to make it somewhat
rounder.

Jul. But Love will not be spurr'd to what it
loathes. *[Aside.]*

Thu. What says she to my face?

Pro. She says it is a fair one.

Thu. Nay, then the wanton lies; my face is black.

Pro. But pearls are fair; and the old saying is,
Black men are pearls in beauteous ladies' eyes.

Jul. 'T is true, such pearls as put out ladies' eyes;
For I had rather wink than look on them. *[Aside.]*

Thu. How likes she my discourse?

Pro. Ill, when you talk of war.

Thu. But well, when I discourse of love and
peace?

Jul. But better, indeed, when you hold your
peace. *[Aside.]*

Thu. What says she to my valour?

Pro. O, sir, she makes no doubt of that.

Jul. She needs not, when she knows it cowardice
[Aside.]

Thu. What says she to my birth?

Pro. That you are well deriv'd.

Jul. True; from a gentleman to a fool. *[Aside.]*

Thu. Considers she my possessions?

Pro. O, ay; and pities them.

Thu. Wherefore?

Jul. That such an ass should owe them. [*Aside.*]

Pro. That they are out by lease.¹¹⁸

Jul. Here comes the duke.

Enter DUKE.

Duke. How now, sir Proteus? how now, Thurio?
Which of you saw sir Eglamour of late?

Thu. Not I.

Pro. Nor I.

Duke. Saw you my daughter?

Pro. Neither.

Duke. Why, then, she's fled unto that peasant
Valentine;

And Eglamour is in her company.

'T is true; for friar Laurence met them both,
As he in penance wander'd through the forest:
Him he knew well, and guess'd that it was she,
But, being mask'd, he was not sure of it:
Besides, she did intend confession
At Patrick's cell this even, and there she was not:
These likelihoods confirm her flight from hence.
Therefore, I pray you, stand not to discourse,
But mount you presently; and meet with me
Upon the rising of the mountain-foot
That leads towards Mantua, whither they are fled.
Despatch, sweet gentlemen, and follow me. [*Exit.*]

Thu. Why, this it is to be a peevish girl,¹¹⁹
That flies her fortune when it follows her;
I'll after, more to be reveng'd on Eglamour,
Than for the love of reckless Silvia. [*Exit.*]

Pro. And I will follow, more for Silvia's love,
Than hate of Eglamour that goes with her. [*Exit.*]

Jul. And I will follow, more to cross that love,
Than hate for Silvia, that is gone for love. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—*The Forest.*

Enter SILVIA and OUTLAWS.

1 *Out.* Come, come; be patient; we must bring
you to our captain.

Sil. A thousand more mischances than this one
Have learn'd me how to brook this patiently.

2 *Out.* Come, bring her away.

1 *Out.* Where is the gentleman that was with
her?

3 *Out.* Being nimble-footed, he hath outrun us,
But Moses and Valerius¹²⁰ follow him.

Go thou with her to the west end of the wood,
There is our captain: we'll follow him that's fled.
The thicket is beset, he cannot 'scape.

1 *Out.* Come, I must bring you to our captain's
cave

Fear not; he bears an honourable mind,
And will not use a woman lawlessly.

Sil. O Valentine, this I endure for thee. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*Another part of the Forest.*

Enter VALENTINE.

Val. How use doth breed a habit in a man;
This shadowy desert, unfrequented woods,
I better brook than flourishing peopled towns:
Here can I sit alone, unseen of any,
And to the nightingale's complaining notes
Tune my distresses, and record my woes.¹²¹
O thou that dost inhabit in my breast,
Leave not the mansion so long tenantless;
Lest, growing ruinous, the building fall,
And leave no memory of what it was!
Repair me with thy presence, Silvia;
Thou gentle nymph, cherish thy forlorn swain!

[*A noise outside.*]

What hallooing, and what stir, is this to-day?
These are my mates, that make their wills their law,
Have some unhappy passenger in chase:
They love me well; yet I have much to do,
To keep them from uncivil outrages.
Withdraw thee, Valentine; who's this comes here?

[*Steps aside.*]

Enter PROTEUS, SILVIA, and JULIA.

Pro. Madam, this service I have done for you,
Though you respect not aught your servant doth.
To hazard life, and rescue you from him
That would have forc'd your honour and your love,
Vouchsafe me, for my meed, but one fair look;
A smaller boon than this I cannot beg,
And less than this, I am sure, you cannot give.

Val. How like a dream is this I see and hear!
Love, lend me patience to forbear awhile. [*Aside.*]

Sil. O miserable, unhappy that I am!

Pro. Unhappy were you, madam, ere I came;
But, by my coming, I have made you happy.

Sil. By thy approach thou mak'st me most un-
happy.

Jul. And me, when he approacheth to your
presence. [*Aside.*]

Sil. Had I been seized by a hungry lion,
I would have been a breakfast to the beast,
Rather than have false Proteus rescue me!
O, heaven be judge how I love Valentine,
Whose life 's as tender to me as my soul;
And full as much (for more there cannot be)
I do detest false perjur'd Proteus:
Therefore be gone, solicit me no more.

Pro. What dangerous action, stood it next to death,
Would I not undergo for one calm look?
O, 't is the curse in love, and still approv'd,¹²⁰
When women cannot love where they're belo' d.
Sil. When Proteus cannot love where he 's be-
lov'd.

Read over Julia's heart, thy first best love,
For whose dear sake thou didst then rend thy
faith.

Into a thousand oaths, and all those oaths
Descended into perjury to love me.
Thou hast no faith left now, unless thou 'dst two,
And that 's far worse than none; better have
none

Than plural faith, which is too much by one:
Thou counterfeit to thy true friend!

Pro. In love
Who respects friend?

Sil. All men but Proteus.
Pro. Nay, if the gentle spirit of moving words
Can no way change you to a milder form,
I'll woo you like a soldier, at arm's end;
And love you 'gainst the nature of love, force you.

Sil. O heaven!
Pro. I'll force thee yield to my desire.
Val. Ruffian, let go that rude uncivil touch;
Thou friend of an ill fashion!

Pro. Valentine!
Val. Thou common friend, that 's without faith
or love;

(For such is a friend now;) treacherous man!
Thou hast beguil'd my hopes; nought but mine eye
Could have persuaded me: Now I dare not say
I have one friend alive; thou would'st disprove me.
Who should be trusted, when one's right hand¹²³
Is perjured to the bosom? Proteus,
I am sorry I must never trust thee more,
But count the world a stranger for thy sake.
The private wound is deepest: O time most
accurs'd!

'Mongst all foes that a friend should be the worst.
Pro. My shame and guilt confound me.¹²⁴—
Forgive me, Valentine; if hearty sorrow
Be a sufficient ransom for offence,
I tender 't here; I do as truly suffer
As e'er I did commit.

Val. Then I am paid,
And once again I do receive thee honest:—
Who by repentance is not satisfied
Is nor of heaven, nor earth, for these are pleas'd;
By penitence th' Eternal's wrath 's appeas'd.—

And, that my love may appear plain and free,
All that was mine in Silvia I give thee.

Jul. O me, unhappy!
[Struggles to hide her grief]

Pro. Look to the boy.

Val. Why, boy!

Why, wag! how now? what's the matter? Look
up; speak.

Jul. O good sir, my master charg'd me to de-
liver a ring to madam Silvia; which, out of my
neglect, was never done.

Pro. Where is that ring, boy?

Jul. Here 't is: this is it. [Gives a ring]

Pro. How! let me see:—Why, this is the ring
I gave to Julia.

Jul. O, cry you mercy,¹²⁵ sir, I have mistook;
This is the ring you sent to Silvia.

[Shows another ring.]
Pro. But how cam'st thou by this ring? at my
depart, I gave this unto Julia.

Jul. And Julia herself did give it me;
And Julia herself hath brought it hither.

Pro. How! Julia!

Jul. Behold her that gave aim¹²⁶ to all thy oaths.
And entertain'd them deeply in her heart:
How oft hast thou with perjury cleft the root?
O Proteus let this habit make thee blush!
Be thou asham'd, that I have took upon me
Such an immodest raiment, if shame live¹²⁷
In a disguise of love:

It is the lesser blot, modesty finds,
Women to change their shapes, than men their
minds.

Pro. Than men their minds! 't is true; O hea-
ven! were man
But constant, he were perfect: that one error
Fills him with faults; makes him run through all
th' sins:

Inconstancy falls off ere it begins:
What is in Silvia's face, but I may spy
More fresh in Julia's with a constant eye?

Val. Come, come, a hand from either:
Let me be bless'd to make this happy close;
'T were pity two such friends should be long foes.

Pro. Bear witness, heaven, I have my wish
for ever.

Jul. And I mine.

Enter OUTLAWS, with the DUKE and THURIO.

Out. A prize, a prize, a prize!

Val. Forbear, forbear, I say; it is my lord the
duke

Your grace is welcome to a man disgrac'd,
Banished Valentine.

Duke. Sir Valentine!

Thu. Yonder is Silvia; and Silvia's mine.

Val. Thurio, give back, or else embrace thy
death;

Come not within the measure of my wrath:
Do not name Silvia thine; if once again,
Milan shall not behold thee. Here she stands;
Take but possession of her with a touch;—
I dare thee but to breathe upon my love.

Thu. Sir Valentine, I care not for her, I;
I hold him but a fool that will endanger
His body for a girl that loves him not:
I claim her not, and therefore she is thine.

Duke. The more degenerate and base art thou,
To make such means for her as thou hast done,
And leave her on such slight conditions.—
Now, by the honour of my ancestry,
I do applaud thy spirit, Valentine,
And think thee worthy of an empress' love!
Know then, I here forget all former griefs,
Cancel all grudge, repeal thee home again.—
Plead a new state in thy unrivall'd merit,
To which I thus subscribe,—Sir Valentine,
Thou art a gentleman, and well deriv'd;
Take thou thy Silvia, for thou hast deserv'd her.

Val. I thank your grace; the gift hath made me
happy.

now beseech you, for your daughter's sake,

To grant one boon that I shall ask of you.

Duke. I grant it, for thine own, whate'er it
be.

Val. These banish'd men, that I have kept
withal,

Are men endu'd with worthy qualities:
Forgive them what they have committed here,
And let them be recall'd from their exile:
They are reformed, civil, full of good,
And fit for great employment, worthy lord.

Duke. Thou hast prevail'd; I pardon them, and
thee;

Dispose of them, as thou know'st their deserts.
Come, let us go; we will include all jars
With triumphs, mirth, and rare solemnity.

Val. And, as we walk along, I dare be bold
With our discourse to make your grace to smile:
What think you of this page, my lord?

Duke. I think the boy hath grace in him; he
blushes.

Val. I warrant you, my lord, more grace than
boy.

Duke. What mean you by that saying?

Val. Please you, I'll tell you as we pass along,
That you will wonder what hath fortun'd.—
Come, Proteus; 't is your penance, but to hear
The story of your loves discovered:
That done, our day of marriage shall be yours;
One feast, one house, one mutual happiness.

[*Exeunt*]

NOTES TO THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

¹ *I will be thy beads-man.*

A beads-man was one who offered prayers for another. A long account of the term is given by Douce.

² *Pray for my success.*

Mr Knight places a note of interrogation after this, with what object I am at a loss to discover. The second folio reads "*thy* success."

³ *Give me not the boots.*

A common old familiar phrase, meaning, do not ridicule me. It is found in many of our dramatists, and in Cotgrave; but Mr. Knight not only adopts the absurdity of referring it to the ancient species of torture called the *boots*, but gives us a representation of the punishment, and thinks Proteus means to say—do not torture me to confess to those love-delinquencies of which you accuse me! Even the German critics, who are so fond of ingeniously finding meanings for Shakespeare the author could never have intended, will not, I suspect, venture to adopt this explanation. The very magnitude of the absurdity renders it difficult to disprove it in adequate language, and the correction of this, with others of a similar kind for which we are indebted to Mr. Knight, must be left to the increasing knowledge of the language used by Shakespeare. "*Il luy l'a baillé belle*, he hath sold him a bargain, he hath given him the boots, a gleeke or gudgeon," Cotgrave's Dic.

⁴ *So, by your circumstance.*

We have here a play on the word *circumstance*. Proteus uses it in the sense of *circumstance of words*, Valentine in that of *circumstance of deeds or conduct*. "To use great circumstance of wordes, to goe about the bushe," Baret's Alvearic, 1580,

⁵ *The eating canker dwells.*

Mr. Knight displays a good deal of learning, Arabic, Hebrew, and Greek, on this word. It may, therefore, be necessary to observe that the term, in Shakespeare's time, was generally applied to any kind of caterpillar.

⁶ *At the road.*

A bay or open harbour for ships. Coles translates it by *sinus*. The word occurs again in Act ii. Sc. 4.

⁷ *Thither will I bring thee.*

That is, thither will I accompany thee. This phrase also occurs in Hall's Chronicle, and, slightly modified, is still in use in the North of England.

⁸ *And I have play'd the sheep.*

Sheep was pronounced like *ship*, and sometimes similarly spelt. I have noted the orthography *ship* for *sheep* several times amongst the records of the Corporation of Stratford-on-Avon. So the old proverb, "Lose not the sheep for a ha'porth of tar," has been corrupted into, "spoil not the ship for a ha'porth of tar," and is now usually understood in the latter sense.

⁹ *A lac'd mutton.*

This was a common cant term for a courtesan. Speed, in his eagerness to quibble, and remembering his receiving no pay, is not very complimentary. Mr. Knight remarks that the designation is received by Proteus very patiently, and seems to doubt its meaning in the above sense. But the whole scene tends to exhibit Proteus as a mere sensual lover, one bandying coarse allusions. We meet with nothing of the kind in the subsequent dialogue between Valentine and Speed. I fear Mr. Knight, in his reasoning on this play, has not sufficiently borne in mind the different consistencies of the passions of the two lovers.

¹⁰ *You are a-stray.*

Another pun, depending on the adjective *astray* being taken also as a substantive. A stray animal was called a stray

¹¹ *Speed. She did.*

Mr. Halliwell, has introduced this and the next line spoken by Proteus, in preference to Theobald's alteration. Some addition to the text is absolutely necessary, and Theobald's does not agree with what Speed says afterwards,—"*You mistook, sir; I say, she did nod: and you ask me if she did nod; and I say, I.*"

¹² *In telling your mind.*

That is, as hard to you when you tell your mind to her i.e. address her.

¹³ *You have testern'd me.*

Given me a testern, a coin which appears to have fluctuated in value, but which was in Shakespeare's time worth sixpence, or thereabouts.

NOTES TO THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

¹⁴ *I must go send.*

Mr. Knight reads, without any authority, "I must go find;" an arbitrary variation from the original quite uncalled for.

¹⁵ *Such a worthless post.*

A post was a messenger who carried a letter, a postman before post-offices were established.

¹⁶ *Every day with parle.*

Parle, speech; used by Shakespeare both as a substantive and verb. It was formerly used instead of *parley*.

¹⁷ *Should censure thus.*

That is, should pass opinion in this manner. The term *censure* in this sense should be borne in mind by readers of the old dramatists.

¹⁸ *A goodly broker.*

A broker was a go-between, and sometimes used in a still worse sense.

¹⁹ *Angrily.*

The old adverb for *angrily*. It occurs again in *Macbeth*, and King John. "*Angerly, irate, iracundo*," Baret's *Alvearie*, 1580.

Stomach.

Passion or ill-temper. Lucetta plays upon the double meaning of the word. It is also used for *appetite*.

²¹ *As little by such toys.*

That is, set as little by, keep as little account of. Julia takes up the last sentence in a different sense.

²² *Light o' love.*

A favourite old tune, the music to which is given by Hawkins. It is mentioned more particularly in *Much Ado About Nothing*, iii. 4.

²³ *With too harsh a descant.*

"Descant signified formerly what we now denominate *variations*," Malone. Blount defines it, "to run division or variety with the voice upon a musical ground in true measure; to sing off of a ground,"—*Glossographia*, 1681. The *mean* is the tenor.

²⁴ *I bid the base for Proteus.*

That is, I challenged him to pursue. The allusion is probably to the old game of prisoners' base, now called Prisoners' Base, a particular account of which is given by Strutt.

They after both, and boldly bad him base.

Spenser's *Faerie Queene*.

²⁵ *And thus I search it.*

Search is here a technical term referring to the wound. "To search wounds, *specillo tentare vulnus*," Coles.

²⁶ *For catching cold.*

That is, lest they should catch cold. So in the fifty-second sonnet, for *blunting*, i.e. for fear of blunting.

²⁷ *You have a month's mind to them.*

A month's mind, a strong inclination. "I have a month's mind to peep a little too," Ben Jonson's *Magnetic Lady*. "It is perfectly nauseating," says Gifford, "to look at the trash which always accompanies the mention of this word in the notes on our old dramatists."

²⁸ *What sad talk.*

That is, what serious talk. *Sad* was frequently used in this sense.

²⁹ *In good time.*

This phrase, equivalent to *à propos*, is spoken at the sight of Proteus. "In good time, *opportune*," Baret's *Alvearie*, 1580.

³⁰ *Now will we break with him.*

Break the subject to him. "To breake talke or communication, *incidere sermonem*," Baret, *ibid*. The phrase occurs again in *Much Ado About Nothing*, i. 1.

³¹ *Exhibition.*

Allowance. The phrase is still used in the Universities. "And then, widow, you must settle on your son an *exhibition* of forty pounds a year," *Wycherley's Plain Dealer*.

³² *This is but one.*

A play on words, *one* being anciently pronounced *on* or *vice versa*. Lord Burghley often wrote *on* for *one*.

³³ *Like one that takes diet.*

Under the severe regimen formerly required for a disease which need not be particularly mentioned.

³⁴ *O excellent motion!*

A motion was a puppet-show. *Exceeding puppet*, a great puppet. "That exceeding gyant," Gayton's *Notes upon Don Quixot*, 1654, p. 33. Speed says that Valentine will be the interpreter of the puppet-show.

³⁵ *Sir Valentine and servant.*

Servant is here used for *suitor* or *wooer*, a common sense of the word in old plays; yet it would seem to be merely used for *admirer* in act ii. sc. 4.

³⁶ *If it please you, so.*

The reader will please to bear in mind that the word *so* constantly occurs in all our old dramatists as a sort of expletive, nearly or quite equivalent to the modern, *very well*, *let it be so*. This note is necessary, because it would appear Mr. Knight is not acquainted with this trite word as so used; yet it should be known to the most casual reader of old English plays.

³⁷ *T is you that have the reason.*

A story is told of a gentleman bringing a foolish tract in manuscript to Sir Thomas More, to obtain his opinion upon it. Sir Thomas strongly advised him to put it into verse, and it appears the author followed his recommendation. "Now it is somewhat like," said More, "now it is rhythm before it was neither rhythm nor reason."

³² *And there an end.*

Equivalent to, *and there' an end*, as, indeed, the second folio reads. Speed likes rhyming.

³⁹ *Speak in print.*

With exactness. "To do a thing in print, *graphice et a pisisit agere*," Coles. Speed says he is speaking with exactness what he has read in print.

⁴⁰ *Nourish'd by my victuals.*

Of the same opinion was a character in Cartwright's comedy of the Siege:—"We're no such subtle feeders as to make meals on air, sup on a blast, and think a fresh gale second course."

⁴¹ *Be moved, be moved.*

That is, be persuaded. "To move, *suadeo*," Coles. Malone's explanation can scarcely be correct, for Silvia certainly has some consideration for her lover.

⁴² *We'll make exchange.*

The exchange of rings was a solemn mode of private contracts between lovers. The custom is again alluded to in *Twelfth Night*.

⁴³ *O, that she could speak now like an old woman!*

The old copies read *a would woman*, so evidently a corruption we are thrown upon conjecture. Launce is speaking here of the shoe, and to make the representation more distinct, wishes it could speak like an old woman. Pope is the author of this reading. Theobald conjectures, *a wood woman*, an emendation he is very fond of, introducing it again unnecessarily into the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, but the subsequent part of the passage appears to agree better with Pope's emendation. "Here's my mother's breath *up and down*," i.e. exactly, in every respect. The same phrase occurs in *Much Ado About Nothing*, ii. 1.

⁴⁴ *Lose the tide.*

The original has *tide*, which must be expressed by *tide*, but Collier and Knight, not marking the elision, have rendered the joking more obscure. Mr. Knight here prints *tide*, but the order would show this to be incorrect.

⁴⁵ *How quote you my folly?*

Quote, observe. The quibble is founded on *quote* being pronounced *cote* or *coat*. It was often so spelt, as in the *Rape of Lucrece*, 1594, *Ap.* Malone,

Will *cote* my loathsome trespass in my looks.

⁴⁶ *I know it well, sir.*

Mr. Knight prints this speech as verse, and his arrangement must for once be exhibited to the reader as a good though by no means remarkable specimen of that editor's metre-tinkering,—

I know it well, sir: you have an exchequer of words,
And, I think, no other treasure to give your followers;
For it appears, by their bare liveries,
That they live by your bare words.

The cadence of the two last lines is admirable! See

remarks on a similar perversion at p. 39. This has not even the excuse of Dr. Johnson's careless versifier,—

"Lay your knife and your fork across your plate!"

⁴⁷ *Know ye Don Antonio?*

The second folio reads *you*, a variation which does not well deserve a note, but Collier and Knight for some reason have adopted it.

⁴⁸ *Complete in feature.*

Feature is here applied to personal beauty generally, not merely to the face. "The feature and fashion, or the proportion and figure of the whole bodie," Baret's *Alvarie*, 1580.

⁴⁹ *That you are worthless.*

Dr. Johnson reads, "No, that you are worthless," but although this emendation may give greater power to the reply, we are clearly not warranted in so wide a departure from the original without much greater necessity. Douce says the measure is not defective, though the harmony is.

⁵⁰ *Madam, my lord.*

This speech is assigned to a servant by Theobald, but is rightly restored by Collier and Knight to Thurio, who either retires at the entrance of Proteus, and now re-enters, or steps to the door and receives the message.

⁵¹ *Whose high imperious thoughts.*

The imperial or commanding thoughts of love. "*Imperious*, imperious, lordly, stately, full of commandingement," Elyot's *Dictionarie*, 1559.

⁵² *No woe to.*

That is, compared to. The idiom is common. So, in an old ballad,—

There is no comfort in the world
To women that are kind.

⁵³ *Let her be a principality.*

"Principalities," says an old writer, "are the second order of the second hierarchy of angels." The term here appears to be used in a more general sense.

⁵⁴ *She is alone.*

That is, unique in her perfections.

⁵⁵ *Is it her mien, or Valentinus' praise.*

The old copy is hopelessly corrupt, reading, "It is mine or Valentine's praise;" and the second folio makes the matter worse. The above is Blakeway's happy emendation, and will be preferred by all readers of any taste to Warburton's, "Is it mine eye." *Mien* was formerly sometimes printed *mine*.

⁵⁶ *I love his lady too-too much.*

This is the original reading, which, according to Mr. Halliwell, is a genuine compound archaism, used both as an adjective and adverb, meaning excessive or excessively. He was the first to notice this in the Papers of the Shakespeare Society a few years ago, but the truth has been disputed even against an overwhelming amount of evidence, so difficult is it to establish a novelty in these matters.

⁵⁷ *With more advice.*

With more consideration, on better knowledge of her.

⁵⁸ *Picture.*

Here used figuratively for her person, which he has only yet glanced at.

⁵⁹ *My staff understands me.*

This absurd quibble was a favourite in the olden time. The cobblers say in the ballad,—

Our work doth th' owners *understand*;
Thus still we are on the mending hand.

⁶⁰ *Go to the ale.*

That is, the ale-house, not the rural festival so called, though the latter is the more ordinary meaning. "I am the spirit of the dead man that was slain in thy company, when we were drunk together at the ale," Greene's Looking Glass for London and England.

⁶¹ *To learn his wit.*

To learn in the sense of, to teach, is common in old writers, and is still a provincial mode of expression.

⁶² *His competitor.*

His confederate or partner; not rival, as stated by Dr. Johnson. The word is used in the same sense in Twelfth Night, iv. 2.

⁶³ *Pretended flight.*

Intended flight. Shakespeare generally uses the word in his sense.

⁶⁴ *And, ev'n in kind love, I do conjure thee.*

Mr. Knight alters the contracted *ev'n* of the first folio to *even*, to obtain the present pronunciation of *conjure*; but Shakespeare has the accent on the first syllable of this word in passages that decide the pronunciation.

⁶⁵ *Who art the table.*

Alluding to the tables or tablets universally used for memoranda in Shakespeare's time. The poet elsewhere writes, "unclasp the tables of their thoughts."

⁶⁶ *Farthingale.*

The farthingale was properly the broad roll used for making the gown ridiculously full about the hips, though the term was sometimes applied to the gown itself when so widened. See a drawing of one in Fairholt's Costume in England, p. 256. Holmes, describing gowns of this fashion, says they were "broad shouldered, narrow wasted, wide breeched, and gathered in plaits and trusses to make it full in the skirt." The codpiece, that monstrous appendage to the male costume, is fully described by Bulwer.

⁶⁷ *Out, Out, Lucetta!*

This is equivalent to, *fie, fie!* The exclamation is common in Shakespeare and all our old dramatists.

⁶⁸ *Of infinite.*

That is, of the infinity. "It is past the infinite of thought," Much Ado About Nothing, ii. 3.

⁶⁹ *Is soon suggested.*

That is, tempted. We have just had, "O sweet suggesting Love," ii. 6.

⁷⁰ *Be not aimed at.*

Aimed at, i.e. suspected. *Jealous aim* just previously is, jealous suspicion. *Pretence*, design.

⁷¹ *Where I thought.*

Whereas I thought. "*Cum nihil præcipi posse dicamus*, where we affirm that there can be nothing prescribed," *Phraseologia Puerilis*, 1667.

⁷² *What lets.*

What hinders. The verb *let*, to hinder, is very common in early books, and occurs in Romans, i. 13.

⁷³ *For they are sent by me.*

For, for that, because. His thoughts rest in Silvia's bosom,—referring to the custom of ladies carrying letters in a pocket in the fore part of their stays. Proteus afterwards promises to deliver Valentine's letters "even in the milk-white bosom of thy love."

As for Merops, a little below, the reader may be referred to Ovid, Trist. III. iv. 30, Metam. i. 763, ii. 184. "Merops, maritus Clymenes, pater putativus Phaethontis et rex Ethiopæ," not. ad *ibid.*

⁷⁴ *I fly not death, to fly his deadly doom.*

I do not escape from Death by flying from his deadly sentence.

⁷⁵ *So-hough! so-hough!*

So the old copy, altered by modern editors to *so-ho*. The original, however, expresses the old hunting cry when the hare was found, and exhibits more clearly Launce's foolish quibble. "So-howe, the hare ys fownde, *boema, lepus est inventus*," Prompt. Parv.

⁷⁶ *That's all one, if he be but one knave.*

The copious notes on this passage in the variorum edition show it was not understood by the commentators, and Mr. Collier conjectures Launce is thinking of the four knaves of a pack of cards, a suggestion of which I cannot observe the use or probability. Launce is merely as usual punning and says, "if he be *but one knave*, that's *all one*."

⁷⁷ *For she hath had gossips.*

Gossips were sponsors at baptism, and the women who attended confinements. Launce's quibbles are sometimes scarcely worth explanation.

⁷⁸ *Saint Nicholas be thy speed!*

Saint Nicholas was a patron saint of scholars, thieves sailors, and virgins! Brand has a chapter about him, which may be consulted by those who are curious in such matters. He is of course here addressed as the patron of scholars. "Be thy speed," a pun of Launce's on Speed's name.

⁷⁹ *Item, she can milk.*

All editors read *imprimis*, but the "cats.-og" was not intended to blunder, however Launce and Speed might. I

NOTES TO THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

think my alteration will be considered right by any one who will carefully read the preceding speeches.

⁶⁰ *She can knit him a stock.*

That is, a stocking, or rather, as Mr. Fairholt says, a covering for the leg.

⁶¹ *O villain.*

This, and other speeches of Launce, are set down as verse by Mr. Knight!

⁶² *She will often praise her liquor.*

That is, says Johnson, show how well she likes it by drinking often. The same writer explains *liberal*, licentious and gross in language.

⁶³ *The cover of the salt hides the salt.*

The salt was a large piece of plate, with a cover to keep the salt clean, and was an important article on the table of our ancestors. In Lady Shirley's will, 1634, a silver salt "of the value of fyve poundes" is mentioned. A salt-cellar was a smaller and distinct article, and frequently made of tin.

⁶⁴ *Trenched in ice.*

That is, cut or carved in ice.

⁶⁵ *Takes his going grievously.*

That is, heavily, with grief. It is worthy of remark that the second folio reads *heavily*, and Malone says some copies of the first folio have the same reading; but I have some suspicion this is an error, arising perhaps from an imperfect copy having been made up from the second edition. The booksellers have played innumerable tricks with that "triumphantly trading article," the first folio Shakespeare.

⁶⁶ *His very friend.*

His true or undoubted friend. Massinger calls one of his plays, *A very woman*. Perhaps *undoubted* is the best explanation of the word as it is used in old plays.

⁶⁷ *To bottom it on me.*

Alluding to the bottom of thread, or ball of thread wound upon a cylindrical body.

⁶⁸ *You may temper her.*

That is, mould her, like wax, to whatever shape you please Malone.

⁶⁹ *That may discover such integrity.*

Integrity is here used for sincerity. This explanation will render the passage much clearer.

⁷⁰ *With some sweet consort.*

Consort, is the old word for *concert*. It is translated by *concentus* in Coles' Lat. Dict. It must not be confused with *consort* in Act iv. sc. 1, which there merely means a company.

⁷¹ *A deploring dump.*

A dump was a mournful piece of music.

⁹² *Will inherit her.*

That is, will obtain possession of her. The word occurs in a similar sense in Titus Andronicus, ii. 3.

³ *To sort.*

To choose or select.

⁹⁴ *I will pardon you.*

A conventional phrase. The Duke excuses their further attendance.

⁹⁵ *He is a proper man.*

A good-looking or well-proportioned man. "Proper or pretie," Baret's *Alvearie*, 1580. According to an old ballad,—

Then said the prentices proper and tall,
For Essex's sake we will die all.

⁹⁶ *By the bare scalp of Robin Hood's fat friar.*

The fat friar was of course Friar Tuck, one of Robin Hood's merry companions. Skelton alludes to him in the following lines,—

Another bade shave halfe my berde,
And boyes to the pylery gan me plucke,
And wolde have made me freer Tucke,
To preche oute of the pylery hole.

⁹⁷ *The company of awful men.*

Shakespeare in this, and in two other passages, appears to use *awful* in the sense of *lawful*. The term occurs in a similar sense in *Vittoria Corombona*, 1612.

⁹⁸ *Whom, in my mood.*

Mood, without an adjective, generally used in the sense of anger or resentment. For *whom* read *who*.

⁹⁹ *On silly women.*

Silly here means *inoffensive, weak, timid*. It is still used in the Northern dialects.

¹⁰⁰ *All her sudden quips.*

Quips are *taunts, scoffs*. This common word will now require a second notice. "Merrie quipps, or tauntes wittily spoken," Baret's *Alvearie*, 1580. Coles translates *quip* by *somma*.

¹⁰¹ *Such grace did lend her.*

Lend in this and several other passages is used in the archaic sense, to give. (A. S.)

¹⁰² *Out of all nick.*

Out of all reckoning. Alluding, says Warburton, to the ancient mode of reckoning on tallies.

¹⁰³ *That I may compass yours.*

Compass, perform. This seems the most natural explanation, and consonant with Silvia's reply. "He will easily be able to compass that, *id autem facile consequi poterit*," Coles. *Compass*, however, in Act ii. Sc. 4. evidently means, to obtain.

NOTES TO THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

104 *By my halidom.*

An oath which had become provincial in Shakespeare's time, and only occurs once in his plays. It is the Anglo-Saxon *hálig-dóm*, sacrament.

105 *Your ladyship's impose.*

Impose, i.e. injunction, command.

106 *Remorseful*, i.e. pitiful, or compassionate.

107 *He steps me to her trencher.*

The pronoun *me* is here redundant. This idiom is very common in all old plays, and occurs frequently in Shakespeare. *Keep himself*, i.e. restrain himself.

108 *He makes me no more ado.*

That is, he makes no more ado. This construction is very common in Shakespeare. *For his servant*; so the old copies, and no doubt Launce's phrasology.

109 *The other squirrel.*

Speaking ironically of Proteus's dog, who was only one-tenth the size of Launce's.

110 *Still an end.*

That is, continually, perpetually. The phrase is very common in old plays.

111 *Deliver'd it to me.*

Who is understood before the verb. We have already had a similar construction at p. 38, note 78. To *leave*, in the next line, i.e. to part with.

112 *And pinch'd the lily tincture of her face.*

Tint or complexion. "The tincture of your neck is not all so pure," *Cynthia's Revels*. Mr. Knight thinks *pinch'd* means *painted*, an absurdity gathered, I suppose, from Becket's *Shakespeare's Himself Again*, ii. 300, a work replete with the most childish conjectures. The word never bore that signification in England, although Mr. Becket pretended to discover it in Chaucer.

113 *I made her weep a-good.*

A-good, in good earnest, heartily. "This mery aunswer made them all laugheagood," *Plutarch by North*, 1579.

114 *A colour'd periwig.*

Periwigs were worn by ladies as well as gentlemen. They were extremely fashionable about the year 1595. See Fairholt's *Costume in England*, p. 577. Holmes mentions five different kinds of periwigs.

115 *Her eyes are grey as glass.*

Grey eyes were formerly considered very beautiful, and are frequently mentioned as eminently attractive in the old English metrical romances.

116 *I can make respective.*

That is, I can make comparison of. Coles translates *respective* by *relatives*.

117 *My substance should be statue in thy stead.*

That is, he should have my substance as a statue instead of thee, "thou senseless form," the picture. Mr. Knight seems to think *statue* is here used for *picture*. Would not that explanation create a tautology? It must, however, be admitted that the term *statue* was often applied to a picture.

118 *They are out by lease.*

Lord Hailes says that by Thurio's *possessions*, he himself understands his lands and estate. But Proteus chooses to take the word likewise in a figurative sense, as meaning his *mental endowments*: and when he says they are *out by lease*, he means they are no longer enjoyed by their master (who is a fool), but are leased out to another.

119 *To be a peevish girl.*

Peevish here, and in some other places, means *foolish*.

120 *Moses and Valerius.*

The names of two of the outlaws. All editors follow the old copy in reading *Moyeses*, which was, however, merely an old method of spelling *Moses*. The original edition of one of Drayton's poems is entitled, "Moyeses in a map of his Miracles," 4to. 1604. Valerius is the assumed name of the page in the story of *Felismena*.

121 *And record my woes.*

Record, to sing. The word is frequently used in this sense.

Who taught the nyghtyngall to *recorde* heavily
Her strange entunys in sylence of the nyght?

Interlude of Nature. n.d.

122 *And still approv'd.*

Approv'd, i.e. experienced.

123 *When one's right hand.*

The second folio introduces *now* before this passage, which I fear can scarcely be right, the word having occurred just previously. Hamner reads *one's own*, but the original text does not necessarily require alteration. *One's* is probably intended to be a dissyllable.

124 *My shame and guilt confound me.*

Mr. Knight follows the old copies in reading *confounds*, but if we do so in one instance, we should in all, and he has not hesitated to adopt the modern construction in numerous other passages, where, in the original, the singular verb is joined with the plural substantive.

125 *Cry you mercy.*

Equivalent to, I beg your pardon. This reading is more usual than, *cry your mercy*, adopted by Collier and Knight. My copy of the first folio reads *you*.

126 *Behold her that gave aim to.*

To give aim to, to direct, a metaphor taken from archery. *Aim* is here Julia, the object of all the oaths. *Cleft the root*, an allusion to *cleaving the pin*, which, says Douce, was breaking the nail which attached the mark to the butt.

127 *If shame live, &c.*

That is, says Johnson, if it be any shame to wear a disguise for the purposes of love.

The Merry Wives of Windsor.

EARLY in the last century, eighty-six years after the death of Shakespear, an unsuccessful comedy was produced at Drury Lane Theatre, under the title of "The Comical Gallant." This play was heralded forth in the bills of the day as the work of Mr. John Dennis, but it was merely an alteration of the 'Merry Wives of Windsor,' and a very poor attempt at an improvement of that admirable comedy. The *dramatis personæ* are much the same as in the *Merry Wives*, except that Dennis had added one new character, the Host of the Bull, who is brother to Mrs. Ford; and Fenton is represented as her nephew. Dennis has rewritten about half the dialogue, and materially changed the conduct of the piece. He was, however, sufficiently well satisfied with its merits to undertake the expense of printing; and it was accordingly published in the year 1702, with a long dedicatory epistle, from which I make the following extract, putting in Italics those portions to which I more particularly wish to direct the reader's attention :—

"When I first communicated the design which I had of altering this comedy of Shakespear, I found that I should have two sorts of people to deal with, who would equally endeavour to obstruct my success. The one believed it to be so admirable, that nothing ought to be added to it; the others fancied it to be so despicable, that any one's time would be lost upon it. That this comedy was not despicable, I guess'd for several reasons; First, *I knew very well that it had pleas'd one of the greatest queens that ever was in the world*, great not only for her wisdom in the arts of government, but for her knowledge of polite learning, and her nice taste of the drama, for such a taste we may be sure she had, by the relish which she had of the ancients. *This comedy was written at her command, and by her direction, and she was so eager to see it acted, that she commanded it to be finished in fourteen days; and was afterwards, as tradition tells us, very well pleas'd at the representation.* In the second place, in the reign of King Charles the Second, when people had an admirable taste of comedy, all those men of extraordinary parts, who were the ornaments of that court, as the late Duke of Buckingham, my Lord Normandy, my Lord Dorset, my late Lord Rochester, Sir Charles Sidley, Dr. Frazer, Mr. Savil, Mr. Buckley were in love with the beauties of this comedy. In the third place, I thought that after so long an acquaintance as I had with the best comic poets, among the ancients and moderns, I might depend in some measure upon my own judgment, and I thought I found here three or four extraordinary characters, that were exactly drawn, and truly comical; and that I saw besides in it some as happy touches as ever were in comedy. Besides I had observed what success the character of Falstaff had had in the First Part of 'Harry the Fourth.' And as the Falstaff in the 'Merry Wives' is certainly superior to that of the Second Part of 'Harry the Fourth,' so it can hardly be said to be inferior to that of the First."

This is the earliest notice we possess of the above curious tradition, and that Dennis has reported it correctly seems to admit of little doubt. The reader will observe he gives no special reason *why* the Queen commanded the poet to write the comedy, and I suspect it is this point that the subsequent narrators of the tradition have amplified without proper authority. Dennis, in the prologue to his play, again refers to the short space of time in which the *Merry Wives* was written :—

"But Shakespear's play in fourteen days was writ,
And in that space to make all just and fit,
Was an attempt surpassing human wit.
Yet our great Shakespear's matchless muse was such,
None ere in so small a time perform'd so much."

THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

Rowe, in 1709, gives a somewhat more circumstantial account. Speaking of Queen Elizabeth, he says, "She was so well pleased with that admirable character of Falstaff in the two parts of Henry IV., that she commanded him to continue it for one play more, and to show him in love; this is said to be the occasion of his writing the *Merry Wives of Windsor*. How well she was obeyed, the play itself is an admirable proof." This evidence is followed by Gildon's account of the same tradition,* who, in 1710, jumbled an allusion to the amended play with an anecdote that properly belongs exclusively to the sketch, in the following words,—“The fairies in the fifth act make a handsome compliment to the Queen, in her palace of Windsor, who had obliged him to write a play of Sir John Falstaff in love, and which *I am very well assured* he performed in a fortnight; a prodigious thing, when all is so well contrived, and carried on without the least confusion.” It will be perceived that, although Gildon is in fact still less precise than Rowe, yet Elizabeth could not very well have commanded Shakespeare to exhibit the celebrated fat knight in love, if she had not been previously introduced to him in another character. Pope, Theobald, and later editors, appear to have taken their versions of the tradition second-hand from Rowe.

The reader will probably be pleased with having the opportunity of consulting the evidence here collected on this interesting subject, for much of the criticism on the external history of Shakespeare's comedy depends upon the degree of credit we may be disposed to give to it. It seems unreasonable, in face of these authorities, to refuse the belief that the first sketch of the play was written at the request of Queen Elizabeth, and in a very brief space of time; although it is not improbable that Rowe may have guessed at the *reason* of the royal command, and given us his gratuitous explanation of the imperfect anecdote related by Dennis. Nothing can be more likely than this supposition; and, to say the least, it would be very unsafe to take Rowe's narrative for granted, and reason upon it in the way in which Malone does. I would rather attempt to explain the tradition, analyze its various parts, and ascertain how far these are in accordance with the internal evidences in the plays in which Falstaff and his companions are introduced, than build a theory upon it. It is on this account I am induced to hazard a conjecture which will satisfy all the authenticated parts of the tradition, by supposing *another reason* for the play having been produced before the court at a very short notice.

If we enquire what could have led our great dramatist to select Windsor for the scene of the love adventures of Falstaff, believing the tradition that the play was written by command of the Queen, does it appear an improbable conjecture to suppose that Elizabeth may have resided at Windsor at the time, and that either he was induced to select the scene under the impression that his comedy might be more favourably received from its local associations, or that her majesty may have commanded the lord chamberlain's servants to exhibit a new play, the scene of which should be laid in the place where she was then holding her court? The comedy was first published in 1602, but that edition contains merely the author's original sketch. The amended play, as we now have it, and as it is presented to the reader in the following pages, appeared in the first folio in 1623. The title-page of the former tells us that the play “hath been divers times acted by the Right Honourable my Lord Chamberlain's servants, both *before Her Majesty* and elsewhere.” The Queen, it is well known, had plays and masques exhibited before her at Windsor Castle; and it appears to me that the following incident, which is introduced both in the sketch and in the amended play, is almost sufficient of itself to shew that my conjecture of its provincial composition is correct:—

“*Doc.* Where be my Host de gartyre?
Host. O here sir in perplexitie.
Doc. I cannot tell vad be dad,
 But begar I will tell you van ting,
 Dear be a Garmaine Duke come to de Court,
 Has cosened all de host of Branford,
 And Redding: begar I tell you for good will,
 Ha, ha, mine Host, am I euen met you. [*Erit.*”

* When Mr. Knight says that Rowe adopted the more circumstantial tradition from Gildon, he had probably forgotten that Rowe's account was published some time before Gildon's was written.

THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

Enter SIR HUGH.

"*Sir Hu.* Where is mine Host of the gartyr?
Now my Host, I would desire you looke you now,
To haue a care of your entertainments,
For there is three sorts of cosen garmombles,
Is cosen all the Host of Maidenhead & Readings,
Now you are an honest man, and a scuruy beggerly lowsie knaue beside:
And can point wrong places,
I tell you for good will, grate why mine Host." [Ed. 1602, 4to.]

We have a more particular account of the same incident in the amended play. See act iv. sc. 3, and sc. 5. The reader will please to compare the account in those scenes with the above; and if we agree with Mr. Knight in considering the incident as one of those local and temporary allusions which Shakespeare seized upon to arrest the attention of his audience, we shall find it become of great importance in determining the date of the composition of the play. In 1592, a German Duke did visit Windsor, and Mr. Knight was fortunate enough to meet with an account of his visit, printed at Tubingen in 1602. It was the Duke of Württemberg, who travelled under the name of the Count Mombeliard, accompanied by a considerable retinue. In the curious volume which contains the history of the Duke's progress is printed a sort of passport from Lord Howard, addressed, as usual in such documents, to all justices of the peace, mayors, and bailiffs. Mr. Knight reprints it with the errors of the German transcriber; but the original paper was probably as nearly as possible in the following form:—

"Whereas this nobleman, Counte Mombeliard, is to passe over contrye in England, into the Lowe Contryes, thise shalbe to wil and command you, in hir Majestyes name (for suche is hir pleasure), to see him furnished with post horses in his travail to the sea syde, and there to seke up such shippinge as shalbe fit for his transportacions, *he payinge red dinge for the same.* For which this shalbe your sufficient warrante. So see that you faile not hereof, at your perille. From Bileete, the 2 of Septembre, 1592 (34 Eliz.)

"Your friend,

"C. HOWARD."

It may, perhaps, be a question whether the "cosen garmombles" of Sir Hugh Evans apply only to the count's retinue, or include himself; but, in either case, there appears to be little doubt that the passages which relate to the German duke have reference to the Duke of Württemberg's visit to Windsor in the year 1592,—a matter to be forgotten in 1601, when Malone says the sketch was written; and not likely to be so particularly alluded to in 1596, the date assigned to it by Chalmers. "His grace and suite," observes Mr. Knight, "must have caused a sensation at Windsor. Probably mine host of the Garter had really made 'grand preparation for a duke de Jarmany.' Was there any dispute about the ultimate payment for the duke's horses, which *he* was authorised to have free of expense? Did our host know of this privilege, when he said, 'they shall have my horses, but I'll make them pay?'" The count himself would probably not have sanctioned a "cousenage" of this kind, but his attendants would little scruple in availing themselves of the general privilege given to their master by the English government. On the whole, we may conclude, with much safety, that the *Merry Wives* was composed in the year 1592 or very soon afterwards, and perhaps first acted in 1593, in the January of which year Queen Elizabeth had a series of masques and plays performed before her at Windsor Castle."

Regarding the chronology of the play as settled, a question arises in what point of view the comedy must be considered in connection with the historical plays which possess several of the same characters. A great variety of opinions have been expressed on this subject, and the reader who desires to pursue the argument will find it fully discussed in the preface to an edition of the first sketch of the play which I edited for the Shakespeare Society in 1842, and from which most of the preceding observations have been taken. The analysis of the characters I have there attempted is too diffuse for our limited space; but it may be briefly stated that, after a very minute examination of the subject, I arrived at the conclusion that the two parts of Henry IV., like the *Merry Wives of Windsor*,

THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

originally existed in an unfinished state, and that when the first sketch of the latter was written, those plays had not been altered and amended in the form in which they have come down to us. The Falstaff of the two parts of Henry IV. was originally termed Oldcastle, and if we associate this circumstance with the tradition recorded by Dennis, it will not be very difficult to suggest the great probability that there was a circumstance in the poet's literary history, the exact nature of which will most likely never be revealed, but which would probably fulfil all the conditions of this, the most perplexing problem in Shaksperian criticism.

Shakespeare's first sketch of the play was published in 1602, under the quaint title of, "A most pleasaunt and excellent conceited Comedie of Syr John Falstaffe, and the merrie Wives of Windsor: entemixed with sundrie variable and pleasing humors of Syr Hugh the Welch Knight, Justice Shallow, and his wise Cousin, M. Slender: with the swaggering vaine of Auncient Pistoll and Corporall Nym. By William Shakespeare. As it hath bene divers times acted by the right Honorable my Lord Chamberlaines servants, both before her Majestic, and elsewhere. London, Printed by T. C. for Arthur Johnson, and are to be sold at his shop in Powles Church-yard, at the signe of the Flower de Leuse and the Crowne, 1602." This was reprinted in 1619, with a few immaterial additions, the blunders of the early copy being retained. It was most likely piratically published, but it is of great interest, because we find in it, though in an imperfect form, the draught of the great poet's more finished delineation. It is no slight advantage to be thus enabled to trace the progress of his genius; and our readers will not object to have an opportunity of comparing the two copies in the secret of Herne's oak, which, as Mr. Knight justly observes, has no doubt been completely re-written:—

QUARTO OF 1602.

Qui. You fairies that do haunt these shady groves,
Look round about the wood if you can espy
A mortal that doth haunt our sacred round:
If such a one you can espy, give him his due,
And leave not till you pinch him black and blue.
Give them their charge, Puck, ere they part away.

Sir Hugh. Come hither, Pean, go to the country houses,
And when you find a slut that lies asleep,
And all her dishes foul, and room unswept,
With your long nails pinch her till she cry,
And swear to mend her sluttish housewifery.

Fai. I warrant you, I will perform your will.

Hu. Where is Pean? Go you and see where brokers sleep,
And fox-eyed sergeants, with their mace,
Go lay the proctors in the street,
And pinch the lousy serjeant's face:
Spare none of these when they are a-bed,
But such whose nose looks plue and red.

Qui. Away, begone, his mind fulfil,
And look that none of you stand still.
Some do that thing, some do this,
All do something, none amiss.

Sir Hugh. I smell a man of middle-earth.

Fal. God bless me from that Welch fairy!

Quic. Look every one about this round,
And if that any here be found,
For his presumption in this place,
Spare neither leg, arm, head, nor face.

Sir Hugh. See I have spied one by good luck,
His body man, his head a buck.

Fal. God send me good fortune now, and I care not.

Quick. Go straight, and do as I command,
And take a taper in your hand,
And set it to his fingers' ends,
And if you see it him offends,

FOLIO OF 1623.

Quick. Fairies, black, grey, green, and white,
You moonshine-revellers, and shades of night,
You orphan-heirs of fixed destiny,
Attend your office and your quality.
Crier Hobgoblin, make the fairy oyes.

Pist. Elves, list your names; sit mee, you airy toys.
Cricket, to Windsor chimnies shalt thou leap:
Where fires thou find'st unrak'd, and hearths unswept
There pinch the matds as blue as bilberry:
Our radiant queen hates sluts and sluttery.

Fal. They are fairies; he that speaks to them shall die
I'll wink and couch: no man their works must eye.

[Lies down upon his face]

Eva. Where's Bead?—Go you, and where you find a maid
That, ere she sleep, has thrice her prayers said,
Raise up the organs of her fantasy,
Sleep she as sound as careless infancy;
But those as sleep and think not on their sins,
Pinch them, arms, legs, backs, shoulders, sides, and shins.

Quick. About, about;
Search Windsor-castle, elves, within and out:
Strew good luck, ouphes, on every sacred room;
That it may stand till the perpetual doom,
In state as wholesome, as in state 't is fit;
Worthy the owner, and the owner it.
The several chairs of order look you scour
With juice of balm, and every precious flower:
Each fair instalment, coat, and several crest,
With loyal blazon evermore be blest!
And nightly, meadow-fairies, look you sing,
Like to the Garter's compass, in a ring:
Th' expressure that it bears green let it be,
More fertile-fresh than all the field to see;
And, *Honi soit qui mal y pense*, write,
In em'roid tuffs, flowers purple, blue, and white:

THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

And that he starteth at the flame,
Then is he mortal, know his name:
If with an F it doth begin,
Why then be sure he is full of sin.
About it then, and know the truth
Of this same metamorphosed youth.

Sir Hugh. Give me the tapers, I will try
An' if that he love venery.

[They put the tapers to his fingers, as I he starts.]

Sir Hu. It is right indeed; he is full of lecheris and iniquity.

Quic. A little distant from him stand,
And every one take hand in hand,
And compass him within a ring,
First pinch him well, and after sing.

Like sapphire, pearl, and rich embroidery,
Buckled below fair knight-hood's bending knee:
Fairies use flow'rs for their charactery.
Away; disperse: But, till 'tis one o'clock,
Our dance of custom, round about the oak
Of Heme the Hunter let us not forget.

Eva. Pray you, lock hand in hand; yourselves in order set
And twenty glow-worms shall our lanterns be,
To guide our measure round about the tree.

But, stay: I smell a man of middle-earth.

Fal. Heavens defend me from that Welch fairy,
Lest he transform me to a piece of cheese!

Pist. Vild worm, thou wast o'erlook'd even in thy birth.

Quick. With trial-fire touch me his finger end;
If he be chaste, the flame will back descend
And turn him to no pain; but if he start,
It is the flesh of a corrupted heart.

Pist. A trial, come.

Eva. Come; will this wood take fire?

[They burn him with their tapers.]

Fal. Oh, oh, oh!

Quick. Corrupt, corrupt, and tainted in desire!
About him, fairies; sing a scornful rhyme;
And, as you trip, still pinch him to your time.

Meres does not mention the 'Merry Wives' in his list of Shakespeare's comedies; and the earliest notice of the play yet discovered is contained in the books of the Stationers' Company, early in 1602, when the first sketch was published. It was acted at court before King James I. in November, 1604, as appears from an original book of accounts preserved at the Audit Office, Somerset House; but as we are not told whether it is the amended play or the sketch, this information is of little value. I believe it, however, to have been the amended play, and that it was then new in that form. There are several allusions in the latter which serve to show that it was written after James' accession to the throne. I shall only allude to Chalmers' reasoning on what he considers to refer to Spenser's *Faerie Queene*, and his favourite Shakespearian evidence, Lodge's 'Devils Incarnate,' published in 1596, as far too vague and uncertain for any feasible argument. Mrs. Page's remark, "these knights will haek, and so thou shouldst not alter the article of thy gentry," can only allude to the immense number of knights created by James I., who is said on one occasion to have made fifty before breakfast. In the beginning of the year 1603, he made two hundred and thirty-seven knights in the course of one month, and the order, in consequence, became so common as to bring it into general ridicule. In July, the same year, the court went to Windsor, and soon afterwards the festival of St. George was celebrated there with great solemnity. The Prince of Wales, the Duke of Lennox, the Earl of Southampton, who was the poet's great friend and patron, the Earl of Pembroke, and the Earl of Marr, were installed Knights of the Garter. Malone very reasonably conjectures that the fine poetical description of the insignia of the garter in the fifth act may allude to this occurrence; and they certainly would have had a peculiar grace, if they referred to such a solemnity.

The text of our edition is taken from the folio of 1623, with a few passages derived from the first sketch, where they appeared necessary to the sense, or were too good to be lost. But these additions have been made with great caution, for it would be disputing the poet's own judgment in his rejections to receive the quarto as an authority for the text, although, in particular instances, we may presume sentences were accidentally omitted by the editors of the first folio. A few corrections have been derived from an early manuscript copy of the play in my possession, entitled, "The Merry Wives of Old Windsor." This volume is one of the two only known early manuscript copies of Shakespeare's plays, and was written during the time of the commonwealth.

The plot of the "Merry Wives of Windsor" is partly taken from the tale of the "Two Lovers of Pisa" in Tarlton's 'Newes out of Purgatorie,' 1590, which is borrowed from one of the novels of

THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

Straparola. In this tale, a young gallant falls in love with a doctor's wife, and, not being acquainted with his person, consults him as to the best method of proceeding in his suit. The doctor is thus enabled to intercept all his appointments. In the first instance, the lady conceals her lover in a basket of feathers, in the next, between the ceilings of a room, and, lastly, in a box of deeds and valuable papers. The doctor may be compared with Ford in his jealousy, and in the causes of it.

As a specimen of broad domestic comedy, the 'Merry Wives of Windsor' is unrivalled. It is replete with humour and incident, and has so little to do with fancy or romance, that the episode of the fairies in Windsor park creeps into luxuriant poetry apparently almost in opposition to the writer's will. We must regard the comedy as a realization of the manners and humours of Shakespeare's own time, notwithstanding the few notices which connect it with the historical plays. Windsor, and the merry company to whom we are there introduced, belong to the reign of Queen Bess, and have no connexion with the days of "the wild Prince and Pointz." Regarding it in this view, the play may be considered one of the most successful delineations of "the humour of the age;" of men in the habits in which they lived and moved in the poet's own time. A spirit of fun pervades the whole; even Ford's jealousy is a subject of pleasantry; Mrs. Page's invitation makes Falstaff forget his misfortunes; and the curtain falls in the midst of merriment and good humour.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act II. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 3;
sc. 5. Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 5. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 5.

FENTON, *a courtier*.

Appears, Act I. sc. 4. Act III. sc. 4. Act IV. sc. 6.
Act V. sc. 5.

ROBERT SHALLOW, ESQUIRE, *a justice of Gloucestershire*.

Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 1;
sc. 2; sc. 4. Act IV. sc. 2. Act V. sc. 2.

SLENDER, *cousin to Shallow*.

Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 3. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2;
sc. 4. Act V. sc. 2; sc. 5.

MR. FRANCIS FORD, *a gentleman dwelling at Windsor*.

Appears, Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act III. sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 5.
Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 4. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 5.

MR. GEORGE PAGE, *a gentleman dwelling at Windsor*.

Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 1;
sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 4. Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 4. Act V. sc. 2; sc. 5.

WILLIAM PAGE, *a boy, son to Mr. Page*.

Appears, Act IV. sc. 1.

HUGH EVANS, *a Welsh priest: curate and school-master at Windsor*.

Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3.
Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 5. Act V. sc. 4; sc. 5.

DR. CAIUS, *a French physician*.

Appears, Act I. sc. 4. Act II. sc. 3. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2;
sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 5. Act V. sc. 3; sc. 5.

HOST of the Garter Inn.

Appears, Act I. sc. 3. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act III. sc. ;
sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 3. sc. 5; sc. 6.

BARDOLPH, *a follower of Falstaff*.

Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act II. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 5
Act IV. sc. 3; sc. 5.

NYM, *a follower of Falstaff*.

Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act II. sc. 1.

PISTOL, *a follower of Falstaff*.

Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2
Act V. sc. 5.

ROBIN, *page to Falstaff, afterwards in the service of Mrs. Page*.

Appears, Act I. sc. 3. Act II. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 2; sc. 3.

PETER SIMPLE, *servant to Slender*.

Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 4. Act III. sc. 1
Act IV. sc. 5.

JOHN RUGBY, *servant to Dr. Caius*.

Appears, Act I. sc. 4. Act II. sc. 3. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2.

MRS. FORD.

Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 3.
Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 4. Act V. sc. 3; sc. 5.

MRS. PAGE.

Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 2;
sc. 3; sc. 4. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 4. Act V. sc. 3; sc. 5.

ANNE PAGE, *daughter to Mrs. Page*.

Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 4. Act V. sc. 5.

MRS. QUICKLY, *servant to Dr. Caius*.

Appears, Act I. sc. 4. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act III. sc. 4
sc. 5. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 5. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 5.

Servants to Page, Ford, &c.

SCENE.—WINDSOR, and its neighbourhood.

The Merry Wives of Windsor.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Windsor. *Garden Front of Page's House.*

Enter Justice SHALLOW, SLENDER, and SIR HUGH EVANS.

Shal. Sir Hugh,¹ persuade me not; I will make a Star-chamber matter of it: if he were twenty sir John Falstuffs, he shall not abuse Robert Shallow, esquire.

Slen. In the county of Gloster, justice of peace and *coram*.²

Shal. Ay, cousin Slender, and *Cust-alorum*.

Slen. Ay, and *ratulorum* too; and a gentleman born, master parson; who writes himself *armigero*; in any bill, warrant, quittance, or obligation, *armigero*.

Shal. Ay, that I do; and have done any time these three hundred years.³

Slen. All his successors, gone before him, have done't; and all his ancestors, that come after him, may: they may give the dozen white lucces⁴ in their coat.

Shal. It is an old coat.

Eva. The dozen white lucces do become an old coat well; it agrees well, passant: it is a familiar beast to man, and signifies love.⁵

Shal. The luce is the fresh fish; the salt fish is an old coat.

Slen. I may quarter, coz?

Shal. You may, by marrying.

Eva. It is marring, indeed, if he quarter it.

Shal. Not a whit.

Eva. Yes, py'r lady; if he has a quarter of your coat, there is but three skirts for yourself, in my simple conjectures: but that is all one. If sir John Falstaff have committed disparagements unto you, I am of the church, and will be glad to do my benevolence, to make atonements and compromises between you.

Shal. The council shall hear it;⁶ it is a riot.

Eva. It is not meet the council hear a riot; there is no fear of Got in a riot: the council, look you, shall desire to hear the fear of Got, and not to hear a riot; take your vizaments⁷ in that.

Shal. Ha! o' my life, if I were young again, the sword should end it.

Eva. It is petter that friends is the sword, and end it: and there is also another device in my prain, which, peradventure, prings goot discretions with it: There is Anne Page, which is daughter to master George Page, which is pretty virginity.

Slen. Mistress Anne Page? She has brown hair, and speaks small like a woman.⁸

Eva. It is that fery person for all the world, as just as you will desire; and seven hundred pounds of moneys, and gold, and silver, is her grandsire upon his death's-bed (Got deliver to a joyful resurrections!) give, when she is able to overtake seventeen years old: it were a goot motion if we leave our pribbles and prabbles, and desire a marriage between master Abraham and mistress Anne Page.

Shal. Did her grandsire leave her sever. hundred pound?

Eva. Ay, and her father is make her a petter penny.

Shal. I know the young gentlewoman; she has good gifts.

Eva. Seven hundred pounds and possibilities,⁹ is goot gifts.

Shal. Well, let us see honest master Page: Is Falstaff there?

Eva. Shall I tell you a lie? I do despise a liar as I do despise one that is false; or as I despise one that is not true. The knight, sir John, is there; and, I beseech you, be ruled by your well-willers. I will peat the door [*knocks*] for master Page. What, ho, Got pless your house here!

Page. [*Within*] Who's there?

Eva. Here is Got's plessing and your friend, and justice Shallow: and here young master Slender; that, peradventures, shall tell you another tale, if matters grow to your likings.

Enter PAGE.

Page. I am glad to see your worships well: I thank you for my venison, master Shallow.

Shal. Master Page, I am glad to see you; much good do it your good heart! I wish'd your venison better; it was ill kill'd:—How doth good mistress Page?—and I thank you always with my heart, la; with my heart.

Page. Sir, I thank you.

Shal. Sir, I thank you; by yea and no, I do.

Page. I am glad to see you, good master Slender.

Slen. How does your fallow grey-hound, sir? I heard say he was outrun on Cotsall.¹⁰

Page. It could not be judg'd, sir.

Slen. You'll not confess, you'll not confess.

Shal. That he will not:—'t is your fault, 't is your fault:¹¹—'T is a good dog.

Page. A cur, sir.

Shal. Sir, he's a good dog, and a fair dog; can there be more said? he is good and fair. Is sir John Falstaff here?

Page. Sir, he is within; and I would I could do a good office between you.

Eva. It is spoke as a Christians ought to speak.

Shal. He hath wrong'd me, master Page.

Page. Sir, he doth in some sort confess it.

Shal. If it be confessed, it is not redressed; is act that so, maste: Page? He hath wrong'd me;

indeed he hath;—at a word he hath;—believe me; Robert Shallow, esquire, saith he is wrong'd.

Page. Here comes sir John.

Enter SIR JOHN FALSTAFF, BARDOLPH, NYM, and PISTOL.

Fal. Now, master Shallow; you'll complain of me to the king?

Shal. Knight, you have beaten my men, kill'd my deer, and broke open my lodge.

Fal. But not kiss'd your keeper's daughter.¹²

Shal. Tut, a pin! this shall be answer'd.

Fal. I will answer it straight;—I have done all this:—That is now answer'd.

Shal. The council shall know this.

Fal. 'T were better for you, if it were known in counsel;¹³ you'll be laugh'd at.

Eva. *Pauca verba*, sir John, goot worts.

Fal. Good worts! good cabbage.¹⁴—Slender, I broke your head; what matter have you against me?

Slen. Marry, sir, I have matter in my head against you; and against your coney-catching¹⁵ rascals, Bardolph, Nym, and Pistol. They carried me to the tavern and made me drunk, and afterwards pick'd my pocket.

Bard. You Banbury cheese!¹⁶

Slen. Ay, it is no matter.

Pist. How now, Mephistophilis?

Slen. Ay, it is no matter.

Nym. Slice, I say! *pauca, pauca*; slice! that's my humour.

Slen. Where's Simple, my man?—can you tell, cousin?

Eva. Peace: I pray you! Now let us understand: There is three umpires in this matter, as I understand: that is—master Page, *fidelicit*, master Page; and there is myself, *fidelicit*, myself; and the three party is, lastly and finally, mine host of the Garter.

Page. We three, to hear it and end it between them.

Eva. Fery goot: I will make a prief of it in my note-book; and we will afterwards 'ork upon the cause, with as great discreetly as we can.

Fal. Pistol—

Pist. He hears with ears!

Eva. The tevil and his tam! what phrare is this, "He hears with ear"? Why, it is affectations.

Fal. Pistol, did you pick master Slender's purse?

Slen. Ay, by these gloves, did he, (or I would I might never come in mine own great chamber

again else,) of seven groats in mill-sixpences,¹⁷ and two Edward shovel-boards, that cost me two shillings and two pence a-piece of Yeard Miller, by these gloves.

Fal. Is this true, Pistol?

Eva. No; it is false, if it is a pick-purse.

Pist. Ha, thou mountain-foreigner!—Sir John and master mine,

I combat challenge of this latten bilbo:¹⁸

Word of denial in thy labras here;

Word of denial: froth and scum, thou liest!

Slen. By these gloves, then 't was he.

Nym. Be avis'd, sir, and pass good humours; I will say, "marry trap," with you, if you run the nuthook's humour¹⁹ on me: that is the very note of it.

Slen. By this hat, then, he in the red face had it: for though I cannot remember what I did when you made me drunk, yet I am not altogether an ass.

Fal. What say you, Scarlet and John?²⁰

Bard. Why, sir, for my part, I say, the gentleman had drunk himself out of his five sentences.

Eva. It is his five senses: fie, what the ignorance is!

Bard. And being fap,²¹ sir, was, as they say, cashier'd; and so conclusions pass'd the careers.

Slen. Ay, you spake in Latin then too; but 't is no matter: I 'll ne'er be drunk whilst I live again, but in honest, civil, godly company, for this trick: If I be drunk, I 'll be drunk with those that have the fear of God, and not with drunken knaves.

Eva. So Got 'udge me, that is a virtuous mind.

Fal. You hear all these matters deny'd, gentlemen; you hear it.

Enter MISTRESS ANNE PAGE, with wine; MISTRESS FORD and MISTRESS PAGE following.

Page. Nay, daughter, carry the wine in; we 'll drink within. [*Exit ANNE PAGE.*]

Slen. O Heaven! this is mistress Anne Page.

Page. How now, mistress Ford?

Fal. Mistress Ford, by my troth, you are very well met: by your leave, good mistress.²²

[*Kisses her.*]

Page. Wife, bid these gentlemen welcome: Come, we have a hot venison pasty to dinner; come, gentlemen, I hope we shall drink down all unkindness

[*Reënt all but SHAL., SLEN., and EVANS.*]

Slen. I had rather than forty shillings I had my book of Songs and Sonnets here:—

Enter SIMPLE.

How now, Simple! Where have you been? I must wait on myself, must I? You have not the 'Book of Riddles' about you,²³ have you?

Sim. 'Book of Riddles'? why, did you not lend it to Alice Shortcake upon Allhallowmas last, a fortnight afore Michaelmas?

Shal. Come, coz; come, coz; we stay for you. A word with you, coz: marry, this, coz;—There is, as 't were, a tender, a kind of tender, made afar off, by sir Hugh here. Do you understand me?

Slen. Ay, sir, you shall find me reasonable; if it be so, I shall do that that is reason.

Shal. Nay, but understand me.

Slen. So I do, sir.

Eva. Give ear to his motions, master Slender: I will description the matter to you, if you be capacity of it.

Slen. Nay, I will do as my cousin Shallow says: I pray you, pardon me; he 's a justice of peace in his country, simple though I stand here.

Eva. But that is not the question; the question is concerning your marriage.

Shal. Ay, there 's the point, sir.

Eva. Marry, is it; the very point of it; to mistress Anne Page.

Slen. Why, if it be so, I will marry her, upon any reasonable demands.

Eva. But can you affection the 'oman? Let us command to know that of your mouth or of your lips; for divers philosophers hold that the lips is parcel of the mouth. Therefore, precisely, can you carry your good will to the maid?

Shal. Cousin Abraham Slender, can you love her?

Slen. I hope, sir,—I will do as it shall become one that would do reason.

Eva. Nay, Got's lords and his ladies, you must speak possitable, if you can carry her your desires towards her.

Shal. That you must: Will you, upon good dowry, marry her?

Slen. I will do a greater thing than that, upon your request, cousin, in any reason.

Shal. Nay, conceive me, conceive me, sweet coz; what I do is to pleasure you, coz: Can you love the maid?

Slen. I will marry her, sir, at your request; but if there be no great love in the beginning, yet Heaven may decrease it upon better acquaintance; when we are married and have more occasion to know one another, I hope, upon familiarity will grow more content;²⁴ but if you say, "marry her,"

I will marry her, that I am freely dissolved, and dissolutely.

Eva. It is a fery discretion answer; save, the fault is in the 'ort dissolutely: the 'ort is, according to our meaning, resolutely;—his meaning is good.

Shal. Ay, I think my cousin meant well.

Slen. Ay, or else I would I might be hang'd, la.

Re-enter ANNE PAGE.

Shal. Here comes fair mistress Anne:—Would I were young for your sake, mistress Anne!

Anne. The dinner is on the table; my father desires your worship's company.

Shal. I will wait on him, fair mistress Anne.

Eva. Od's plessed will! I will not be absence at the grace. [*Exeunt SHAL. and EVANS.*]

Anne. Will 't please your worship to come in, sir?

Slen. No, I thank you, forsooth, heartily; I am very well.

Anne. The dinner attends you, sir.

Slen. I am not a-hungry, I thank you, forsooth. Go, sirrah, for all you are my man, go, wait upon my cousin Shallow: [*Exit SIMPLE.*] A justice of peace sometime may be beholden to his friend for a man:—I keep but three men and a boy yet, till my mother be dead: But what though? yet I live like a poor gentleman born.

Anne. I may not go in without your worship: they will not sit till you come.

Slen. I' faith, I'll eat nothing; I thank you as much as though I did.

Anne. I pray you, sir, walk in.

Slen. I had rather walk here, I thank you; I bruise'd my shin th' other day with playing at sword and dagger with a master of fence,²³ three veneys for a dish of stew'd prunes; and, by my troth, I cannot abide the smell of hot meat since. Why do your dogs bark so? be there bears i' the town.

Anne. I think there are, sir; I heard them talk'd of.

Slen. I love the sport well; but I shall as soon quarrel at it, as any man in England:—You are afraid if you see the bear loose, are you not?

Anne. Ay, indeed, sir.

Slen. That's meat and drink²⁴ to me now: I have seen Sackerson²⁷ loose twenty times; and have taken him by the chain: but, I warrant you, the women have so cried and shriek'd at it, that it

pass'd:—but women, indeed, cannot abide em they are very ill-favour'd rough things.

Re-enter PAGE.

Page. Come, gentle master Slender, come; we stay for you.

Slen. I'll eat nothing, I thank you, sir.

Page. By cock and pye,²⁸ you shall not choose, sir: come, come.

Slen. Nay, pray you, lead the way.

Page. Come on, sir.

Slen. Mistress Anne, yourself shall go first.

Anne. Not I, sir; pray you, keep on.

Slen. Truly, I will not go first; truly, la: I will not do you that wrong.

Anne. I pray you, sir.

Slen. I'll rather be unmannerly than troublesome; you do yourself wrong, indeed, la. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The lobby in PAGE's house.*

Enter SIR HUGH EVANS and SIMPLE.

Eva. Go your ways, and ask of Doctor Caius' house, which is the way:²⁹ and there dwells one mistress Quickly, which is in the manner of his nurse, or his dry nurse, or his cook, or his laundry,³⁰ his washer, and his wringer.

Sim. Well, sir.

Eva. Nay, it is petter yet:—give her this letter; for it is a 'oman that altogether's acquaintance with mistress Anne Page: and the letter is, to desire and require her to solicit your master's desires to mistress Anne Page: I pray you, begone; I will make an end of my dinner; there's pippins and cheese to come.³¹ [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*A Room in the Garter Inn.*

Enter FALSTAFF, HOST, BARDOLPH, NYM, PISTOL, and ROBIN.

Fal. Mine host of the Garter,—

Host. What says my bully-rook?³² Speak scholarly and wisely.

Fal. Truly, mine host, I must turn away some of my followers.

Host. Discard, bully Hercules; cashier: let them wag; trot, trot.

Fal. I sit at ten pounds a-week.³³

Host. Thou'rt an emperor, Cæsar, Keisar, and Pheezar.³⁴ I will entertain Bardolph; he shall draw, he shall tap: said I well, bully Hector

Fal. Do so, good mine host.

Host. I have spoke; let him follow: Let me see thee froth and lime:³⁵ I am at a word; follow.

[*Exit Host.*]

Fal. Bardolph, follow him: a tapster is a good trade: an old cloak makes a new jerkin; a wither'd servingman a fresh tapster. Go; adieu.

Bard. It is a life that I have desir'd; I will thrive.

Pist. O base Hungarian wight!³⁶ wilt thou the spigot wield?

[*Exit BARD.*]

Nym. He was gotten in drink: Is not the humour conceited? His mind is not heroic, and there's the humour of it.

Fal. I am glad I am so acquit of this tinder-box; his thefts were too open; his filching was like an unskilful singer,—he kept not time.

Nym. The good humour is to steal at a minim's rest.³⁷

Pist. Convey, the wise it call: Steal! foh; a fico for the phrase!³⁸

Fal. Well, sirs, I am almost out at heels.

Pist. Why, then let kibes ensue.

Fal. There is no remedy; I must coney-catch; I must shift.

Pist. Young ravens must have food.³⁹

Fal. Which of you know Ford of this town?

Pist. I ken the wight; he is of substance good.

Fal. My honest lads, I will tell you what I am about.

Pist. Two yards, and more.

Fal. No quips now, Pistol: Indeed I am in the waist two yards about; but I am now about no waste;⁴⁰ I am about thrift. Briefly, I do mean to make love to Ford's wife; I spy entertainment in her; she discourses, she carves,⁴¹ she gives the leer of invitation: I can construe the action of her familiar style; and the hardest voice of her behaviour, to be English'd rightly, is, I am sir John Falstaff's.

Pist. He hath studied her will, and translated her will, out of honesty into English.⁴²

Nym. The anchor is deep: Will that humour pass?

Fal. Now, the report goes she has all the rule of her husband's purse; he hath a legion of angels.

Pist. As many devils entertain;⁴³ and, "To her, boy," say I. [*Aside.*]

Nym. The humour rises; it is good: humour mo the angels. [*Aside.*]

Fal. I have writ me here a letter to her: and tere another to Page's wife; who even now gave me good eyes too; examin'd my parts with most

judicious eyeliads;⁴⁴ sometimes the beam of her view gilded my foot, sometimes my portly belly.

Pist. Then did the sun on dunghill shine.

Nym. I thank thee for that humour. [*Aside.*]

Fal. O, she did so course o'er my exteriors with such a greedy intention,⁴⁵ that the appetite of her eye did seem to scorch me up like a burning-glass! Here's another letter to her: she bears the purse too; she is a region in Guiana, all gold and bounty. I will be cheater to them both,⁴⁶ and they shall be exchequers to me; they shall be my East and West Indies, and I will trade to them both. Go bear thou this letter to mistress Page; and thou this to mistress Ford: we will thrive, lads, we will thrive.

Pist. Shall I sir Pandarus of Troy become, And by my side wear steel? then, Lucifer take all!

Nym. I will run no base humour: here, take the humour letter! I will keep the 'haviour of reputation.

Fal. Hold, sirrah, [*to Rob.*] bear you these letters tightly;⁴⁷

Sail like my pinnace⁴⁸ to these golden shores.— Rogues, hence, avaunt! vanish like hailstones! go; Trudge, plod away i' the hoof; seek shelter, pack! Falstaff will learn the humour of the age,⁴⁹ French thrift, you rogues; myself and skirted page.

[*Exeunt FALSTAFF and ROBIN.*]

Pist. Let vultures gripe thy guts!⁵⁰ for gourd and fullam hold,⁵¹

And high and low beguile⁵² the rich and poor; Tester I'll have in pouch, when thou shalt lack, Base Phrygian Turk!

Nym. I have operations, which be humours of revenge.

Pist. Wilt thou revenge?

Nym. By welkin, and her star!

Pist. With wit, or steel?

Nym. With both the humours, I: I will discuss the humour of this love to Ford.

Pist. And I to Page shall eke unfold,

How Falstaff, varlet vile,

His dove will prove, his gold will hold,

And his soft couch defile.

Nym. My humour shall not cool: I will incense⁵³ Ford to deal with poison; I will possess him with yellowness, for the revolt of mine⁵⁴ is dangerous: that is my true humour.

Pist. Thou art the Mars of malcontents: I second thee; troop on. [*Exeunt*]

SCENE IV.—*A Room in Dr. Caius's House.**Enter* MRS. QUICKLY, SIMPLE, and RUGBY.

Quick. What: John Rugby!—I pray thee, go to the casement, and see if you can see my master, master doctor Caius, coming: if he do, i' faith, and find anybody in the house, here will be an old abusing⁵⁵ of God's patience and the king's English.

Rug. I'll go watch.

[*Exit* RUGBY.]

Quick. Go; and we'll have a posset for 't soon at night, in faith, at the latter end of a sea-coal fire. An honest, willing, kind fellow, as ever servant shall come in house withal; and, I warrant you, no tell-tale, nor no breed-bate:⁵⁶ his worst fault is that he is given to prayer; he is something peevish that way;⁵⁷ but nobody but has his fault;—but let that pass. Peter Simple you say your name is?

Sim. Ay, for fault of a better.

Quick. And master Slender's your master?

Sim. Ay, forsooth.

Quick. Does he not wear a great round beard, like a glover's paring-knife?⁵⁸

Sim. No, forsooth: he hath but a little wee face, with a little yellow beard; a Cain coloured beard.⁵⁹

Quick. A softly-sprighted man, is he not?

Sim. Ay, forsooth: but he is as tall a man of his hands⁶⁰ as any is between this and his head; he hath fought with a warrener.

Quick. How say you?—O, I should remember him: does he not hold up his head, as it were, and strut in his gait?

Sim. Yes, indeed, does he.

Quick. Well, heaven send Anne Page no worse fortune! Tell master parson Evans I will do what I can for your master: Anne is a good girl, and I wish—

Re-enter RUGBY.

Rug. Out, alas! here comes my master.

Quick. Weshall all be shent:⁶¹ Run in here, good young man; go into this closet. [*Shuts SIMPLE in the closet.*] He will not stay long.—What, John Rugby! John, what John, I say! Go, John, go inquire for my master; I doubt he be not well, that he comes not home:—*And down, down, adown-a, &c.*

[*Sings.*]*Enter* DOCTOR CAIUS.

Caius. Vat is you sing? I do not like dese toys; Pray you, go and vetch me in my closet *un boitier verd*,—a box, a green-a box; Do intend vat I speak? a green-a box.

Quick. Ay, forsooth, I'll fetch it you. I am glad he went not in himself: if he had found the young man, he would have been horn-mad.

[*Aside*

Caius. *Fè, fè, fè, fè! ma foi, il fait fort chaud*
Je m'en vais à la cour,—la grande affaire.

Quick. Is it this, sir?

Caius. *Ouy: mette le au mon pocket; D'pêche.*
quickly:—Vere is dat knave Rugby?

Quick. What, John Rugby! John!

Rug. Here, sir.

Caius. You are John Rugby, and you are Jack Rogoby:⁶² Come take-a your rapier, and come after my heel to the court.

Rug. 'T is ready, sir, here in the porch.

Caius. By my trot, I tarry too long;—Od's me. *Qu'ay j' oublié!* dere is some simples in my closet, dat I vill not for the world I shall leave behind.

Quick. Ah me! he'll find the young man there, and be mad!

Caius. *O diable, diable!* vat is in my closet?—*Villainy! larron!* [*Pulling SIMPLE out.*] Rugby, my rapier.

Quick. Good master, be content.

Caius. Verefore shall I be content-a?

Quick. The young man is an honest man.

Caius. Vat shall de honest man do in my closet? dere is no honest man⁶³ dat shall come in my closet.

Quick. I beseech you be not so flegmatick; hear the truth of it: He came of an errand to me from parson Hugh.

Caius. Vell.

Sim. Ay, forsooth, to desire her to—

Quick. Peace, I pray you.

Caius. Peace-a your tongue:—Speak-a your tale

Sim. To desire this honest gentlewoman, your maid, to speak a good word to Mrs. Anne Page for my master, in the way of marriage.

Quick. This is all, indeed, la; but I'll ne'er put my finger in the fire, and need not.

Caius. Sir Hugh send-a you?—Rugby, *baillez me* some paper: Tarry you a little-a while. [*Writes.*]

Quick. I am glad he is so quiet: if he had been thoroughly moved, you should have heard him so loud and so melancholy.—But notwithstanding, man, I'll do for your master⁶⁴ what good I can: and the very yea and the no is, the French doctor, my master,—I may call him my master, look you for I keep his house; and I wash, wring, brew, bake, scour, dress meat and drink, make the beds, and do all myself:—

Sir. 'T is a great charge to come under one body's hand.

Quick. Are you advis'd o' that?⁶⁵ you shall find it a great charge: and to be up early and down late;—but notwithstanding, (to tell you in your ear; I would have no words of it,) my master himself is in love with mistress Anne Page: but notwithstanding that, I know Anne's mind,—that's neither here nor there.

Caius. You jack'nape; give-a dis letter to sir Hugh; by gar, it is a shallenge: I vill cut his troat in de park; and I vill teach a scurvy jack-a-nape priest to meddle or make:⁶⁶—you may be gone; it is not good you tarry here:—by gar, I vill cut all his two stones; by gar, he shall not have a stone to throw at his dog. [*Exit SIM.*]

Quick. Alas, he speaks but for his friend.

Caius. It is no matter-a vor dat:—do not you tell-a me dat I shall have Anne Page for myself?—by gar, I vill kill de Jack priest; and I have appointed mine host of *de Jarterre* to measure our weapon:—by gar, I vill myself have Anne Page.

Quick. Sir, the maid loves you, and all shall be well: we must give folks leave to prate: What the good-jer!⁶⁷

Caius. Rugby, come to the court vid me:—By gar, if I have not Anne Page, I shall turn your head out of my door:—Follow my heels, Rugby.

[*Exeunt CAIUS and RUGBY.*]

Quick. You shall have An fool's-head of your own. No, I know Anne's mind for that: never a woman in Windsor knows more of Anne's mind than I do: nor can do more than I do with her, I thank heaven.

Fent. [*Within.*] Who's within there? ho!

Quick. Who's there, I trow? Come near the house, I pray you.

Enter FENTON.

Fent. How now, good woman; how dost thou?

Quick. The better that it pleases your good worship to ask.

Fent. What news? how does pretty mistress Anne?

Quick. In truth, sir, and she is pretty, and honest, and gentle; and one that is your friend, I can tell you that by the way; I praise heaven for it.

Fent. Shall I do any good, think'st thou? Shall I not lose my suit?

Quick. Troth, sir, all is in His hands above: but notwithstanding, master Fenton, I'll be sworn on a book, she loves you:—Have not your worship a wart above your eye?

Fent. Yes, marry, have I; what of that?

Quick. Well, thereby hangs a tale;—good faith, it is such another Nan;—but, I detest,⁶⁸ an honest maid as ever broke bread;—We had an hour's talk of that wart:—I shall never laugh but in that maid's company! But, indeed, she is given too much to allicholy and musing: But for you—Well, go to.

Fent. Well, I shall see her to-day. Hold, there's money for thee; let me have thy voice in my behalf: if thou seest her before me, commend me.

Quick. Will I? i' faith, that I will;⁶⁹ and I will tell your worship more of the wart, the next time we have confidence; and of other wooers.

Fent. Well, farewell; I am in great haste now.

[*Exit.*]

Quick. Farewell to your worship.—Truly, an honest gentleman; but Anne loves him not; for I know Anne's mind as well as another does —Ou upon 't! what have I forgot?

[*Exit*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Before Page's House.**Enter MISTRESS PAGE, with a letter.*

Mrs. Page. What; have I 'scap'd love-letters in the holiday time of my beauty, and am I now a subject for them? Let me see: [Reads.

"Ask me no reason why I love you; for though Love use reason for his precisian,⁷⁰ he admits him not for his counsellor: You are not young, no more am I; go to, then, there's sympathy: you are merry, so am I; Ha! ha! then there's more sympathy; you love sack, and so do I; Would you desire better sympathy? Let it suffice thee, mistress Page, (at the least, if the love of soldier can suffice,) that I love thee. I will not say, pity me, 't is not a soldier-like phrase; but I say, love me. By me,

Thine own true knight,

By day or night,⁷¹

Or any kind of light,

With all his might,

For thee to fight, *John Falstaff."*

What a Herod of Jewry is this!—O wicked, wicked world!—one that is well nigh worn to pieces with age, to show himself a young gallant! What an unweighed behaviour hath this Flemish drunkard pick'd (with the devil's name) out of my conversation, that he dares in this manner assay me? Why, he hath not been thrice in my company!—What should I say to him?—I was then frugal of my mirth:—Heaven forgive me! Why, I'll exhibit a bill in the parliament for the putting down of men.⁷² How shall I be reveng'd on him? for reveng'd I will be, as sure as his guts are made of puddings.

Enter MISTRESS FORD

Mrs. Ford. Mistress Page! trust me, I was going to your house!

Mrs. Page. And trust me I was coming to you. You look very ill.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I'll ne'er believe that; I have to show to the contrary.

Mrs. Page. 'Faith, but you do, in my mind.

Mrs. Ford. Well, I do, then; yet, I say, I could

show you to the contrary. O, mistress Page, give me some counsel!

Mrs. Page. What's the matter, woman?

Mrs. Ford. O woman, if it were not for one trifling respect, I could come to such honour!

Mrs. Page. Hang the trifle, woman; take the honour. What is it?—dispense with trifles;—what is it?

Mrs. Ford. If I would but go to hell for an eternal moment or so, I could be knighted.

Mrs. Page. What? thou liest!—Sir Alice Ford! These knights will hack;⁷³ and so thou shouldst not alter the article of thy gentry.

Mrs. Ford. We burn daylight;⁷⁴—here, read, read:—perceive how I might be knighted.—I shall think the worse of fat men, as long as I have an eye to make difference of men's liking: And yet he would not swear; praised women's modesty; and gave such orderly and well-behaved reproof to all uncomeliness,—that I would have sworn his disposition would have gone to the truth of his words: but they do no more adhere and keep place together, than the hundredth psalm to the tune of 'Green Sleeves.'⁷⁵ What tempest, I trow, threw this whale, with so many tuns of oil in his belly, ashore at Windsor? How shall I be revenged on him? I think the best way were to entertain him with hope, till the wicked fire of lust have melted him in his own grease.—Did you ever hear the like?

Mrs. Page. Letter for letter; but that the name of Page and Ford differs!—To thy great comfort in this mystery of ill opinions, here's the tw'n-brother of thy letter: but let thine inherit first, for I protest, mine never shall. I warrant he hath a thousand of these letters,⁷⁶ (sure more,) writ with blank space for different names, and these are of the second edition: He will print them out of doubt; for he cares not what he puts into the press when he would put us two. I had rather be a giantess, and lie under mount Pelion. Well, I will find you twenty lascivious turtles, ere one chaste man.

Mrs. Ford. Why, this is the very same; the very hand, the very words: What doth he think of us?

Mrs. Page. Nay, I know not: It makes me almost ready to wrangle with mine own honesty. I'll entertain myself like one that I am not acquainted withal; for, sure, unless he know some strain⁷⁷ in me, that I know not myself, he would never have boarded me in this fury.

Mrs. Ford. Boarding, call you it? I'll be sure to keep him above deck.

Mrs. Page. So will I; if he come under my hatches, I'll never to sea again. Let's be reveng'd on him: let's appoint him a meeting; give him a show of comfort in his suit; and lead him on with a fine baited delay, till he hath pawn'd his horses to mine host of the Garter.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I will consent to act any villainy against him, that may not sully the chariness of our honesty. O, that my husband saw this letter! it would give eternal food to his jealousy.

Mrs. Page. Why, look, where he comes; and my good man too; he's as far from jealousy, as I am from giving him cause; and that, I hope, is an unmeasurable distance.

Mrs. Ford. You are the happier woman.

Mrs. Page. Let's consult together against this greasy knight: Come hither. [*They retire.*]

Enter FORD, PISTOL, PAGE, and NYM.

Ford. Well, I hope it be not so.⁷⁸

Pist. Hope is a curtall⁷⁹ dog in some affairs: sir John affects thy wife.

Ford. Why, sir, my wife is not young.

Pist. He woos both high and low, both rich and poor,

Both young and old, one with another, Ford; He loves the gally-mawfry;⁸⁰ Ford, perpend.

Ford. Love my wife?

Pist. With liver burning hot: Prevent, or go thou,

Like sir Actæon he, with Ringwood at thy heels:—O, odious is the name.

Ford. What name, sir?

Pist. The horn, I say: Farewell.

Take heed; have open eye; for thieves do foot by night:

Take heed, ere summer comes, or cuckoo-birds do sag:—

Away, sir corporal Nym.— [*Aside to PAGE.* Believe it, Page; ne speaks sense. [*Exit PISTOL.*]

Ford. I will be patient; I will find out this.

[*Aside.*]

Nym. And this is true; [*to PAGE.*] I like not the humour of lying. He hath wronged me in some humours: I should have borne the humour'd letter to her; but I have a sword, and it shall bite upon my necessity.⁸¹ He loves your wife; there's the short and the long. My name is corporal Nym; I speak, and I avouch 't is true:—my name is Nym, and Falstaff loves your wife.—Adieu! I love not the humour of bread and cheese. Adieu. [*Exit NYM.*]

Page. "The humour of it," quoth 'a! here's a fellow frights English out of his wits.⁸²

Ford. I will seek out Falstaff.

Page. I never heard such a drawing affecting rogue.⁸³

Ford. If I do find it, well!

Page. I will not believe such a Cataian,⁸⁴ though the priest o' the town commended him for a true man.

Ford. 'T was a good sensible fellow: Well! [*Aside.*]

Page. How now, Meg?

Mrs. Page. Whither go you, George?—Hark you.

Mrs. Ford. How now, sweet Frank? why art thou melancholy?

Ford. I melancholy! I am not melancholy.—Get you home, go.

Mrs. Ford. 'Faith, thou hast some crotchets in thy head now.—Will you go, mistress Page?

Mrs. Page. Have with you.—You'll come to dinner, George? Look, who comes yonder: she shall be our messenger to this paltry knight.

[*Aside to MRS. FORD.*]

Enter MRS. QUICKLY.

Mrs. Ford. Trust me, I thought on her: she'll fit it.

Mrs. Page. You are come to see my daughter Anne?

Quick. Ay, forsooth. And I pray, how does good mistress Anne?

Mrs. Page. Go in with us and see; we have an hour's talk with you.

[*Exeunt MRS. PAGE, MRS. FORD, and MRS. QUICK.*]

Page. How now, master Ford?

Ford. You heard what this knave told me; did you not?

Page. Yes. And you heard what the other told me?

Ford. Do you think there is truth in them?

Page. Hang 'em, slaves; I do not think the knight would offer it: but these that accuse him in his intent towards our wives are a yoke of his discarded men: very rogues, now they be out of service.

Ford. Were they his men?

Page. Marry were they.

Ford. I like it never the better for that.—Does he lie at the Garter?

Page. Ay, marry, does he. If he should intend this voyage toward my wife, I would turn her loose to him; and what he gets more of her than sharp words, let it lie on my head.

Ford. I do not misdoubt my wife;—but I would be loth to turn them together. A man may be too confident: I would have nothing lie on my head: I cannot be thus satisfied.

Page. Look where my ranting host of the Garter comes: there is either liquor in his pate, or money in his purse, when he looks so merrily.—How now, mine host?

Enter Host and SHALLOW.

Host. How now, bully-rook? thou 'rt a gentleman: cavalero-justice,⁸⁵ I say!

Shal. I follow, mine host, I follow.—Good even and twenty,⁸⁶ good master Page! Master Page, will you go with us? we have sport in hand.

Host. Tell him, cavalero-justice: tell him, bully-rook.

Shal. Sir, there is a fray to be fought between sir Hugh the Welsh priest and Caius the French doctor.

Ford. Good mine host o' the Garter, a word with you.

Host. What say'st thou, my bully-rook?

[They go aside.]

Shal. Will you [*to PAGE*] go with us to behold it? My merry host hath had the measuring of their weapons; and, I think, hath appointed them contrary places; for, believe me, I hear the parson is no jester. Hark, I will tell you what our sport shall be. *[They go aside.]*

Host. Hast thou no suit against my knight, my guest-cavalier?

Ford. None, I protest: but I 'll give you a pottle of burnt sack to give me recourse to him, and tell him my name is Brook:⁸⁷ only for a jest.

Host. My hand, bully; thou shalt have egress and regress; said I well? and thy name shall be Brook: It is a merry knight. Will you go on, sirs:⁸⁸

Shal. Have with you, mine host.

Page. I have heard the Frenchman hath good skill in his rapier.

Shal. Tut, sir, I could have told you more: In these times you stand on distance, your passes stoccadoes, and I know not what: 't is the heart, master Page; 't is here, 't is here. I have seen the time with my long sword I would have made you four tall fellows skip like rats.

Host. Here, boys, here, here! shall we wag?

Page. Have with you:—I had rather hear them scold than fight. *[Exeunt Host, Shal. and Page.]*

Ford. Though Page be a secure fool, and stands so firmly on his wife's frailty,⁸⁹ yet I cannot put off my opinion so easily: she was in his company at Page's house; and what they made there I know not. Well, I will look further into 't: and I have a disguise to sound Falstaff. If I find her honest, I lose not my labour; if she be otherwise, 't is labour well bestowed. *[Exit.]*

SCENE II.—*A Room in the Garter Inn.*

Enter FALSTAFF and PISTOL.

Fal. I will not lend thee a penny.

Pist. Why, then the world's mine oyster, Which I with sword will open:— I will retort the sum in equipage.⁹⁰

Fal. Not a penny. I have been content, sir, you should lay my countenance to pawn: I have grated upon my good friends for three reprieves for you and your coach-fellow,⁹¹ Nym; or else you had look'd through the grate, like a geminy of baboons. I am damn'd in hell for swearing to gentlemen my friends you were good soldiers and tall fellows; and when mistress Bridget lost the handle of her fan, I took 't upon mine honour thou hadst it not.

Pist. Didst not thou share? hadst thou not fifteen pence?

Fal. Reason, you rogue, reason: Think'st thou I 'll endanger my soul gratis? At a word, hang no more about me, I am no gibbet for you:—go. —A short knife and a throng;⁹²—to your manor of Pickt-hatch,⁹³ go.—You 'll not bear a letter for me, you rogue!—You stand upon your honour —Why, thou unconfinable baseness, it is as much as I can do to keep the terms of my honour precise. I, I, I myself sometimes, leaving the fear of heaven on the left hand, and hiding mine honour in my necessity, am fain to shuffle, to hedge, and to lurch; and yet you, rogue, will enscence your rags, your cat-a-mountain looks, your red-lattice phrases

and your blunderbuss oaths,⁹⁴ under the shelter of your honour! You will not do it, you?

Pist. I do relent. What would thou more of man?

Enter ROBIN.

Rob. Sir, here 's a woman would speak with you.

Fal. Let her approach.

Enter MRS. QUICKLY.

Quick. Give your worship good morrow.

Fal. Good morrow, good wife.

Quick. Not so, an 't please your worship.

Fal. Good maid, then.

Quick. I 'll be sworn;

As my mother was, the first hour I was born.

Fal. I do believe the swearer. What with me?

Quick. Shall I vouchsafe your worship a word or two?

Fal. Two thousand, fair woman: and I 'll vouchsafe thee the hearing.

Quick. There is one mistress Ford, sir;—I pray, come a little nearer this ways:—I myself dwell with master doctor Caius.

Fal. Well, one mistress Ford,⁹⁵ you say,—

Quick. Your worship says very true: I pray your worship, come a little nearer this ways.

Fal. I warrant thee, nobody hears;—mine own people, mine own people.

Quick. Are they so? Heaven bless them, and make them his servants!

Fal. Well: mistress Ford;—what of her?

Quick. Why, sir, she 's a good creature. Lord, Lord! your worship 's a wanton! Well, heaven forgive you, and all of us, I pray!

Fal. Mistress Ford;—come, mistress Ford,—

Quick. Marry, this is the short and the long of it; you have brought her into such a canaries,⁹⁶ as 't is wonderful. The best courtier of them all, when the court lay at Windsor, could never have brought her to such a canary. Yet there has been knights, and lords, and gentlemen, with their coaches; I warrant you, coach after coach, letter after letter, gift after gift; smelling so sweetly (all musk), and so rushing. I warrant you, in silk and gold; and in such alligant terms; and in such wine and sugar of the best, and the fairest, that would have won any woman's heart; and, I warrant you, they could never get an eye-wink of her. —I had myself twenty angels given me this morning; but I defy all angels, (in any such sort, as

they say,) but in the way of honesty:—and, I warrant you, they could never get her so much as sip on a cup with the proudest of them all: and yet there has been earls, nay, which is more, pensioners;⁹⁷ but, I warrant you, all is one with her.

Fal. But what says she to me? be brief, in good she-Mercury.

Quick. Marry, she hath receiv'd your letter; for the which she thanks you a thousand times: and she gives you to notify, that her husband will be absence from his house between ten and eleven.

Fal. Ten and eleven?

Quick. Ay, forsooth; and then you may come and see the picture, she says, that you wot of; master Ford, her husband, will be from home. Alas! the sweet woman leads an ill life with him; he 's a very jealousy man: she leads a very fram-pold⁹⁸ life with him, good heart.

Fal. Ten and eleven. Woman, commend me to her; I will not fail her.

Quick. Why, you say well. But I have another messenger to your worship: Mistress Page hath her hearty commendations to you, too;—and let me tell you in your ear, she 's as fartuous a civil modest wife, and one (I tell you) that will not miss you morning nor evening prayer, as any is in Windsor, whoe'er be the other: and she bade me tell your worship that her husband is seldom from home; but, she hopes, there *will* come a time. I never knew a woman so dote upon a man; surely, I think you have charms, la; yes, in truth.

Fal. Not I, I assure thee; setting the attractior of my good parts aside, I have no other charms.

Quick. Blessing on your heart for 't!

Fal. But, I pray thee, tell me this: has Ford's wife and Page's wife acquainted each other how they love me?

Quick. That were a jest indeed!—they have not so little grace, I hope:—that were a trick indeed!—But mistress Page would desire you to send her your little page, of all loves:⁹⁹ her husband has a marvellous infection to the little page; and, truly, master Page is an honest man. Never a wife in Windsor leads a better life than she does do what she will, say what she will, take all, pay all, go to bed when she list, rise when she list, all is as she will; and, truly, she deserves it for if there be a kind woman in Windsor, she is one. You must send her your page; no remedy.

Fal. Why, I will.

Quick. Nay, but do so then: and, look you, he may come and go between you both; and in any

case have a nay-word,¹⁰⁰ that you may know one another's mind, and the boy never need to understand anything; for 't is not good that children should know any wickedness; old folks, you know, have discretion as they say, and know the world.

Fal. Fare thee well: commend me to them both: there 's my purse; I am yet thy debtor.—Boy, go along with this woman.—This news distracts me!

[*Exeunt QUICKLY and ROBIN.*]

Pist. This punk is one of Cupid's carriers:¹⁰¹—Clap on more sails; pursue; up with your fights;¹⁰² Give fire! she is my prize, or ocean whelm them all!

Exit PISTOL.

Fal. Say'st thou so, old Jack? go thy ways; I'll make more of thy old body than I have done. Will they yet look after thee? Wilt thou, after the expense of so much money, be now a gainer? Good body, I thank thee! Let them say, 't is grossly done; so it be fairly done, no matter.

Enter BARDOLPH.

Bard. Sir John, there 's one master Brook below would fain speak with you, and be acquainted with you; and hath sent your worship a morning's draught of sack.¹⁰³

Fal. Brook is his name?

Bard. Ay, sir.

Fal. Call him in; [*Exit BARDOLPH.*] Such Brooks are welcome to me, that o'erflow such liquor. Ah! ah! mistress Ford and mistress Page, have I encompass'd you? go to; *via!*¹⁰⁴

Re-enter BARDOLPH, with FORD disguised.

Ford. Bless you, sir.

Fal. And you, sir. Would you speak with me?

Ford. I make bold to press with so little preparation upon you.

Fal. You 're welcome. What 's your will? Give us leave, drawer. [*Exit BARDOLPH.*]

Ford. Sir, I am a gentleman that have spent much; my name is Brook.

Fal. Good master Brook, I desire more acquaintance of you.

Ford. Good sir John, I sue for yours; not to charge you; for I must let you understand I think myself in better plight for a lender than you are: the which hath something embold'ned me to this unseason'd intrusion: for they say, if money go before, all ways do lie open.

Fal. Money is a good soldier sir and will on.

Ford. Troth, and I have a bag of money here troubles me: if you will help to bear it, sir John, take all, or half, for easing me of the carriage.

Fal. Sir, I know not how I may deserve to be your porter.

Ford. I will tell you, sir, if you will give me the hearing.

Fal. Speak, good master Brook; I shall be glad to be your servant.

Ford. Sir, I hear you are a scholar,—I will be brief with you,—and you have been a man long known to me, though I had never so good means, as desire, to make myself acquainted with you. I shall discover a thing to you, wherein I must very much lay open mine own imperfection: but, good sir John, as you have one eye upon my follies, as you hear them unfolded, turn another into the register of your own; that I may pass with a reproof the easier, sith¹⁰⁵ you yourself know how easy it is to be such an offender.

Fal. Very well, sir; proceed.

Ford. There is a gentlewoman in this town, her husband's name is Ford.

Fal. Well, sir!

Ford. I have long lov'd her, and, I protest to you, bestowed much on her; followed her with a doting observance; engross'd opportunities to meet her; fee'd every slight occasion that could but niggardly give me sight of her; not only bought many presents to give her, but have given largely to many, to know what she would have given;¹⁰⁶ briefly, I have pursu'd her as love hath pursued me, which hath been on the wing of all occasions. But whatsoever I have merited, either in my mind, or in my means, meed, I am sure, I have received none; unless experience be a jewel; that I have purchased at an infinite rate; and that hath taught me to say this:

"Love like a shadow flies, when substance love pursues;
Pursuing that that flies,¹⁰⁷ and flying what pursues."

Fal. Have you receiv'd no promise of satisfaction at her hands

Ford. Never.

Fal. Have you importun'd her to such a purpose?

Ford. Never.

Fal. Of what quality was your love, then?

Ford. Like a fair house built on another man's ground; so that I have lost my edifice, by mistaking the place where I erected it.

Fal. To what purpose have you unfolded this to me?

Ford. When I have told you that, I have told you all. Some say, that, though she appear honest to me, yet, in other places, she enlargeth her mirth so far that there is shrewd construction made of her. Now, sir John, here is the heart of my purpose: You are a gentleman of excellent breeding, admirable discourse, of great admittance,¹⁰⁹ authentic in your place and person, generally allow'd for your many warlike, court-like, and learned preparations.

Fal. O, sir!

Ford. Believe it, for you know it:—There is money; spend it, spend it; spend more; spend all I have; only give me so much of your time in exchange of it, as to lay an amiable siege to the honesty of this Ford's wife: use your art of wooing; win her to consent to you; if any man may, you may as soon as any.

Fal. Would it apply well to the vehemency of your affection, that I should win what you would enjoy? Methinks, you prescribe to yourself very preposterously.

Ford. O, understand my drift! She dwells so securely on the excellency of her honour, that the folly of my soul dares not present itself; she is too oright to be look'd against. Now, could I come to her with any detection in my hand, my desires had instance and argument to commend themselves: I could drive her then from the ward of her purity, her reputation, her marriage vow, and a thousand other her defences, which now are too-ttoo strongly embattled against me. What say you to 't, sir John?

Fal. Master Brook, I will first make bold with your money; next, give me your hand; and last, as I am a gentleman, you shall, if you will, enjoy Ford's wife.

Ford. O good sir!

Fal. I say you shall.

Ford. Want no money, sir John, you shall want none.

Fal. Want no mistress Ford, master Brook, you shall want none. I shall be with her, (I may tell you,) by her own appointment; even as you came in to me, her assistant, or go-between, parted from me. I say I shall be with her between ten and eleven; for at that time the jealous rascally knave, her husband, will be forth. Come you to me at night; you shall know how I speed.

Ford. I am bless'd in your acquaintance. Do you know Ford, sir?

Fal. Hang him, poor cuckoldly knave! I know

him not:—yet I wrong him to call him poor; they say the jealous wittolly knave hath masses of money; for the which his wife seems to me well favour'd. I will use her as the key of the cuckoldly rogue's coffer; and there 's my harvest-home.

Ford. I would you knew Ford, sir, that you might avoid him, if you saw him.

Fal. Hang him, mechanical salt-butter rogue! I will stare him out of his wits; I will awe him with my cudgel: it shall hang like a meteor o'er the cuckold's horns. Master Brook, thou shalt know I will predominate over the peasant, and thou shalt lie with his wife.—Come to me soon at night:—Ford 's a knave, and I will aggravate his style;¹⁰⁹ thou, master Brook, shalt know him for knave and cuckold:—come to me soon at night.

[*Exit.*]

Ford. What a damn'd Epicurean rascal is this!—my heart is ready to crack with impatience.—Who says this is improvident jealousy? My wife hath sent to him, the hour is fix'd, the match is made. Would any man have thought this?—See the hell of having a false woman! My bed shall be abus'd, my coffers ransack'd, my reputation gnawn at; and I shall not only receive this villainous wrong, but stand under the adoption of abominable terms, and by him that does me this wrong. Terms! names!—Amaimon sounds well;¹¹⁰ Lucifer, well; Barabason, well; yet they are devil's additions, the names of fiends! but cuckold! wittol-cuckold! the devil himself hath not such a name. Page is an ass, a secure ass! he will trust his wife; he will not be jealous. I will rather trust a Fleming with my butter, parson Hugh the Welchman with my cheese, an Irishman with my aqua-vitæ bottle,¹¹¹ or a thief to walk my ambling gelding, than my wife with herself: then she plots, then she ruminates, then she devises; and what they think in their hearts they may effect, they will break their hearts but they will effect. Heaven be prais'd for my jealousy!—Eleven o'clock the hour.—I will prevent this, detect my wife, be reveng'd on Falstaff, and laugh at Page. I will about it; better three hours too soon than a minute too late. Fie fie, fie! cuckold! cuckold! cuckold! [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—*A field near Windsor.*

Enter Caius and Rugby.

Caius. Jack Rugby!

Rug. Sir.

Caius. Vat is de clock, Jack?

Rug. 'Tis past the hour, sir, that sir Hugh promis'd to meet.

Caius. By gar, he has save his soul, dat he is no come; he has pray his Pible vell, dat he is no come; by gar, Jack Rugby, he is dead already if he be come.

Rug. He is wise, sir; he knew your worship would kill him, if he came.

Caius. By gar, de herring is no dead so as I vill kill him. Take your rapier, Jack; I vill tell you how I vill kill him.

Rug. Alas, sir, I cannot fence.

Caius. Villainy, take your rapier.

Rug. Forbear; here 's company.

Enter HOST, SHALLOW, SLENDER, and PAGE.

Host. 'Bless thee, bully doctor.

Shal. Save you, master doctor Caius.

Page. Now, good master doctor.

Slen. Give you good-morrow, sir.

Caius. Vat be all you, one, two, tree, four, come for?

Host. To see thee fight, to see thee foin,¹¹² to see thee traverse; to see thee here, to see thee there; to see thee pass thy punto, thy stock, thy reverse, thy distance, thy montant. Is he dead, my Ethiopian? is he dead, my Francisco? ha, bully! What says my Æsculapius? my Galen? my heart of elder? ha! is he dead, bully Stale? is he dead?

Caius. By gar, he is de coward Jack priest of de world; he is not show his face.

Host. Thou art a Castilian,¹¹³ king Urinal! Hector of Greece, my boy!

Caius. I pray you, bear witness that me have stay six or seven, two, tree hours for him, and he is no come.

Shal. He is the wiser man, master doctor: he is a curer of souls, and you a curer of bodies; if you should fight, you go against the hair of your professions: is it not true, master Page?

Page. Master Shallow, you have yourself been a great fighter, though now a man of peace.

Shal. Bodykins, master Page, though I now be old, and of the peace, if I see a sword out, my finger itches to make one: though we are justices, and doctors, and churchmen, master Page, we have some salt of our youth in us; we are the sons of women, master Page.

Page. 'Tis true, master Shallow.

Stal. It will be found so, master Page. Master

doctor Caius, I am come to fetch you home. I am sworn of the peace; you have show'd yourself a wise physician, and sir Hugh hath shown himself a wise and patient churchman. You must go with me, master doctor.

Host. Pardon, guest-justice:—ah, monsieur Mock-water.¹¹⁴

Caius. Mock-vater! vat is dat?

Host. Mock-water, in our English tongue, is valour, bully.

Caius. By gar, then I have as much mock-vater as de Englishman:—Scurvy jack-dog priest! by gar, me vill cut his ears.

Host. He will clapper-claw¹¹⁵ thee tightly, bully.

Caius. Clapper-de-claw! vat is dat?

Host. That is, he will make thee amends.

Caius. By gar, me do look he shall clapper-de-claw me; for, by gar, me vill have it.

Host. And I will provoke him to 't, or let him wag.

Caius. Me tank you for dat.

Host. And, moreover, bully,—but first, master justice guest,¹¹⁶ and master Page, and eke cavalero Slender, go you through the town to Frogmore.

[*Aside to them.*]

Page. Sir Hugh is there, is he?

Host. He is there: see what humour he is in; and I will bring the doctor about by the fields: will it do well?

Shal. We will do it.

Page, Shal., and Slen. Adieu, good master doctor.

[*Exeunt* PAGE, SHAL., and SLEN.]

Caius. By gar, me vill kill de priest; for he speak for a jack-an-ape to Anne Page.

Host. Let him die: sheathe thy impatience; throw cold water on thy choler: go about the fields with me through Frogmore; I will bring thee where mistress Ann Page is, at a farm-house, a feasting: and thou shalt woo her. Cried I aim?¹¹⁷ said I well?

Caius. By gar, me dank you vor dat: by gar, I love you; and I shall procure-a you de good guest, de earl, de knight, de lords, de gentlemen my patients.

Host. For the which I will be thy adversary toward Anne Page; said I well?

Caius. By gar, 't is good; vell said.

Host. Let us wag, then.

Caius. Come at my heels, Jack Rugby. [*Exeunt*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A field near Frogmore.*

Enter SIR HUGH EVANS and SIMPLE.

Eva. I pray you now, good master Slender's serving-man, and friend Simple by your name, which way have you look'd for master Caius, that calls himself doctor of physie?

Sim. Marry, sir, the Petty-ward, the Park-ward,¹¹⁸ every way; old Windsor way, and every way but the town way.

Eva. I most feheemently desire you, you will lso look that way.

Sim. I will, sir.

Eva. Pless my soul! how full of cholers I am, and tremping of mind!—I shall be glad if he have deceived me:—how melancholies I am! I will knog his urinals about his knave's costard, when I have good opportunities for the 'ork—pless my soul!

[*Sings.*

To shallow rivers, to whose falls¹¹⁹
Melodious birds sing madrigals:
There will we make our peds of roses,
And a thousand fragrant posies.
To shallow—

Mercy on me! I have a great dispositions to cry.

Melodious birds sing madrigals:
Whenas I sat in Pabylen —¹²⁰
And a thousand vagram posies.
To shallow—

Sim. Yonder he is coming, this way, sir Hugh.

Eva. He 's welcome:

To shallow rivers, to whose falls,—
Heaven prosper the right!—What weapous is he?

Sim. No weapons, sir: There comes my master, master Shallow, and another gentleman from Frogmore, over the stile, this way.

Eva. Pray you, give me my gown; or else keep 't in your arms.

Enter PAGE, SHALLOW, and SLENDER.

Shal. How now, master parson? Good morrow, good sir Hugh. Keep a gamester from the dice,
¹⁰²

and a good student from his book, and it is wonderful.

Slen. Ah, sweet Anne Page!

Page. Save you, good sir Hugh!

Eva. Pless you from his mercy sake, all of you:

Shal. What! the sword and the word; do you study them both, master parson?

Page. And youthful still, in your doublet and hose, this raw rheumatic day?

Eva. There is reasons and causes for it.

Page. We are come to you to do a good office, master parson.

Eva. Ferry well: What is it?

Page. Yonder is a most reverend gentleman, who belike, having received wrong by some person, is at most odds with his own gravity and patience, that ever you saw.

Shal. I have lived fourscore years and upward; I never heard a man of his place, gravity, and learning, so wide of his own respect.

Eva. What is he?

Page. I think you kaow him; master doctor Caius, the renowned French physician.

Eva. Got's will, and his passion of my heart! I had as lief you would tell me of a mess of porridge.

Page. Why?

Eva. He has no more knowledge in Hibocrates and Galen,—and he is a knave besides; a cowardly knave, as you would desires to be acquainted withal.

Page. I warrant you, he 's the man should fight with him.

Slen. O, sweet Anne Page!

Shal. It appears so, by his weapons:—Keep them asunder;—here comes doctor Caius.

Enter HOST, CAIUS, and RUGBY.

Page. Nay, good master parson, keep in your weapon.

Shal. So do you, good master doctor.

Host. Disarm them, and let them question; let

them keep their limbs whole, and hack our English.

Caius. I pray you let-a me speak a word vit your ear. Verefore vill you not meet-a me?

Eva. Pray you, use your patience: in good ime.

Caius. By gar, you are de coward, de Jack dog, John ape.

Eva. Pray you, let us not be laughing-stogs to other men's humours; I desire you in friendship, and I will one way or other make you amends:—I will knog your urinal about your knave's cogscomb for missing your meetings and appointments.

Caius. *Diable!*—Jack Rugby,—mine host *de Jar-terre*, have I not stay for him, to kill him? have I not, at de place I did appoint?

Eva. As I am a Christians soul, now, look you, this is the place appointed; I'll be judgment by mine host of the Garter.

Host. Peace, I say, Gallia and Wallia;¹²¹ French and Welch; soul-curer and body-curer.

Caius. Ay, dat is very good! excellent!

Host. Peace, I say; hear mine host of the Garter. Am I politic? am I subtle? am I a Machiavel? Shall I lose my doctor? no; he gives me the potions, and the motions. Shall I lose my parson? my priest? my sir Hugh? no; he gives me the proverbs and the noverbs.—Give me thy hand, terrestrial; so.—Give me thy hand, celestial; so.—Boys of art, I have deceiv'd you both; I have directed you to wrong places; your hearts are mighty, your skins are whole, and let burnt sack be the issue.—Come, lay their swords to pawn:—Follow me, lad of peace; follow, follow, follow.

Shal. Trust me, a mad host:—Follow, gentlemen, follow.

Slen. O, sweet Anne Page!

[*Exeunt SHAL., SLEN., PAGE, and HOST.*]

Caius. Ha! do I perceive dat? have you make-a de sot¹²² of us? ha, ha!

Eva. This is well; he has made us his vlouting-stog.—I desire you that we may be friends; and let us knog our prains together, to be revenge on this same scall, scurvy, cogging companion, the host of the Garter.

Caius. By gar, vit all my heart; he promise to bring me vore is Anne Page; by gar, he deceive me too.

Eva. Well, I will smite his noddles:—Pray you, follow. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The Street, in Windsor.*

Enter MISTRESS PAGE and ROBIN.

Mrs. Page. Nay, keep your way, little gallant; you were wont to be a follower, but now you are a leader: Whether had you rather lead mine eyes, or eye your master's heels?

Rob. I had rather, forsooth, go before you like a man, than follow him like a dwarf.

Mrs. Page. O you are a flattering boy; now, I see you'll be a courtier.

Enter FORD.

Ford. Well met, mistress Page: Whither go you?

Mrs. Page. Truly, sir, to see your wife; Is she at home?

Ford. Ay; and as idle as she may hang together, for want of company. I think if your husbands were dead, you two would marry.

Mrs. Page. Be sure of that,—two other husbands.

Ford. Where had you this pretty weathercock?

Mrs. Page. I cannot tell what the dickens his name is my husband had him of. What do you call your knight's name, sirrah?

Rob. Sir John Falstaff.

Ford. Sir John Falstaff!

Mrs. Page. He, he; I can never hit on 's name.—There is such a league between my good man and he!—Is your wife at home, indeed?

Ford. Indeed, she is.

Mrs. Page. By your leave, sir:—I am sick till I see her. [*Exeunt MRS. PAGE and ROBIN.*]

Ford. Has Page any brains? hath he any eyes? hath he any thinking? Sure, they sleep; he hath no use of them. Why, this boy will carry a letter twenty mile,¹²³ as easy as a cannon will shoot point-blank twelve score. He pieces out his wife's inclination; he gives her folly motion and advantage: and now she's going to my wife, and Falstaff's boy with her. A man may hear this show'r sing in the wind!—and Falstaff's boy with her!—Good plots!—they are laid;¹²⁴ and our revolted wives share damnation together. Well; I will take him, then torture my wife, pluck the borrowed veil of modesty from the so seeming mistress Page, divulge Page himself for a secure and wilful Actæon; and to these violent proceedings all my neighbours shall cry aim. [*Clock strikes.*] The clock gives me my cue, and my assurance bid me search: There I shall find Fal-

staff: I shall be rather prais'd for this than mock'd; for it is as positive as the earth is firm¹²⁵ that Falstaff is there: I will go.

Enter PAGE, SHALLOW, SLENDER, Host, SIR HUGH EVANS, CAIUS, and RUGBY.

Shal. Page, &c. Well met, master Ford.

Ford. Trust me, a good knot: I have good cheer at home; and, I pray you all go with me.

Shal. I must excuse myself, master Ford.

Slen. And so must I, sir; we have appointed to dine with mistress Anne, and I would not break with her for more money than I'll speak of.

Shal. We have linger'd about a match between Anne Page and my cousin Slender, and this day we shall have our answer.

Slen. I hope I have your good will, father Page.

Page. You have, master Slender; I stand wholly for you:—but my wife, master doctor, is for you altogether.

Caius. Ay, by gar; and de maid is love-a me: my nursh-a Quickly tell me so mush.

Host. What say you to young master Fenton? he capers, he dances, he has eyes of youth, he writes verses, he speaks holiday,¹²⁶ he smells April and May: he will carry 't, he will carry 't; 't is in his buttons; he will carry 't.

Page. Not by my consent, I promise you. The gentleman is of no having;¹²⁷ he kept company with the wild prince and Pointz;¹²⁸ he is of too high a region; he knows too much. No, he shall not knit a knot in his fortunes with the finger of my substance; if he take her, let him take her simply; the wealth I have waits on my consent, and my consent goes not that way.

Ford. I beseech you, heartily, some of you go home with me to dinner: besides your cheer, you shall have sport; I will show you a monster.—Master doctor, you shall go;—so shall you, master Page;—and you, sir Hugh.

Shal. Well, fare you well:—we shall have the freer wooing at master Page's.

[*Exeunt SHAL. and SLEN.*]

Caius. Go home, John Rugby; I come anon.

[*Exit RUGBY.*]

Host. Farewell, my hearts: I will to my honest knight Falstaff, and drink canary with him.¹²⁹

[*Exit HOST.*]

Ford. [*Aside.*] I think I shall drink in pipe-wine first with him; I'll make him dance. Will you go, gentlemen?

All. Have with you, to see this monster.

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE III.—*A Room in Ford's House.*

Enter MRS. FORD and MRS. PAGE.

Mrs. Ford. What, John! What, Robert!

Mrs. Page. Quickly, quickly: Is the buck-basket—

Mrs. Ford. I warrant:—What, Robin, I say!

Enter Servants, with a basket.

Mrs. Page. Come, come, come.

Mrs. Ford. Here, set it down.

Mrs. Page. Give your men the charge; we must be brief.

Mrs. Ford. Marry, as I told you before, John, and Robert, be ready here hard by in the brew-house; and when I suddenly call you, come forth, and (without any pause or staggering) take this basket on your shoulders: that done, trudge with it in all haste, and carry it among the whitsters¹³⁰ in Datchet mead, and there empty it in the muddy ditch, close by the Thames side.

Mrs. Page. You will do it?

Mrs. Ford. I ha' told them over and over; they lack no direction: Be gone, and come when you are call'd.

[*Exeunt Servants.*]

Mrs. Page. Here comes little Robin.

Enter ROBIN.

Mrs. Ford. How now, my eyas-musket?¹³¹ what news with you?

Rob. My master, sir John, is come in at your back door, mistress Ford; and requests your company.

Mrs. Page. You little Jack-a-Lent,¹³² have you been true to us?

Rob. Ay, I'll be sworn: My master knows not of your being here; and hath threat'ned to put me into everlasting liberty if I tell you of it: for, he swears, he'll turn me away.

Mrs. Page. Thou'rt a good boy; this secrecy or thine shall be a tailor to thee, and shall make thee a new doublet and hose. I'll go hide me.

Mrs. Ford. Do so:—Go tell thy master I am alone. Mistress Page, remember you your cue.

[*Exit ROBIN*]

Mrs. Page. I warrant thee; if I do not act it, hiss me.

[*Exit MRS. PAGE.*]

Mrs. Ford. Go to then: we'll use this un-

wholesome humidity, this gross wat'ry pumpkin. We 'll teach him to know turtles from jays.

Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. Have I caught thee, my heavenly jewel?¹³³ Why, now let me die, for I have liv'd long enough; this is the period of my ambition. O this blessed hour!

Mrs. Ford. O sweet sir John!

Fal. Mistress Ford, I cannot cog,¹³⁴ I cannot prate, mistress Ford. Now shall I sin in my wish: I would thy husband were dead. I 'll speak it before the best lord, I would make thee my lady.

Mrs. Ford. I your lady, sir John! alas, I should be a pitiful lady.

Fal. Let the court of France show me such another. I see how thine eye would emulate the diamond: Thou hast the right arched beauty of the brow, that becomes the ship-tire,¹³⁵ the tire-valiant, or any tire of Venetian admittance.

Mrs. Ford. A plain kerchief, sir John: my brows become nothing else; nor that well neither.

Fal. Thou art a tyrant to say so: thou wouldst make an absolute courtier; and the firm fixture of thy foot would give an excellent motion to thy gait, in a semicircled farthingale. I see what thou wert, if Fortune thy foe were not, Nature thy friend:¹³⁶ Come, thou canst not hide it.

Mrs. Ford. Believe me, there 's no such thing in me.

Fal. What made me love thee? let that persuade thee there 's something extraordinary in thee. Come, I cannot cog, and say thou art this and that, like a many of these lipping hawthorn-buds, that come like women in men's apparel, and smell like Bucklersbury in simple-time;¹³⁷ I cannot; but I love thee; none but thee; and thou deserv'st it.

Mrs. Ford. Do not betray me, sir. I fear you love mistress Page.

Fal. Thou mightst as well say I love to walk by the Counter-gate; which is as hateful to me as the reek of a lime kill.¹³⁸

Mrs. Ford. Well, heaven knows how I love you; and you shall one day find it.

Fal. Keep in that mind; I 'll deserve it.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I must tell you, so you do; or else I could not be in that mind.

Rob. [*within.*] Mistress Ford, mistress Ford! here 's mistress Page at the door, sweating, and blowing, and looking wildly, and would needs speak with you presently.

Fal. She shall not see me; I will chance me behind the arras.¹³⁹

Mrs. Ford. Pray you, do so: she 's a very tattling woman. [*FALSTAFF hides himself*]

Enter MISTRESS PAGE and ROBIN.

What 's the matter? how now?

Mrs. Page. O mistress Ford, what have you done? You 're sham'd, you 're overthown, you 're undone for ever.

Mrs. Ford. What's the matter, good mistress Page?

Mrs. Page. O well-a-day, mistress Ford! having an honest man to your husband, to give him such cause of suspicion!

Mrs. Ford. What cause of suspicion?

Mrs. Page. What cause of suspicion?—Out upon you! how am I mistook in you!

Mrs. Ford. Why, alas! what 's the matter?

Mrs. Page. Your husband 's coming hither, woman, with all the officers in Windsor, to search for a gentleman that, he says, is here now in the house, by your consent, to take an ill advantage of his absence: you are undone.

Mrs. Ford. 'T is not so, I hope.

Mrs. Page. Pray heaven it be not so, that you have such a man here; but 't is most certain your husband 's coming, with half Windsor at his heels, to search for such a one. I come before to tell you. If you know yourself clear, why, I am glad of it: but if you have a friend here, convey, convey him out. Be not amaz'd; call all your senses to you; defend your reputation, or bid fare well to your good life for ever.

Mrs. Ford. What shall I do?—There is a gentleman, my dear friend; and I fear not mine own shame so much as his peril: I had rather than a thousand pounds he were out of the house.

Mrs. Page. For shame, never stand "you had rather," and "you had rather;" your husband 's here at hand; bethink you of some conveyance: in the house you cannot hide him.—O, how have you deceiv'd me!—Look, here is a basket; if he be of any reasonable stature, he may creep in here; and throw foul linen upon him, as if it were going to bucking: Or, it is whiting-time,¹⁴⁰ send him by your two men to Datchet mead.

Mrs. Ford. He 's too big to go in there! What shall I do?

Re-enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. Let me see 't, let me see 't! O let me see 't! I 'll in, I 'll in; follow your friend's counsel;—I 'll in

Mrs. Page. What! Sir John Falstaff! Are these your letters, knight?

Fal. I love thee, and none but thee: Help me away: let me creep in here; I'll never— [*Aside.*

[He goes into the basket; they cover him with foul linen.]

Mrs. Page. Help to cover your master, boy: Call your men, mistress Ford:—You dissembling knight!

Mrs. Ford. What John, Robert, John! [*Exit ROBIN. Re-enter Servants.*] Go take up these clothes here, quickly; where's the cowl-staff?¹⁴¹ look, how you drumble; carry them to the laundress in Datchet mead; quickly, come.

Enter FORD, PAGE, CAIUS, and SIR HUGH EVANS.

Ford. Pray you, come near: if I suspect without cause, why then make sport at me; then let me be your jest; I deserve it.—How now? whether bear you this?

Serv. To the laundress, forsooth.

Mrs. Ford. Why, what have you to do whither they bear it? You were best meddle with buck-washing.¹⁴²

Ford. Buck? I would I could wash myself of the buck! Buck, buck, buck? Ay, buck; I warrant you, buck; and of the season too, it shall appear. [*Exeunt Servants with the basket.*] Gentlemen, I have dream'd to-night; I'll tell you my dream. Here, here, here be my keys: ascend my chambers, search, seek, find out: I'll warrant we'll unkennel the fox:—Let me stop this way first:—[*locks the door*].—so now uncape.¹⁴³

Page. Good master Ford, be contented: you wrong yourself too much.

Ford. True, master Page.—Up, gentlemen; you shall see sport anon: follow me, gentlemen. [*Exit.*

Eva. This is ferry fantastical humours and jealousies.

Caius. By gar 't is no de fashion of France: it is not jealous in France.

Page. Nay, follow him, gentlemen; see the issue of his search.

[Exeunt EVANS, PAGE, and CAIUS.]

Mrs. Page. Is there not a double excellency in this?

Mrs. Ford. I know not which pleases me better, hat my husband is deceived, or sir John.

Mrs. Page. What a taking was he in, when your husband ask'd what was in the basket!¹⁴⁴

Mrs. Ford. I am half afraid he will have need of washing; so throwing him into the water will do him a benefit.

Mrs. Page. Hang him, dishonest rascal! I would all of the same strain were in the same distress.

Mrs. Ford. I think my husband hath some special suspicion of Falstaff's being here; for I never saw him so gross in his jealousy till now.

Mrs. Page. I will lay a plot to try that; and we will yet have more tricks with Falstaff: his dissolute disease will scarce obey this medicine.

Mrs. Ford. Shall we send that foolish carrion, mistress Quickly, to him, and excuse his throwing into the water; and give him another hope, to betray him to another punishment?

Mrs. Page. We will do it; let him be sent for to-morrow eight o'clock, to have amends.

Re-enter FORD, PAGE, CAIUS, and SIR HUGH EVANS.

Ford. I cannot find him: may be the knave bragg'd of that he could not compass.

Mrs. Page. Heard you that?

Mrs. Ford. You use me well, master Ford, do you?

Ford. Ay, I do so.

Mrs. Ford. Heaven make you better than your thoughts!

Ford. Amen!

Mrs. Page. You do yourself mighty wrong, master Ford.

Ford. Ay, ay; I must bear it.

Eva. If there be any pody in the house, and in the chambers, and in the coffers, and in the presses, heaven forgive my sins at the day of judgment!

Caius. Be gar, nor I too; dere is no bodies.

Page. Fie, fie, master Ford! are you not asham'd? What spirit, what devil suggests this imagination? I would not ha' your distemper in this kind, for the wealth of Windsor Castle.

Ford. 'T is my fault, master Page: I suffer for it.

Eva. You suffer for a pad conscience: your wife is as honest a 'omans as I will desires among five thousand, and five hundred too.

Caius. By gar, I see 't is an honest woman.

Ford. Well;—I promis'd you a dinner:—Come, come, walk in the park: I pray you, pardon me; I will hereafter make known to you why I have done this.—Come, wife;—come, mistress Page: I pray you, pardon me; pray heartily, pardon me.

Page. Let's go in, gentlemen; but, trust me, we'll mock him. I do invite you to-morrow morning to my house to breakfast: after, we'll a-birding¹⁴⁵ together; I have a fine hawk for the bush: Shall it be so?

Ford. Anything.

Eva. If there is one, I shall make two in the company

Caius. If there be one or two, I shall make-a de tird.

Forl. Pray you go, master Page.

Eva. I pray you now, remembrance to-morrow on the lousy knave, mine host.

Caius. Dat is good; by gar, vit all my heart.

Eva. A lousy knave; to have his gibes and his mockeries. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*A Room in Page's House.*

Enter FENTON and MISTRESS ANNE PAGE.

Fent. I see I cannot get thy father's love; Therefore no more turn me to him, sweet Nan.

Anne. Alas! how then?

Fent. Why, thou must be thyself. He doth object, I am too great of birth; And that, my state being gall'd with my expense, I seek to heal it only by his wealth: Besides these, other bars he lays before me,—My riots past, my wild societies; And tells me, 't is a thing impossible I should love thee, but as a property.

Anne. May be, he tells you true.

Fent. No, heaven so speed me in my time to come!

Albeit, I will confess thy father's wealth Was the first motive that I woo'd thee, Anne: Yet, wooing thee, I found thee of more value Than stamps in gold, or sums in sealed bags; And 't is the very riches of thyself That now I aim at.

Anne. Gentle master Fenton, Yet seek my father's love; still seek it, sir: If opportunity and humblest suit Cannot attain it, why then—Hark you hither.

[*They converse apart.*]

Enter SHALLOW, SLENDER, and MRS. QUICKLY.

Shal. Break their talk, mistress Quickly; my kinsman shall speak for himself.

Slen. I'll make a shaft or a bolt on 't:¹⁴⁶ slid, 't is but venturing.

Shal. Be not dismay'd.

Slen. No she shall not dismay me: I care not for that,—but that I am afraid.

Quick. Hark ye; master Slender would speak a word with you.

Anne. I come to him.—This is my father's choice.

O, what a world of wild ill-favour'd faults Looks handsome in three hundred pounds a-year!

[*Aside*]

Quick. And how does good master Fenton? Pray you, a word with you.

Shal. She's coming; to her, coz. O boy, thou hadst a father!

Slen. I had a father, mistress Anne;—my uncle can tell you good jests of him:—Pray you, uncle, tell mistress Anne the jest, how my father stole two geese out of a pen, good uncle.

Shal. Mistress Anne, my cousin loves you.

Slen. Ay, that I do; as 'well as I love any woman in Glostershire.

Shal. He will maintain you like a gentlewoman.

Slen. Ay, that I will, come cut and long-tail,¹⁴⁷ under the degree of a 'squire.

Shal. He will make you a hundred and fifty pounds jointure.

Anne. Good master Shallow, let him woo for himself.

Shal. Marry, I thank you for it; I thank you for that good comfort. She calls you, coz: I'll leave you. [*He steps aside.*]

Anne. Now, master Slender.

Slen. Now, good mistress Anne.

Anne. What is your will?

Slen. My will? 'od's heartlings, that 's a pretty jest, indeed! I ne'er made my will yet, I thank heaven; I am not such a sickly creature, I give heaven praise.

Anne. I mean, master Slender, what would you with me?

Slen. Truly, for mine own part, I would little or nothing with you. Your father, and my uncle, have made motions: if it be my luck, so; if not, happy man be his dole!¹⁴⁸ They can tell you how things go better than I can: You may ask your father; here he comes.

Enter PAGE and MISTRESS PAGE.

Page. Now, master Slender:—Love him, daughter Anne.—

Why, how now! what does master Fenton here? You wrong me, sir, thus still to haunt my house I told you, sir, my daughter is dispos'd of.

Fent. Nay, master Page, be not impatient.

Mrs. Page. Good master Fenton, come not to my child.

Page. She is no match for you.

Fent. Sir, will you hear me?

Page. No, good master Fenton.

Come, master Shallow; come, son Slender, in :—
Knowing my mind, you wrong me, master Fenton.

[*Exeunt PAGE, SHAL., and SLEN.*]

Quick. Speak to mistress Page.

Fent. Good mistress Page, for that I love your daughter

In such a righteous fashion as I do,
Perforce, against all checks, rebukes, and manners,
I must advance the colours of my love,
And not retire : Let me have your good will.

Anne. Good mother, do not marry me to yond' fool.

Mrs. Page. I mean it not; I seek you a better husband.

Quick. That's my master, master doctor.

Anne. Alas, I had rather be set quick i' the earth,

And bowl'd to death with turnips.¹⁴⁹

Mrs. Page. Come, trouble not yourself. Good master Fenton

I will not be your friend, nor enemy :
My daughter will I question how she loves you,
And as I find her, so am I affected ;
Till then, farewell, sir :—She must needs go in ;
Her father will be angry else.¹⁵⁰

[*Exit MRS. PAGE and ANNE.*]

Fent. Farewell, gentle mistress : farewell, Nan.

Quick. This is my doing now.—Nay, said I, will you cast away your child on a fool and a physician ?¹⁵¹ Look on master Fenton :—this is my doing.

Fent. I thank thee; and I pray thee, once to-night,¹⁵²

Give my sweet Nan this ring : There's for thy pains. [*Exit.*]

Quick. Now heaven send thee good fortune ! A kind heart he hath : a woman would run through fire and water for such a kind heart. But yet, I would my master had mistress Anne; or I would master Slender had her; or, in sooth, I would master Fenton had her : I will do what I can for them all three; for so I have promis'd, and I'll be as good as my word; but speciously for master Fenton. Well, I must of another errand to sir John Falstaff from my two mistresses. What a least am I to slack it ! [*Exit.*]

SCENE V.—*A Room in the Garter Inn.*

Enter FALSTAFF and BARDOLPH.

Fal. Bardolph, I say,—

Bard. Here, sir.

Fal. Go fetch me a quart of sack; put a toast

in 't. [*Exit BARD.*] Have I liv'd to be carried in a basket, like a barrow of butcher's offal; and to be thrown in the Thames? Well, if I be serv'd such another trick, I'll have my brains ta'en out, and butter'd, and give them to a dog for a new year's gift. The rogues slighted¹⁵³ me into the river with as little remorse as they would have drown'd a bitch's blind puppies, fifteen i' the litter : and you may know by my size that I have a kind of alacrity in sinking; if the bottom were as deep as hell, I should drown. I had been drown'd, but that the shore was shelvy and shallow,—a death that I abhor; for the water swells a man; and what a thing should I have been when I had been swell'd ! I should have been a mountain of mummy.¹⁵⁴

Re-enter BARDOLPH with the wine.

Bard. Here's mistress Quickly, sir, to speak with you.

Fal. Come, let me pour in some sack to the Thames water; for my belly's as cold as if I had swallow'd snowballs for pills to cool the reins. Call her in.

Bard. Come in, woman.

Enter MRS. QUICKLY.

Quick. By your leave; I cry you mercy : Give your worship good morrow.

Fal. Take away these chalices : Go, brew me a pottle of sack¹⁵⁵ finely.

Bard. With eggs, sir?

Fal. Simple of itself; I'll no pullet-sperm in my brewage.—[*Exit BARDOLPH.*—]How now?

Quick. Marry, sir, I came to your worship from mistress Ford.

Fal. Mistress Ford ! I have had ford enough ! I was thrown into the ford : I have my belly full of ford !

Quick. Alas the day ! good heart, that was not her fault : she does so take on with her men ; they mistook their erection.

Fal. So did I mine, to build upon a foolish woman's promise.

Quick. Well, she laments, sir, for it, that it would yearn your heart to see it. Her husband goes this morning a-birding : she desires you once more to come to her between eight and nine. I must carry her word quickly : she'll make you amends, I warrant you.

Fal. Well, I will visit her. Tell her so; and bid her think what a man is : let her consider his frailty, and then judge of my merit.

Quick. I will tell her.

Fal. Do so. Between nine and ten, say'st thou?

Quick. Eight and nine, sir.

Fal. Well, be gone: I will not miss her.

Quick. Peace be with you, sir. [*Exit.*]

Fal. I marvel I hear not of master Brook; he sent me word to stay within: I like his money well. O here he comes.

Enter Ford.

Ford. Bless you, sir!

Fal. Now, master Brook? you come to know what hath pass'd between me and Ford's wife.

Ford. That, indeed, sir John, is my business.

Fal. Master Brook, I will not lie to you: I was at her house the hour she appointed me.

Ford. And sped you, sir?

Fal. Very ill-favour'dly, master Brook.

Ford. How so, sir? Did she change her determination?

Fal. No, master Brook; but the peaking counterfeit to her husband, master Brook, dwelling in a continual 'larum of jealousy, comes me in the instant of our encounter, after we had embraced, kiss'd, protested, and, as it were, spoke the prologue of our comedy; and at his heels a rabble of his companions, thither provoked and instigated by his distemper, and, forsooth, to search his house for his wife's love.

Ford. What, while you were there?

Fal. While I was there.

Ford. And did he search for you, and could not find you?

Fal. You shall hear. As good luck would have it, comes in one mistress Page; gives intelligence of Ford's approach; and, in her invention and Ford's wife's distraction, they convey'd me into a buck-basket.

Ford. A buck-basket?

Fal. By the Lord, a buck-basket!¹⁵⁸—ramm'd me in with foul shirts and smocks, socks, foul stockings, greasy napkins; that, master Brook, there was the rankest compound of villainous smell that ever offended nostril.

Ford. And how long lay you there?

Fal. Nay, you shall hear, master Brook, what I have suffer'd to bring this woman to evil for your good. Being thus cramm'd in the basket, a couple of Ford's knaves, his hinds, were call'd forth by their mistress, to carry me in the name of foul clothes to Datchet-lane: they took me on their shoulders; met the jealous knave their master in the door; who ask'd them once or twice what they

had in their basket: I quak'd for fear, lest the lunatic knave would have search'd it; but fate, ordaining he should be a cuckold, held his hand. Well: on went he for a search, and away went I for foul clothes. But mark the sequel, master Brook: I suffered the pangs of three several deaths: first, an intolerable fright, to be detected with a jealous rotten bell-wether: next, to be compass'd like a good bilbo in the circumference of a peck, hilt to point, heel to head: and then, to be stopp'd in, like a strong distillation, with stinking clothes that fretted in their own grease: think of that,—a man of my kidney,—think of that; that am as subject to heat as butter; a man of continual dissolution and thaw; it was a miracle to 'scape suffocation. And in the height of this bath, when I was more than half stew'd in grease, like a Dutch dish, to be thrown into the Thames, and cool'd, glowing hot, in that surge, like a horse shoe; think of that,—hissing hot,—think of that, master Brook.

Ford. In good sadness, sir, I am sorry that for my sake you have suffer'd all this. My suit there is desperate; you'll undertake her no more.

Fal. Master Brook, I will be thrown into Etna, as I have been into Thames, ere I will leave her thus. Her husband is this morning gone a-birding: I have received from her another embassy of meeting;¹⁵⁷ 'twixt eight and nine is the hour, master Brook.

Ford. 'T is past eight already, sir.

Fal. Is it? I will then address me¹⁵⁸ to my appointment. Come to me at your convenient leisure, and you shall know how I speed; and the conclusion shall be crowned with your enjoying her. Adieu. You shall have her, master Brook; master Brook, you shall cuckold Ford. [*Exit.*]

Ford. Hum! ha! is this a vision? is this a dream? do I sleep? Master Ford, awake; awake, master Ford; there's a hole made in your best coat, master Ford. This 't is to be married! this 't is to have linen and buck-baskets!—Well, I will proclaim myself what I am: I will now take the lecher; he is at my house; he cannot 'scape me, 't is impossible he should; he cannot creep into a halfpenny purse, nor into a pepper-box; but, lest the devil that guides him should aid him, I will search impossible places. Though what I am I cannot avoid, yet to be what I would not shall not make me tame. If I have horns to make me mad,¹⁵⁹ let the proverb go with me,—I'll be horn mad. [*Exit.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The Street.*

Enter MRS. PAGE, MRS. QUICKLY, and WILLIAM.

Mrs. Page. Is he at master Ford's already, think'st thou?

Quick. Sure he is by this; or will be presently: but truly he is very courageous mad, about his throwing into the water. Mistress Ford desires you to come suddenly.

Mrs. Page. I'll be with her by-and-by; I'll but bring my young man here to school. Look, where his master comes; 't is a playing day, I see.

Enter SIR HUGH EVANS.

How now, sir Hugh? no school to-day?

Eva. No; master Slender is let the boys leave to play.

Quick. Blessing of his heart!

Mrs. Page. Sir Hugh, my husband says my son profits nothing in the world at his book. I pray you, ask him some questions in his accidence.

Eva. Come hither, William; hold up your head; come.

Mrs. Page. Come on, sirrah: hold up your head; answer your master, be not afraid.

Eva. William, how many numbers is in nouns?

Will. Two.

Quick. Truly, I thought there had been one number more; because they say, odd's nouns!

Eva. Peace your tattlings. What is *fair*, William?

Will. *Pulcher.*

Quick. Polecats! there are fairer things than polecats, sure.

Eva. You are a very simplicity 'oman, I pray you, peace. What is *lapis*, William?

Will. A stone.

Eva. And what is a stone, William?

Will. A pebble.

Eva. No, it is *lapis*; I pray you remember in your prain.

Will. *Lapis.*

Eva. That is a good William. What is he, William, that does lend articles?

Will. Articles are borrowed of the pronoun; and be thus declined, *Singulariter, nominativo, hic, hæc, hoc.*

Eva. *Nominativo, hig, hag, hog;*—pray you mark: *genitivo, hujus:* Well, what is your *accusative case*?

Will. *Accusativo, hunc.*¹⁶⁰

Eva. I pray you, have your remembrance, child; *Accusativo, hung, hang, hog.*

Quick. Hang hog is Latin for bacon I warrant you.

Eva. Leave your prabbles, 'oman. What is the *focative case*, William?

Will. O—*vocativo, O.*

Eva. Remember, William, *focative* is *caret.*

Quick. And that's a good root.

Eva. 'Oman, forbear.

Mrs. Page. Peace.

Eva. What is your *genitive case plural*, William?

Will. *Genitive case?*

Eva. Ay.

Will. *Genitivo,—horum, harum, horum.*

Quick. 'Vengeance of Jenny's case! fie on her—never name her, child, if she be a whore.

Eva. For shame, 'oman.

Quick. You do ill to teach the child such words: he teaches him to hick and to hack, which they'll do fast enough of themselves, and to call *horum*:—fie upon you!

Eva. 'Oman, art thou lunatics? hast thou no understandings for thy cases, and the numbers of the genders? Thou art as foolish Christian creatures as I would desires.

Mrs. Page. Prithee, hold thy peace.

Eva. Show me now, William, some declensions of your pronouns.

Will. Forsooth, I have forgot.

Eva. It is *qui, quæ, quod*; if you forget your *quies*, your *quæ*s, and your *quod*s, you must be preeches. Go your ways, and play, go.

Mrs. Page. He is a better scholar than I thought he was.

Eva. He is a good sprag memory.¹⁶¹ Farewell, mistress Page.

Mrs. Page. Adieu, good sir Hugh. [*Exit* SIR HUGH.] Get you home, boy.—Come, we stay too long [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*A Room in Ford's House.*

Enter FALSTAFF and MRS. FORD.

Fal. Mistress Ford, your sorrow hath eaten up my sufferance. I see you are obsequious in your love, and I profess requital to a hair's breadth; not only, mistress Ford, in the simple office of love, but in all the accoutrement, complement, and ceremony of it. But are you sure of your husband now?

Mrs. Ford. He's a-birding, sweet sir John.

Mrs. Page. [*Within.*] What ho, gossip Ford! what ho!

Mrs. Ford. Step into the chamber, sir John.

[*Exit FALSTAFF.*]

Enter MRS. PAGE.

Mrs. Page. How now, sweetheart? who's at 'ome besides yourself?

Mrs. Ford. Why, none but mine own people.

Mrs. Page. Indeed?

Mrs. Ford. No, certainly;—Speak louder.

[*Softly.*]

Mrs. Page. Truly, I am so glad you have nobody here.

Mrs. Ford. Why?

Mrs. Page. Why, woman, your husband is in his old lines¹⁶² again: he so takes on yonder with my husband; so rails against all married mankind; so curses all Eve's daughters, of what complexion soever; and so buffets himself on the forehead, crying "Peer-out, peer-out!" that any madness I ever yet beheld seem'd but tameness, civility, and patience, to this his distemper he is in now; I am glad the fat knight is not here.

Mrs. Ford. Why, does he talk of him?

Mrs. Page. Of none but him; and swears he was carried out, the last time he searched for him, in a basket: protests to my husband he is now here; and hath drawn him and the rest of their company from their sport, to make another experiment of his suspicion; but I am glad the knight is not here: now he shall see his own foolery.

Mrs. Ford. How near is he, mistress Page?

Mrs. Page. Hard by; at street end; he will be here anon.

Mrs. Ford. I am undone!—the knight is here.

Mrs. Page. Why, then you are utterly sham'd, and he's but a dead man. What a woman are you!—Away with him, away with him; better shame than murder.

Mrs. Ford. Which way should he go? how should I bestow him? Shall I put him into the basket again?

Re-enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. No, I'll come no more i' the basket. May I not go out ere he come?

Mrs. Page. Alas, three of master Ford's brothers watch the door with pistols,¹⁶³ that none shall issue out; otherwise you might slip away ere he came. But what make you here?

Fal. What shall I do?—I'll creep up into the chimney.

Mrs. Ford. There they always use to discharge their birding-pieces: Creep into the kill hole.

Fal. Where is it?

Mrs. Ford. He will seek there, on my word. Neither press, coffer, chest, trunk, well, vault, but he hath an abstract for the remembrance of such places, and goes to them by his note: There is no hiding you in the house.

Fal. I'll go out then.

Mrs. Page. If you go out in your own semblance, you die, sir John. Unless you go out disguis'd,—

Mrs. Ford. How might we disguise him?

Mrs. Page. Alas the day, I know not. There is no woman's gown big enough for him; otherwise he might put on a hat, a muffler, and a kerchief, and so escape.

Fal. Good hearts, devise something; any extremity, rather than a mischief.

Mrs. Ford. My maid's aunt, the fat woman of Brentford, has a gown above.

Mrs. Page. On my word, it will serve him; she's as big as he is: and there's her thrumm'd hat, and her muffler too:¹⁶⁴ Run up, sir John.

Mrs. Ford. Go, go, sweet sir John: mistress Page and I will look some linen for your head.

Mrs. Page. Quick, quick; we'll come dress you straight: put on the gown the while. [*Exit FAL.*]

Mrs. Ford. I would my husband would meet him in this shape: he cannot abide the old woman of Brentford; he swears she's a witch; forbade her my house, and hath threatened to beat her.

Mrs. Page. Heaven guide him to thy husband's cudgel; and the devil guide his cudgel afterwards!

Mrs. Ford. But is my husband coming?

Mrs. Page. Ay, in good sadness is he; and talks of the basket too, howsoever he hath had intelligence.

Mrs. Ford. We 'll try that; for I 'll appoint my men to carry the basket again, to meet him at the door with it, as they did last time.

Mrs. Page. Nay, but he 'll be here presently: let 's go dress him like the witch of Brentford.

Mrs. Ford. I 'll first direct my men what they shall do with the basket. Go up; I 'll bring linen for him straight. *[Exit.]*

Mrs. Page. Hang him, dishonest varlet! we cannot misuse him enough.

We 'll leave a proof, by that which we will do,
Wives may be merry, and yet honest too:

We do not act that often jest and laugh

'T is old but true, Still swine eat all the draff.

[Exit.]

Re-enter MRS. FORD, with two Servants.

Mrs. Ford. Go, sirs, take the basket again on your shoulders; your master is hard at door; if he bid you set it down, obey him: quickly, despatch. *[Exit.]*

1 *Serv.* Come, come, take it up.

2 *Serv.* Pray heaven it be not full of knight again.

1 *Serv.* I hope not; I had as lief bear so much lead.

Enter FORD, PAGE, SHALLOW, CAIUS, and SIR HUGH EVANS.

Ford. Ay, but if it prove true, master Page, have you any way then to unfool me again?—Set down the basket, villains:—Somebody call my wife:—Youth in a basket!—O, you panderly rascals! there 's a knot, a ging,¹⁶⁵ a pack, a conspiracy against me: Now shall the devil be sham'd. What! wife, I say!—Come, come forth. Behold what honest clothes you send forth to bleaching.

Page. Why, this passes! Master Ford, you are not to go loose any longer; you must be pinion'd.

Eva. Why, this is lunatics! this is mad as a mad dog!

Shal. Indeed, master Ford, this is not well; indeed.

Enter MRS. FORD.

Ford. So say I too, sir.—Come hither, mistress Ford; mistress Ford, the honest woman, the modest wife, the virtuous creature, that hath the jealous fool to her husband!—I suspect without cause, mistress do I?

Mrs. Ford. Heaven be my witness you do, if you suspect me in any dishonesty.

Ford. Well said, brazen-face! hold it out.—Come forth, sirrah.

[Pulls the clothes out of the basket]

Page. This passes!

Mrs. Ford. Are you not ashamed? let the clothes alone.

Ford. I shall find you anon.

Eva. 'T is unreasonable! Will you take up your wife's clothes? Come away.

Ford. Empty the basket, I say.

Mrs. Ford. Why, man, why?

Ford. Master Page, as I am a man, there was one convey'd out of my house yesterday in this basket: Why may not he be there again? In my house I am sure he is: my intelligence is true; my jealousy is reasonable. Pluck me out all the linen.

Mrs. Ford. If you find a man there, he shall die a flea's death.

Page. Here 's no man here.¹⁶⁶

Shal. By my fidelity, this is not well, master Ford; this wrongs you.

Eva. Master Ford, you must pray, and not follow the imaginations of your own heart: this is jealousies.

Ford. Well, he 's not here I seek for.

Page. No, nor nowhere else, but in your brain.

Ford. Help to search my house this one time: If I find not what I seek, show no colour for my extremity; let me for ever be your table-sport; let them say of me, As jealous as Ford, that search'd a hollow walnut for his wife's leman.¹⁶⁷ Satisfy me once more; once more search with me.

Mrs. Ford. What ho, mistress Page! come you, and the old woman, down; my husband will come into the chamber.

Ford. Old woman! What old woman 's that?

Mrs. Ford. Why, it is my maid's aunt, of Brentford.

Ford. A witch, a quean, an old cozening quean! Have I not forbid her my house? She comes on errands, does she? We are simple men; we do not know what 's brought to pass under the profession of fortune-telling. She works by charms, by spells, by the figure, and such daubery as this is; beyond our element: we know nothing.—Come down, you witch, you hag you; come down, I say.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, good, sweet husband;—good gentlemen let him not strike the old woman.

Enter FALSTAFF in woman's clothes, led by MRS. PAGE.

Mrs. Page. Come, mother Prat, come, give me your hand.

Ford. I'll prat her:—Out of my door, you witch, [*beats him,*] you rag, you baggage, you polecat, you ronyon!¹⁶⁸ out! out! I'll conjure you, I'll fortune-tell you. [*Exit FALSTAFF.*]

Mrs. Page. Are you not ashamed? I think you have kill'd the poor woman.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, he will do it:—'T is a goodly credit for you.

Ford. Hang her, witch!

Eva. By yea and no, I think, the 'oman is a witch indeed: I like not when a 'oman has a great peard; I spy a great peard under her muffler.

Ford. Will you follow, gentlemen? I beseech you, follow; see but the issue of my jealousy: if I cry out thus upon no trail, never trust me when I open again.

Page. Let's obey his humour a little further: Come, gentlemen.

[*Exeunt PAGE, FORD, SHAL., and EVA.*]

Mrs. Page. Trust me, he beat him most pitifully.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, by the mass, that he did not; he beat him most unpitifully, methought.

Mrs. Page. I'll have the cudgel hallow'd, and hung o'er the altar; it hath done meritorious service.

Mrs. Ford. What think you? May we, with the warrant of womanhood, and the witness of a good conscience, pursue him with any further revenge?

Mrs. Page. The spirit of wantonness is, sure, scar'd out of him; if the devil have him not in fee-simple, with fine and recovery, he will never, I think, in the way of waste,¹⁶⁹ attempt us again.

Mrs. Ford. Shall we tell our husbands how we have serv'd him?

Mrs. Page. Yes, by all means; if it be but to scrape the figures out of your husband's brains. If they can find in their hearts the poor unvirtuous fat knight shall be any further afflicted, we two will still be the ministers.

Mrs. Ford. I'll warrant they'll have him publicly sham'd; and, methinks, there would be no period to the jest,¹⁷⁰ should he not be publicly sham'd.

Mrs. Page. Come, to the forge with it then; shape it: I would not have things cool. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—A Room in the Garter Inn.

Enter HOST and BARDOLPH.

Bard. Sir the Germans desire to have three of

your horses: the duke himself will be to-morrow at court, and they are going to meet him.

Host. What duke should that be comes so secretly? I hear not of him in the court. Let me speak with the gentlemen; they speak English?

Bard. Ay, sir; I'll call them to you.

Host. They shall have my horses; but I'll make them pay; I'll sauce them: they have had my houses a week at command; I have turn'd away my other guests: they must come off;¹⁷¹ I'll sauce them: Come. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—A Room in Ford's House.

Enter PAGE, FORD, MRS. PAGE, MRS. FORD, and SIR HUGH EVANS.

Eva. 'T is one of the pest discretions of a 'oman as ever I did look upon.

Page. And did he send you both these letters at an instant?

Mrs. Page. Within a quarter of an hour.

Ford. Pardon me, wife: Henceforth do what thou wilt;

I rather will suspect the sun with cold
Than thee with wantonness: now doth thy honour stand,

In him that was of late an heretic,
As firm as faith.

Page. 'T is well, 't is well; no more:
Be not as extreme in submission
As in offence;

But let our plot go forward: let our wives
Yet once again, to make us public sport,
Appoint a meeting with this old fat fellow,
Where we may take him, and disgrace him for it.

Ford. There is no better way than that they spoke of.

Page. How! to send him word they'll meet him in the park at midnight? Fie, fie; he'll never come.

Eva. You say, he has been thrown in the rifers; and has been grievously peaten, as an old 'oman; methinks, there should be terrors in him that he should not come; methinks, his flesh is punish'd, he shall have no desires.

Page. So think I too.

Mrs. Ford. Devise but how you'll use him when he comes,

And let us two devise to bring him thither.

Mrs. Page. There is an old tale goes, that
Herne the hunter,

Sometime a keeper here in Windsor forest.¹⁷²

Doth all the winter-time, at still midnight,
Walk round about an oak, with great ragg'd
horns;

And there he blasts the tree, and takes the
cattle;¹⁷³

And makes milch-kine yield blood, and shakes a
chain

In a most hideous and dreadful manner:

You have heard of such a spirit; and well you
know,

The superstitious idle-headed old
Receiv'd, and did deliver to our age,
This tale of Herne the hunter for a truth.

Page. Why, yet there want not many that do
fear

In deep of night to walk by this Herne's oak:
But what of this?

Mrs. Ford. Marry, this is our device;
That Falstaff at that oak shall meet with us,
Disguis'd like Herne, with huge horns on his
head.

Page. Well, let it not be doubted but he'll
come,

And in this shape: When you have brought him
thither,

What shall be done with him? what is your plot?

Mrs. Page. That likewise have we thought
upon, and thus:

Nan Page my daughter, and my little son,
And three or four more of their growth, we'll
dress

Like urchins, ouphes,¹⁷⁴ and fairies, green and
white,

With rounds of waxen tapers on their heads,

And rattles in their hands; upon a sudden,

As Falstaff, she, and I, are newly met,

Let them from forth a sawpit rush at once

With some diffused song; upon their sight,

We two in great amazedness will fly:

Then let them all encircle him about,

And, fairy-like, to pinch the unclean knight;

And ask him, why, that hour of fairy revel,

In their so sacred paths he dares to tread,

In shape profane.

Mrs. Ford. And till he tell the truth,
Let the supposed fairies pinch him sound,
And burn him with their tapers.

Mrs. Page. The truth being known,
We'll all present ourselves; dis-horn the spirit,
And mock him home to Windsor.

Ford. The children must
Be practis'd well to this, or they'll ne'er do't.

Eva. I will teach the children their behaviours
and I will be like a jack-an-apes also, to burn the
knight with my taber.

Ford. That will be excellent. I'll go buy them
vizards.

Mrs. Page. My Nan shall be the queen of all
the fairies,

Finely attired in a robe of white.

Page. That silk will I go buy!—and in that
time

Shall master Slender steal my Nan away, [*Aside.*
And marry her at Eton.—Go, send to Falstaff
straight.

Ford. Nay, I'll to him again, in name of Brook;
He'll tell me all his purpose: Sure, he'll come.

Mrs. Page. Fear not you that: Go, get us pro-
perties,¹⁷⁵

And tricking for our fairies.

Eva. Let us about it: It is admirable pleasures,
and fery honest knaveries.

[*Exeunt PAGE, FORD, and EVANS.*

Mrs. Page. Go, mistress Ford,
Send quickly to sir John, to know his mind.

[*Exit MRS. FORD.*

I'll to the doctor; he hath my good will,
And none but he, to marry with Nan Page.
That Slender, though well landed, is an idiot;
And he my husband best of all affects:
The doctor is well money'd, and his friends
Potent at court; he, none but he, shall have her,
Though twenty thousand worthier come to crave her.

[*Exit.*

SCENE V.—A Room in the Garter Inn.

Enter Host and SIMPLE.

Host. What wouldst thou have, boor? what,
thickskin? speak, breathe, discuss; brief, short,
quick, snap.

Sim. Marry, sir, I come to speak with sir John
Falstaff from master Slender.

Host. There's his chamber, his house, his castle,
his standing-bed, and truckle-bed;¹⁷⁶ 't is painted
about with the story of the prodigal, fresh and
new: Go, knock and call; he'll speak like an
Anthrophaginian unto thee: Knock, I say.

Sim. There's an old woman, a fat woman, gone
up into his chamber: I'll be so bold as stay, sir
till she come down; I come to speak with her
indeed.

Host. Ha! a fat woman! the knight may be
robb'd: I'll call.—Bully knight! Bully sir John
speak from thy lungs military: Art thou there?
it is thine host, thine Ephesian,¹⁷⁷ calls.

Fal. [*above.*] How now, mine host?

Host. Here 's a Bohemian-Tartar carries the coming down of thy fat woman. Let her descend, bully, let her descend; my chambers are honourable: Fie! privacy? fie!

Enter FALSTAFF

Fal. There was, mine host, a fat old woman even now with me; but she 's gone.

Sim. Pray you, sir, was 't not the wise woman of Brentford?

Fal. Ay, marry, was it, muscle-shell: What would you with her?

Sim. My master, sir, my master Slender, sent to her, seeing her go through the streets, to know, sir, whether one Nym, sir, that beguil'd him of a chain, had the chain, or no.

Fal. I spake with the old woman about it.

Sim. And what says she, I pray, sir?

Fal. Marry, she says that the very same man that beguil'd master Slender of his chain cozen'd him of it.

Sim. I would I could have spoken with the woman herself: I had other things to have spoken with her too, from him.

Fal. What are they? let us know.

Host. Ay, come; quick.

Sim. I may not conceal them, sir.

Host. Conceal them, or thou diest.

Sim. Why, sir, they were nothing but about mistress Anne Page; to know if it were my master's fortune to have her, or no.

Fal. 'T is, 't is his fortune.

Sim. What, sir?

Fal. To have her,—or no: Go; say, the woman told me so.

Sim. May I be bold to say so, sir?

Fal. Ay, sir Tike;¹⁷⁸ who more bold?

Sim. I thank your worship: I shall make my master glad with these tidings. [*Exit SIM.*]

Host. Thou art clerkly, thou art clerkly, sir John: Was there a wise woman with thee?

Fal. Ay, that there was, mine host; one that hath taught me more wit than ever I learn'd before in my life; and I paid nothing for it neither, but was paid for my learning.

Enter BARDOLPH.

Bard. Out, alas, sir! cozenage! mere cozenage.

Host. Where be my horses? speak well of them, varletto.

Bard. Run away with the cozeners: for so soon

as I came beyond Eton, they threw me off, from behind one of them, in a slough of mire; and set spurs and away, like three German devils, three doctor Faustuses.

Host. They are gone but to meet the duke, villain: do not say they be fled; Germans are honest men.

Enter SIR HUGH EVANS.

Eva. Where is mine host?

Host. What is the matter, sir?

Eva. Have a care of your entertainments: there is a friend of mine come to town, tells me there is three couzin Germans, that has cozen'd all the hosts of Readings, of Maidenhead, of Colebrook, of horses and money. I tell you for good-will, look you: you are wise, and full of gibes and clouting-stogs; and 't is not convenient you should be cozened: Fare you well. [*Exit.*]

Enter DR. CAIUS.

Caius. Vere is mine host *de Jarterre*?

Host. Here, master doctor, in perplexity, and doubtful dilemma.

Caius. I cannot tell vat is dat: But it is tell-a me, dat you make grand preparation for a duke *de Jarmany*: by my trot, dare is no duke dat de court is know to come: I tell you for good vill: adieu. [*Exit.*]

Host. Hue and cry, villain, go:—assist me, knight; I am undone: fly, run, hue and cry, villain! I am undone! [*Exeunt Host and BARD.*]

Fal. I would all the world might be cozened; for I have been cozened and beaten too. If it should come to the ear of the court, how I have been transformed, and how my transformation hath been wash'd and cudgell'd, they would melt me out of my fat, drop by drop, and liquor fishermen's boots with me. I warrant, they would whip me with their fine wits, till I were as crest-fall'n as a dried pear. I never prosper'd since I forswore myself at primero.¹⁷⁹ Well, if my wind were but long enough to say my prayers, I would repent.—

Enter MISTRESS QUICKLY.

Now! whence come you?

Quick. From the two parties, forsooth.

Fal. The devil take one party, and his dam the other, and so they shall be both bestowed! I have suffer'd more for their sakes, more than the villainous inconstancy of man's disposition is able to bear.

Quick. And have not they suffer'd? Yes, I

warrant; speciously one of them; mistress Ford, good heart, is beaten black and blue, that you cannot see a white spot about her.

Fal. What tell'st thou me of black and blue? I was beaten myself into all the colours of the rainbow; and I was like to be apprehended for the witch of Brentford; but that my admirable dexterity of wit, my counterfeiting the action of an old woman, deliver'd me, the knave constable had set me i' th' stocks, i' the common stocks, for a witch.

Quick. Sir, let me speak with you in your chamber: you shall hear how things go; and, I warrant, to your content. Here is a letter will say somewhat. Good hearts, what ado here is to bring you together! Sure, one of you does not serve heaven well that you are so cross'd.

Fal. Come up into my chamber. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—*Another Room in the Garter Inn.*

Enter FENTON and HOST.

Host. Master Fenton, talk not to me; my mind is heavy, I will give over all.

Fent. Yet hear me speak: Assist me in my purpose,

And, as I am a gentleman, I'll give thee
A hundred pound in gold, more than your loss.

Host. I will hear you, master Fenton; and I will, at the least, keep your counsel.

Fent. From time to time I have acquainted you
With the dear love I bear to fair Anne Page;
Who, mutually, hath answer'd my affection,
(So far-forth as herself might be her chooser,)
Even to my wish: I have a letter from her
Of such contents as you will wonder at;
The mirth whereof so larded with my matter,
That neither, singly, can be manifested,
Without the show of both,—wherein fat Falstaff
Hath a great scene: the image of the jest
I'll show you here at large. Hark, good mine
host:

To-night, at Herne's oak, just 'twixt twelve and one,

Must my sweet Nan present the fairy queen:
The purpose why, is here; in which disguise,
While other jests are something rank on foot,
Her father hath commanded her to slip
Away with Slender, and with him at Eton
Immediately to marry: she hath consented:
Now, sir,

Her mother, even strong against that match,
And firm for doctor Caius, hath appointed
That he shall likewise shuffle her away,
While other sports are tasking of their minds,
And at the dean'ry, where a priest attends,
Straight marry her: to this her mother's plot
She, seemingly obedient, likewise hath
Made promise to the doctor.—Now thus it rests:
Her father means she shall be all in white;
And in that habit, when Slender sees his time
To take her by the hand, and bid her go,
She shall go with him: her mother hath intended.
The better to denote her to the doctor,
(For they must all be mask'd and vizarded,)
That, quaint in green, she shall be loose enrob'd,
With ribands pendant, flaring 'bout her head;
And when the doctor spies his vantage ripe,
To pinch her by the hand, and, on that token,
The maid hath given consent to go with him.

Host. Which means she to deceive? father or mother?

Fent. Both, my good host, to go along with me:
And here it rests,—that you'll procure the vicar
To stay for me at church, 'twixt twelve and one,
And, in the lawful name of marrying,
To give our hearts united ceremony.

Host. Well, husband your device; I'll to the vicar:

Bring you the maid, you shall not lack a priest.

Fent. So shall I evermore be bound to thee;
Besides, I'll make a present recompense.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A Room in the Garter Inn.*

Enter FALSTAFF and MRS. QUICKLY.

Fal. Prithce, no more prattling:—go. I'll hold:¹⁸⁰ This is the third time; I hope, good luck lies in odd numbers. Away, go; they say there is divinity in odd numbers, either in nativity, chance, or death.—Away.

Quick. I'll provide you a chain: and I'll do what I can to get you a pair of horns.

Fal. Away, I say; time wears: hold up your head, and mince.¹⁸¹ [*Exit MRS. QUICKLY.*]

Enter FORD.

How now, master Brook? Master Brook, the matter will be known to-night, or never. Be you in the park about midnight, at Herne's oak, and you shall see wonders.

Ford. Went you not to her yesterday, sir, as you told me you had appointed?

Fal. I went to her, master Brook, as you see, like a poor old man: but I came from her, master Brook, like a poor old woman. That same knave, Ford, her husband, hath the finest mad devil of jealousy in him, master Brook, that ever govern'd frenzy. I will tell you:—he beat me grievously, in the shape of a woman; for in the shape of man, master Brook, I fear not Goliah with a weaver's beam; because I know also, life is a shuttle. I am in haste; go along with me; I'll tell you all, master Brook. Since I pluck'd geese, played truant, and whipp'd top, I knew not what 't was to be beaten, till lately. Follow me: I'll tell you strange things of this knave Ford: on whom to-night I will be revenged, and I will deliver his wife into your hand.—Follow: Strange things in hand, master Brook! follow. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—Windsor Park.

Enter PAGE, SHALLOW, and SLENDER.

Page. Come, come; we'll couch i' the castle-ditch, till we see the light of our fairies.—Remember son Slender, my daughter.

Slender. Ay, forsooth; I have spoke with her, and we have a nay-word, how to know one another I come to her in white, and cry *mum*;:¹⁸² she cries *budget*; and by that we know one another.

Shallow. That's good too: but what needs either your *mum*, or her *budget*? the white will decipher her well enough.—It hath struck ten o'clock.

Page. The night is dark; light and spirits will become it well. Heaven prosper our sport! No man means evil but the devil, and we shall know him by his horns. Let's away; follow me.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*A street in Windsor.*

Enter MRS. PAGE, MRS. FORD, and DR. CAIUS.

Mrs. Page. Master doctor, my daughter is in green: when you see your time, take her by the hand, away with her to the deanery, and despatch it quickly: Go before into the park; we two must go together.

Caius. I know vat I have to do: Adieu.

Mrs. Page. Fare you well, sir. [*Exit CAIUS.*] My husband will not rejoice so much at the abuse of Falstaff, as he will chafe at the doctor's marrying my daughter: but 't is no matter; better a little chiding, than a great deal of heartbreak.

Mrs. Ford. Where is Nan now, and her troop of fairies? and the Welsh devil, Hugh?

Mrs. Page. They are all couch'd in a pit hard by Herne's oak, with obscur'd lights; which, at the very instant of Falstaff's and our meeting, they will at once display to the night.

Mrs. Ford. That cannot choose but amaze him.

Mrs. Page. If he be not amaz'd, he will be mock'd; if he be amaz'd, he will every way be mock'd.

Mrs. Ford. We'll betray him finely.

Mrs. Page. Against such lewdsters,¹⁸³ and their lechery,

Those that betray them do no treachery.

Mrs. Ford. The hour draws on. To the oak to the oak! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—Windsor Park.

Enter SIR HUGH EVANS and FAIRIES.

Eva. Trib, trib, fairies; come; and remember your parts: be pold, I pray you; follow me into the pit; and when I give the watch-ords, do as I bid you; Come, come; trib, trib. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*Another part of the Park.**Enter FALSTAFF, disguised with a buck's head on.*

Fal. The Windsor bell hath struck twelve; the minute draws on: Now, the hot-blooded gods assist me:—Remember, Jove, thou wast a bull for thy Europa; love set on thy horns. O powerful love! that, in some respects, makes a beast a man; in some other, a man a beast. You were also, Jupiter, a swan, for the love of Leda:—O, omnipotent love! how near the god drew to the complexion of a goose!—A fault done first in the form of a beast;—O Jove, a beastly fault! and then another fault in the semblance of a fowl; think on't, Jove; a foul fault. When gods have hot backs, what shall poor men do? For me, I am here a Windsor stag; and the fattest, I think, i' the forest: Send me a cool rut-time, ¹⁸⁴ Jove, or who can blame me to piss my tallow? who comes here? my doe?

Enter MRS. FORD and MRS. PAGE.

Mrs. Ford. Sir John? art thou there, my deer? my male deer?

Fal. My doe with the black scut!—Let the sky rain potatoes; ¹⁸⁵ let it thunder to the tune of 'Green Sleeves;' hail kissing-comfits, and snow cringoes; let there come a tempest of provocation, I will shelter me here. [*Embracing her.*]

Mrs. Ford. Mistress Page is come with me, sweetheart.

Fal. Divide me like a brib'd-buck, ¹⁸⁶ each a haunch: I will keep my sides to myself, my shoulders for the fellow of this walk, and my horns I bequeath your husbands. Am I a woodman? ha! Speak I like Herne the hunter?—Why, now is Cupid a child of conscience; he makes restitution. As I am a true spirit, welcome!

[*Noise within.*]

Mrs. Page. Alas! what noise!

Mrs. Ford. Heaven forgive our sins!

Fal. What should this be?

Mrs. Ford. } Away, away! [*They run off.*]
Mrs. Page. }

Fal. I think the devil will not have me damn'd, lest the oil that's in me should set hell on fire; he would never else cross me thus

Enter SIR HUGH EVANS, like a satyr; MRS. QUICKLY, and PISTOL; ANNE PAGE, as the Fairy Queen attended by her brother and others, dressed like fairies, with waxen tapers on their heads.

Anne. Fairies, black, grey, green, and white, ¹⁸⁷
 You moonshine revellers, and shades of night,
 You orphan heirs of fixed destiny, ¹⁸⁸
 Attend your office and your quality.
 Crier Hobgoblin, make the fairy cyes.

Pist. Elves, list your names; silence, you airy toys.

Cricket, to Windsor chimneys shalt thou leap:
 Where fires thou find'st unrak'd, and hearths
 unswept,
 There pinch the maids as blue as bilberry: ¹⁸⁹
 Our radiant queen hates sluts and sluttery.

Fal. They are fairies; he that speaks to them shall die:

I'll wink and couch: no man their works must eye. [*Lies down upon his face.*]

Eva. Where's Bead?—Go you, and where you find a maid,

That, ere she sleep, has thrice her prayers said,
 Raise up the organs of her fantasy, ¹⁹⁰
 Sleep she as sound as careless infancy;
 But those as sleep and think not on their sins,
 Pinch them, arms, legs, backs, shoulders, sides
 and shins.

Anne. About, about;

Search Windsor-castle, elves, within and out:
 Strew good luck, ouphes, on every sacred room;
 That it may stand till the perpetual doom,
 In state as wholesome, as in state 't is fit;
 Worthy the owner, and the owner it.
 The several chairs of order look you scour
 With juice of balm, and every precious flower:
 Each fair instalment, coat, and sev'ral crest,
 With loyal blazon evermore be bless'd!
 And nightly, meadow-fairies, look, you sing,
 Like to the Garter's compass, in a ring:
 Th' expressure that it bears, green let it be,
 More fertile-fresh than all the field to see:
 And, *Hony soit qui mal y pense*, write,
 In emrold tufts, ¹⁹¹ flowers purple, blue, and
 white:

Like sapphire, pearl, and rich embroidery,
 Buckled below fair knighthood's bending knee:
 Fairies use flowers for their charactery.
 Away; disperse: But till 't is one o'clock,
 Our dance of custom, round about the oak
 Of Herne the hunter, let us not forget.

Eva. Pray you, lock hand in hand; yourselves
in order set:

And twenty glow-worms shall our lanterns be,
To guide our measure round about the tree.

But, stay: I smell a man of middle-earth.¹⁹²

Fal. Heavens defend me from that Welsh
fairy,

Lest he transform me to a piece of cheese!

Pist. Vild worm, thou wast o'erlook'd even in
thy birth.¹⁹³

Anne. With trial-fire touch me his finger-end.
If he be chaste, the flame will back descend,
And turn him to no pain; but if he start,
It is the flesh of a corrupted heart.

Pist. A trial, come.

Eva. Come, will this wood take fire?
[*They burn him with their tapers.*]

Fal. Oh, oh, oh!

Anne. Corrupt, corrupt, and tainted in desire!
About him, fairies; sing a scornful rhyme;
And, as you trip, still pinch him to your time.¹⁹⁴

SONG.

Fie on sinful fantasy!

Fie on lust and luxury!¹⁹⁵

Lust is but a bloody fire,

Kindled with unchaste desire,

Fed in heart; whose flames aspire,

As thoughts do blow them, higher and higher.

Pinch him, fairies, mutually;

Pinch him for his villainy;

Pinch him, and burn him, and turn him about,
Till candles, and starlight, and moonshine be out.

During this song the fairies pinch FALSTAFF. DOCTOR CAIUS comes one way, and steals a fairy in green; SLENDER another way, and takes off a fairy in white; and FENTON comes, and steals away MRS. ANNE PAGE. A noise of hunting is made within. All the fairies run away. FALSTAFF pulls off his buck's head, and rises.]

Enter PAGE, FORD, MRS. PAGE, and MRS. FORD.

They lay hold on him.

Page. Nay, do not fly; I think, we have watch'd
you now:

Will none but Herne the hunter serve your turn?

Mrs. Page. I pray you, come; hold up the jest
no higher:

Now, good sir John, how like you Windsor wives?
See you these, husband? do not those fair yokes¹⁹⁶
Become the forest better than the town?

Ford. Now, sir, who's a cuckold now?—Mas-
ter Brook, Falstaff's a knave, a cuckoldly knave;
here are his horns, master Brook: And master

Brook, he hath enjoyed nothing of Ford's but his
buck-basket, his cudgel, and twenty pounds of
money, which must be paid to master Brook; his
horses are arrested for it, master Brook.

Mrs. Ford. Sir John, we have had ill luck; we
could never meet. I will never take you for my
love again, but I will always count you my deer.

Fal. I do begin to perceive that I am made
an ass.

Ford. Ay, and an ox too; both the proofs are
extant.

Fal. And these are not fairies? I was three or
four times in the thought they were not fairies:
and yet the guiltiness of my mind, the sudden sur-
prise of my powers, drove the grossness of the
foppery into a receiv'd belief, in despite of the
teeth of all rhyme and reason, that they were
fairies. See now, how wit may be made a Jack-a-
lent, when 't is upon ill employment.

Eva. Sir John Falstaff, serve Got, and leave
your desires, and fairies will not pinse you.

Ford. Well said, fairy Hugh.

Eva. And leave you your jealousies too, I pray
you.

Ford. I will never mistrust my wife again, till
thou art able to woo her in good English.

Fal. Have I laid my brain in the sun, and
dried it, that it wants matter to prevent so gross
o'erreaching as this? Am I ridden with a Welch
goat too? Shall I have a coxcomb of frize?¹⁹⁷
'T is time I were chok'd with a piece of toasted
cheese.

Eva. Seese is not good to give putter; your
pelly is all putter.

Fal. Seese and putter! have I liv'd to stand at
the taunt of one that makes fritters of English?
This is enough to be the decay of lust and late-
walking through the realm.

Mrs. Page. Why, sir John, do you think, though
we would have thrust virtue out of our hearts by
the head and shoulders, and have given ourselves
without scruple to hell, that ever the devil could
have made you our delight?

Ford. What, a hodge-pudding?¹⁹⁸ a bag of flax

Mrs. Page. A puff'd man?

Page. Old, cold, wither'd, and of intolerable
entrails?

Ford. And one that is as slanderous as Satan?

Page. And as poor as Job?

Ford. And as wicked as his wife?

Eva. And given to fornications, and to taverns
and sack, and wine, and metheglins, and to drink

ings, and swearings, and starings, pribbles and prabbles?

Fal. Well, I am your theme: you have the start of me; I am dejected; I am not able to answer the Welch flannel: ignorance itself is a plummet o'er me;¹⁹⁹ use me as you will.

Ford. Marry, sir, we'll bring you to Windsor, to one master Brook, that you have cozen'd of money, to whom you should have been a pander: over and above that you have suffer'd, I think, to repay that money will be a biting affliction.

Page. Yet be cheerful, knight: thou shalt eat a posset to-night at my house; where I will desire thee to laugh at my wife that now laughs at thee: Tell her master Slender hath married her daughter.

Mrs. Page. Doctors doubt that; if Anne Page be my daughter, she is, by this, doctor Caius' wife.
[*Aside.*]

Enter SLENDER.

Slén. Whoo, -ho! ho! father Page!

Page. Son! how now? how now, son? have you despatch'd?

Slén. Despatch'd!—I'll make the best in Gloucestershire know on't; would I were hang'd, la, else.

Page. Of what, son?

Slén. I came yonder at Eton to marry mistress Anne Page, and she's a great lubberly boy. If it had not been i' the church, I would have swing'd him, or he should have swing'd me. If I did not think it had been Anne Page, would I might never stir, and 't is a post-master's boy.

Page. Upon my life then you took the wrong.

Slén. What need you tell me that? I think so, when I took a boy for a girl: If I had been married to him, for all he was in woman's apparel, I would not have had him.

Page. Why, this is your own folly. Did not I tell you how you should know my daughter by her garments?

Slén. I went to her in white, and cried *mum*, and she cried *budget*, as Anne and I had appointed; and yet it was not Anne, but a post-master's boy!

Mrs. Page. Good George, be not angry: I knew of your purpose; turn'd my daughter into green; and, indeed, she is now with the doctor at the deanery, and there married.

Enter CAIUS.

Caius. Vere is mistress Page? Be gar, I am cozened; I ha' married an *gareon*, a boy; an

païsan, be gar, a loy; it is not Anne Page: be gar, I am cozened.

Mrs. Page. Why, did you take her in green?

Caius. Ay, be gar, and 't is a boy; be gar, I'll raise all Windsor.
[*Exit CAIUS.*]

Ford. This is strange: Who hath got the right Anne?

Page. My heart misgives me: Here comes master Fenton.

Enter FENTON and ANNE PAGE.

How now, master Fenton?

Anne. Pardon, good father! good my mother, pardon!

Page. Now, mistress? how chance you went not with master Slender?

Mrs. Page. Why went you not with master doctor, maid?

Fent. You do amaze²⁰⁰ her: Hear the truth of it.

You would have married her most shamefully, Where there was no proportion held in love. The truth is, she and I, long since contracted, Are now so sure that nothing can dissolve us. Th' offence is holy that she hath committed: And this deceit loses the name of craft, Of disobedience, or unduteous title; Since therein she doth evitate and shun A thousand irreligious cursed hours, Which forced marriage would have brought upon her.

Ford. Stand not amaz'd: here is no remedy: In love, the heavens themselves do guide the state; Money buys lands, and wives are sold by fate.

Fal. I am glad, though you have ta'en a special stand to strike at me, that your arrow hath glanc'd.

Page. Well, what remedy? Fenton, heaven give thee joy!

What cannot be eschew'd must be embrac'd.

Fal. When night-dogs run, all sorts of deer are chas'd.

Mrs. Page. Well, I will muse no further: master Fenton,

Heaven give you many, many merry days! Good husband, let us every one go home, And laugh this sport o'er by a country fire; Sir John and all.

Ford. Let it be so:—Sir John, To master Brook you yet shall hold your word: For he, to-night, shall lie with mistress Ford.

[*Exeunt*]

NOTES TO THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR

¹ *Sir Hugh, persuade me not.*

Clergymen formerly had the title of *sir*, from the Latin *dominus*, to which any one is entitled who has taken the degree of Bachelor of Arts. All priests were, in common parlance, *Sir Johns*. The editor of the first sketch of the play, 1602, improperly calls him "Syr Hugh, the Welch knight."

² *Justice of peace and coram.*

Slender is generally speaking by book, and here quotes the legal form, *coram* being a common corruption of *quorum*. A justice of quorum was so called from the words in the commission, *Quorum A. unum esse volumus*, and he was of greater dignity than those not of the quorum, who could not proceed without him. The corrupted form *coram* is found in epitaphs, as in the churches of Lacock, co. Wilts, Tottenham, co. Middlesex, &c. "And of the collections of the scatterings, a justice, *tam Marti quam Mercurio*, of peace and coram." Pierce Penniless, 1592. *Cust-alorum*, an abbreviation of *custos rotulorum*, the person who had the care of the rolls and records of the sessions and commission of the peace. Slender, not understanding this, ignorantly says, "and *rotulorum* too;" and adds that he signs himself *armigero*. He had seen an indictment, "*coram Roberto Shallow armigero et sociis suis custodibus pacis*."

³ *Any time these three hundred years.*

Mr. Knight thinks we are to understand Shallow as saying, *we* (I and my ancestors) have done so anytime these three hundred years. Is it certain that Shakespeare did not intend to raise a laugh at Shallow's expense, by representing him as saying this literally in his anxiety to boast of his ancestry? Bishop Montagu mentions a person who, in giving evidence on a question of tythes, swore, in the bishop's hearing, that he had known the place tytheable for three hundred years!

The three hundred years mentioned by Shallow, according to another authority, refer to the antiquity of the Lucy family, whose pedigree is deduced by Dugdale from the reign of Richard I., a period of about four hundred years before the play was written; but the family did not take the name of Lucy until the 34th of Henry III., which exactly corresponds with the period above stated.

⁴ *The dozen white lues.*

There is here an evident allusion to the family of the Lucys of Charleotte, near Stratford-on-Avon. It was in

the park of this seat that Shakespeare is traditionally said to have stolen the deer: and on being persecuted or reprimanded by Sir Thomas Lucy on the occasion, he revenged himself by writing a ballad commencing as follows,—

"A parliament member, a justice of peace,
At home a poor scare-crowe, at London an asse,
If lowsie is Lucy, as some volke miscale it,
Then Lucy is lowsie whatever befall it:
He thinks himself greatc,
Yet an asse in his state,
We allow by his ears but with asses to mate.
If Lucy is lowsie, as some volke miscale it,
Sing lowsie Lucy, whatever befall it."

These lines are as ancient as the time of Oldys, but are undoubtedly not the genuine verses written by the poet. The coat of the Lucy family contains three lues, not twelve as blunderingly stated by Slender; though the coat of one of the family, given by Dugdale, is quartered in four divisions, with three fish in each. A luce is a pike, or, more properly, a pike when full grown. This is the fresh fish mentioned by Shallow, who is very anxious to explain Evans' blunder, and therefore tells him the luce is the fresh fish, but in his ancient coat of arms, a sea-water luce was depicted. Shallow will not even have a fresh fish in his coat of arms, and hence the humour of his explanatory observations. This explanation of the passage has not been suggested by any former editor. That there was a salt water luce appears from Stowe's Survey of London, 1598, who mentions "lueses of the sea."

⁵ *A familiar beast to man, and signifies love.*

The compliment to this insect is not undeserved, being one of the few animals that are eminent for fidelity to man, never deserting, but being still more attached to him in adversity.

⁶ *The council shall hear it.*

By the council is only meant the court of Star-chamber, composed chiefly of the king's council sitting in *Camera Stellata*, which took cognizance of atrocious riots. Sir John Harrington, in his *Epigrams*, 1618, says,

"No marvel, men of such a sumptuous dyet
Were brought into the Star-Chamber for a ryot."

See also the *Magnetick Lady*, act iii. sc. 4, and Malone's Shakespeare by Boswell, viii. 8, 13.

⁷ *Take your vizaments in that.*

Vizaments, that is, advisements or deliberations. "Having an huge lake or portion of the sea in the midst of them, which is not without perill to such as with small *advise*ment enter into the same," Harrison's Description of Britaine, p. 33.

⁸ *And speaks small like a woman.*

To speak small was to speak in a gentle feminine voice. "Somebody must cry 'murder' then, in a *small* voice," Ben Jonson's Poetaster. So Chaucer,—

— the company answered all,
With voice sweet entuned, and so *small*,
That methought it the sweetest melody.

⁹ *Seven hundred pounds, and possibilities.*

Possibilities is generally used for *possessions*. The word is well illustrated by a MS. in Dulwich College, dated about 1610, being a letter from a suitor to a father for his permission to woo the daughter, in which he says,—“I ryette to you first this cison, as Londone fashen is, to intrete you that I may have your good will and your wiefs, for if we geete the fathers good will first, then may wee bolder spake to the datter, for my *possebeletis* is abel to manteyne her.”

¹⁰ *He was outrun on Cotswall.*

The Cotswold hills in Gloucestershire have long been eminent for racing and coursing. An attorney of Barton on the Heath of the name of Dover instituted annual amusements here in the time of James I., but the hills had previously obtained a sporting celebrity. One of them near Campden is still called *Dover's hill*. A volume of poems on these sports, entitled, “Annalia Dubrensis, upon the yeerely Celebration of Mr. Robert Dover's Olympick Games upon Cotwold Hills,” appeared at London in 1636, having a representation of Dover on horseback in the lower part of the frontispiece. The poet elsewhere mentions “Will Squele, a Cotswold man,” as a famous swinge-buckler. It is not generally known that the Cotswold games have been annually continued at Whitsuntide up to the present time, the chief amusements being backword-playing, wrestling, horse, pony and donkey races for belts and silver cups, purchased by subscription collected from the inhabitants of Campden, and the adjoining parishes, the places where most of the competitors come from. Some half century since, these people ranked high as wrestlers and backword players, and the meeting was not only looked forward to by them as the great holiday of the neighbourhood, but was well attended by all classes of society. Within the last twenty years it has, however, much deteriorated. It is true that backword playing and other amusements are still carried on, but on a very limited scale; and as the open fields of Weston Subedge are about to be enclosed, the present year (1850) has probably seen the last vestige of the ‘Cotswold Games.’

¹¹ *T is your fault.*

That is, it is your misfortune. *Fault* is frequently used in this sense by old writers. Shallow, with great kindness, tries to console Page in a matter to which Slender injudiciously persists in alluding.

¹² *But not hiss'd your keeper's daughter*

The commentators think this a burden of some old ballad. Sir Walter Scott gives us a different explanation in his novel of ‘Kenilworth.’—

“*Sussex*. By my faith, I wist Will Shakespeare no harm. He is a stout man at quarter-staff, and single falchion, though, as I am told, a halting fellow: and he stood, they say, a tough fight with the rangers of old Sir Thomas Lucy, of Charlcot, when he broke his deer-park, and kissed his keeper's daughter.

Elizabeth. That matter was heard in council, and we will not have this fellow's offence exaggerated—there was no kissing in the matter, and the defendant put the denial on record.

¹³ *If it were known in counsel.*

Steevens suggests that Falstaff quibbles between *council* and *counsel*. In this sense, Falstaff's meaning would be—‘Twere better for you if it were known only in *secrecy*, i.e. among your friends: a more public complaint would subject you to ridicule. Ritson thinks the ordinary interpretation just, but Malone adduces the spelling of the words in the old quarto as an argument in favour of Steevens' reading; and, from a MS. mentioned by Malone, it would seem that the equivocal was less strained then than it appears to be now.

¹⁴ *Good worts! good calowge.*

Worts were any kind of pot-herbs, but here and in some other places, the term seems to apply only to coleworts or cabbages. “*Wourts*, all kind of hearbes that serve for the pottle,” Baret, 1580.

¹⁵ *Your coney-catching rascals.*

Coney-catch, to cheat. An old cant term in common use in Shakespeare's time.

¹⁶ *You Banbury cheese.*

Banbury cheese was remarkable for its thinness, and is here very humorously applied to Slender. The elder Heywood observes that he “never saw Banbury cheese thick enough.” The following receipt for making it, is extracted from MS. Sloane 1201, a curious early miscellany preserved in the British Museum:—

“*To make Banbury chese*. Take a thin ches-fat, and hote mylk as it comes from the cou, and ryn it forth withal in somer tyme; and kned your cruddz bot ones, and kned them not to smal, bot breke them ones with your hondez; and in somer tyme, salt the cruddz nothyng, bot let the chese lye iij. dayes unsalted, and then salt them; and lay oon upon another, but not to much salt; and so shal they gethir buttur. And in wyntur tyme in lyke wyse, bot then hete your mylk, and salt your cruddz, for then it wil gethir buttur of itself. Take the wrunge whey of the same mylk, and let it stand a day or ij. til it have a creme, and it shal make as good buttur as any other.”

Mephistophilis, the name of the spirit in the old history of Dr. Faustus. He had been made famous by Marlowe

¹⁷ *Seven groats in mill-sixpences.*

Douce informs us that these sixpences were coined in 1561, and were the first milled money used in this kingdome

Edward shovel-boards were the broad shillings of Edward VI., often used at the game of shovel-board, an amusement in which our poet participated, if we may believe the traditions of Stratford. The commentators are at considerable pains to account for the sum paid by Slender for these shillings; but it requires little sagacity to perceive that the same person who could affirm that he lost seven groats in mill-sixpences, would be very likely to commit another error of a similar kind.

Yead Miller, that is, Edward Miller. *Yead* or *Yed* is still a provincial curt name for Edward.

¹⁸ *I combat challenge of this latten bilbo.*

Pistol is comparing Slender with the long and thin bilboa blades, made of *laten*, a hard metal resembling brass in its colour. The comparison is of older date, for in *Grange's Garden*, 1577, we read,

"Hir husbandes wealth shall wasted be,
Upon hyr bilbowe boyes."

It may be mentioned, as some difference of opinion exists among the commentators, that *laten* metal is thus defined in the *Præceptorium Parvulorum*, MS. Harl. 221, "Latone metal, auricalcum." Cotgrave translates *arcou*, "a kind of *laten* or copper, whereof kettles are made."

Labras, lips. (Span.) Shakespeare might have met with the word in the tale in Tarlton's *Newes out of Purgatorie*, 1590, on which this comedy is supposed to be partially founded. *Marry trap*, perhaps equivalent to, 'By Mary, you are caught;' but I have not met with the phrase elsewhere.

¹⁹ *If you run the nuthook's humour on me.*

That is, if you call me a thief. The nuthook was used by the thief for hooking up articles through a window, a practice which is again alluded to by Shakespeare. The word *humour* was very fashionable in our author's time, and used in a variety of ways, applied to every particularity of character. A character in Ben Jonson's 'Every Man out of his Humour' says of another, "Why, this fellow's discourse were nothing but for the word humour." The reply is in the spirit of true comedy. "O bear with him; an he should lack matter and words too, 'twere pitiful."

²⁰ *What say you, scarlet and John.*

Falstaff here alludes to Bardolph's red face. *Scarlet and John*, in the phraseology of the time, would be equivalent to *scarlet John*. The commentators, however, say there is an allusion to Robin Hood's companions, mentioned in the old ballad,—

All this be-heard three witty young men,
Twas Robin Hood, Scarlet and John:
With that they espy'd the jolly pinder,
As he sat under a thorn.

Bardolph's face became proverbial. There is a curious passage in Gayton's 'Notes upon Don Quixot,' fol. Lond. 1654, p. 48,—“If you will have names more known and to the life, a Robin Goodfellowes face, a *Bardolphs*, a *Furnifals* linn face, or a Bradwells face, which was the blesseddest that ever I saw”

²¹ *And bring sup, &c.*

Fap, i.e. intoxicated; a cant term. *Cashier'd*, dismissed sent out of the room. Baret, 1580, explains *carrire*, "the short turning of a nimble horse, now this way, nowe the way." A drunken man might, therefore, appropriately be said to "pass the carriers."

²² *By your leave, good mistress.*

Falstaff here kisses her, the stage direction being authorised by the quarto of 1602. Kissing was formerly more in fashion between acquaintances than it is now. In 'Westward for Smelts,' 1620, a gentleman sent on a message to a lady, whom he had never seen, "espied her in the fields, to whom he went and kissed her, a thing no modest woman can deny."

²³ *The Book of Riddles.*

The *Book of Riddles* was a very popular collection, and was no doubt well known to Shakespeare. It is mentioned by Laneham, 1575, and in the 'English Courtier,' 1586; but the earliest edition now preserved is dated 1629, a copy of which is in the library of the Earl of Ellesmere, entitled, "The Booke of Merry Riddles, together with proper Questions and witty Proverbs, to make pleasant pastime; no lesse usefull then behovefull for any yong man or child, to know if he be quick-witted or no." An extract from this very rare work, which has not been quoted by any former editors, cannot fail to prove acceptable to our readers:

"Here beginneth the first Riddle.

Two legs sat upon three legs, and had one leg in her hand; then in came foure legs, and bare away one leg; then up start two legs, and threw three legs at foure legs, and brought againe one leg.

Solution.—That is a woman with two legs sate on a stoele with three legs, and had a leg of mutton in her hand; then came a dog that hath foure legs, and bare away the leg of mutton; then up start the woman, and threw the stoele with three legs at the dog with foure legs, and brought againe the leg of mutton.

The second Riddle.

He went to the wood and caught it,
He sate him downe and sought it;
Because he could not finde it,
Home with him he brought it.

Solution.—That is a thorne: for a man went to the wood, and caught a thorne in his foot; and then he sate him down, and sought to have pulled it out, and because he could not find it out, he must needs bring it home.

The iii. Riddle.

What work is that, the faster ye worke, longer it is ere ye have done, and the slower ye worke, the sooner ye make an end?

Solution.—That is turning of a spit: for if ye turne fast, it will be long ere the meat be roasted, but if ye turn slowly, the sooner it is roasted.

The iv. Riddle.

What is that that shineth bright all day, and at night is raked up in its owne dirt?

Solution.—That is the fire that burneth bright all the day, and at night is raked up in his ashes.

The v. Riddle.

I have a tree of great honor,
Which tree beareth both fruit and flower;
Twelve branches this tree hath nake,
Fifty (*sic*) nests therein he make,
And every nest hath birds seven;
Thanked be the King of Heaven;
And every bird hath a divers name:
How may all this together frame?

Solution.—The tree is the year; the twelve branches be the twelve months; the fifty-two nests be the fifty-two weekes; the seven birds be the seven dayes in the weeke, whereof every one hath a divers name."

Slender's 'book of songs and sonnets' was not necessarily the collection of Lord Surrey's published under that title. It was customary at that time to have common-place books of poetical scraps, and it is not unlikely that Slender may refer to one of these.

"Allhallowmas last, a fortnight afore Michaelmas," is, of course, a blunder; but, as it is put into the mouth of Simple, it is probably intentional.

Parcel, i.e., a part or portion.

²⁴ *Upon familiarity will grow more content.*

So the first folio, and I am quite at a loss to account for the alteration made by modern editors of *contempt for content*. Of course, either reading makes perfect sense; but it is more consistent with Slender's phraseology to suppose he mistakes the word, than to regard the sentence as a mere misapplication of a well-known proverb. Heath has well observed that the humour in either case is equally good.

²⁵ *With a master of fence.*

A master of defence was properly one who had taken a *master's degree* in the science of fencing. The phrase was, however, applied to any professor of the art.

Three venies. Slender means to say that the wager for which he played was a dish of stewed prunes, which was to be paid by him who received three *hits*. See Bullokar's 'English Expositor,' 1616:—"Venie, a touch in the body at playing with weapons." Steevens gives several instances of the use of the word, but the above is quite sufficient. Shakespeare uses the word metaphorically in another play.

²⁶ *That 's meat and drink to me.*

A common saying, meaning great fondness for anything. Touchstone, in "As You Like It," uses the same phrase—"It is meat and drink to me to see a clown," and a writer of our own time, Mr. Dickens, introduces it in one of his novels.

²⁷ *I have seen Seckerson loose.*

The name of a celebrated bear in the garden at Southwark. He is thus alluded to in the comedy of Sir Giles Goosecap, 1606:—"I would rather have lost the dearest friend that I ever lay with in my life; by this light, never stir if he fought not with great Seckerson four hours to one, foremost take up hindmost, and took so many loaves from him, that he starv'd him presently: so that at last the dog could do no more than a bear could do: and the bear being heavy with hunger you know, fell upon the dog, made his head, and the dog never stirr'd any more."

²⁸ *By cock and pie.*

An oath, comprising a corruption of the name of the Deity, and pie, the sacred book of offices.

²⁹ *Of Doctor Caius' house which is the way.*

That is, which is the way to Dr. Caius' house. The particles were often interchanged in this way. I very much doubt whether Shakespeare had the learned founder of an eminent Cambridge College in his mind when he gave a name to this character, who is, of course, intended as a satire on the foreign physicians of the time, who were so fashionable and popular with the English gentry. Farmer, however, says that the doctor was handed down as a sort of Rosicrucian, and I have seen a MS. of his on magic and astrology. In the "Merry Tales of Jack of Dover," 1604, a story told by "the fool of Windsor," begins thus:—"Upon a time there was in Windsor a certain simple outlandish doctor of physick belonging to the dean," &c. The character may then possibly have been drawn from life; and, as Shakespeare would scarcely have introduced the real name into his play, he may have made quite an arbitrary choice.

French doctors were common subjects for satire. Gayton puts the following absurd speech into the mouth of one of them, as an illustration that medicine is not alike to all constitutions:—"If te body be full of grosse humours, and that it operates excessively, all de better for dat; and if the physick doe not stirre the patient, 'tis a good signe that de grosse humours are not in te body, and so all te better for dat too.

³⁰ *Or his laundry.*

Laundry for *launder*, a washer of clothes.

³¹ *There's pippins and cheese to come.*

It was formerly a common practice to conclude a repast with fruit and cheese, both being placed on the table at the same time. Taylor, the water-poet, thus alludes to the custom:—

Contentions, emulations, and debate,
These furnish forth his table in great state.
And then for picking-meat or daintie bits,
The second course is *Actions, cases, writs*
Long *Suits* from Terme to terme, and *Fines and fees*,
At the last cast comes in for *Fruit and cheese*.

³² *What says my bully-rook?*

Bully-rook was a cant term, applied to a sharper. The Host is not very choice in his language, but it is an odd designation for him to apply to Falstaff, even although the fat knight was chiefly living by his wits. He uses it, again, in act ii. sc. 2, in addressing Shallow and Ford.

³³ *I sit at ten pounds a week.*

That is, I expend ten pounds a week. This assertion however, appears somewhat inconsistent with the circumstance afterwards recorded, that he shared fifteen pence with Pistol when the latter stole the handle of Mistress Bridget's fan.

³¹ *Cæsar, Keisar, and Pheezar.*

Keisar, the old English word for *Cæsar*, and generally, an emperor. From the Anglo-Saxon, *Cæsere*. *Pheezar* is, perhaps, a word of arbitrary composition. Malone thinks it is a made word from *pheeze*, to beat.

³⁵ *Let me see thee froth and lime.*

According to Steevens, beer was *frothed* by putting soap into the bottom of the tankard when it was drawn; and sack was made to sparkle by mixing lime with it. Falstaff elsewhere complains of limed sack. Mr. Knight adopts the reading, "Let me see thee froth, and live." But *froth* was as technical a term as *lime*.

³⁸ *O base Hungarian wilt!*

Hungarian was a cant term, generally applied in a contemptuous manner. The quarto of 1602 reads *Gongarian*, and Steevens quotes the following line from an old play, here inserted by Shakespeare into the mouth of Pistol, who is perpetually quoting "old ends,"—

"O base *Gongarian*! wilt thou the distaff wield?"

³⁷ *Is to steal at a minute's rest.*

That is, at a particular moment favourable to the operator. The phrase was, perhaps, derived from tournaments. *Convey*, the technical cant term for, to steal.

³⁸ *A fico for the phrase!*

Pistol here, no doubt, is supposed to *make a fig*, or thrust out the thumb between the first and second fingers, a sign indicative of supreme contempt.

And when you come unto the wheel or gibbet,
Bid *fico* for the world, and go out martyrs.

Shirley's Sisters, 1652.

Kibes are chilblains.

³⁹ *Young ravens must have food.*

A similar expression is used by a braggadocio character in the *Poetaster*, and may possibly be borrowed from Scripture. Pistol's language, according to Gifford, is made up of burlesque scraps from old plays.

⁴⁰ *But I am now about no waste.*

The same play upon words occurs in Heywood's "Epigrammes," 1562—

"Where am I least, husband? quoth he, in the *waist*;
Which cometh of this, thou art vengeance strait-lac'd.
Where am I biggest, wife? in the *waste*, quoth she,
For all is *waste* in you, as far as I see."

And again in Shirley's comedy of "The Wedding," 1629—
"He is a great man indeed: something given to the *wast*,
for he lives within no *reasonable compass*." (Malone's Shakespeare, by Boswell, viii. 38.)

⁴¹ *She discourses, she carves.*

Mr. Hunter has shown that *carve*, in Shakespeare's time, was used in the sense of *to woo*; but I am rather doubtful of its application in this particular instance. It was formerly esteemed a compliment for a lady to *carve* at table for a gentleman. So, in Vittoria Corombona, 1612,—
"Your husband is wondrous discontented.—*Vit.* I did nothing to displease him: I carved to him at supper time."

⁴² *Out of honesty into English.*

The meaning of this speech is, He hath studied her will, and translated or explained her will out of her honesty into a confession in plain English. Shakespeare elsewhere uses *translate* in the sense of, to explain.

The anchor is deep. Nym merely means to say that Falstaff's schemes are deeply laid. He is speaking ironically.

⁴³ *As many devils entertain.*

The old quarto reads, "as many devils attend her," which clearly shows the meaning here intended. Coleridge, who, notwithstanding his great philosophical genius, was one of the worst verbal critics that ever lived, proposes to read,—

As many devils enter (or enter'd) swine;
And to her, boy, say I.

and believes it to be a somewhat profane, but not un-Shakespearian, allusion to the legion in the Gospel of St. Luke!

⁴⁴ *With most judicious eyliads.*

Eyliads, spelt *illiads* in the first folio. It is, of course, from the French *oeillade*, a soft glance.

⁴⁵ *With such a greedy intention.*

Intention is here used in the sense of a fixed or earnest gazing. So Jonson, —

Like one that looks on ill-affected eyes,
Is hurt with mere *intention* on their follies.

⁴⁶ *I will be cheater to them both.*

Cheater, i.e., *eschator*, an officer appointed by the Lord Treasurer to make inquests of titles by escheat, or tenements that casually fell to a lord within his manor by forfeiture.

⁴⁷ *Tightly, cleverly quickly*

⁴⁸ *Sail like my pinnace.*

A *pinnace* was a light vessel built for speed, and generally employed as a tender to a larger ship. According to Holt, it was chiefly used as a *scout* for intelligence, and for landing of men.

⁴⁹ *The humour of the age.*

The quarto of 1603 reads *the humour of this age*, and the folio, *the honour of the age*. *Honour* was often misprinted *humour*, as in Shirley's *Witty Fair One*, iv. 6. By *French thrift*, Falstaff alludes to the practice, which then had recently been adopted, of making a richly-dressed page answer the place of a band of retainers. Ben Jonson deplores the change in one of his plays.

"And how are coach-makers and coach-men increased, that fifty years ago were but few in number; but now a coachman and a foot-boy is enough, and more than every knight is able to keep,"—Rich's *Honestie* of this Age, 1614.

⁵⁰ *Let vultures gripe thy guts.*

Clifford quotes this passage in one of his attacks on Dryden, and the manner in which he introduces it is so quaint and interesting, I am induced to give a somewhat long extract from his pamphlet:—

"To begin with your character of Almanzor, which you avow to have taken from the Achilles in Homer; pray hear

what Fannianus Strada says of such talkers as Mr. Dryden; *Ulere soles, cum video homines ab Homeri virtutibus strenuè declinantes, si quid vero irrepsit vitii, id avidè arripientes.* But I might have spared this quotation, and you your avowing; for this character might as well have been borrowed from some of the stalls in Bedlam, or any of your own hare-brained coxcombs, which you call heroes, and persons of honour. I remember just such another fuming Achilles in Shakespeare, one Ancient Pistol, whom he avows to be a man of so fiery a temper, and so impatient of an injury, even from Sir John Falstaff, his captain and a knight, that he not only disobeyed his commands about carrying a letter to Mrs. Page, but returned him an answer as full of contumely, and in as opprobrious terms, as he could imagine:

'Let vultures gripe thy guts, for gourd and fullam holds,
And high and low beguiles the rich and poor.
Tester I'll have in pouch, when thou shalt lack,
Base Phrygian Turk.'

"Let's see e'er an Abencerrago fly a higher pitch. Take him at another turn, quarrelling with Corporal Nym, an old Zegri. The difference arose about mine hostess Quickly, (for I would not give a rush for a man unless he be particular in matters of this moment;) they both aimed at her body, but Abencerrago Pistol defies his rival in these words:

Fetch from the powdering-tub of infamy
That lazur kite of Cressid's kind,
Doll Tearsheet, she by name, and her spouse: I have,
and I will hold,
The quondam Quickly for the only she.
And *paucæ.*

There's enough. Does not this quotation sound as well as I?

"But the four sons of Ammon, the three bold Beachams, the four London Prentices, Tamerlain, the Scythian Shepherd, Muleasses, Amurath, and Bajazet, or any raging Turk at the Red Bull and Fortune, might as well have been urged by you as a pattern of your Almanzor, as the Achilles in Homer; but then our laureat had not passed for so learned a man as he desires his unlearned admirers should esteem him.

"But I am strangely mistaken, if I have not seen this very Almanzor of yours in some disguise about this town, and passing under another name. Prithee tell me true, was not this huff-cap once the Indian Emperor, and, at another time, did not he call himself Maximine? Was not Lyndaraxa once called Almeria, I mean under Moctezuma the Indian Emperor? I protest and vow they are either the same, or so alike, that I can't for my heart distinguish one from the other. You are, therefore, a strange unconscionable thief, that art not content to steal from others, but do'st rob thy poor wretched self too."

⁵¹ *Gourd and fullam hold*

Gourds and fullams were species of false dice. The former were not much in fashion in Shakespeare's time being considered too liable to detection. Fullams are described in the 'Manifest Detection of Dice Play' to be "square outward, yet within at the corner with lead or other ponderous matter stopp'd." Whalley supposes they derived their name from being chiefly manufactured at Fulham.

⁵² *High and low beguile.*

The dice were loaded to run high or low, and hence were called *high men* or *low men*. These are what Pistol alludes to.

⁵³ *I will incense Ford.*

Incense, i.e. instigate. "He incenseth their heartes with an exceeding desire of warre, *ballundi furore corda catimulat*," Barct, 1580. *Yellowness*, i.e. jealousy. The latter term is very common

⁵⁴ *The revolt of mine.*

Mien was sometimes spelt *mine*; but Pistol seems to allude to the sense of the above reading in his reply to Nym. Mr. Knight says the matter is not worth discussing. Is this the *reverence* to the original text of Shakespeare so much insisted upon in the pages of that editor? The early quartos do not contain the passage.

⁵⁵ *Here will be an old abusing.*

Old, i.e., famous, great; a familiar term, still retained in the dialect of Warwickshire. "On Sunday, at masse, there was *olde* ringing of bells, and old and yong came to church to see the new roode," Tarlton's *Newes* out of Purgatorie, 1590.

⁵⁶ *Nor no breed-bate.*

Breed-bate, or *breed debate*, a breeder or causer of strife.

⁵⁷ *Something peevish that way.*

Peevish, that is, foolish. "Albemarle kept a man-fool of some forty years old in his house, who, indeed, was so naturally *peevish*, as not Milan, hardly Italy, could match him for simplicity,"—God's Revenge Against Adultery. Malone, however, thinks it is here one of Mrs. Quickly's blunders for *precise*. Either explanation is probable.

⁵⁸ *Like a glover's paring-knife.*

A "great round beard" was one of the simplest modes in vogue in those days of fantastic beards. Taylor thus jocularly alludes to the quick-set-beard,—

And some, to set their loves desire on edge,
Are cut and prun'd like to a quick-set-hedge.

⁵⁹ *A Cain-coloured beard.*

Cain and Judas were frequently represented in old tapestries and pictures with coloured beards, and hence expressions like the above are supposed to be derived. Middleton alludes to Abram-coloured and Judas-coloured beards. A Judas-beard was red, as appears from Marston's *Insatiate Countess*, 1613,—"I ever thought by his red beard he would prove a Judas." A Cain-coloured beard was a yellow beard.

⁶⁰ *He is as tall a man of his hands.*

A proverbial phrase for a brave or valiant person. Tall men were brave men. "A man of his hands, *homo strenuus, impiger, manu promptus*," Coles. Warrener, the keeper of a warren.

⁶¹ *We shall all be shent.*

Shent anciently meant *ruined*, but in Shakespeare's time it had obtained the sense of *scolded*. "Ah, sir, that is such a secrete as I list not revele unto you for doubt lest I be *shent*," Fulwile's *Ar of Flattery*, 1676.

⁶² *And you are Jack Rogoby.*

I adopt the method of spelling, *Rogoby*, from the first sketch, repr. p. 25. The doctor seems to intend a pun on his name; otherwise, the speech is almost unmeaning.

⁶³ *Dere is no honest man, &c.*

This is, of course, a blunder of the doctor's at his own expence, and implies he could not be an honest man.

⁶⁴ *Do for your master.*

The first folio reads *you* corrected by the second folio to *for*. Collier and Knight omit the word altogether. *Wring*, i.e. wring his clothes.

⁶⁵ *Are you avis'd o' that?*

A proverbial phrase, equivalent to, Have you found out that? Has that occurred to you? It is of frequent occurrence in old plays.

⁶⁶ *To meddle or make.*

To meddle or make, i.e., to interfere. The phrase is still current in the North of England, and in Scotland, *meddle or mak*.

⁶⁷ *What the good-jer!*

An exclamation, the precise meaning of which has not been satisfactorily determined. It seems to be sometimes equivalent to, "What the devil!" Nares would derive it from the French *goujere*. Goodger is a term for the devil in some parts of Devonshire. "What a goodyer ail you, Mother," Isle of Gulls, 1606.

⁶⁸ *But, I detest.*

Mrs. Quickly's mistake for *protest*. "Given too much to *allicholly*," i.e. melancholy, a provincial term still in use, and often put into the mouths of uneducated characters in old plays.

⁶⁹ *I' faith, that I will.*

The old editions read, *that we will*, an obvious blunder, left unaltered by Knight and Collier. It is corrected in the old manuscript copy of the play in my possession.

⁷⁰ *Though love use reason for his precisian.*

This is an obscure passage. Dr. Johnson explains it, "Though love, when he would submit to regulation, may use reason as his precisian or director in nice cases, yet when he is only eager to attain his end, he takes not reason for his counsellor." The same writer proposed to read *physician*, an emendation receiving probability from a line in the Sonnets, "My reason the physician to my love." Mr. Knight gives the word a meaning it never possessed in our language. Puritans were usually termed *precisians*, but here the term, if genuine, must mean one that limits or restrains.

⁷¹ *By day or night.*

An old proverbial phrase, equivalent to *always*. The conclusion of Falstaff's letter may be compared with the epilogue at the end of Caxton's edition of Malory's *Morte d'Arthur*, 1495, which "was fynysshed the ix. yere of the reygne of Kyng Edward the Fourth.—

— by Syr Thomas Malcore knyght,
As Jhesu helpe hym for his grete myghte,
As he is the servaunt of Jhesu bothe day and nyghte."

But perhaps Shakespeare was merely ridiculing the Skeltonical mode of rhythm.

⁷² *For the putting down of men.*

Theobald introduced *fat before men*, a reading followed by Mr. Collier; but there is no real necessity for an alteration of the original. Mrs. Page merely means to imply a bill for repressing men's impertinence; *putting down* being frequently used in that sense.

⁷³ *These knights will hack.*

Alluding to the immense number of knights made by the king. See the introduction to this play. A very curious unpublished anecdote, in connexion with this subject, is preserved in a MS. in the Bodleian Library, entitled, "The character of Sir Martin Barnham, Knt., written by his son Sir Francis, who was the father of the Lady Salkeld, in whose closet it was found after her death."—

"About this time, King James came to this crowne, to whom Queen Elizabeth, by her constant sparing hand of all sorts of honour, left great power of satisfaction and rewards of that kind; of which, amongst others, knighthood was most pursued, as being that of which so many men were then fittly capable. The King, having bin very bountifull of that honor in his journey from Scotland to London, most part of the gentlemen in the other parts of the kingdom were desirous to addresse themselves in that generall fashion, and though in some particular men by the king's favour, or mediation of some great men, that honour was freely bestowed; yet generally it was purchased att great rates, as att 3 or 4 or 5 hundred pounds, according to the circumstances of precedency and grace with which it was accompanied. Now Sir John Grey, my noble friend and near allye, finding the way of knighting by favor somewhat slack, and not allwayes certain, out of his affection to me, att the kings first coming to London treated with a Scotchman, an acquaintance of his, that for 80 lb. and some courtesies which he should do him, my father and myself should be knighted, and gave me present knowledge thereof that it might be suddenly effected, with which I made my father instantly acquainted, and told him that though I doubted not to procure both our knighthoods without money by the power of some great friends I had in court, yet considering the obligation to them, and the time that would be lost before that could certainly be effected, I thought it would be a better way to make a speedy end of it att so small a charge, rather than to linger it out att uncertaintys, att such a time as every man made hast to crowd in att the new play of knighthood. Hereto my father made this answer, that having by God's blessing an estate fit enough for knighthood, and having managed those offices of creditt which a countrey gentleman was capable of, he should not be unwilling to take that honor upon him, if he might have it in such a fashion as that himself might hold it an honor, but said he, 'if I pay for my knighthood, I shall never be called Sir Martin, but I shall blush for shame to think how I came by it; if therefore it cannot be had freely, I am resolved to content myself with my present condition; and for my wife,' said he, merrily, 'I will buy her a new gown

instead of a ladyship; this is my restitution for myself, and that which I think fittest for you.' Finding him thus resolved, I gave over that way, and made means to my noble friend, the Lord of Pembroke, to procure my father a free knighthood, which he readily undertook, and appointed him a day to attend for it at Greenwich; but that morning there came some news out of Scotland that put the King so out of humor, as made that time unfit for it, and instantly after, it was published that the king would make no more knights till the day of his coronation, as resolving to honour that day with a great proportion of that honor; on which day my father, by the favor of my Lord of Pembroke, had the honor of knighthood freely bestowed on him, and was ranked before three fourth parts of that dayes numerous knightings."

⁷⁴ *We burn daylight.*

That is, we waste time. Lilly uses the phrase, to burn time, which would lead us to suppose it meant originally nothing more than destroying time. *Liking*, constitution of body. "If one be in better plight of bodie, or better liking," Baret, 1580.

'Shlood! *we burn daylight*; they will think, anon,
We are afraid to see their glittering swords.

Heywood's Edward IV. First Part.

⁷⁵ *To the tune of 'Green Sleeves.'*

Greensleeves was a very popular old song. The words have not come down to us, but it would appear, from several allusions in contemporary writers, they were grossly indelicate. A great number of other songs were set to the same tune, which was afterwards long known as the tune of, "which nobody can deny." In the Stationers' Registers, 1580-1, is entered, "A new Northern dittie of the Lady Greene-sleeves;" and, what is more to our purpose, in the same year occurs, "Greene Sleeves moralised to the Scripture, declaringe the manifold benefites and blessings of God bestowed on sinfull man."

⁷⁶ *A thousand of these letters, sure more.*

I have ventured to transpose the two last words to their present position. In other editions, they are placed after *different names*, and are then inexplicable. The compositor might easily have transposed them from one line to another by a mistake not unusual in printing. An early MS. correction in a copy in the possession of Mr. Tunno reads, *see mine*, but the above alteration appears to be less violent.

⁷⁷ *Unless he know some strain in me.*

Strain, i.e. humour, disposition. It occurs again in this play in the same sense, act iii. sc. 3. It is probably derived from A. S. *strýnd*, stock, race, breed, tribe. *The chariness of our honesty*, the caution which belongs to our honesty.

⁷⁸ *Well, I hope it be not so.*

It was, till lately, the universal practice to omit this dialogue in representation, and even now, it is only seldom retained; but it is necessary to the complete development of this part of the plot. What else is the use of the declaration of Pistol and Nym to be revenged on Falstaff?

⁷⁹ *Hope is a curtall dog in some affairs.*

A curtall dog is a worthless dog, a dog without a tail good for any service. "A curtald dogg, *chien courtaud*, c'est à dire *chien sans queue ou esqueüe, bon à tout service.*" Howell's Lex. Tet. 1660.

⁸⁰ *He loves the gally-mauwry.*

Gally-mauwry, the whole hotchpotch of the fair sex. "A gallemaufrie or hotchpotch," Baret, 1580. *Perpend*, consider attentively.

⁸¹ *It shall bite upon my necessity.*

To bite was an old technical term for cutting with a sword. Pistol says his sword shall cut, he will go to the wars, when it is necessary to do so for his living.

⁸² *Frights English out of his wits.*

Alluding to Nym's bombastic language. The quarto reads *humour* instead of *English*.

⁸³ *Such a drawling affecting rogue.*

Affecting is merely the active participle used for the passive, several instances of which occur in Shakespeare and contemporary writers. So we have in the Winter's Tale, "Your discontenting father," for, "Your discontented father." This would scarcely have seemed to require a note, had not Mr. Collier given an entirely erroneous explanation of the line.

⁸⁴ *I will not believe such a Cataian.*

Cataian, according to Steevens, was an old cant term for a sharper.

⁸⁵ *Cavalero-Justice.*

One of the cant compounds used by mine host, meaning my esquire justice.

⁸⁶ *Good even and twenty.*

That is, in the language of the time, twenty good evens to you.

⁸⁷ *And tell him my name is Brook.*

Ford's assumed name is *Brook* in the quarto edition, and *Broom* in the folio. Theobald says that we need no better evidence in favour of the reading of the quartos than the pun that Falstaff makes on the name, when Brook sends him some burnt sack; but it may be objected that this pun is almost entirely lost in the early edition. In favour of the adopted reading in the amended play, the following lines may be adduced, which appear to be intended to rhyme—

"Nay, I'll to him again in name of Brome:
He'll tell me all his purpose: Sure, he'll come."

These lines do not occur in the sketch of the play.

⁸⁸ *Will you go on, sirs?*

The folio reads *an-heires*, a hopeless corruption. Mr Knight says the parallel passage in the quarto is, "here boys, shall we wag?" but these words are found a little lower down in the folio, and, in truth, the quarto has no corresponding passage. The long *s* in old writing was sometimes like the *h*, and if we suppose the author wrote on *syrs*, and bear in mind the character of pernamship in that day, the corruption to *an-heires* will not appear impossible.

⁸⁹ *So firmly on his wife's frailty.*

His wife's frailty is an old mode of expression for *his frail wife*. It is a singular kind of construction, and should be carefully observed. *What they made there*, i.e. what they did there.

⁹⁰ *I will retort the sum in equipage.*

This line is taken from the quartos, and is perhaps warranted by Falstaff's reply. The term *equipage* appears, in Shakespeare's time, to have been applied to any kind of goods, and would here be goods that Pistol could pilfer.

⁹¹ *And your coach-fellow.*

Coach-fellow, an intimate companion. The term is generally employed in a contemptuous sense. Ben Jonson has *coach-horse*, applied in a similar manner.

⁹² *A short knife and a throng.*

That is, a short knife and a crowd. "The eye of this wolf is as quick in his head as a cutpurse in a throng," Overbury's Characters, 1616.

⁹³ *To your manor of Pickt-hatch.*

There is great humour in designating this place Pistol's manor. *Pickt-hatch* was a notorious rendezvous for bad characters in the east of London, and is continually alluded to by our early writers. *Hedge*, to shift dishonestly. *Lurch*, to cheat. *Cat-a-mountain*, from the Spanish *gato-montés*, the wild cat. *Red-lattice phrases*, i.e. ale-house phrases. The ancient ale-houses were frequently distinguished by red lattices, and we have many allusions to them in old plays.

⁹⁴ *And your blunderbuss oaths.*

The old editions read *bold-beating oaths*, an evident corruption, though retained by Messrs. Collier and Knight without any observation. The present correction is obtained from the old play-house MS. copy of the play before referred to.

⁹⁵ *Well, one Mistress Ford.*

The old copies read *on*, these two words being often mistaken for each other. Douce made the correction.

⁹⁶ *Into such a canaries.*

Mrs. Quickly's error for *quandaries*.

⁹⁷ *Nay, which is more, pensioners.*

Alluding to the gentlemen pensioners attendant on the sovereign. They were very splendidly dressed, and perhaps on that account, superior to earls in Mrs. Quickly's imagination. So, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*,—

The cowslips tall her pensioners be;
In their gold coats spots you see.

According to Holme's Acad. Arm. III. iii. p. 43, the captain of the band of Gentlemen Pensioners had £1000 a year; but this was probably at a later period.

⁹⁸ *A very frampold life.*

Frampold, uneasy, troublesome. The term occurs in old writers in various shades of meaning. Kennett, MS. Lansd. 1033, says it was used in his time in the sense of, trefful, peevish. "Ill-will'd and frampold waspishness," Bulk and Selvedge of the World, 1674.

⁹⁹ *Your little page, of all loves.*

Of all loves, a pretty quaint old phrase, equivalent to, *if you love, on account of love*, &c. The earliest instance of it I have met with occurs in the inedited romance of Sir Ferumbras,—

And saide to him, she moste go
To visiten the prisoneris that daye,
And said, Sir, *for alle loves*,
Lete me thy prisoneris sene.

¹⁰⁰ *Nay-word, i.e. a watch-word.*

¹⁰¹ *One of Cupid's carriers.*

Carrier was applied to any sort of messenger; a page.

¹⁰² *Up with your fights.*

Fights are explained by Coles, in his English Dictionary, 1676, to be, "coverts, any places where men may stand unseen and use their arms in a ship." Mr. Knight very erroneously interprets it, short sails.

¹⁰³ *A morning's draught of sack.*

Morning-draughts of ale or sack were replaced in the seventeenth century by coffee. Howel, in noticing Sir Henry Blount's *Organon Salutis*, 1659, observes that, "This coffee-drink hath caused a great sobriety among all nations: formerly apprentices, clerks, &c., used to take their *morning draughts* in ale, beer, or wine, which often made them unfit for business. Now they play the good-fellows in this wakeful and civil drink. The worthy gentleman Sir James Muddiford, who introduced the practice hereof first in London, deserves much respect of the whole nation."

It was formerly the fashion for persons to introduce themselves to strangers with a propitiatory present of a cup of wine, which preceded their appearance. A story is told of Corbet and Jonson in MS. Harl. 6395, which mentions an instance of this practice. "Ben Jonson was at a tavern, in comes Bishop Corbet (but not so then) into the next room. Ben Jonson calls for a quart of *raw* wine, and gives it to the tapster. 'Sirrah!' says he, 'carry this to the gentleman in the next chamber, and tell him I sacrifice my service to him.' The fellow did, and in those terms. 'Friend,' says Bishop Corbet, 'I thank him for his love, but prithee tell him from me that he is mistaken, for sacrifices are always *burnt*.'" Ben Jonson thus humorously alludes to the custom in 'Bartholomew Fair,'—

Now, gentles, I take it, here is none of you so stupid,
But that you have heard of a little god of love call'd Cupid;
Who, out of kindness to Leander, hearing he but saw her,
This present day and hour doth turn himself to a drawer.
And because he would have their first meeting to be merry,
He strikes Hero in love to him with a pint of sherry;
Which he tells her from amorous Leander is sent her,
Who after him into the room of Hero doth venture.

¹⁰⁴ *Go to; via!*

A cant phrase of exultation or defiance. It occurs again in *Love's Labours Lost*, v. 2.

¹⁰⁵ *Sith, i.e. since.* A common archaism.

¹⁰⁶ *To know what she would have given.*

That is, to know what kind of presents she would prefer to be given to her.

107 *Pursuing that that flies.*

Possibly a misreading for "that *which* flies, but the original text may be right, and should not, therefore, be disturbed without authority. A similar idea occurs in the Wizard, a MS. play written about the year 1640 :—

Never till now unkinde, unkinde as Death,
Still slow and tedious unto those that seek't,
Flying away from her pursuer's eye,
And with all speed pursuing them that fie.

108 *Of great admittance.*

That is, says Stevens, admitted into all or the greatest companies. *Allowed*, approved. *Amiable siege*, a siege of love. *Instance*, example.

The ward of her purity, that is, the defence she at present derives from her purity.

109 *I will aggravate his style.*

That is, add to his titles. This play is full of allusions to cuckoldism, which are not always worth explanation for readers of the present day.

110 *Amaimon sounds well.*

Amaimon and Barbason are found in the old lists of devils. "Amaymon is the chief whose dominion is on the North part of the infernal gulf," Holme's Acad. Arm. II. i. 22; "Barbos is like a lion; under him are thirty-six legions," *ibid.* *Wittol-cuckold*, one who knows his wife's falsehood, and does not hinder it.

111 *An Irishman with my aqua-vitæ bottle.*

Heywood, in his "Challenge for Beauty," 1636, mentions the love of *aqua-vitæ* as characteristic of the Irish :—

"The Briton he metheglin quaffs,
The Irish *aqua-vitæ*."

The Irish *aqua-vitæ*, says Malone, was not brandy, but *usquebaugh*, for which Ireland has been long celebrated.

112 *To see thee foin.*

To foin was to make a slight wound on the skin in fencing. This is the old meaning of the word. Fencing is now termed *foining*. To *traverse*, to *pass thy punto*, thy stock, &c., were all technical phrases in fencing, fully explained in the books of the day on that popular science. The stock appears to denote the *stoccata*, commonly called in England the *stoccado*, a species of thrust. Our space will not permit us to enter more fully into the subject.

113 *Thou art a Cas'dun.*

A *Castilian* was originally a term for a Spaniard, but it was afterwards more generally applied. The Host takes advantage of the doctor's ignorance of the English language, and applies to him all kinds of inappropriate and ridiculous terms, to the amusement of the by-standers. King Urinal requires no explanation, alluding of course to his profession. *Hector*, a cant term for a sharper. *Against the hair*, against the grain.

114 *Ah, monsieur mock-water.*

An allusion to the urinals, always used by physicians in former days; or it may be *muck-water*, a term applied to the drain from dunghills.

115 *He will clapper-claw thee.*

That is, beat thee. This word occurs also in "Tom Tyler and his Wife :—" "I would clapper-claw thy bones," and earlier in a curious macaronic poem in MS. Lansd., 762.

116 *Master justice guest.*

The word *justice* is here inserted on the authority of the MS. It is not in the old copies.

117 *Cried I aim? Said I well?*

Cried I aim, did I give you encouragement? The phrase is common in our old dramatists, and occurs again in this play in Act iii. sc. 2. The expression is said to be borrowed from archery. All the old editions read, *cried game*, and the quarto of 1602 has the impossible reading,—"and thou shalt wear hir cried game." Supposing the copy read *cry'd I ayme*, the error is very readily accounted for. See Douce, p. 44.

118 *The Petty-ward, the Pa k-ward.*

These were probably names of localities in Windsor, and a wood near Wimbledon is still called Petty-ward. Numerous streets in England have the prefix of *petty*.

119 *To shallow rivers, to whose falls.*

It is scarcely necessary to observe that this is an extract from the beautiful little ballad, attributed to Marlowe, entitled "The passionate Shepherd to his Love." There are many copies of it, varying considerably from each other. It is not generally known that Dr. Wilson set it to music, the original being in the Bodleian library. It was extremely popular in the time of Shakespeare, as may be gathered from the plentiful allusions in contemporary writers. "Doe you take me for a woman, that you come upon mee with a ballad of Come live with me and be my Love."—*Choices Change, and Change, or Conceits in their Colours*, 1606, p. 3.

Come live with me, and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
That hills and valleys, dales and fields,
Woods, or steepy mountain yields.

And we will sit upon the rocks,
Secing the shepherds feed their flocks
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

And I will make thee beds of roses,
And a thousand fragrant posies;
A cap of flowers, and a kittle
Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle.

A gown made of the finest wool,
Which from our pretty lambs we pull
Fair-lined slippers for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold.

A belt of straw and ivy-buds,
With coral clasps and amber studs;
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Come live with me and be my love.

The shepherd-swains shall dance and sing
For thy delight each May-morning:
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me and be my love.

120 *Whenas I sat in Babylon.*

Eyas, in his "trempling of mind," mixes the psalms with the ballad. The present line is the commencement of the 137th psalm in the old version, ed. 1638, p. 93,—

Whenas wee sate in Babylon,
The rivers round about,
And in remembrance of Sion,
The teares for griefe burst out.

121 *Gallia and Wollia.*

The original edition reads, *Gallia and Gaule*. The correction is obtained from the early MS. in my possession.

122 *Have you make-a de sot.*

Sot, i.e. a fool. (French.) *Scall*, scald, a term of reproach.

123 *Carry a letter twenty mile.*

The singular used for the plural, a common practice in Shakespeare's time, especially when speaking of time or distance. Collier and Knight alter the original, but, with singular inconsistency, in the 'Tempest' they retain Prospero's expression, "Twelve year since, Miranda," as in he old text.

124 *They are laid.*

That is, contrived or plotted. *So seeming*, so seemly, comely, or virtuous.

125 *As the earth is firm.*

A proverbial phrase, in common use before the doctrines of Copernicus became popularly adopted.

126 *He speaks holiday.*

That is, he speaks in good language suited to a holiday. Steevens has observed a similar expression in Henry IV.,—"With many holiday and lady terms," i.e. fine, affected terms. We have, "in the holiday time of my beauty," in act ii. sc. 1.

He smells April and May, i.e. he smells of April and May. The particle is frequently omitted, and several other instances occur in Shakespeare. 'Tis in his buttons, equivalent to, "he is the man for it."

127 *The gentleman is of no having.*

That is, he has no fortune. "Lie in a water-bearer's house,—a gentleman of his havings!"—Ben Jonson's Every Man in his Humour.

128 *The wild Prince and Pointz.*

So Pointz should be written, as in the old editions. The name was no doubt taken from some individual contemporary with Shakespeare. In Dulwich College is preserved a letter from one Anne Poyntz, addressed to Alleyne, the actor, "to request so much loving kindenes att your hands to sende me v. poundes."

129 *And drink Canary with him.*

Venner says, "Canarie wine, which beareth the name of the islands from whence it is brought, is of some termed a sacke, with this adjunct, sweete,"—*Via Recta*, 1622. Howell says that in his time, 1634, it was much adulterated. "I shall drink in," is, of course, merely equivalent to, "I shall drink." Falstaff will dance to Ford's piping. Canary was also the name of a dance, and hence the double quotation.

130 *Among the whistlers in Datchet mead.*

Whistlers were blanchers of linen. Bleachers are still termed *whipsters* in the North of England.

131 *How now, my eyas musket?*

An eyas was a young hawk of any kind, before it left the nest. An eyas-musket was, therefore, a young sparrow-hawk, and the term is here jocularly applied to the page.

132 *You little Jack-a-Lent.*

A Jack-a-lent was a stuffed puppet which boys used to throw at during Lent. The term is here metaphorically applied to the page. Quarles writes,—

— How like a Jack-a-Lent

He stands, for boys to spend their Shrove-tide throws,
Or like a puppet made to frighten crows.

133 *Have I caught thee, my heavenly jewel?*

This is a quotation from a song in Sir F. Sidney's "Astrophel and Stella," first printed in 1591, which commences as follows,—

Have I caught my heav'nly jewel,
Teaching sleep most fair to be?
Now will I teach her that she,
When she wakes, is too-too cruel.

134 *I cannot cog.*

"*Baliverner*, to cog, foist, lye, talke idle, vainely, or to no purpose," Cotgrave.

135 *That becomes the ship-tire.*

The ship-tire is said to be an open flaunting head-dress, with scarfs or ribands floating in the air like streamers. That, and the tire-valiant, if the latter be not a misprint for *tire-velvet*, refer to fashions of head-dresses in Elizabeth's time.

136 *Nature thy friend.*

We must understand *being* after *Nature*. This is Howell's explanation, and is no doubt correct.

137 *Like Bucklersbury in simple-lime.*

Bucklersbury, a street in London, near Cheapside, was chiefly inhabited in Shakespeare's time by herbalists and druggists.

138 *The reek of a lime-kill.*

Lime-kill is the archaic word for lime-kiln, and should be preserved. The term is still in use in the North of England. We have *hill-hole* in act iv. sc. 2.

139 *I will ensconce me behind the arras.*

The arras, or tapestry, was hung at some little distance from the walls, and was frequently used as a means of concealment.

140 *Whiting-time*, i.e. bleaching time.

141 *Where's the cowl-staff?*

A pole or staff used for carrying a tub or basket having two handles or ears, held on the shoulders of two persons. A cowl-staff, *rectis, palanga*, 'Coles. *Drumble*, i.e. to be slow or sluggish. The term is still in provincial use.

142 *You were best meddle with buck-washing.*

In the process of bucking clothes, they placed them upon a smooth board or table, and beat them with a flattened pole. A quantity of linen washed at once was called a *buck*, a tub full of linen in buck. Hence, to wash a buck, to wash a tub full of bucklinen, the phrase punned upon by Ford.

143 *So, now uncape.*

According to Warburton, *uncape* is a term in fox-hunting, signifying, to dig the fox out when earthed. Capell explains it, to turn the dogs off.

144 *What was in the basket.*

All the old copies read, "*who* was in the basket," which is evidently incorrect, for had it entered Ford's imagination there was any one in that receptacle, he would of course have discovered the trick. The speech, indeed, is altogether an error, for Ford had not asked the question.

Carion was a term of contempt, applied to an elderly person. We meet with it again in the Merchant of Venice, iii. 1.

145 *A-birding*, i.e. hawking.

146 *I'll make a shaft or a bolt on't.*

That is, I will make something of it. The phrase was proverbial. A *shaft* was a proper arrow; a *bolt* was a thick short one, with a knob at the end of it, only used for shooting birds.

147 *Come cut and long tail.*

A curious proverbial phrase, equivalent to, let anybody come who likes. So Ben Jonson,—

At Quintin he,
In honour of this bridealte,
Hath challenged either wide countee,
Come cut and long tail.

148 *Happy man be his dele.*

That is, happy be his dole or portion. The expression was proverbial.

149 *And bow'd to death with turnips.*

"Would I had been set in the ground, all but the head of me, and had my brains bow'd at." Ben Jonson.

150 *Her father will be angry else.*

The word *else* is supplied from the manuscript in my possession, and seems necessary to the sense of the passage.

151 *On a fool and a physician.*

Dr. Johnson suggests *or* in the place of *and*, which would certainly be more accurate, but Mrs. Quickly is not very particular in her phraseology. She addressed Page and his wife, one of whom wishes to throw away his daughter on a fool, the other on a physician. "To be a fool or a physician" was a common old proverb.

152 *Once to-night.*

That is, some time to-night. This meaning of the word is not the common one, even in old writers. *Slack*, to neglect.

153 *The rogues slighted me.*

Slighted, i.e. threw. This is one of the many obsolete words entirely unnoticed in all former editions of Shakespeare. *Slighted*, qu. threw me aside?

154 *A mountain of mummy.*

Mummy, or what passed for it, was formerly sold by the apothecaries as a medicine. It was esteemed for its aromatic qualities. Blount calls it, "a thing like pitch, sold by apothecaries; it is hot in the second degree, and good against all bruising, spitting of blood, and divers other diseases." There were two kinds of mummy, the one said to have been obtained from real Egyptian mummies, the other being merely a composition chiefly made up of bitumen. Falstaff here uses the term in a generic sense.

155 *Brew me a pottle of sack.*

Brew is evidently here used in the sense of *draw*. Sack was a Spanish white-wine; in fact, all Spanish white-wines were termed *sacks*. The wine now so called is altogether of a different kind.

156 *By the Lord, a buck-basket!!*

There evidently requires an ejaculation here, though omitted in the folio, probably on account of the statute of James. The present reading is taken from the early quarto.

157 *Another embassy of meeting.*

Ambassy is the old form of *embassy*, and is very common in old works.

158 *I will then address me.*

That is, make myself ready.

159 *To make me mad.*

The old editions read, "To make *one* mad." The blunder was corrected by Mr. Dyce, in his Remarks, p. 16.

160 *Accusativo, hunc.*

All editions read *hinc*, but the blunder could scarcely be intended, especially as it is repeated by Evans. The boy forgot to add, *hanc, hoc*, which causes the latter to say, "I pray you, have your remembrance, child." Evans blunders in his language, but not in his Latinity. *Focative* is *caret*, for *vocativo caret*. A few lines lower, the *genitive* of the old editions has been altered to *genitivo*. Latin is generally printed very incorrectly in old plays.

You must be preeches, i.e. you must be breeched, or flogged. "Cry like a breech'd boy," Beaumont and Fletcher.

161 *He is a good sprag memory.*

Sprack, mispronounced by Evans *sprag*, is still in use in the West of England in the sense of *quick, active, lively*. Lord Chedworth says he has often heard in Wiltshire, "He has a good sprack wit;" and a sharp boy is termed a *sprack'un*. Ray has, "A *spack* lad or wench, apt to learn, ingenious," North Country Words, 1674, p. 44, no doubt another form of the same word.

Obsequious, serious. The word occurs again in the same sense in Hamlet.

NOTES TO THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

¹⁶² *Your husband is in his old lines again.*

Lines, or, as it is elsewhere spelt, *lunes*, is equivalent to, fancies. The sketch reads *evin*.

Takes on, i.e. rages violently.

¹⁶³ *Watch the door with pistols.*

Jackson ingeniously conjectures that we should read, 'watch the door with Pistol,' thus getting rid of the anachronism; but the old text is undoubtedly as it came from Shakespeare's pen.

¹⁶⁴ *Her thrumm'd hat, and her muffler too.*

A thrummed hat was a hat made of very coarse woollen cloth. The end of a weaver's warp is the *thrum*. "A thrummed hat, *bardocucullus*," Coles. A muffler was made of linen, and usually worn so that it covered part of the face.

The wise woman of Brentford is called in the first sketch Gillian of Brentford, who was rather a celebrated character. A work called, "Jyl of Brentford's Testament" was in Captain Cox's library, and two copies, I believe, and no more, have descended to modern times—one in the Bodleian Library, and another which passed through the hands of Ritson and Heber. Dame Gillian's legacies, although dispensed with the utmost liberality, and in some respects with judgment, were not, however, very acceptable. According to the black-letter tract, she was hostess of a respectable inn at Brentford, and, therefore, we may presume, suitable company for Mistress Ford:—

At Brentford on the west of London,
Nigh to a place that called is Syon,
There dwelt a widow of a homely sort,
Honest in substance and full of sport:
Dally she coud with pastim and jesses,
Among her neighbours and her gesses;
She kept an inn of ryght good lodgyng,
For all estates that thyder was comyng.

This is on the supposition that Robert Copland, the writer of this tract, did not invent the circumstances. The joke of Gillian's legacy continued to a late period, for I find it alluded to in "Harry White his humour," 12mo. Lond. .660:—

The author in a recompence,
To them that angry be,
Bequeaths a gift that 's cald
Old Gillian's legacy.

Shakespeare was probably well acquainted with Brentford, its celebrated inn, the 'Three Pigeons,' having dramatic notoriety. It is still standing, but the outside has been much altered. In a little sandy parlour to the left of the entrance is preserved a small painting, dated 1701, of a table with guests seated round it, and the following inscription,—

We are new beginners, and thrive we would fain;
I am honest Ralf of Redding, my wife Susane by name.

¹⁶⁵ *A knot, a ging, a pack.*

A knot, i.e. a company, generally used in a bad sense. A knot of rogues, *flagitiorum grex*," Coles. *Ging*, the old form of *gang*. A *pack* was a conspired band of persons, usually said when the purpose was dishonest. *This passes*, this goes beyond bounds.

¹⁶⁶ *Here 's no man here.*

The last word is supplied from the early MS. copy of the play in my possession; but I am not sure it is absolutely necessary.

This wrongs you, i.e. this does you wrong, it injures your character.

¹⁶⁷ *His wife's lover.*

That is, his wife's lover. The word occurs again, and is a common archaism.

Daubery, i.e., deceit, trickery, from *daub*, an old word, to flatter or deceive.

¹⁶⁸ *You rag, —you roayon!*

Both these are terms of great contempt. The first occurs again in 'Timon of Athens,' the second in 'Macbeth.'

¹⁶⁹ *In the way of waste.*

The meaning of the passage is that, if the devil have him not as an estate in fee simple, secured firmly by fine and recovery, and, therefore, possess him as an absolute property, he will not attempt again to ruin us by corrupting our virtue.

¹⁷⁰ *No period to the jest.*

That is, no conclusion or end. "Let me make the period to my curse," Richard III.

¹⁷¹ *They must come off.*

Come off, i.e. pay; a common phrase in early plays. We still say, *come down with the money*, a similar expression. *Sauce*, to season; here, metaphorically, to give it them.

¹⁷² *Sometime a keeper here in Windsor forest.*

It has been stated, I know not on what authority, that Horne was a keeper in Windsor Forest some time before the reign of Elizabeth, that he hanged himself on the oak from the dread of being disgraced for some offence that he had committed, and that his ghost was believed to haunt the spot. No mention is made of the oak in the first sketch of the play; in which it is merely introduced as follows,—

Oft have you heard since Horne the hunter died,
That women, to affright their little children,
Says that he walks in shape of a great stag.

Where, it will be observed that the hunter's name is Horne; and a MS. of the time of Henry VIII., preserved in the British Museum, mentions a "Rycharde Horne, yeoman," in a list of persons who had hunted illegally in the royal forests. This fact seems to give grounds for believing that the poet alludes to a genuine tale of the period, and that the incident is not one of his own invention.

A variety of papers have been written on the locality of Horne's oak, but none of them with sufficient consideration for the indefinite changes that must have taken place in Windsor Park since Shakespeare's time. The earliest local notice occurs in a map published by W. Collier in 1712, where "Sir John Falstaff's oak" is marked as being near Queen Elizabeth's Walk. It was removed at the close of the last century, but a new claimant to the honour of being the real Simon Pure is shown to the visitor. The following lament "upon Horne's oak being cut down in the spring of

1736. ' is extracted from a contemporary newspaper, and is worth preserving for its own sake —

"Within this dell, for many an age,
Herne's oak uprear'd its antique head :—
Oh ! most unhallow'd was the rage
Which tore it from its native bed !

The storm that stript the forest bare
Would yet refrain this tree to wrong,
And Time himself appear'd to spare
A fragment he had known so long.

'Twas marked with popular regard,
When fam'd Elizabeth was queen ;
And Shakespeare, England's matchless bard,
Made it the subject of a scene.

So honour'd, when in verdure drest,
To me the wither'd trunk was dear ;
As, when the warrior is at rest,
His trophical armour men revere.

That nightly Herne walk'd round this oak,
"The superstitious eld receiv'd ;"
And what they of his outrage spoke,
The rising age in fear believ'd.

The hunter, in his morning range,
Would not the tree with lightness view ;
To him, Herne's legend, passing strange,
In spite of scoffers, still seem'd true.

Oh, where were all the fairy crew
Who revels kept in days remote,
That round the oak no spell they drew,
Before the axe its fibres smote ?

Could wishes but ensure the power,
The tree again its head should rear ;
Shrubs fence it with a fadeless bower,
And these inscriptive lines appear :—

'Here, as wild Avon's poet stray'd'—
Hold !—let me check this feeble strain—
The spot by Shakespeare sacred made,
A verse like mine would but profane !"

Mr Nicholson, the late eminent painter, in an original letter in the possession of Mr Crofton Croker, gives the undoubted authority of George III. himself, that the remains of the real Herne's oak were removed by his own order, given quite inadvertently. According to Mr. Nicholson, the soil of Windsor does not at all suit the oak ; so that a tree which was old in Shakespeare's time could scarcely have been preserved to the present day.

173 *And takes the cattle.*

A horse, when paralysed, was said to be *taken*, the usual belief being that he was stricken by a planet or evil spirit. *Eld*, age, old people.

174 *Like urchins, ouphes, and fairies.*

Urchins were fairies that assumed the shape of urchins or hedgehogs. *Ouphes*, elfs. *Diffused*, varied, wild, irregular. *To pinch*, equivalent to *pinch very much* ; the prefix *to* anciently annexed to verbs of Anglo-Saxon origin, implying destruction or deterioration, was used as an intensive, giving more force to the signification.

175 *Get us properties and tricking.*

Properties are and were little incidental necessities to a theatre, exclusive of scenes and dresses. *Tricking*, i.e. dress. "*Attifets*, attires or tires, dressings, trickings, attirals," Cotgrave.

Affects, loves. *Thick-skin*, a term of abuse or ridicule applied to a foolish person. *Snap*, make haste. In Norfolk, to do anything *snap* is to do it quickly.

176 *His standing-bed, and truckle-bed.*

The standing-bed was for the master, and the latter, a lower couch, for the servant, sometimes placed at the foot and sometimes at the side of the other. Middleton mentions, "as sweet a breasted page as ever lay at his master's feet in a truckle-bed." The counterpane of the standing-bed was often very costly. Stowe mentions one of the value of a thousand marks.

Anthropophaginian, a cannibal.

177 *Thine host, thine Ephesian.*

Ephesian is a cant term, apparently applied to a jovial fellow. *Bohemian Tartar*, meaning Simple, on account of his wild or strange appearance. *Muscle-shell*, a jocular allusion to the simpleton standing with his mouth open.

I may not conceal them. Simple here by mistake uses *corceal* for *reveal*, and Falstaff amuses himself by repeating the blunder.

178 *Ay, sir Tike.*

The first folio reads, "Ay, sir, like," which is evidently a corruption. The quarto reads *Tike*, a clown. Howells mentions "Yorkshire tikes," Prov. p. 21. The term was also applied to a dog. *Clerkly*, scholar-like. *Paid*, beaten.

179 *Since I forswore myself' at primero.*

Primero was a game at cards, and said to be the oldest known in England. It is fully described in Duchat's notes on Rabelais.

While other jests are something rank on foot, i.e. while other jests are prevalent or numerous.

180 *I'll hold.*

That is, I will keep to my word.

181 *Hold up your head, and mince.*

Mince, i.e. trip away. "Walking and mincing as tocy go," Isaiah, iii. 16. Coles translates it, *Junonium incidere*.

182 *I come to her in white, and cry 'mum.'*

Mumbudget was a cant term for silence. So Cotgrave, "*Avoir le bec gelé*, to play mumbudget, to be tongue-tyod, to say never a word."

183 *Lewdsters*, i.e. lewd people.

184 *Send me a cool rut-time.*

Rut-time, breeding time. Any old book on hunting will fully explain the terms here used. *Scut*, a tail.

185 *Let the sky rain potatoes.*

The esculents here mentioned were formerly considered strong provocatives. Massinger alludes to "comfits of ambrosius to help our kisses."

186 *Like a brib'd buck.*

So the old copies, not *bribe-buck*, as printed by Knight and Collier. *Brib'd*, i.e. stolen. "Brib'd signetts" are mentioned in Rot. Parl., as quoted by Tyrwhitt, and Palsgrave has, "I bribe, I pull, I pyll."

A *walk* was a particular keeper's district. Windsor forest was parcelled out into walks, as appears from Norden's map, 1607.

Woodman, a forester, according to Nares, whose chief occupation was hunting.

187 *Fairies, black, grey, green, and white.*

With considerable hesitation, I have followed Knight and Collier in giving this and the other speeches to Anne, as Queen of the Fairies. In all the old editions, they are given to Mrs. Quickly. It is contended they are not in character with her language, but neither are the words attributed to Evans and Pistol. To be consistent, we should also alter the attribution of the latter.

188 *You orphan heirs of fixed destiny.*

This is one of those difficult passages which Messrs. Collier and Knight complacently pass over without remark. I agree with Malone that Shakespeare, with a laxity not unusual to him, uses *heirs* for *children*. Fairies were children of fixed destiny, and, according to the usual belief, in one respect of the same family as the White Lady of Avenel,—

"Happier than brief-dated man,
Living ten times o'er his span;
Far less happy, for we have
Help nor hope beyond the grave."

Oyes is evidently a monosyllable. *Unrak'd*, a term applied to fires, when they were not raked out. It is now used differently in the provinces, but Shakespeare apparently intends the ordinary meaning.

189 *As blue as bilberry.*

"Whortle berries are called in England, whortes, whortle berries, blacke-berries, bill-berries, and bull-berries, and in some places winberries," Gerard's Herball, 1231.

The notion of death being the punishment of speaking to fairies is alluded to in the English translation of Huon of Bourdeaux, 4to. 1601, ch. 21.

190 *Raise up the organs of her fantasy.*

That is, give her pleasant dreams.

191 *In emrold tufts.*

Emrold, i.e. emerald. *Tufts* is an old word for *tassels*, and I think modern editors are wrong in introducing *tufts*, another and not quite an equivalent term. Florio translates *affioccare*, "to betassle, to tuffe, or hang with locks."

Charactery, "a writing by characters or by strange marks," English Expositor, 1671.

192 *I smell a man of middle-earth.*

Middle-earth, an old English term for the world, but nearly obsolete in Shakespeare's time. It is found in the *Coventry Mysteries*, p. 30,—

Tyl a maydon in *medyl-erth* be borne,
Thou fiende, I warn the beforen,
Thorwe here thi hed xal be to-torn,
On wombe away thou wende.

193 *Thou wast o'erlook'd.*

That is, overlooked by a witch. The term is still in use in the sense of *bewitched* in the West of England.

194 *Still pinch him to your time.*

Pinching was the usual punishment inflicted by the fairies, and especially on those who violated the laws of chastity. So Fletcher, in the 'Faithful Shepherdess,'—

"Then must I watch, if any be
Forcing of a chastity;
If I find it, then in hast
Give my wreathed horn a blast,
And the fairies all will run,
Wildly dancing by the moon,
And will pinch him to the bone,
Till his lustful thoughts be gone."

195 *Luxury*, i.e. incontinence. *Bloody fire*, equivalent to, *fire in the blood*.

196 *Do not these fair yokes.*

Mrs. Page alludes to Falstaff's horns. It is rather difficult to account for the application of the term, unless it was given to any protuberance. "A yoke, a couple; also the top or ridge of an hill," Baret, 1580.

197 *Shall I have a coxcomb of frize?*

A fool's cap made of frize, a warm coarse kind of cloth.

198 *What, a hodge-pudding?*

I have not met with this term elsewhere. Is it connected with hog-pudding, or haggas-pudding? All editors pass it over without remark.

199 *Ignorance itself is a plummet o'er me.*

That is, even ignorance is a weight or plummet over me, which I cannot shake off; or, the sounding-lead or plumb line, when let down into the water, will be found higher than I am. Either interpretation makes sense; but I think the first is what was intended. Any lump of lead was formerly termed a *plummet*, as well as a plumb-line.

200 *Amaze*, i.e. confound, confuse.

Measure for Measure.

Haste still pays haste, and leisure answers leisure ;
Like doth quit like, and MEASURE STILL FOR MEASURE.

THE principal incident in this play, the infamous conduct of Angelo, has been related of a variety of persons in different ages; but the primary source of the plot adopted by Shakespeare is found in the novels of Cinthio, *Hecatommithi*, 1565, v. 8. In the novel of that writer, Juriste, governor of Inspruck, a man renowned for wisdom and justice, sentenced a youth named Lodovico to death for violation. Epitia, sister of Lodovico, a virgin of exquisite beauty and highly accomplished, deeply loved her brother, and determined to attempt his deliverance. Kneeling in tears before the feet of Juriste, and pleading her brother's cause with pathetic eloquence, her graceful beauty, rendered still more attractive by her position, enraptured the stern judge who had previously laughed to scorn the power of love. In the excess of tumultuous passion, he makes the same proposal to her which Angelo does to Isabella. It is rejected with indignation, but Epitia is not proof against the tears and entreaty of her brother, and reluctantly yields to the wishes of Juriste under the solemn promise of marriage. What was her agony, then, to find that his vows were forgotten, and that Lodovico was executed, notwithstanding the sacrifice she had made. She appeals to the emperor of the Romans, before whom Juriste is convicted, compelled to marry her, and then sentenced to death. Epitia now sues for her husband's life; forgets her wrongs in her character as a wife; and, having obtained her prayer, continues the faithful partner of Juriste, who, on his part, is supposed to be reformed by her unexampled virtue and generosity.

It may readily be supposed that a tale like this, though not well suited to a very refined age, would be likely to attract the attention of our early dramatists as containing the material for much effective situation. We accordingly find that as early as 1578, George Whetstone published a drama founded on Cinthio's tale, under the quaint title of, "The right excellent and famous Historie of Promos and Cassandra, divided into Commical Discourses: In the fyrste Parte is showne the unsufferable abuse of a lewde Magistrate, the vertuous behaviours of a chaste Ladye, the uncontrowled leawdness of a favoured Curtisan, and the undeserved Estimation of a pernicious Parasyte: In the second Parte is discoursed the perfect Magnanimitie of a noble Kinge, in checking Vice and favouringe Vertue: Wherein is showne the Ruine and Overthrowe of dishonest Practises, with the Advancement of upright Dealing." The following argument prefixed to this play will enable the reader to discover how far Shakespeare has deviated from Whetstone's plot:—

In the Cytie of Julio (sometimes under the dominion of Corvinus, King of Hungarie and Boemia) there was a law, that what man so ever committed Adultery, should lose his head, and the woman offender should weare some disguise! apparell, during her life, to make her infamouslye noted. This severe lawe, by the favour of some mercifull magistrate, became little regarded, untill the time of Lord Promos auctoryty: who, convicting a yong Gentleman named An Imagio of

incontinency, condemned both him, and his minion, to the execution of this statute. Andrugio had a very vertuous and beawtiful Gentlewoman to his Sister, named Cassandra: Cassandra, to enlarge her brothers life, submitted an humble petition to the Lord Promos: Promos regarding her good behavours, and fantasying her great beawtie, was much delighted with the sweete order of her talke: and doying good, that evill might come thereof, for a time he reprieved her brother: but, wicked man, tounring his liking unto unlawfull lust, he set downe the spoile of her honour raunsome for her Brothers life: chaste Cassandra, abhorring both him and his sute, by no persuasion would yeald to this raunsome. But in fine, wonne with the importunitye of hir Brother (pleading for life), upon these conditions she agreede to Promos. First that he should pardon her brother, and after marry her. Promos as feareles in promisse, as carelesse in performance, with sollemne vowe, sygned her conditions: but worse then any Infydel, his will satisfied, he performed neither the one nor the other: for to keepe his authoritye, unspotted with favour, and to prevent Cassandrea's clamors, he commaunded the Gayler secretly to present Cassandra with her brother's head. The Gayler, [touched] with the outeryes of Andrugio, abhorryng Promos lewdenes, by the providence of God, provyded thus for his safety. He presented Cassandra with a felous head newlie executed, who (being mangled, knew it not from her brother's, by the Gaylor, who was set at libertie) was so agreed at this trecherye, that at the pointe to kyl herselfe, she spared that stroke to be avenged of Promos. And, devisyng a way, she concluded to make her fortunes knowne unto the kyng. She (executing this resolution) was so highly favoured of the king, that forthwith he hasted to do justice on Promos: whose judgment was, to marrye Cassandra, to repaire her crased honour: which donne, for his hainous offence he should lose his head. This marryage solemnised, Cassandra, tyed in the greatest bondes of affection to her husband, became an earnest suter for his life: the kinge (tendringe the generall benefit of the common weale, before her special case, although he favoured her much) would not graunt her sute. Andrugio (disguised amonge the company) sorrowing the griefe of his sister, bewrayde his safetye, and craved pardon. The kinge, to renowe the vertues of Cassandra, pardoned both him and Promos. The circumstances of this rare Historye, in action lyvelye foloweth.

Whetstone gave a prose version of the story in his "Heptameron," 1582, in a marginal note to which he informs us that the play above-mentioned had not then been "presented upon stage." The drama of "Promos and Cassandra" is unquestionably the immediate source of Shakespeare's play, the deviations of Whetstone from Cinthio's having been adopted by the great dramatist. The youth is not condemned for the greater crime, but for incontinency after solemn affianee; and the culprit is saved from execution by the substitution of another head. Shakespeare's grand improvement is the introduction of Mariana, whose part in the scene so infinitely purifies the tale. Some of the minor portions of the bye-play in "Measure for Measure," and those the most distasteful to modern ears, were suggested by scenes in "Promos and Cassandra." I will give an extract from the latter play, the scene corresponding to the affecting interview between Isabella and Claudio, which will suffice to show the nature of the slender materials worked into beauty by the hand of Shakespeare:—

Andrugio. My Cassandra what newes, good sister showe.

Cassandra. All things conclude thy death, Andrugio: Prepare thyselfe, to hope it ware in vaine.

Andrugio. My death. alas, what rayseed this new disdayne?

Cassandra. Not Justice zeale in wicked Promos sure.

Andrugio. Sweete, shew the cause I must this doome indure.

Cassandra. If thou dost live, I must my honor lose
Thy raunsome is, to Promos fleshly wyll
That I do yelde: than which I rather chose
With torments sharpe myselfe he first should kyl.
Thus am I bert: thou seest thy death at hand:
O would my life would satisfie his yre,
Cassandra then would cancell soone thy band!

Andrugio. And may it be a judge of his account
Can spot his minde with lawles love or lust?
But more, may he doome any fault with death,
When in such faute he findes himselfe unjust?
Syster, that wise men love we often see,
And where love rules, gainst thornes doth reason spurne:
But who so loves, if he rejected be,
His passing love to peevish hate will turne
Deare sister then note how my fortune stands

That Promos love, the like is oft in use;

And sith he crave this kindness at your hands,

Think this, if you his pleasure do refuse,

I, in his rage (poor wretch) shall sing *Peccavi*.

Here are two evyls, the best harde to digest;

But whereas things are driven unto necessity,

There are we byd, of both evyls choose the least.

Cassandra. And of these evils the least, I hold, is death

To shun whose dart we can no meane devise;

Yet honor lives when death hath done his worst:

Thus fame then lyfe is of farre more comprise.

Andrugio. Nay, Cassandra, if thou thy selfe submyt.

To save my life, to Promos fleshly wyll,

Justice wyll say thou dost no cryme commit,

For in forst faultes is no intent of yll.

Cassandra. How so th' intent is construed in offenoe,

The Proverbe saies that tenne good turnes lye dead,

And one yll deede tenne tymes beyond pretence

By envious tongues, report abroad doth spread.

Andrugio, so my fame shall vallewed bee;

Dispite will blaso my crime, but not the cause;

And thus, although I fayne would set thee free,

Poor wench, I feare the grype of slaunders pawes.

Andrugio. Nay sweete sister, more slaunde would infame

Your spectles lyfe to reave your brother's breath,
 When you have power for to enlarge the same;
 Once in your handes doth lye my life and death.
 Way that I am the selfe-same flesh you are;
 Thinkes, I once gone, our house will goe to wrack:
 Knowe, forced faultes for slaunder neede not care:
 Looke you for blame, if I guaile through your lack.
 Consider well my great extremitie;
 If otherwise this doome I could revoke,
 I would not spare for any jebardye
 To free thee, wench, from this same heavy yoke:
 But ah, I see else no way saves my life,
 And yet his hope may further thy consent;
 He sayde, he maye percase make thee his wyfe,
 And 't is likelio he cannot be content
 With one night's joye: if love he after seekes;

And I discharg'd, if thou aloofe then be,
 Before he lose thy selfe that so he lookes,
 No doubt but he to marriage wyll agree.

Cassandra. And shall I sticke to stompe to Promos wyll,
 Since my brother injoyeth lyfe thereby?

No, although it doth my credit kyll,
 Ere that he should, my selfe woul I chuse to dye.
 My Andrugio, take comfort in distresse,
 Cassandra is wonne thy raunsome great to paye;
 Such care she hath thy thraldome to releace
 As she consentes her honor for to slay.
 Farewell, I must my virgin's weedes forsake,
 And lyke a Page to Promos lewde repayre. [Exit

Andrugio. My good sister, to God I thee betake,
 To whome I pray that comforte change thy care.

Mr. Skottowe has pointed out several similarities of sentiment in the old play and "Measure for Measure." They are not, perhaps, extremely striking, but they show at all events the extent of the poet's obligations, which are about as great as those a sculptor owes to his block of marble. Mrs. Collier considers that Shakespeare was not indebted to Whetstone for a single thought, nor for a casual expression, excepting as far as similarity of situation may be said to have necessarily occasioned corresponding states of feeling, and employment of language. But this opinion, is, I think, put somewhat too strongly.

We first hear of "Measure for Measure" as having been performed at court on December 26th, 1604. On the evening of that day, his Majesty's players acted it at Whitehall. The original account-book preserved at the Audit Office, Somerset House, edited by Mr. P. Cunningham, records that *Mr. Shalcher* (O for another essay on the orthography of Shakespeare!) was "the poet which mayd the plaie." The entry is as follows:—"On St. Stevens night in the hall a play caled Mesur for Mesur." It was first printed in the folio of 1623, but with many errors. In the preparation of our text, I have had the advantage of comparing a copy with curious early MS. notes in the library of E. R. Tunno, Esq., purchased by him at the sale of Mr. Dent's library, ii. 1270, for £65 2s. This valuable volume has supplied several important corrections, which have every appearance of genuineness. Sir W. Davenant, who wrote an alteration of the play entitled, "Law against Lovers," 1673, also made some useful emendations. The alterations, however, in our text are not numerous; and it will generally be found to be a faithful copy of the first edition.

In the year 1700, an alteration of this comedy by Charles Gildon was published, under the title of, "Measure for Measure, or Beauty the best Advocate, as it is Acted at the Theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields: written originally by Mr. Shakespear, and now very much alter'd, with additions of several entertainments of Musick," 4to. This performance is of very questionable merit, and the author has unfortunately not recorded any traditions relating to the original drama that might have been then current. In the course of the prologue, he says:—

Let neither dance nor musick be forgot,
 Nor scenes, no matter for the sense or plot:
 Such things we own in Shakespar's days might do,
 But then his audience did not judge like you.

Malone was of opinion that in the speech of the Duke in Act i. Sc. 1,—

—— I love the people,
 But do not like to stage me to their eyes:
 Though it do well, I do not relish well
 Their loud applause and *aves* vehement;
 Nor do I think the man of safe discretion
 That does affect it.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

there is an allusion to the great dislike of James I. to popular applause. Knowing that the play was acted before that sovereign soon after his accession to the throne, it certainly is not impossible that an apology of this kind for a reserve which does not appear to have well pleased the English public, would have been highly relished by the king. It might have been one of those

— flights upon the river Thames,
That so did take Eliza and our James.

James had exhibited early in life a fondness for the "life removed." As early as the year 1586, he is thus described by a contemporary,— "Generally, he seemeth desirous of peace, as appeareth by his disposition and exercise; viz., his great delight in hunting, his private delight in enditing poesies, and in one or both of these commonly he spendeth the day, when he hath no public thing to do; his desire to withdraw himself from places of most access and company, to places of more solitude and repose, with very small retinue." A similar taste pervaded his movements after he had ascended the throne of Great Britain. "In his publick appearance," observes Wilson, "especially in his sports, the accesses of the people made him so impatient, that he often dispersed them with frowns, that we may not say with curses." We have something still more definite in the account which Sir Simonds D' Ewes gives of the king's conduct in his progress to Parliament in the year 1621,— "In the King's short progress from Whitehall to Westminster, these passages following were accounted somewhat remarkable; First, that he spake often and lovingly to the people, standing thick and three-fold on all sides to behold him, 'God bless ye! God bless ye!' *contrary to his former hasty and passionate custom, which often in his sudden distemper would bid a plague on such as flocked to see him*: Secondly, that though the windows were filled with many great ladies as he rode along, yet that he spake to none of them but to the Marquis of Buckingham's mother and wife, who was the sole daughter and heiress of the Earl of Rutland: Thirdly, that he spake particularly and bowed to the Count of Gondomar, the Spanish ambassador; and fourthly that looking up to one window as he passed, full of gentlewomen or ladies in yellow bands, he cried out aloud, 'A — take ye, are ye there?' at which being much ashamed, they all withdrew themselves suddenly from the window." This graphic account certainly confirms the possibility of Malone's conjecture, which, however, it is scarcely necessary to observe, is not founded on *evidence*. If it be admitted, another passage may be produced which also tends to the same conclusion,—

— and even so
The general, subject to a well-wish'd king,
Quit their own part, and in obsequious fondness
Croud to his presence, where their untaught love
Must needs appear offence.

The other circumstances produced by Malone in support of his chronological argument are either too trifling to be repeated, or are rendered valueless by the discovery that the play was acted at court in 1604.* It is now generally believed to have been composed at the close of the year 1603, or early in 1604.

Mr. Hudson, in his very interesting and valuable "Lectures on Shakespeare," a work which exhibits how carefully and philosophically the plays of the great dramatist are studied in America, observes that "Measure for Measure is among the *least attractive, yet most instructive*, of Shakespeare's plays." Coleridge terms it "the only painful part of his genuine works" Hazlitt observes "an original sin in the nature of the subject, which prevents our taking a cordial interest in it." And nearly every critic has his say against this remarkable comedy.

Taking a view of the subject somewhat opposed to the opinion of Coleridge, it is necessary to state the grounds on which I venture to differ from so eminent a psychological critic; and I think it will be found, at the very commencement of the argument, a serious error has been committed by nearly all

* It is amusing to observe how very confident Ulrici is that it was not written before 1609. The internal evidence is of little avail.

who have treated on the play in estimating the extent of the crime for which Claudio was condemned. Ulrici says he had "seduced his mistress before marriage." This is, however, erroneous. In Shakespeare's time, the ceremony of betrothment was usually supposed to confer the power of matrimonial union. Claudio obtained possession of Julietta on "a true contract;" and provided marriage was celebrated within a reasonable time afterwards, no criminality could be alleged after the contract had been formally made. So, likewise, the Duke tells Mariana it was no sin to meet Angelo, for he was her "husband on a pre-contract." The story would be more properly analyzed by representing Claudio's error as venial, and Angelo's strictness so much the more severe, thus involving a greater antithesis in his fall. The only painful scene in the play is the subject of the argument between Angelo and Isabella; but Shakespeare is not to be blamed for the direction it takes. On the contrary, he has infinitely purified a barbarous tale *which the taste of the age authorized as a subject of dramatic representation*. The scenes between the lower characters would have been readily tolerated by a female audience in the time of the first James, and although they must now be passed over, we can hardly censure the poet for not foreseeing the extreme delicacy of a later age. The offences chiefly consist of a few gross words, which no one but literary antiquaries will comprehend, and are purposely left without explanation in the notes.

Bearing in mind that the improprieties of language above alluded to are faults of the age, not of the poet's judgment, and that a similar apology may be advanced for the choice of subject, the moral conveyed by "Measure for Measure" is of a deeply religious character. It exhibits in an outline of wonderful power, how ineffective are the strongest resolutions of men against the insidious temptation of beauty, when they are not firmly strengthened and guarded by religion. The prayers of Angelo came from his lips, not from his heart, and he fell. Isabella, on the contrary, is preserved by virtue grounded on religious faith. Her character is presented as nearly approaching perfection as is consistent with possible reality; and we rejoice that such a being should be snatched from the gloomy cloister to exercise her mild influence in a more useful station. The minor characters complete the picture of one of the chief phases of human life, the conflict of incontinence and chastity.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

VINCENTIO, *the Duke*.

Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act II. sc. 3. Act III. sc. 1;
sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 5. Act V. sc. 1.

ANGELO, *the deputy [in the Duke's absence]*.

Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 4. Act IV.
sc. 4. Act V. sc. 1.

ESCALUS, *an ancient lord [joined with Angelo in the deputation]*.

Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 2.
Act IV. sc. 4. Act V. sc. 1.

CLAUDIO, *a young gentleman*.

Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 2.
Act V. sc. 1.

LUCIO, *a fantastic*.

Appears, Act I. sc. 2; sc. 4. Act II. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 2;
sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 3. Act V. sc. 1.

Two other like Gentlemen.

Appear, Act I. sc. 2; sc. 3.

PROVOST.

Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3. Act III.
sc. 1; sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 3. Act V. sc. 1.

THOMAS, *a friar*.

Appears, Act I. sc. 3.

PIETER, *a friar*.

Appears, Act IV. sc. 5; sc. 6. Act V. sc. 1.

A Justice.

Appears, Act II. sc. 1.

VARRIUS.

Appears, Act IV. sc. 5. Act V. sc. 1.

ELBOW, *a simple constable*.

Appears, Act II. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 2.

FROTH, *a foolish gentleman*.

Appears, Act II. sc. 1.

CLOWN.

Appears, Act II. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 3

ABHORSON, *an executioner*.

Appears, Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 3.

BARNARDINE, *a dissolute prisoner*.

Appears, Act IV. sc. 3. Act V. sc. 1.

ISABELLA, *sister to Claudio*.

Appears, Act I. sc. 4. Act II. sc. 2; sc. 4. Act III. sc. 1
Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 3; sc. 6. Act V. sc. 1.

MARIANA, *betrothed to Angelo*.

Appears, Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 6. Act V. sc. 1.

JULIET, *beloved of Claudio*.

Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 3. Act V. sc. 1.

FRANCISCA, *a nun*.

Appears, Act I. sc. 4.

MISTRESS OVERDONE, *a bawd*.

Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 2

*Lords, Gentlemen, Guards, Officers, and other
Attendants.*

SCENE.—VIENNA.

Measure for Measure.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*An apartment in the Duke's palace.*

Enter DUKE, ESCALUS, Lords, and Attendants.

Duke. Escalus,—

Escal. My lord.

Duke. Of government the properties to unfold,
Would seem in me t' affect speech and discourse;
Since I am put to know¹ that your own science
Exceeds, in that, the lists of all advice
My strength can give you. Then no more re-
mains,

Put that to your sufficiency,² as your worth is
able,

And let them work. The nature of our people,
Our city's institutions, and the terms³
For common justice, y' are as pregnant in,
As art and practice hath enriched any
That we remember: There is our commission,
From which we would not have you warp.—Call
hither,

I say, bid come before us Angelo.

[Exit an attendant.]

What figure of us think you he will bear?
For you must know, we have with special soul⁴
Elected him our absence to supply;
Lent him our terror, dress'd him with our love;
And given his deputation all the organs
Of our own pow'r: What think you of it?

Escal. If any in Vienna be of worth
To undergo such ample grace and honour,
It is lord Angelo.

Enter ANGELO.

Duke. Look, where he comes.

Ang. Always obedient to your grace's will
I come to know your pleasure.

Duke. Angelo,

There is a kind of character in thy life,
That, to th' observer, doth thy history
Fully unfold. Thyself and thy belongings
Are not thine own so proper,⁵ as to waste
Thyself upon thy virtues, they on thee.
Heaven doth with us as we with torches do;
Not light them for themselves: for if our virtues
Did not go forth of us, 't were all alike
As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely
touch'd

But to fine issues:⁶ nor Nature never lends
The smallest scruple of her excellence,
But, like a thrifty goddess, she determines
Herself the glory of a creditor,
Both thanks and use.⁷ But I do bend my speech
To one that can my part in him advertise;⁸
Hold, therefore, Angelo:⁹ *[Giving him the commission]*
In our remove, be thou at full ourself:
Mortality and mercy¹⁰ in Vienna
Live in thy tongue and heart. Old Escalus
Though first in question,¹¹ is thy secondary:
Take thy commission.

Ang. Now, good my lord,
Let there be some more test made of my metal,
Before so noble and so great a figure
Be stamp'd upon it.

Duke. No more evasion :

We have with a leaven'd and prepared choice¹²
Proceeded to you : therefore take your honours.
Our haste from hence is of so quick condition,
That it prefers itself, and leaves unquestion'd
Matters of needful value. We shall write to you,
As time and our concernings shall importune,
How it goes with us ; and do look to know
What doth befall you here. So, fare you well :
To th' hopeful execution do I leave you
Of your commissions.

Ang. Yet, give leave, my lord,
That we may bring you something on the way.

Duke. My haste may not admit it ;
Nor need you, on mine honour, have to do
With any scruple : your scope is as mine own,
So to enforce or qualify the laws
As to your soul seems good. Give me your hand ;
I'll privily away : I love the people,
But do not like to stage me to their eyes :¹³
Though it do well, I do not relish well
Their loud applause, and *aves* vehement ;
Nor do I think the man of safe discretion
That does affect it. Once more, fare you well.

Ang. The heavens give safety to your purposes !

Escal. Lead forth, and bring you back in happiness.

Duke. I thank you : Fare you well. [*Exit.*]

Escal. I shall desire you, sir, to give me leave
To have free speech with you ; and it concerns me

To look into the bottom of my place :
A pow'r I have ; but of what strength and nature
I am not yet instructed.

Ang. 'T is so with me :—Let us withdraw
together,

And we may soon our satisfaction have
Touching that point.

Escal. I'll wait upon your honour.

[*Eceunt.*]

SCENE II.—A Street in Vienna.

Enter Lucio and two Gentlemen.

Lucio. If the duke, with the other dukes, come
not to composition with the king of Hungary,
why, then all the dukes fall upon the king.

1 Gent. Heaven grant us its peace, but not the
king of Hungary's !

2 Gent. Amen.

Lucio. Thou conclud'st like the sanctimonious
pirate, that went to sea with the ten command-
ments, but scrap'd or : out of the table.

2 Gent. Thou shalt not steal ?

Lucio. Ay, that he raz'd.

1 Gent. Why, 't was a commandment to com-
mand the captain and all the rest from their func-
tions ; they put forth to steal. There's not a
soldier of us all, that, in the thanksgiving before
meat,¹⁴ doth relish the petition well that prays for
peace.

2 Gent. I never heard any soldier dislike it.

Lucio. I believe thee ; for I think thou never
wast where grace was said.

2 Gent. No ? a dozen times at least.

1 Gent. What ? in metre ?

Lucio. In any proportion, or in any language.

1 Gent. I think, or in any religion.

Lucio. Ay ! why not ? Grace is grace,¹⁵ despite
of all controversy : As for example : Thou thyself
art a wicked villain, despite of all grace.

1 Gent. Well, there went but a pair of shears
between us.

Lucio. I grant ; as there may between the lists
and the velvet. Thou art the list.

1 Gent. And thou the velvet : thou art good
velvet ; thou 'rt a three-pil'd piece,¹⁶ I warrant
thee : I had as lief be a list of an English kersey,
as be pil'd, as thou art pil'd, for a French velvet.
Do I speak feelingly now ?

Lucio. I think thou dost ; and, indeed, with
most painful feeling of thy speech, I will, out of
thine own confession, learn to begin thy health ;
but whilst I live, forget to drink after thee.

1 Gent. I think I have done myself wrong ;
have I not ?

2 Gent. Yes, that thou hast ; whether thou art
tainted or free.

Lucio. Behold, behold, where madam Mitigation
comes ! I have purchas'd as many diseases under
her roof as come to—

2 Gent. To what, I pray ?

Lucio. Judge.

2 Gent. To three thousand dollars¹⁷ a year.

1 Gent. Ay, and more.

Lucio. A French crown more.

1 Gent. Thou art always figuring diseases in
me : but thou art full of error ; I am sound.

Lucio. Nay, not as one would say, healthy ; but
so sound as things that are hollow : thy bones are
hollow : impiety has made a feast of thee

Enter MISTRESS OVERDONE.

1 Gent. How now ? Which of your hips has
the most profound sciatica ?

Over. Well, well; there's one yonder arrested, and carried to prison, was worth five thousand of you all.

1 *Gent.* Who's that, I pray thee?

Over. Marry, sir, that's Claudio, signor Claudio.

1 *Gent.* Claudio to prison! 't is not so.

Over. Nay, but I know 't is so: I saw him arrested; saw him carried away; and which is more, within these three days his head's to be chopp'd off.

Lucio. But, after all this fooling, I would not have it so. Art thou sure of this?

Over. I am too sure of it; and it is for getting madam Julietta with child.

Lucio. Believe me, this may be: he promis'd to meet me two hours since, and he was ever precise in promise-keeping.

2 *Gent.* Besides, you know, it draws something near to the speech we had to such a purpose.

1 *Gent.* But, most of all, agreeing with the proclamation.

Lucio. Away; let's go learn the truth of it.

[*Exeunt LUCIO and GENTLEMEN.*]

Over. Thus, what with the war, what with the sweat,¹⁸ what with the gallows, and what with poverty, I am custom-shrunk. How now? what's the news with you?

Enter CLOWN.

Clo. Yonder man is carried to prison.

Over. Well; what has he done?

Clo. A woman.

Over. But what's his offence?

Clo. Groping for trouts in a peculiar river.

Over. What, is there a maid with child by him?

Clo. No; but there's a woman with maid by him. You have not heard of the proclamation, have you?

Over. What proclamation, man?

Clo. All houses in the suburbs of Vienna must be pluck'd down.

Over. And what shall become of those in the city?

Clo. They shall stand for seed: they had gone down too, but a wise burgher put in for them.

Over. But shall all our houses of resort in the suburbs be pull'd down?

Clo. To the ground, mistress.

Over. Why, here's a change, indeed, in the commonwealth! What shall become of me?

Clo. Come; fear not you: good counsellors lack no clients: though you change your place, you need not change your trade. I'll be your tapster still.

Courage; there will be pity taken on you: you that have worn your eyes almost out in the service, you will be considered

Over. What's to do here, Thomas Tapster? Let's withdraw.

Clo. Here comes signor Claudio, led by the provost to prison: and there's madam Juliet.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter PROVOST, CLAUDIO, JULIET, and OFFICERS
LUCIO, and two GENTLEMEN.*

Claud. Fellow, why dost thou show me thus to th' world?

Bear me to prison, where I am committed.

Pro. I do it not in evil disposition, But from lord Angelo by special charge.

Claud. Thus can the demi-god, Authority, Make us pay down for our offence by weight.¹⁹—The word of heaven—on whom it will, it will; On whom it will not, so; yet still 't is just.

Lucio. Why, how now, Claudio? whence comes this restraint?

Claud. From too much liberty, my Lucio, liberty:

As surfeit is the father of much fast, So every scope, by the immoderate use, Turns to restraint. Our natures do purge (Like rats that ravin down their proper lane²⁰) A thirsty evil, and when we drink we die.

Lucio. If I could speak so wisely under an arrest, I would send for certain of my creditors. And yet, to say the truth, I had as lief have the foppery of freedom as the morality of imprisonment.

—What's thy offence, Claudio?

Claud. What but to speak of would offend again.

Lucio. What! is 't murder?

Claud. No.

Lucio. Lechery?

Claud. Call it so.

Pro. Away, sir; you must go.

Claud. One word, good friend:—Lucio, a word with you. [Takes him aside.]

Lucio. A hundred, if they'll do you any good. —Is lechery so look'd after?

Claud. Thus stands it with me:—Upon a true contract,

I got possession of Julietta's bed;

You know the lady; she is fast my wife,

Save that we do the denunciation lack

Of outward order: this we came not to,

Only for propagation of a dow'r²¹

Remaining in the coffer of her friends;

From whom we thought it meet to hide our love,
Till time had made them for us. But it chances,
The stealth of our most mutual entertainment,
With character too gross, is writ on Juliet.

Lucio. With child, perhaps?

Claud. Unhappily, even so.

And the new deputy now for the duke,—
Whether it be the fault and glimpse of newness;²²
Or whether that the body public be
A horse whereon the governor doth ride,
Who, newly in the seat, that it may know
He can command, lets it straight feel the spur;
Whether the tyranny be in his place,
Or in his eminence that fills it up,
I stagger in:—But this new governor
Awakes me all the enrolled penalties,
Which have, like unscour'd armour, hung by th'
wall

So long, that nineteen zodiacs have gone round,
And none of them been worn; and, for a name,
Now puts the drowsy and neglected act
Freshly on me:—'t is surely for a name.

Lucio. I warrant, it is: and thy head stands so
tickle²³ on thy shoulders, that a milkmaid, if she
be in love, may sigh it off. Send after the duke,
and appeal to him.

Claud. I have done so, but he's not to be found.
I prithee, *Lucio*, do me this kind service;
This day my sister should the cloister enter,
And there receive her approbation;
Acquaint her with the danger of my state;
Implore her in my voice, that she make friends
To the strict deputy; bid herself assay him;
I have great hope in that: for in her youth
There is a prone and speechless dialect,²⁴
Such as moves men; beside, she hath prosperous art
When she will play with reason and discourse,
And well she can persuade.

Lucio. I pray she may: as well for the encour-
agement of the like, which else would stand
under grievous imposition; as for the enjoying of
thy life, who I would be sorry should be thus
foolishly lost at a game of ticktack.²⁵ I'll to her.

Claud. I thank you, good friend *Lucio*.

Lucio. Within two hours.

Claud. Come, officer, away.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—A Monastery

Enter Duke and Friar Thomas.

Duke. No, holy father; throw away that thought;
Believe not that the dribbling dart of love²⁶

Can pierce a complete bosom: why I desire thee
To give me secret harbour, hath a purpose
More grave and wrinkled than the aims and ends
Of burning youth.

Fri. May your grace speak of it

Duke. My holy sir, none better knows than you
How I have ever lov'd the life removed;
And held in idle price to haunt assemblies,
Where youth, and cost, and witless bravery keep.²⁷
I have deliver'd to lord Angelo
(A man of stricture²⁸ and firm abstinence)
My absolute power and place here in Vienna,
And he supposes me travell'd to Poland:
For so I have strew'd it in the common ear,
And so it is receiv'd. Now, pious sir,
You will demand of me why I do this

Eri. Gladly, my lord.

Duke. We have strict statutes, and most biting
laws,

(The needful bits and curbs to headstrong steeds,)
Which for this fourteen years we have let sleep;²⁹
Even like an o'ergrown lion in a cave,
That goes not out to prey. Now, as fond fathers
Having bound up the threat'ning twigs of birch
Only to stick it in their children's sight,
For terror, not to use, in time the rod
Becomes more mock'd than fear'd; so our decrees
Dead to infliction, to themselves are dead;
And liberty plucks justice by the nose;
The baby beats the nurse, and quite athwart
Goes all decorum.

Fri. It rested in your grace
To unloose this tied-up justice when you pleas'd:
And it in you more dreadful would have seem'd
Than in lord Angelo.

Duke. I do fear, too dreadful:
Sith 't was my fault to give the people scope,
'T would be my tyranny to strike and gall them
For what I bid them do: For we bid this be done,
When evil deeds have their permissive pass,
And not the punishment. Therefore, indeed, my
father,

I have on Angelo impos'd the office;
Who may, in th' ambush of my name, strike home
And yet my nature never in the fight,
To do in slander.³⁰ And to behold his sway,
I will, as 't were a brother of your order,
Visit both prince and people: therefore, I prithee
Supply me with the habit, and instruct me
How I may formally in person bear
Like a true friar. More reasons for this action
At our more leisure shall I render you;

Only this one:—Lord Angelo is precise;
 Stands at a guard with envy;³¹ scarce confesses
 That his blood flows, or that his appetite
 Is more to bleed than stone. Hence shall we see,
 If power change purpose, what our seemers be.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*The Nunnery of St. Clare.*

Enter ISABELLA and FRANCISCA.

Isab. And have you nuns no further privileges?

Fran. Are not these large enough?

Isab. Yes, truly: I speak not as desiring more;
 But rather wishing a more strict restraint
 Upon the sisterhood, the votarists of St. Clare.

Lucio. Ho! Peace be in this place! [*Within.*]

Isab. Who 's that which calls?

Fran. It is a man's voice: Gentle Isabella,
 Turn you the key, and know his business of him;
 You may, I may not; you are yet unsworn:
 When you have vow'd, you must not speak with
 men,
 But in the presence of the prioress:
 Then, if you speak, you must not show your face;
 Or, if you show your face, you must not speak.
 He calls again; I pray you answer him.

[*Exit FRAN.*]

Isab. Peace and prosperity! Who is 't that calls?

Enter LUCIO.

Lucio. Hail, virgin, if you be; as those cheek-
 roses

Proclaim you are no less! Can you so stead me,
 As bring me to the sight of Isabella,
 A novice of this place, and the fair sister
 To her unhappy brother Claudio?

Isab. Why her unhappy brother? let me ask;
 The rather, for I now must make you know
 I am that Isabella, and his sister.

Lucio. Gentle and fair, your brother kindly
 greets you:

Not to be weary with you, he 's in prison.

Isab. Woe me! For what?

Lucio. For that, which if myself might be his
 judge,

He should receive his punishment in thanks:
 He hath got his friend with child.

Isab. Sir, make me not your story.³²

Lucio. 'T is true. I would not—though 't is
 my familiar sin

With maids to seem the lapwing,³³ and to jest,
 'Tongue far from heart,—play with all virgins so:

I hold you as a thing enskied, and sainted;
 By your renouncement, an immortal spirit;
 And to be talk'd with in sincerity,
 As with a saint.

Isab. You do blaspheme the good, in mocking me

Lucio. Do not believe it. Fewness and truth.
 't is thus:

Your brother and his lover have embrac'd:
 As those that feed grow full; as blossoming time.³⁴
 That from the seedness the bare fallow brings
 To teeming foison; even so her plenteous womb
 Expresseth his full tilth and husbandry.

Isab. Some one with child by him?—My cousin
 Juliet?

Lucio. Is she your cousin?

Isab. Adoptedly; as schoolmaids change their
 names,

By vain though apt affection.

Lucio. She it is.

Isab. O, let him marry her!

Lucio. This is the point.

The duke is very strangely gone from hence;
 Bore many gentlemen, myself being one,
 In hand,³⁵ and hope of action: but we do learn
 By those that know the very nerves of state,
 His giving-out was of an infinite distance
 From his true-meant design. Upon his place,
 And with full line of his authority,
 Governs lord Angelo: a man whose blood
 Is very snow-broth; one who never feels
 The want in stings and motions of the sense;
 But doth rebate and blunt his natural edge
 With profits of the mind, study and fast.
 He (to give fear to use and liberty,
 Which have, for long, run by the hideous law,
 As mice by lions) hath pick'd out an act,
 Under whose heavy sense your brother's life
 Falls into forfeit: he arrests him on it
 And follows close the rigour of the statute,
 To make him an example: all hope is gone,
 Unless you have the grace by your fair prayer
 To soften Angelo; and that's my pith of business
 'Twixt you and your poor brother.

Isab. Doth he so
 Seek his life?

Lucio. H' as censur'd him already,³⁷
 And, as I hear, the provost hath a warrant
 For 's execution.

Isab. Alas! what poor
 Ability 's in me to do him good?

Lucio. Assay the pow'r you have.

Isab. My power! Alas! I doubt—

Lucio. Our doubts are traitors,
And make us lose the good we oft might win,
By fearing to attempt. Go to lord Angelo,
And let him learn to know, when maidens sue,
Men give like gods; but when they weep and kneel,
All their petitions are as freely theirs
As they themselves would owe them.

Isab. I 'll see what I can do.

Lucio. But speedily.

Isab. I will about it straight;
No longer staying but to give the mother³⁸
Notice of my affair. I humbly thank you:
Commend me to my brother; soon at night
I 'll send him certain word of my success.

Lucio. I take my leave of you.

Isab. Good sir, adieu. [Exit

ACT II.

SCENE I.—A Hall in Angelo's House.

Enter ANGELO, ESCALUS, a JUSTICE, PROVOST,³⁹
OFFICERS, and other ATTENDANTS.

Ang. We must not make a scarecrow of the law,
Setting it up to fear⁴⁰ the birds of prey,
And let it keep one shape, till custom make it
Their perch, and not their terror.

Escal. Ay, but yet
Let us be keen, and rather cut a little,
Than fall, and bruise to death. Alas! this gentle-
man,

Whom I would save, had a most noble father:
Let but your honour know,
(Whom I believe to be most straight in virtue,)
That in the working of your own affections,
Had time coher'd with place, or place with
wishing,

Or that the resolute acting of your blood⁴¹
Could have attain'd th' effect of your own purpose,
Whether you had not sometime in your life
Err'd in this point which now you censure him,
And pull'd the law upon you.

Ang. 'T is one thing to be tempted, Escalus,—
Another thing to fall. I not deny,
The jury passing on the prisoner's life,
Not, in the sworn twelve, have a thief or two
Colder than him they try. What's open made
To justice, that justice seizes: what know the
laws,⁴²

That thieves do pass on thieves? 'T is very
pregnant,

The jewel that we find, we stoop and take 't,
Because we see it; but what we do not see
We tread upon, and never think of it.

You may not so extenuate his offence,
For I have had such faults; but rather tell me

When I, that censure him, do so offend,
Let mine own judgment pattern out my death,
And nothing come in partial. Sir, he must die.

Escal. Be it as your wisdom will.

Ang. Where is the provost?

Prov. Here, if it like your honour.

Ang. See that Claudio

Be executed by nine to-morrow morning:

Bring him his confessor, let him be prepar'd;

For that's the utmost of his pilgrimage.

[Exit PROV

Escal. Well, heaven forgive him! and forgive
us all;

"Some rise by sin, and some by virtue fall:"⁴³
Some run thro' brakes of vice,⁴⁴ and answer none;
And some condemned for a fault alone.

Enter ELBOW, FROTH, CLOWN, OFFICERS, &c.

Elb. Come, bring them away: if these be good
people in a commonweal that do nothing but use
their abuses in common houses, I know no law;
bring them away.

Ang. How now, sir! What's your name? and
what's the matter?

Elb. If it please your honour, I am the poor
duke's constable, and my name is Elbow; I do lean
upon justice, sir, and do bring in here before your
good honour two notorious benefactors.

Ang. Benefactors? Well; what benefactors are
they? are they not malefactors?

Elb. If it please your honour, I know not well
what they are: but precise villains they are, that I
am sure of; and void of all profanation in the
world, that good Christians ought to have.

Escal. This comes off well; here's a wise officer.

Ang. Go to: What quality are they of? Elbow
is your name? Why dost thou not speak, Elbow?

Clo. He cannot, sir; he's out at elbow.

Ang. What are you, sir?

Elb. He, sir? a tapster, sir; parcel-bawd;⁴⁵ one that serves a bad woman; whose house, sir, was, as they say, pluck'd down in the suburbs; and now she professes a hot-house,⁴⁶ which, I think, is a very ill house too.

Escal. How know you that?

Elb. My wife, sir, whom I detest before heaven and your honour,—

Escal. How! thy wife?

Elb. Ay, sir; whom, I thank heaven, is an honest woman,—

Escal. Dost thou detest her therefore

Elb. I say, sir, I will detest myself also, as well as she, that this house, if it be not a bawd's house, it is pity of her life, for it is a naughty house.

Escal. How dost thou know that, constable?

Elb. Marry, sir, by my wife; who, if she had been a woman cardinally given, might have been accus'd in fornication, adultery, and all uncleanness there.

Escal. By the woman's means?

Elb. Ay, sir, by mistress Overdone's means; but as she spit in his face, so she def'd him.

Clo. Sir, if it please your honour, this is not so.

Elb. Prove it before these varlets here, thou honourable man; prove it.

Escal. Do you hear how he misplaces?

[To *Ang.*]

Clo. Sir, she came in great with child; and long-ing (saving your honour's reverence) for stew'd prunes; sir, we had but two in the house, which at that very distant time⁴⁷ stood, as it were, in a fruit-dish, a dish of some three-pence; your honours have seen such dishes; they are not China dishes,⁴⁸ but very good dishes.

Escal. Go to, go to; no matter for the dish, sir.

Clo. No, indeed, sir, not of a pin; you are therein in the right: but, to the point: as I say, this mistress Elbow, being, as I say, with child, and being great bellied, and longing, as I said, for prunes; and having but two in the dish, as I said, master Froth here, this very man, having eaten the rest, as I said, and, as I say, paying for them very honestly;—for, as you know, master Froth, I could not give you three-pence again.

Froth. No, indeed.

Clo. Very well: you being then, if you be remember'd, cracking the stones of the 'foresaid prunes.

Froth. Ay, so I did, indeed.

Clo. Why, very well: I telling you then, if you be remember'd, that such a one, and such a one, were past cure of the thing you wot of, unless they kept very good diet, as I told you.

Froth. All this is true.

Clo. Why, very well then.

Escal. Come, you are a tedious fool: to the purpose.—What was done to Elbow's wife, that he hath cause to complain of? Come me to what was done to her.

Clo. Sir, your honour cannot come to that yet.

Escal. No, sir, nor I mean it not.

Clo. Sir, but you shall come to it, by your honour's leave: And, I beseech you, look into master Froth here, sir; a man of fourscore pound a-year; whose father died at Hallowmas:—Was't not at Hallowmas, master Froth?

Froth. All-hallond eve.

Clo. Why, very well; I hope here be truths. He, sir, sitting, as I say, in a lower chair, sir;—'t was in the *Bunch of Grapes*,⁴⁹ where, indeed, you have a delight to sit: Have you not?

Froth. I have so; because it is an open room, and good for winter.

Clo. Why, very well then;—I hope here be truths.

Ang. This will last out a night in Russia, When nights are longest there: I'll take my leave. And leave you to the hearing of the cause; Hoping you'll find good cause to whip them all.

Escal. I think no less: Good morrow to your lordship. [Exit *Ang.*]

Now, sir, come on: What was done to Elbow's wife, once more?

Clo. Once sir? there was nothing done to her once.

Elb. I beseech you, sir, ask him what this man did to my wife.

Clo. I beseech your honour, ask me.

Escal. Well, sir: What did this gentleman to her?

Clo. I beseech you, sir, look in this gentleman's face:—Good master Froth, look upon his honour; 't is for a good purpose: Doth your honour mark his face?

Escal. Ay, sir, very well.

Clo. Nay, I beseech you, mark it well.

Escal. Well, I do so.

Clo. Doth your honour see any harm in his face?

Escal. Why, no.

Clo. I'll be suppos'd upon a book, his face is the worst thing about him. Good then; if his face be the worst thing about him, how could master

Froth do the constable's wife any harm? I would know that of your honour.

Escal. He 's in the right: Constable, what say you to it?

Elb. First, an' it like you, the house is a respected house; next, this is a respected fellow; and his mistress is a respected woman.

Clo. By this hand, sir, his wife is a more respected person than any of us all.

Elb. Varlet, thou liest; thou liest, wicked varlet: the time is yet to come that she was ever respected with man, woman, or child.

Clo. Sir, she was respected with him before he married with her.

Escal. Which is the wiser here? Justice, or iniquity?⁵⁰—Is this true?

Elb. O thou caitiff! O thou varlet! O thou wicked Hannibal! I respected with her, before I was married to her! If ever I was respected with her, or she with me, let not your worship think me the poor duke's officer:—Prove this, thou wicked Hannibal, or I 'll have mine action of batt'ry on thee.

Escal. If he took you a box o' th' ear, you might have your action of slander too.

Elb. Marry, I thank your good worship for it: What is 't your worship's pleasure I shall do with this wicked caitiff?

Escal. Truly, officer, because he hath some offences in him that thou wouldst discover if thou couldst, let him continue in his courses till thou know'st what they are.

Elb. Marry, I thank your worship for it:—Thou seest, thou wicked varlet now, what 's come upon thee; thou art to continue now, thou varlet; thou art to continue.

Escal. Where were you born, friend? [*To Froth.*]

Froth. Here in Vienna, sir.

Escal. Are you of fourscore pounds a-year?

Froth. Yes, an 't please you, sir.

Escal. So.—What trade are you of, sir?

[*To Clo.*]

Clo. A tapster; a poor widow's tapster.

Escal. Your mistress's name?

Clo. Mistress Overdone.

Escal. Hath she had any more than one husband?

Clo. Nine, sir; Overdone by the last.

Escal. Nine!—Come hither to me, master Froth. Master Froth, I would not have you acquainted with tapsters; they will draw you, master Froth, and you will hang them. Get you gone, and let me hear no more of you.

Froth. I thank your worship: For mine own part, I never come into any room in a taphouse but I am drawn in.

Escal. Well; no more of it, master Froth: fare well. [*Exit Froth.*—Come you hither to me, master tapster; what's your name, master tapster?

Clo. Pompey.

Escal. What else?

Clo. Bum, sir.

Escal. 'Troth, and your bum is the greatest thing about you;⁵¹ so that, in the beastliest sense, you are Pompey the Great. Pompey, you are partly a bawd, Pompey, howsoever you colour it in being a tapster. Are you not? Come, tell me true; it shall be the better for you.

Clo. Truly, sir, I am a poor fellow that would live.

Escal. How would you live, Pompey? by being a bawd? What do you think of the trade, Pompey? is it a lawful trade?

Clo. If the law would allow it, sir.

Escal. But the law will not allow it, Pompey: nor it shall not be allowed in Vienna.

Clo. Does your worship mean to geld and splay all the youth of the city?

Escal. No, Pompey.

Clo. Truly, sir, in my poor opinion, they will to 't then. If your worship will take order for the drabs and the knaves, you need not to fear the bawds.

Escal. There are pretty orders beginning, I can tell you. It is but heading and hanging.

Clo. If you head and hang all that offend that way but for ten year together, you 'll be glad to give out a commission for more heads. If this law hold in Vienna ten year, I 'll rent the fairest house in it after three-pence a bay.⁵² If you live to see this come to pass, say Pompey told you so.

Escal. Thank you, good Pompey: and, in requital of your prophecy, hark you,—I advise you, let me not find you before me again upon any complaint whatsoever, no, not for dwelling where you do; if I do, Pompey, I shall beat you to your tent, and prove a shrewd Cæsar to you; in plain dealing, Pompey, I shall have you whipp'd: so for this time, Pompey, fare you well.

Clo. I thank your worship for your good counsel, but I shall follow it as the flesh and fortune shall better determine.

Whip me? No, no; let carman whip his jade; The valiant heart's not whipped out of his trade.

[*Exit.*]

Escal. Come hither to me, master Elbow; come hither, master constable. How long have you been in this place of constable?

Elb. Seven year and a half, sir.

Escal. I thought, by your readiness in the office, you had continued in it some time: You say, seven years together?

Elb. And a half, sir.

Escal. Alas! it hath been great pains to you! They do you wrong to put you so oft upon 't: Are there not men in your ward sufficient to serve it?

Elb. Faith, sir, few of any wit in such matters: as they are chosen, they are glad to choose me for them; I do it for some piece of money, and go through with all.

Escal. Look you bring me in the names of some six or seven, the most sufficient of your parish.

Elb. To your worship's house, sir?

Escal. To my house: Fare you well.

[*Exit ELBOW.*]

What's o'clock, think you?

Just. Eleven, sir.

Escal. I pray you home to dinner with me.

Just. I humbly thank you.

Escal. It grieves me for the death of Claudio; But there's no remedy.

Just. Lord Angelo is severe.

Escal. It is but needful: Mercy is not itself, that oft looks so; Pardon is still the nurse of second woe: But yet,—Poor Claudio!—There is no remedy. Come, sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*Another Room in the same.*

Enter PROVOST and a SERVANT.

Serv. He's hearing of a cause; he will come straight. I'll tell him of you.

Prov. Pray you do. [*Exit SERVANT.*] I'll know

His pleasure; may be, he will relent. Alas, He hath but as offended in a dream! All sects, all ages, smack of this vice; and he To die for 't—

Enter ANGELO.

Ang. Now, what's the matter, provost?

Prov. Is it your will Claudio shall die to-morrow?

Ang. Did not I tell thee, yea? hadst thou not order?

Why dost thou ask again?

Prov. Lest I might be too rash: Under your good correction, I have seen, When, after execution, judgment hath Repented o'er his doom.

Ang. Go to; let that be mine:⁵³ Do you your office, or give up your place, And you shall well be spar'd.

Prov. I crave your honour's pardon.— What shall be done, sir, with the groaning Juliet, She's very near her hour.

Ang. Dispose of her To some more fitter place; and that with speed.

Re-enter SERVANT.

Serv. Here is the sister of the man condemn'd, Desires access to you.

Ang. Hath he a sister?

Prov. Ay, my good lord; a very virtuous maid, And to be shortly of a sisterhood, If not already.

Ang. Well, let her be admitted. [*Exit SERV.* See you, the fornicatress be remov'd; Let her have needful, but not lavish, means; There shall be order for 't.

Enter LUCIO and ISABELLA.

Prov. Save your honour! [*Offering to retire.*

Ang. Stay a little while.—[*To ISAB.*] Y' are welcome: What's your will?

Isab. I am a woeful suitor to your honour, Please but your honour hear me.

Ang. Well; what's your suit?

Isab. There is a vice that most I do abhor, And most desire should meet the blow of justice; For which I would not plead, but that I must; For which I must not plead, but that I am At war 'twixt will and will not.

Ang. Well; the matter?

Isab. I have a brother is condemn'd to die: I do beseech you, let it be his fault, And not my brother!

Prov. Heaven give thee moving graces!

Ang. Condemn the fault and not the actor of it. Why, every fault's condemn'd, ere it be done: Mine were the very cipher of a function, To fine the faults,⁵⁴ whose fine stands in record, And let go by the actor.

Isab. O just but severe law! I had a brother then.—Heaven keep your honour!

[*Retiring.*]

Lucio. [*To ISAB.*] Give't not o'er so; to him again, entreat him;

Kneel down before him, hang upon his gown;
You are too cold: if you should need a pin,
You could not with more tame a tongue desire it:
To him, I say.

Isab. Must he needs die?

Ang. Maiden, no remedy.

Isab. Yes; I do think that you might pardon him,
And neither heaven, nor man, grieve at the mercy.

Ang. I will not do 't.

Isab. But can you, if you would?

Ang. Look, what I will not that I cannot do.

Isab. But might you do 't, and do the world no
wrong,

If so your heart were touch'd with that remorse⁵⁵
As mine is to him?

Ang. He 's sentenc'd; 't is too late.

Lucio. You are too cold. [*To Isab.*]

Isab. Too late? why, no; I, that do speak a word,
May call it back again. Well, believe this,
No ceremony that to great ones 'longs,
Not the king's crown, nor the deputed sword,
The marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe
Become them with one half so good a grace
As mercy does. If he had been as you
And you as he, you would have slipp'd like him,
But he, like you, would not have been so stern.

Ang. Pray you, begone.

Isab. I would to heaven I had your potency,
And you were Isabel! should it then be thus?
No; I would tell what 't were to be a judge,
And what a prisoner.

Lucio. Ay, touch him; there 's the vein. [*Aside.*]

Ang. Your brother is a forfeit of the law,
And you but waste your words.

Isab. Alas! alas!

Why, all the souls that were, were forfeit once;
And he, that might the vantage best have took,
Found out the remedy. How would you be,
If he, which is the top of judgment, should
But judge you as you are? O, think on that;
And mercy then will breathe within your lips,
Like man new made.⁵⁶

Ang. Be you content, fair maid;
It is the law, not I, condemns your brother:
Were he my kinsman, brother, or my son,
It should be thus with him;—he must die to-morrow.

Isab. To morrow? O, that 's sudden! Spare
him, spare him:

He 's not prepar'd for death! Even for our
kitchens

We kill the fowl of season;⁵⁷ shall we serve heaven

With less respect than we do minister
To our gross selves? Good, good my lord, bethink
you:

Who is it that hath di'd for this offence?

There 's many have committed it.

Lucio. Ay, well said.

Ang. The law hath not been dead, though i
hath slept:

Those many had not dar'd to do that evil,
If the first that did th' edict infringe
Had answer'd for his deed: now 't is awake;
Takes note of what is done; and, like a prophet,
Looks in a glass, that shows what future evils
(Either now, or by remissness new conceiv'd,
And so in progress to be hatch'd and born)
Are now to have no successive degrees,
But where they live, to end.⁵⁸

Isab. Yet show some pity.

Ang. I show it most of all, when I show justice;
For then I pity those I do not know,
Which a dismiss'd offence would after gall;
And do him right, that, answering one foul wrong,
Lives not to act another. Be satisfied;
Your brother dies to-morrow; be content.

Isab. So you must be the first that gives this
sentence,

And he that suffers. O, it is excellent
To have a giant's strength; but it is tyrannous
To use it like a giant.

Lucio. That 's well said.

Isab. Could great men thunder
As Jove himself does, Jove would ne'er be quiet,
For every pelling, petty officer⁵⁹
Would use his heaven for thunder: nothing but
thunder.

Merciful heaven!

Thou rather, with thy sharp and sulphurous bolt,
Splitt'st the unwedgeable and gnarled⁶⁰ oak,
Than the soft myrtle: But man, proud man!
Dress'd in a little brief authority,—
Most ignorant of what he 's most assur'd,⁶¹
His glassy essence,—like an angry ape,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven,
As make the angels weep: who, with our spleens,
Would all themselves laugh mortal.

Lucio. O, to him, to him, wench; he will relent
He 's coming, I perceive 't.

Prov. Pray heaven, she win him!

Isab. We cannot weigh our brother with your-
self:

Great men may jest with saints: 't is wit in them;
But in the less foul profanation.



JOSEPHINE, QUEEN OF FRANCE, AS JOSEPHINE.

Lucio. Thou 'rt i' the right, girl; more o' that.

Isab. 'That in the captain 's but a choleric word,
Which in the seldier is flat blasphemy.

Lucio. Art avis'd o' that? more on 't.

Ang. Why do you put these sayings upon me?

Isab. Because authority, though it err like others,
Hath yet a kind of medicine in itself,
That skins the vice o' the top. Go to your bosom;
Knock there; and ask your heart, what it doth know
That 's like my brother's fault: if it confess
A natural guiltiness, such as is his,
Let it not sound a thought upon your tongue
Against my brother's life.

Ang. [*Aside.*] She speaks, and 't is
Such sense, that my sense breeds with it.⁶⁵—
Fare you well.

Isab. Gentle my lord, turn back.

Ang. I will bethink me:—Come again to-morrow.

Isab. Hark, how I 'll bribe you: Good my lord,
turn back.

Ang. How! bribe me?

Isab. Ay, with such gifts that heaven shall share
with you.

Lucio. You had marr'd all else.

Isab. Not with fond shekels of the tested gold,⁶⁴
Or stones, whose rates are either rich or poor
As fancy values them; but with true prayers
That shall be up at heaven, and enter there,
Ere sunrise: prayers from preserved souls,
From fasting maids, whose minds are dedicate
To nothing temporal.

Ang. Well: come to me to-morrow.

Lucio. Go to: 't is well; away.

[*Aside to ISABEL.*]

Isab. Heaven keep your honour safe!

Ang. Amen:

For I am that way going to temptation, [*Aside.*
Where prayers cross.⁶⁵

Isab. At what hour to-morrow
Shall I attend your lordship?

Ang. At any time 'fore noon.

Isab. Save your honour!

[*Exeunt LUCIO, ISAB., and PROV.*]

Ang. From thee; even from thy virtue!—
What 's this? what 's this? Is this her fault, or
mine?

The tempter or the tempted, who sins most? Ha!
Not she; nor doth she tempt: but it is I,
That, lying by the violet in the sun,
Do, as the carrion does, not as the flow'r,
Corrupt with virtuous season. Can it be,

That modesty may more betray our sense

Than woman's lightness? Having waste ground
enough,

Shall we desire to raze the sanctuary,

And pitch our evils there?⁶⁶ O, fie, fie, fie!

What dost thou, or what art thou, Angelo?

Dost thou desire her foully, for those things

That make her good? O, let her brother live:

Thieves for their robbery have authority,

When judges steal themselves. What? do I love
her,

That I desire to hear her speak again,

And feast upon her eyes? What is't I dream on?

O cunning enemy,⁶⁷ that, to catch a saint,

With saints dost bait thy hook! Most dangerous

Is that temptation, that doth goad us on

To sin in loving virtue: never could the strumpet,

With her all double vigour, art, and nature,

Once stir my temper; but this virtuous maid

Subdues me quite:—Ever till now,

When men were fond, I smil'd and wonder'd how

[*Exit*]

SCENE III.—*A Room in a Prison.*

Enter DUKE, habited like a Friar, and PROVOST.

Duke. Hail to you, provost! so I think you are

Prov. I am the provost: What's your will,
good friar?

Duke. Bound by my charity, and my bless'd
order,

I come to visit the afflicted spirits

Here in the prison: do me the common right

To let me see them, and to make me know

The nature of their crimes, that I may minister
To them accordingly.

Prov. I would do more than that, if more were
needful.

Enter JULIET.

Look, here comes one; a gentlewoman of mine,

Who, falling in the flames of her own youth,⁶⁸

Hath blister'd her report: She is with child;

And he that got it, sentenc'd: a young man

More fit to do another such offence,

Than die for this.

Duke. When must he die?

Prov. As I do think, to-morrow.—

I have provided for you; stay a while,

And you shall be conducted. [*To JULIET.*]

Duke. Repent you, fair one, of the sin you carry!

Juliet. I do; and bear the shame most patiently

Duke. I'll teach you how you shall arraign your conscience,
And try your penitence, if it be sound,
Or hollowly put on.

Juliet. I'll gladly learn.

Duke. Love you the man that wrong'd you?

Juliet. Yes, as I love the woman that wrong'd him.

Duke. So then, it seems, your most offenceful act
Was mutually committed?

Juliet. Mutually.

Duke. Then was your sin of heavier kind than his.

Juliet. I do confess it, and repent it, father.

Duke. 'Tis meet so, daughter: but lest you do repent,

As that the sin hath brought you to this shame,—
Which sorrow is always toward ourselves, not
heaven;

Showing, we would not spare heaven, as we love it,
But as we stand in fear:

Juliet. I do repent me, as it is an evil;
And take the shame with joy.

Duke. There rest.

Your partner, as I hear, must die to-morrow,
And I am going with instruction to him.—
Grace go with you! *Benedicite!* [*Exit.*]

Juliet. Must die to-morrow! O, injurious love,
That respites me a life, whose very comfort
Is still a dying horror!

Prov. 'Tis pity of him. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*A Room in Angelo's House.*

Enter ANGELO.

Ang. When I would pray and think, I think
and pray

To several subjects. Heaven hath my empty words;
Whilst my invention,⁶⁹ hearing not my tongue,
Anchors on Isabel. Heaven in my mouth,
As if I did but only chew his name;
And in my heart, the strong and swelling evil
Of my conception. The state whereon I studied
Is like a good thing, being often read,
Grown sear'd and tedious;⁷⁰ yea, my gravity,
Wherein (let no man hear me) I take pride,
Could I, with boot, change for an idle plume,
Which the air beats for vain. O place! O form!
How often dost thou with thy ease, thy habit,
Wrench awe from fools, and tie the wiser souls
To thy false seeming! Blood, thou art blood:
Let's write good angel on the devil's horn,
T is not the devil's crest.⁷¹

Enter Servant.

How now! who's there?

Ser. One Isabel, a sister,
Desires access to you.

Ang. Teach her the way. O heavens!

[*Exit Serv*]

Why does my blood thus muster to my heart,
Making both it unable for itself,
And dispossessing all my other parts
Of necessary fitness?
So play the foolish throngs with one that swoonds;
Come all to help him, and so stop the air
By which he should revive: and even so
The general, subject to a well-wish'd king
Quit their own part, and in obsequious fondness
Crowd to his presence, where their untaught love
Must needs appear offence.

Enter ISABELLA.

How now, fair maid?

Isab. I am come to know your pleasure

Ang. That you might know it would much
better please me,

Than to demand what 't is. Your brother cannot
live.

Isab. Even so.—Heaven keep your honour!
[*Retiring.*]

Ang. Yet may he live a while; and, it may be,
As long as you, or I: yet he must die.

Isab. Under your sentence?

Ang. Yea.

Isab. When? I beseech you that, in his reprieve.
Longer, or shorter, he may be so fitted,
That his soul sicken not.

Ang. Ha! Fie, these filthy vices! It were as
good

To pardon him that hath from nature stol'n
A man already made, as to remit
Their saucy sweetness, that do coin heaven's image
In stamps that are forbid: 't is all as easy
Falsely to take away a life true made,
As to put mettle in restrained means,⁷²
To make a false one.

Isab. 'Tis set down so in heaven, but not in
earth.

Ang. Say you so? then I shall poze you quickly
Which had you rather, that the most just law
Now took your brother's life; or, to redeem him,
Give up your body to such sweet uncleanness,
As she that he hath stain'd?

Isab. Sir, believe this,
I had rather give my body than my soul.

Ang. I talk not of your soul: Our compell'd
sins

Stand more for number than for accompt.⁷⁴

Isab. How say you?

Ang. Nay, I'll not warrant that; for I can
speak

Against the thing I say. Answer to this;—
I, now the voice of the recorded law,
Pronounce a sentence on your brother's life:
Might there not be a charity in sin,
To save this brother's life?

Isab. Please you to do 't,
I'll take it as a peril to my soul;
It is no sin at all, but charity.

Ang. Pleas'd you to do 't, at peril of your soul,
Were equal poise of sin and charity.

Isab. That I do beg his life, if it be sin,
Heaven let me bear it! you granting of my suit,
If that be sin, I'll make it my morn prayer.
To have it added to the faults of mine,
And nothing of your answer.⁷⁵

Ang. Nay, but hear me:
Your sense pursues not mine: either you are
ignorant,

Or seem so crafty;⁷⁶ and that's not good.

Isab. Let me be ignorant, and in nothing good,
But graciously to know I am no better.

Ang. Thus wisdom wishes to appear most
bright,

When it does tax itself: as these black masks
Proclaim an enshield beauty⁷⁷ ten times louder
Than beauty could, displayed.—But mark me;
To be received plain, I'll speak more gross;
Your brother is to die.

Isab. So.

Ang. And his offence is so, as it appears
Accountant to the law upon that pain.⁷⁸

Isab. True.

Ang. Admit no other way to save his life,
(As I subscribe not that, nor any other,
But in the case of question,) that you, his sister,
Finding yourself desir'd of such a person,
Whose credit with the judge, or own great place,
Could fetch your brother from the manacles
Of the all-binding law; and that there were
No earthly mean to save him, but that either
You must lay down the treasures of your body
To this supposed, or else to let him suffer;
What would you do?

Isab. As much for my poor brother as myself:
That is, were I under the terms of death,
Th' impression of keen whips I'd wear as rubies,

And strip myself to death, as to a bed
That long I have been sick for,⁷⁹ ere I'd yield
My body up to shame.

Ang. Then must your brother die.

Isab. And 't were the cheaper way:
Better it were a brother died at once,
Than that a sister, by redeeming him,
Should die for ever.

Ang. Were not you, then, as cruel as the sentence
That you have slander'd so?

Isab. Ignomy in ransom,⁸⁰ and free pardon,
Are of two houses: lawful mercy
Is nothing kin to foul redemption.

Ang. You seem'd of late to make the law a
tyrant;

And rather prov'd the sliding of your brother
A merriment, than a vice.

Isab. O, pardon me, my lord; it oft falls out
To have what we would have, we speak not what
we mean:

I something do excuse the thing I hate,
For his advantage that I dearly love.

Ang. We are all frail.

Isab. Else let my brother die;
If not a feodary,⁸¹ but on'y he
Owe, and succeed thy weakness.

Ang. Nay, women are frail too.

Isab. Ay, as the glasses where they view them-
selves;

Which are as easy broke as they make forms.
Women!—Help heaven! men their creation mar
In profiting by them.⁸² Nay, call us ten times frail
For we are soft as our complexions are,
And credulous to false prints.

Ang. I think it well:
And from this testimony of your own sex,
(Since, I suppose, we are made to be no stronger
Than faults may shake our frames,) let me be bold;—
I do arrest your words. Be that you are,
That is, a woman; if you be more, you're none;
If you be one, (as you are well express'd
By all external warrants,) show it now,
By putting on the destin'd livery.

Isab. I have no tongue but one: gentle my lord,
Let me entreat you speak the former language.

Ang. Plainly, conceive I love you.

Isab. My brother did love Juliet; and you
tell me
That he shall die for 't.

Ang. He shall not, Isabel, if you give me
love.

Isab. I know, your virtue hath a license in 't,

Which seems a little fonder than it is,
To pluck on others.⁸³

Ang. Believe me, on mine honour,
My words express my purpose.

Isab. Ha! little honour to be much believ'd,
And most pernicious purpose!—Seeming, seem-
ing!—

I will proclaim thee, Angelo; look for 't!
Sign me a present pardon for my brother,
Or, with an outstretch'd throat, I'll tell the world
aloud,

What man thou art.

Ang. Who will believe thee, Isabel?
My unsoil'd name, th' austereness of my life,
My vouch against you,⁸⁴ and my place i' the state,
Will so your accusation outweigh,
That you shall stifle in your own report,
And smell of calumny. I have begun;
And now I give my sensual race the rein:
Fit thy consent to my sharp appetite;
Lay by all nicety, and prolixious blushes,
That banish what they sue for; redeem thy brother
By yielding up thy body to my will;
Or else he must not only die the death,

But thy unkindness shall his death draw out
To lingering sufferance: answer me to-morrow
Or, by the affection that now guides me most,
I'll prove a tyrant to him. As for you,
Say what you can, my false o'erweighs your true.

[*Exit*

Isab. To whom should I complain? Did I tell
this,

Who would believe me? O perilous mouths,
That bear in them one and the self-same tongue,
Either of condemnation or approof!—
Bidding the law make court'sy to their will;
Hooking both right and wrong to th' appetite,
To follow as it draws! I'll to my brother:
Though he hath fall'n by prompture of the blood,
Yet hath he in him such a mind of honour,
That, had he twenty heads to tender down
On twenty bloody blocks, he'd yield them up,
Before his sister should her body stoop
To such abhorr'd pollution.
Then, Isabel, live chaste, and, brother, die:
More than our brother is our chastity!
I'll tell him yet of Angelo's request,
And fit his mind to death, for his soul's rest. [*Exit*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Room in the Prison.*

Enter DUKE, CLAUDIO, and Provost.

Duke. So, then you hope of pardon from lord
Angelo?

Claud. The miserable have no other medicine,
But only hope:

I have hope to live, and am prepar'd to die.

Duke. Be absolute for death;⁸⁵ either death, or
life,

Shall thereby be the sweeter. Reason thus with life:
If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing

That none but fools would keep: a breath thou art,
(Servile to all the skiey influences,)

That dost this habitation, where thou keep'st,

Hourly afflict: merely, thou art Death's fool;⁸⁶

For him thou labour'st by thy flight to shun,

And yet runn'st toward him still. Thou art not noble,

For all th' accommodations that thou bear'st⁸⁷

Are nurs'd by baseness. Thou'rt by no means
valiant,

For thou dost fear the soft and tender fork
Of a poor worm. Thy best of rest is sleep,
And that thou oft provok'st; yet grossly fear'st
Thy death, which is no more. Thou art not thyself
For thou exist'st on many a thousand grains
That issue out of dust. Happy thou art not;
For what thou hast not still thou striv'st to get,
And what thou hast, forgett'st. Thou art not cer-
tain;

For thy complexion shifts to strange effects,⁸⁸
After the moon. If thou art rich, thou'rt poor;
For, like an ass whose back with ingots bows,
Thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a journey,
And Death unloads thee. Friend hast thou none
For thine own bowels, which do call thee sire,
The mere effusion of thy proper loins,
Do curse the gout, serpigo, and the rheum,
For ending thee no sooner. Thou hast nor youth,
nor age:

But, as it were, an after-dinner's sleep,
Dreaming on both: for all thy blessed youth

Becomes as aged, and doth beg the alms
Of palsied old;⁸⁹ and when thou art old and rich,
Thou hast neither heat, affection, limb, nor beauty,
To make thy riches pleasant. What's yet in this,
That bears the name of life? Yet in this life
Ie hid more thousand deaths;⁹⁰ yet death we fear,
That makes these odds all even.

Claud. I humbly thank you.
To sue to live, I find I seek to die;
And, seeking death, find life: Let it come on.

Enter ISABELLA.

Isab. What, ho! Peace here; grace and good company!

Prov. Who's there? come in: the wish deserves a welcome.

Duke. Dear sir, ere long I'll visit you again.

Claud. Most holy sir, I thank you.

Isab. My business is a word or two with Claudio.

Prov. And very welcome. Look, signior, here's your sister.

Duke. Provost, a word with you.

Prov. As many as you please.

Duke. Bring me to hear them speak, where I may be conceal'd.

[Exeunt DUKE and PROV.]

Claud. Now, sister, what's the comfort?

Isab. Why, as all comforts are; most good, most good indeed:

Lord Angelo, having affairs to heaven,
Intends you for his swift ambassador,
Where you shall be an everlasting leiger;⁹¹
Therefore your best appointment make with speed;
To-morrow you set on.

Claud. Is there no remedy?

Isab. None, but such remedy as, to save a head,
To cleave a heart in twain.

Claud. But is there any?

Isab. Yes, brother, you may live;
There is a devilish mercy in the judge,
If you'll implore it, that will free your life,
But fetter you till death.

Claud. Perpetual durance?

Isab. Ay, just, perpetual durance; a restraint,
Though all the world's vastidity you had,
To a determin'd scope.⁹²

Claud. But in what nature?

Isab. In such a one as (you consenting to't)
Would bark your honour from that trunk you bear,
And leave you naked.

Claud. Let me know the point.

Isab. O, I do fear thee, Claudio; and I quake,

Lest thou a feverous life shouldst entertain,
And six or seven winters more respect
Than a perpetual honour. Dar'st thou die?
The sense of death is most in apprehension;
And the poor beetle, that we tread upon,⁹³
In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great
As when a giant dies.

Claud. Why give you me this shame?
Think you, I can a resolution fetch
From flow'ry tenderness?⁹⁴ If I must die,
I will encounter darkness as a bride,
And hug it in mine arms:

Isab. There spake my brother; there my father's grave

Did utter forth a voice! Yes, thou must die:
Thou art too noble to conserve a life
In base appliances. This outward-sainted deputy,—

Whose settled visage and deliberate word
Nips youth i' the head, and follies doth emmew,
As falcon doth the fowl,—is yet a devil;
His filth within being cast, he would appear
A pond as deep as hell.

Claud. The princely Angelo?⁹⁵

Isab. O, 'tis the cunning livery of hell,
The damned'st body to invest and cover
In princely guards! Dost thou think, Claudio,
If I would yield him my virginity,
Thou might'st be freed?

Claud. O, heavens! it cannot be.

Isab. Yes, he would give 't thee, from this rank offence,⁹⁶

So to offend him still. This night's the time
That I should do what I abhor to name,
Or else thou diest to-morrow.

Claud. Thou shalt not do 't.

Isab. O, were it but my life,
I'd throw it down for your deliverance
As frankly as a pin.

Claud. Thanks, dear Isabel.

Isab. Be ready, Claudio, for your death to-morrow.

Claud. Yes.—Has he affections in him,⁹⁷
That thus can make him bite the law by th' nose,
When he would force it? Sure it is no sin;
Or of the deadly seven it is the least.

Isab. Which is the least?

Claud. If it were damnable, he, being so wise,
Why would he for the momentary trick
Be perdurably⁹⁸ fin'd?—O Isabel!

Isab. What says my brother?

Claud. Death is a fearful thing.

Isab. And shamed life a hateful.

Claud. Ay, but to die, and go we know not where;

To lie in cold obstruction,⁹⁹ and to rot;
This sensible warm motion to become
A kneaded clod; and the delighted spirit
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
In thrilling region¹⁰⁰ of thick-ribbed ice;
To be imprison'd in the viewless winds,
And blown with restless violence round about
The pendent world; or to be worse than worst
Of those, that lawless and incertain thoughts
Imagine howling!—'t is too horrible!
The weariest and most loathed worldly life,
That age, ach, penury, and imprisonment
Can lay on nature, is a paradise
To what we fear of death.

Isab. Alas! alas!

Claud. Sweet sister, let me live:
What sin you do to save a brother's life,
Nature dispenses with the deed so far,
That it becomes a virtue.

Isab. O, you beast!
O, faithless coward! O, dishonest wretch!
Wilt thou be made a man out of my vice?
Is 't not a kind of incest, to take life
From thine own sister's shame? What should I
think?

Heaven shield my mother play'd my father fair!
For such a warped slip of wilderness¹⁰¹
Ne'er issued from his blood. Take my defiance;
Die! perish! might but my bending down
Reprieve thee from thy fate, it should proceed:
I'll pray a thousand prayers for thy death,—
No word to save thee.

Claud. Nay, hear me, Isabel.

Isab. O fie, fie, fie!
Thy sin 's not accidental, but a trade:
Mercy to thee would prove itself a bawd:
'T is best that thou diest quickly. [*Going.*]

Claud. O hear me, Isabella.

Re-enter DUKE.

Duke. Vouchsafe a word, young sister, but one word.

Isab. What is your will?

Duke. Might you dispense with your leisure, I would by and by have some speech with you: the satisfaction I would require is likewise your own benefit.

Isab. I have no superfluous leisure; my stay

must be stolen out of other affairs; but I will attend you a while.

Duke. [*To CLAUDIO, aside.*] Son, I have ever heard what hath pass'd between you and your sister. Angelo had never the purpose to corrupt her; only he hath made an assay of her virtue, to practise his judgment with the disposition of natures; she, having the truth of honour in her, hath made him that gracious denial which he is most glad to receive: I am confessor to Angelo, and I know this to be true; therefore prepare yourself to death. Do not satisfy your resolution with hopes that are fallible: to-morrow you must die; go to your knees, and make ready.

Claud. Let me ask my sister pardon. I am so out of love with life, that I will sue to be rid of it.

Duke. Hold you there: farewell.

[*Exit CLAUD.*]

Re-enter PROVOST.

Provost, a word with you.

Prov. What's your will, father?

Duke. That now you are come, you will be gone. Leave me a while with the maid; my mind promises with my habit no loss shall touch her by my company.

Prov. In good time.¹⁰² [*Exit PROV.*]

Duke. The hand that hath made you fair hath made you good: the goodness that is cheap in beauty makes beauty brief in goodness; but grace, being the soul of your complexion, shall keep the body of it ever fair. The assault that Angelo hath made to you, fortune hath convey'd to my understanding; and, but that frailty hath examples for his falling, I should wonder at Angelo. How will you do to content this substitute, and to save your brother?

Isab. I am now going to resolve him I had rather my brother die by the law, than my son should be unlawfully born. But O, how much is the good duke deceiv'd in Angelo! If ever he return, and I can speak to him, I will open my lips in vain, or discover his government.

Duke. That shall not be much amiss: yet, as the matter now stands, he will avoid your accusation; he made trial of you only.—Therefore, fasten your ear on my advisings; to the love I have in doing good. A remedy presents itself. I do make myself believe that you may most uprightly do a poor wronged lady a merited benefit; redeem your brother from the angry law; do no stain to your own gracious person: and

much please the absent duke, if, peradventure, he shall ever return to have hearing of this business.

Isab. Let me hear you speak further. I have spirit to do anything that appears not foul in the truth of my spirit.

Duke. Virtue is bold, and goodness never fearful. Have you not heard speak of Mariana, the sister of Frederick, the great soldier, who miscarried at sea?

Isab. I have heard of the lady, and good words went with her name.

Duke. She should this Angelo have married; was affianced to her by oath, and the nuptial appointed: between which time of the contract and limit of the solemnity, her brother Frederick was wreck'd at sea, having in that perished vessel the dowry of his sister. But mark, how heavily this befel to the poor gentlewoman: there she lost a noble and renowned brother, in his love toward her ever most kind and natural; with him the portion and sinew of her fortune, her marriage-dowry; with both, her combinate husband, this well-seeming Angelo.

Isab. Can this be so? Did Angelo so leave her?

Duke. Left her in her tears, and dried not one of them with his comfort; swallowed his vows whole, pretending in her discoveries of dishonour; in few, bestow'd her on her own lamentation, which she yet wears for his sake; and he, a marble to her tears, is washed with them, but relents not.

Isab. What a merit were it in death, to take this poor maid from the world! What corruption in this life, that it will let this man live!—But how out of this can she avail?

Duke. It is a rupture that you may easily heal; and the cure of it not only saves your brother, but keeps you from dishonour in doing it.

Isab. Show me how, good father.

Duke. This fore-named maid hath yet in her the continuance of her first affection; his unjust unkindness, that in all reason should have quenched her love, hath, like an impediment in the current, made it more violent and unruly. Go you to Angelo; answer his requiring with a plausible obedience; agree with his demands to the point: only refer yourself to this advantage,¹⁰³—first, that your stay with him may not be long; that the time may have all shadow and silence in it; and the place answer to convenience. This being granted in course, and now follows all: we shall advise this wronged maid to stead up your ap-

pointment, go in your place; if the encounter acknowledge itself hereafter, it may compel him to her recompense: and here, by this, is your brother saved, your honour untainted, the poor Mariana advantaged, and the corrupt deputy sealed. The maid will I frame, and make fit for his attempt. If you think well to carry this, as you may, the doubleness of the benefit defends the deceit from reproof. What think you of it?

Isab. The image of it gives me content already; and, I trust, it will grow to a most prosperous perfection.

Duke. It lies much in your holding up. Haste you speedily to Angelo; if for this night he entreat you to his bed, give him promise of satisfaction. I will presently to St. Luke's; there, at the moated grange,¹⁰⁴ resides this dejected Mariana. At that place call upon me; and despatch with Angelo, that it may be quickly.

Isab. I thank you for this comfort: Fare you well, good father. [*Exeunt*]

SCENE II.—*The Street before the Prison.*

Enter DUKE, as a Friar; to him ELBOW, CLOWN, and OFFICERS.

Elb. Nay, if there be no remedy for it, but that you will needs buy and sell men and women like beasts, we shall have all the world drink brown and white bastard.¹⁰⁵

Duke. O, heavens! what stuff is here?

Clo. 'T was never merry world, since, of two usuries, the merriest was put down, and the worse allow'd by order of law a furr'd gown to keep him warm; and furr'd with fox and lambskins too to signify that craft, being richer than innocence, stands for the facing.

Elb. Come your way, sir:—Bless you, good father friar.

Duke. And you, good brother father. What offence hath this man made you, sir?

Elb. Marry, sir, he hath offended the law; and, sir, we take him to be a thief too, sir; for we have found upon him, sir, a strange pick-lock which we have sent to the deputy.

Duke. Fic, sirrah; a bawd, a wicked bawd! The evil that thou causest to be done, That is thy means to live. Do thou but think What 't is to cram a maw, or clothe a back, From such a filthy vice: say to thyself,— From their abominable and beastly touches I drink, I eat, array myself, and live.

Canst thou believe thy living is a life,
So stinkingly depending? Go, mend; go, mend.

Clo. Indeed, it does stink in some sort, sir; but yet, sir, I would prove—

Duke. Nay, if the devil have given thee proofs
for sin,

Thou wilt prove his. Take him to prison, officer.
Correction and instruction must both work,
Ere this rude beast will profit.

Elb. He must before the deputy, sir; he has given him warning: the deputy cannot abide a whoremaster: if he be a whoremonger, and comes before him, he were as good go a mile on his errand.

Duke. That we were all, as some would seem to be,

From our faults, as faults from seeming, free!¹⁰⁵

Enter Lucio.

Elb. His neck will come to your waist; a cord, sir.

Clo. I spy comfort; I cry, bail: Here's a gentleman, and a friend of mine.

Lucio. How now, noble Pompey? What, at the wheels of Caesar? Art thou led in triumph? What, is there none of Pygmalion's images, newly made woman,¹⁰⁷ to be had now, for putting the hand in the pocket and extracting it clutch'd? What reply? Ha? What say'st thou to this tune, matter and method? Is't not drown'd i' the last rain?¹⁰⁸ Ha? What say'st thou, trot? Is the world as it was, man? Which is the way? Is it sad, and few words? Or how? The trick of it?

Duke. Still thus and thus! still worse!

Lucio. How doth my dear morsel, thy mistress? Procures she still? Ha?

Clo. Troth, sir, she hath eaten up all her beef, and she is herself in the tub.

Lucio. Why, 't is good; it is the right of it: it must be so: Ever your fresh whore, and your powder'd bawd: an unshunn'd consequence; it must be so. Art going to prison, Pompey?

Clo. Yes, faith, sir.

Lucio. Why, 't is not amiss, Pompey: Farewell; go; say, I sent thee thither. For debt, Pompey, or how?

Elb. For being a bawd, for being a bawd.

Lucio. Well, then imprison him: If imprisonment be the due of a bawd, why, 't is his right: Bawd is he, doubtless, and of antiquity too: bawd-born. Farewell, good Pompey: Commend me to the prison, Pompey. You will turn good husband now, Pompey; you will keep the house.

Clo. I hope, sir, your good worship will be my bail.

Lucio. No, indeed, will I not, Pompey; it is not the wear.¹⁰⁹ I will pray, Pompey, to increase your bondage: if you take it not patiently, why, your mettle is the more. Adieu, trusty Pompey.—Bless you, friar.

Duke. And you.

Lucio. Does Bridget paint still, Pompey? Ha?

Elb. Come your ways, sir; come.

Clo. You will not bail me, then, sir?

Lucio. Then, Pompey, nor now.—What news abroad, friar? What news?

Elb. Come your ways, sir; come.

Lucio. Go,—to kennel, Pompey, go:

[*Exeunt Elbow, Clown, and Officers.*]

What news, friar, of the duke?

Duke. I know none: Can you tell me of any?

Lucio. Some say he is with the emperor of Russia; othersome, he is in Rome: But where is he, think you?

Duke. I know not where: but wheresoever, I wish him well.

Lucio. It was a mad fantastical trick of him, to steal from the state, and usurp the beggary he was never born to. Lord Angelo dukes it well in his absence; he puts transgression to 't.

Duke. He does well in 't.

Lucio. A little more lenity to lechery would do no harm in him: something too crabbed that way, friar.

Duke. It is too general a vice, and severity must cure it.

Lucio. Yes, in good sooth, the vice is of a great kindred; it is well allied: but it is impossible to extirp it quite, friar, till eating and drinking be put down. They say, this Angelo was not made by man and woman, after this downright way of creation: Is it true, think you?

Duke. How should he be made, then?

Lucio. Some report a sea-maid spawn'd him:—Some, that he was begot between two stock-fishes:—But it is certain, that when he makes water his urine is congeal'd ice; that I know to be true and he is a motion generative; that's infallible.

Duke. You are pleasant, sir; and speak apace.

Lucio. Why, what a ruthless thing is this in him, for the rebellion of a codpiece to take away the life of a man! Would the duke, that is absent, have done this? Ere he would have hang'd a man for the getting a hundred bastards, he would have paid for the nursing a thousand: He had some

feeling of the sport; he knew the service, and that instructed him to mercy.

Duke. I never heard the absent duke much detected for women;¹¹⁰ he was not inclin'd that way.

Lucio. O, sir, you are deceiv'd.

Duke. 'Tis not possible.

Lucio. Who? not the duke? yes, your beggar of fifty;—and his use was to put a ducat in her clack-dish:¹¹¹ the duke had crotchets in him: He would be drunk too; that let me inform you.

Duke. You do him wrong, surely.

Lucio. Sir, I was an inward of his. A shy fellow was the duke: and, I believe, I know the cause of his withdrawing.

Duke. What, I prithee, might be the cause?

Lucio. No—pardon;—'t is a secret must be lock'd within the teeth and the lips: but this I can let you understand,—The greater file of the subject held the duke to be wise.

Duke. Wise? why, no question but he was.

Lucio. A very superficial, ignorant, unweighing fellow.

Duke. Either this is envy in you, folly, or mistaking; the very stream of his life, and the business he hath helmed, must, upon a warranted need, give him a better proclamation. Let him be but testimonied in his own bringings forth, and he shall appear to the envious a scholar, a statesman, and a soldier. Therefore, you speak unskillfully; or, if your knowledge be more, it is much darken'd in your malice.

Lucio. Sir, I know him, and I love him.

Duke. Love talks with better knowledge, and knowledge with dearer love.

Lucio. Come, sir, I know what I know.

Duke. I can hardly believe that, since you know not what you speak. But, if ever the duke return (as our prayers are he may,) let me desire you to make your answer before him: If it be honest you have spoke, you have courage to maintain it: I am bound to call upon you: and, I pray you, your name.

Lucio. Sir, my name is Lucio; well known to the duke.

Duke. He shall know you better, sir, if I may live to report you.

Lucio. I fear you not.

Duke. O, you hope the duke will return no more; or you imagine me too unhurtful an opposite.¹¹² But, indeed, I can do you little harm: you'll forswear this again.

Lucio. I'll be hang'd first: thou art deceiv'd

in me, friar. But no more of this. Canst thou tell if Claudio die to-morrow, or no?

Duke. Why should he die, sir?

Lucio. Why? for filling a bottle with a tun-dish. I would the duke we talk of were return'd again: this ungenitur'd agent will unpeople the province with continency; sparrows must not build in his house-caves, because they are lecherous. The duke yet would have dark deeds darkly answered; he would never bring them to light: would he were return'd! Marry, this Claudio is condemned for untrussing. Farewell, good friar; I prithee, pray for me. The duke, I say to thee again, would eat mutton on Fridays. He's now past it; yet and I say to thee, he would mouth with a beggar, though she smelt brown bread and garlic:¹¹³ say, that I said so. Farewell. [Exit.

Duke. No might nor greatness in mortality
Can censure 'scape; back-wounding calumny
The whitest virtue strikes. What king so strong,
Can tie the gall up in the slanderous tongue!
But who comes here?

*Enter ESCALUS, PROVOST, MISTRESS OVERDONE,
and Officers.*

Escal. Go, away with her to prison.

Over. Good my lord, be good to me; your honour is accounted a merciful man: good my lord.

Escal. Double and treble admonition, and still forfeit in the same kind?¹¹⁴ This would make Mercy swear, and play the tyrant.

Prov. A bawd of eleven years' continuance, may it please your honour.

Over. My lord, this is one Lucio's information against me: mistress Kate Keepdown was with child by him in the duke's time; he promis'd her marriage; his child is a year and a quarter old, come Philip and Jacob: I have kept it myself; and see how he goes about to abuse me.

Escal. That fellow is a fellow of much licence: let him be call'd before us.—Away with her to prison: Go to; no more words. [Ezeunt Bawd and Officers.] Provost, my brother Angelo will not be alter'd; Claudio must die to-morrow: let him be furnish'd with divines, and have all charitable preparation: if my brother wrought by my pity, it should not be so with him.

Prov. So please you, this friar hath been with him, and advis'd him for th' entertainment of death.

Escal. Good even, good father.

Duke. Bliss and goodness on you!

Escal. Of whence are you?

Duke. Not of this country, though my chance is now

To use it for my time: I am a brother
Of gracious order, late come from the see,
In special business from his holiness.

Escal. What news abroad i' the world?

Duke. None, but that there is so great a fever
on goodness, that the dissolution of it must cure it:
novelty is only in request; and as it is as dangerous¹¹⁵
to be aged in any kind of course, as it is
virtuous to be constant in any undertaking; there
is scarce truth enough alive to make societies
secure; but security enough to make fellowships
accurs'd: much upon this riddle runs the wisdom
of the world. This news is old enough, yet it is
every day's news. I pray you, sir, of what disposition
was the duke?

Escal. One, that, above all other strifes, contended
especially to know himself.

Duke. What pleasure was he given to?

Escal. Rather rejoicing to see another merry,
than merry at anything which profess'd to make
him rejoice: a gentleman of all temperance. But
cave we him to his events, with a prayer they
may prove prosperous; and let me desire to know
how you find Claudio prepar'd. I am made to
understand that you have lent him visitation.

Duke. He professes to have received no sinister
measure from his judge, but most willingly humbles
himself to the determination of justice: yet
had he framed to himself, by the instruction of his
frailty, many deceiving promises of life; which I,
by my good leisure, have discredited to him, and
now is he resolv'd to die.

Escal. You have paid the heavens your function,
and the prisoner the very debt of your calling.
I have labour'd for the poor gentleman, to
the extremest shore of my modesty; but my brother
justice have I found so severe, that he hath
forc'd me to tell him, he is indeed—justice.

Duke. If his own life answer the straitness of
his proceeding, it shall become him well; wherein
if he chance to fail, he hath sentenc'd himself.

Escal. I am going to visit the prisoner! Fare
you well.

Duke. Peace be with you!

[*Exit ESCAL. and PROV*

He who the sword of heaven will bear
Should be as holy as severe;
Pattern in himself to know,
Grace to stand, and virtue go;¹¹⁶
More nor less to others paying,
Than by self-offences weighing.
Shame to him, whose cruel striking
Kills for faults of his own liking!
Twice treble shame on Angelo,
To weed my vice, and let his grow!
O, what may man within him hide,
Though angel on the outward side!
How may likeness wade in crimes,¹¹⁷
Making practice on the times,
To draw with idle spiders' strings
Most ponderous and substantial things:
Craft against vice I must apply:
With Angelo to-night shall lie
His old betrothed, but despised;
So disguise shall, by the disguised,
Pay with falsehood false exacting,
And perform an old contract'g.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Room in Mariana's House.*

MARIANA *discovered sitting; a Boy singing.*

SONG.

Take, oh take those lips away,¹¹⁶
That so sweetly were forsworn;
And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn;
But my kisses bring again,
Bring again,
Seals of love, but seal'd in vain,
Seal'd in vain.

Mari. Break off thy song, and haste thee quick
away;

Here comes a man of comfort, whose advice
Hath often still'd my brawling discontent.—

[*Exit Boy.*]

Enter DUKE.

cry you mercy, sir; and well could wish
You had not found me here so musical:
Let me excuse me, and believe me so,—
My mirth it much displeas'd,¹¹⁹ but pleas'd my
woe.

Duke. 'Tis good: though music oft hath such a
charm,

To make bad good, and good provoke to harm.

I pray you, tell me, hath anybody inquir'd for me
here to-day? much upon this time have I prom-
is'd here to meet.

Mari. You have not been inquir'd after: I have
sat here all day.

Enter ISABELLA.

Duke. I do constantly believe you:—The time
is come, even now. I shall crave your forbear-
ance a little; may be, I will call upon you anon,
or some advantage to yourself.

Mari. I am always bound to you. [*Exit.*]

Duke. Very well met, and welcome:
What is the news from this good deputy?

Isab. He hath a garden circummur'd with
brick,
Whose western side is with a vineyard back'd;
And to that vineyard is a planced gate,

That makes his opening with this bigger key:
This other doth command a little door,
Which from the vineyard to the garden leads;
There have I made my promise upon the
Heavy middle of the night to call upon him.

Duke. But shall you on your knowledge find
this way?

Isab. I have ta'en a due and wary note upon t;
With whispering and most guilty diligence,
In action all of precept,¹²⁰ he did show me
The way twice o'er.

Duke. Are there no other tokens
Between you 'greed, concerning her observance?

Isab. No, none, but only a repair i' the dark;
And that I have possess'd him, my most stay
Can be but brief: for I have made him know

I have a servant comes with me along,
That stays upon me; whose persuasion is,
I come about my brother.

Duke. 'T is well borne up.
I have not yet made known to Mariana
A word of this:—What, ho! within! come forth

Re-enter MARIANA.

I pray you be acquainted with this maid;
She comes to do you good.

Isab. I do desire the like.

Duke. Do you persuade yourself that I respect
you?

Mari. Good friar, I know you do; and have
found it.

Duke. Take then this your companion by the
hand.

Who hath a story ready for your ear:
I shall attend your leisure; but make haste,
The vaporous night approaches.

Mari. Will 't please you walk aside?

[*Exeunt MARI. and ISAB.*]

Duke. O place and greatness, millions of false
eyes
Are stuck upon thee! volumes of report
Run with these false and most contrarious quests²⁷
Upon thy doings! thousand escapes of wit

Make thee the father of their idle dream,
And rack thee in their fancies!—Welcome! How!
agreed?

Re-enter MARIANA and ISABELLA.

Isab. She 'll take the enterprise upon her,
father,

If you advise it.

Duke. It is not my consent,
But my entreaty too.

Isab. Little have you to say,
When you depart from him, but, soft and low,
“Remember now my brother.”

Mari. Fear me not.

Duke. Nor, gentle daughter, fear you not at all:
He is your husband on a pre-contract:
To bring you thus together, 't is no sin;
Sith that the justice of your title to him
Doth flourish the deceit. Come, let us go;
Our corn 's to reap, for yet our tithe 's to sow.¹²²
[*Ereunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in the Prison.*

Enter PROVOST and CLOWN.

Prov. Come hither, sirrah: Can you cut off a
man's head?

Clo. If the man be a bachelor, sir, I can: but
if he be a married man, he 's his wife's head, and
I can never cut off a woman's head.

Prov. Come, sir, leave me your snatches,¹²³ and
yield me a direct answer. To-morrow morning
are to die Claudio and Barnardine. Here is in our
prison a common executioner, who in his office
lacks a helper: if you will take it on you to assist
him, it shall redeem you from your gyves; if not,
you shall have your full time of imprisonment,
and your deliverance with an unpitied whipping;¹²⁴
for you have been a notorious bawd.

Clo. Sir, I have been an unlawful bawd, time
out of mind; but yet I will be content to be a
lawful hangman. I would be glad to receive some
instruction from my fellow partner.

Prov. What ho, Abhorson! Where 's Abhorson,
there?

Enter ABHORSON.

Abhor. Do you call, sir?

Prov. Sirrah, here 's a fellow will help you to-
morrow in your execution. If you think it meet,
compound with him by the year, and let him
abide here with you; if not, use him for the

present, and dismiss him. He cannot plead his
estimation with you; he hath been a bawd.

Abhor. A bawd, sir? Fie upon him, he will dis-
credit our mystery.

Prov. Go to, sir; you weigh equally; a feather
will turn the scale. [*Exit.*

Clo. Pray, sir, by your good favour, (for, surely,
sir, a good favour¹²⁵ you have, but that you have
a hanging look,) do you call, sir, your occupation
a mystery?

Abhor. Ay, sir; a mystery.

Clo. Painting, sir, I have heard say, is a
mystery; and your whores, sir, being members of
my occupation, using painting, do prove my occu-
pation a mystery: but what mystery there should
be in hanging, if I should be hang'd I cannot
imagine.

Abhor. Sir, it is a mystery.

Clo. Proof:

Abhor. Every true man's apparel¹²⁶ fits your
thief—

Clo. If it be too little for your thief, your true
man thinks it big enough; if it be too big for your
thief, your thief thinks it little enough: so every
true man's apparel fits your thief.

Re-enter PROVOST.

Prov. Are you agreed?

Clo. Sir, I will serve him; for I do find your
hangman is a more penitent trade than your bawd;
he doth oft'ner ask forgiveness.

Prov. You, sirrah, provide your block and your
axe to-morrow four o'clock.

Abhor. Come on, bawd; I will instruct thee in
my trade; follow.

Clo. I do desire to learn, sir; and, I hope, i.
you have occasion to use me for your own turn,
you shall find me yare: for, truly, sir, for your
kindness I owe you a good turn.

Prov. Call hither Barnardine and Claudio:

[*Ereunt CLOWN and ABHOR.*

Th' one has my pity; not a jot the other,
Being a murtherer, though he were my brother.

Enter CLAUDIO.

Look, here 's the warrant, Claudio, for thy death:
'T is now dead midnight, and by eight to-morrow
Thou must be made immortal. Where 's Barnar-
dine?

Claud. As fast lock'd up in sleep, as guiltless
labour

When it lies starkly¹²⁷ in the traveller's bones:
He will not wake.

Prov. Who can do good on him?
Well, go, prepare yourself. But hark, what
noise? [*Knocking within.*
Heaven give your spirits comfort! [*Exit CLAUDIO.*
By and by:—
I hope it is some pardon, or reprieve,
For the most gentle Claudio.—Welcome, father.

Enter DUKE.

Duke. The best and wholsom'st spirits of the
night
Envelop you, good provost! Who call'd here of
late?

Prov. None, since the curfew rung.

Duke. Not Isabel!

Prov. No.

Duke. They will then, ere 't be long.

Prov. What comfort is for Claudio?

Duke. There 's some in hope.

Prov. It is a bitter deputy.

Duke. Not so, not so; his life is parallel'd
Even with the stroke and line of his great justice;
He doth with holy abstinence subdue
That in himself, which he spurs on his pow'r
To qualify in others: ¹²⁸ were he meal'd ¹²⁹ with that
Which he corrects, then were he tyrannous;
But this being so, he 's just.—Now are they
come.—

[*Knocking within.*—*PROVOST goes out.*
This is a gentle provost: Seldom, when
The steeld gaoler is the friend of men.
How now? What noise? That spirit 's possess'd
with haste,
That wounds th' resisting postern ¹³⁰ with these
strokes.

[*PROVOST returns, speaking to one at the door.*

Prov. There he must stay, until the officer
Arise to let him in; he is call'd up.

Duke. Have you no countermand for Claudio yet,
But he must die to-morrow?

Prov. None, sir, none.

Duke. As near the dawning, provost, as it is,
You shall hear more ere morning.

Prov. Happily
You something know; yet, I believe, there comes
No countermand; no such example have we:
Besides, upon the very siege of justice,
Lord Angelo hath to the public ear
Profess'd the contrary.

Enter a Messenger.

Duke. This is his lord's man. ¹³¹

Prov. And here comes Claudio's pardon.

Mess. My lord hath sent you this note; and by
me this further charge, that you swerve not from
the smallest article of it, neither in time, matter,
nor other circumstance. Good morrow; for, as I
take it, it is almost day.

Prov. I shall obey him. [*Exit Mess.*

Duke. This is his pardon purchas'd by such in,
[*Aside.*

For which the pardoner himself is in:
Hence hath offence his quick celerity,
When it is borne in high authority:
When vice makes mercy, mercy's so extended,
That for the fault's love is th' offender friended.—
Now, sir, what news?

Prov. I told you: Lord Angelo, belike, think-
ing me remiss in mine office, awakens me with
this unwonted putting on: methinks, strangely;
for he hath not us'd it before.

Duke. Pray you, let 's hear.

Prov. [*Reads.*] "Whatsoever you may hear to the
contrary, let Claudio be executed by four of the clock;
and, in the afternoon, Barnardine: for my better satisfac-
tion, let me have Claudio's head sent me by five. Let this
be duly performed; with a thought, that more depends on
it than we must yet deliver. Thus fail not to do your
office, as you will answer it at your peril."
What say you to this, sir?

Duke. What is that Barnardine, who is to be
executed in th' afternoon?

Prov. A Bohemian born; but here nurs'd up
and bred: one that is a prisoner nine years old.

Duke. How came it, that the absent duke had
not either deliver'd him to his liberty, or executed
him? I have heard it was ever his manner to do so.

Prov. His friends still wrought reprieves for
him: and, indeed, his fact, till now in the govern-
ment of lord Angelo, came not to an undoubtful
proof.

Duke. It is now apparent? ¹³²

Prov. Most manifest, and not denied by him-
self.

Duke. Hath he borne himself penitently in
prison?
How seems he to be touch'd?

Prov. A man that apprehends death no more
dreadfully but as a drunken sleep; careless, reck-
less, and fearless of what's past, present, or to
come; insensible of mortality, and desperately
mortal. ¹³³

Duke. He warts advice.

Prov. He will hear none; he hath evermore had
the liberty of the prison; give him leave to escape
hence, he would not: drunk many times a day, if

not many days entirely drunk. We have very oft awak'd him, as if to carry him to execution, and show'd him a seeming warrant for it: it hath not moved him at all.

Duke. More of him anon. There is written in your brow, provost, honesty and constancy: if I read it not truly, my ancient skill beguiles me; but in the boldness of my cunning, I will lay myself in hazard. Claudio, whom here you have warrant to execute, is no greater forfeit to the law than Angelo who hath sentenc'd him. To make you understand this in a manifested effect, I crave but four days' respite; for the which you are to do me both a present and a dangerous courtesy.

Prov. Pray, sir, in what?

Duke. In the delaying death.

Prov. Alack! how may I do it? having the hour limited, and an express command, under penalty, to deliver his head in the view of Angelo? I may make my case as Claudio's, to cross this in the smallest.

Duke. By the vow of mine order I warrant you, if my instructions may be your guide. Let this Barnardine be this morning executed, and his head borne to Angelo.

Prov. Angelo hath seen them both, and will discover the favour.

Duke. O, death's a great disguiser: and you may add to it. Shave the head, and tie the beard; and say, it was the desire of the penitent to be so bar'd before his death. You know the course is common. If anything fall to you upon this more than thanks and good fortune, by the saint whom I profess, I will plead against it with my life.

Prov. Pardon me, good father, it is against my oath.

Duke. Were you sworn to the duke, or to the deputy?

Prov. To him, and to his substitutes.

Duke. You will think you have made no offence, if the duke avouch the justice of your dealing?

Prov. But what likelihood is in that?

Duke. Not a resemblance, but a certainty. Yet since I see you fearful, that neither my coat, integrity, nor persuasion, can with ease attempt you, I will go further than I meant, to pluck all fears out of you. Look you, sir, here is the hand and seal of the duke. You know the character, I doubt not; and the signet is not strange to you.

Prov. I know them both.

Duke. The contents of this is the return of the duke; you shall anon over-read it at your pleasure:

where you shall find, within these two days he will be here. This is a thing that Angelo knows not: for he this very day receives letters of strange tenor: perchance, of the duke's death; perchance entering into some monastery; but, by chance nothing of what is writ. Look, th' unfolding star calls up the shepherd. Put not yourself into amazement how these things should be: all difficulties are but easy when they are known. Call your executioner, and off with Barnardine's head: I will give him a present shrift, and advise him for a better place. Yet you are amaz'd: but this shall absolutely resolve you.¹³⁴ Come away; it is almost clear dawn. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*Another Room in the same.*

Enter CLOWN.

Clo. I am as well acquainted here, as I was in our house of profession: one would think it were mistress Overdone's own house, for here be many of her old customers. First, here's young master Rash; he's in for a commodity of brown paper¹³⁵ and old ginger, ninescore and seventeen pounds; of which he made five marks, ready money marry, then, ginger was not much in request, for the old women were all dead. Then is there here one master Caper, at the suit of master Three-pile the mercer, for some four suits of peach-colour'd satin, which now peaches him a beggar. Then have we here young Dizzy, and young master Deep-vow, and master Copper-spur, and master Starve-lackey, the rapier and dagger man, and young Drop-heir that killed lusty Pudding, and master Forthright, the tilter, and brave master Shoe-tie, the great traveller, and wild Half-can that stabb'd Pots, and, I think, forty more; all great doers in our trade, and are now for the Lord's sake.¹³⁶

Enter ABHORSON.

Abhor. Sirrah, bring Barnardine hither.

Clo. Master Barnardine! you must rise and be hang'd, master Barnardine!

Abhor. What ho, Barnardine!

Barnar. [*Within.*] A pox o' your throats! Who makes that noise there? What are you?

Clo. Your friends, sir, the hangmen. You must be so good, sir, to rise and be put to death.

Barnar. [*Within.*] Away, you rogue, away! I am sleepy

Abhor. Tell him he must awake, and that quickly too.

Clo. Pray, master Barnardine, awake till you are executed, and sleep afterwards.

Abhor. Go in to him, and fetch him out.

Clo. He is coming, sir, he is coming; I hear his straw rustle.

Enter BARNARDINE.

Abhor. Is the axe upon the block, sirrah?

Clo. Very ready, sir.

Barnar. How now, Abhorson? what 's the news with you?

Abhor. Truly, sir, I would desire you to clap into your prayers;¹³⁷ for, look you, the warrant 's come.

Barnar. You rogue, I have been drinking all night; I am not fitted for 't.

Clo. O, the better, sir; for he that drinks all night, and is hanged betimes in the morning, may sleep the sounder all the next day.

Enter DUKE.

Abhor. Look you, sir, here comes your ghostly father. Do we jest now, think you?

Duke. Sir, induced by my charity, and hearing how hastily you are to depart, I am come to advise you, comfort you, and pray with you.

Barnar. Friar, not I; I have been drinking hard all night, and I will have more time to prepare me, or they shall beat out my brains with billets: I will not consent to die this day, that 's certain

Duke. O, sir, you must; and therefore, I beseech you, look forward on the journey you shall go

Barnar. I swear, I will not die to-day for any man's persuasion.

Duke. But hear you,—

Barnar. Not a word; if you have anything to say to me, come to my ward; for thence will not I to-day. *[Exit.]*

Enter PROVOST.

Duke. Unfit to live, or die: O, gravel heart!—After him, fellows; bring him to the block.

[Exeunt ABHORSON and CLOWN.]

Prov. Now, sir, how do you find the prisoner?

Duke. A creature unprepar'd, unmeet for death; And to transport him in the mind he is Were damnable.

Prov. Here in the prison, father, There died this morning of a cruel fever One Ragozine, a most notorious pirate,

A man of Claudio's years; his beard, and head, Just of his colour: What if we do omit This reprobate, till he were well inclin'd; And satisfy the deputy with the visage Of Ragozine, more like to Claudio?

Duke. O, 't is an accident that heaven provides Despatch it presently; the hour draws on Prefix'd by Angelo: See this be done, And sent according to command: whiles I Persuade this rude wretch willingly to die.

Prov. This shall be done, good father, presently. But Barnardine must die this afternoon; And how shall we continue Claudio, To save me from the danger that might come, If he were known alive?

Duke. Let this be done:— Put them in secret holds, both Barnardine and Claudio:

Ere twice the sun hath made his journal greeting To yond generation,¹³⁸ you shall find Your safety manifested.

Prov. I am your free dependant.

Duke. Quick, despatch, And send the head to Angelo. *[Exit PROVOST.]* Now will I write letters to Angelo,— The provost, he shall bear them,—whose contents Shall witness to him I am near at home; And that by great injunctions I am bound To enter publicly: him I 'll desire To meet me at the consecrated fount, A league below the city; and from thence, By cold gradation and well-balance'd form, We shall proceed with Angelo.

Re-enter PROVOST.

Prov. Here is the head; I 'll carry it myself.

Duke. Convenient is it: Make a swift return; For I would commune with you of such things That want no ear but yours.

Prov. I 'll make all speed. *[Exit.]*

Isab. *[Within.]* Peace, ho, be here!

Duke. The tongue of Isabel:—She 's come to know,

If yet her brother's pardon be come hither: But I will keep her ignorant of her good, To make her heavenly comforts of despair When it is least expected.

Enter ISABELLA.

Isab. Ho, by your leave.

Duke. Good morning to you, fair and gracious daughter.

Isab. The better, given me by so holy a man.
Hath yet the deputy sent my brother's pardon?

Duke. He hath releas'd him, Isabel, from the world;

His head is off, and sent to Angelo.

Isab. Nay, but it is not so!

Duke. It is no other:

Show your wisdom, daughter, in your close patience.

Isab. O, I will to him, and pluck out his eyes!

Duke. You shall not be admitted to his sight.

Isab. Unhappy Claudio! Wretched Isabel!
Injurious world! Most damned Angelo!

Duke. This nor hurts him, nor profits you a jot;
Forbear it therefore; give your cause to heaven.
Mark what I say, which you shall find,
By every syllable, a faithful verity:
The duke comes home to-morrow;—nay, dry your eyes;

One of our convent, and his confessor,
Gives me this instance. Already he hath carried
Notice to Escalus and Angelo,
Who do prepare to meet him at the gates,
There to give up their power. If you can, pace
your wisdom

In that good path that I would wish it go;
And you shall have your bosom¹³⁹ on this wretch,
Grace of the duke, revenges to your heart,
And general honour.

Isab. I am directed by you.

Duke. This letter then to friar Peter give;
'T is that he sent me of the duke's return:
Say, by this token, I desire his company
At Mariana's house to-night. Her cause, and yours,
I'll perfect him withal: and he shall bring you
Before the duke; and to the head of Angelo
Accuse him home, and home. For my poor self,
I am combined¹⁴⁰ by a sacred vow,
And shall be absent. Wend you with this letter:
Command these fretting waters from your eyes
With a light heart; trust not my holy order,
If I pervert your course.—Who 's here?

Enter Lucio.

Lucio. Good even, friar: where 's the provost?

Duke. Not within, sir.

Lucio. O, pretty Isabella, I am pale at mine heart, to see thine eyes so red: thou must be patient. I am fain to dine and sup with water and bran; I dare not for my head fill my belly; one fruitful meal would set me to 't: But they say the duke will be here to-morrow. By my troth,

Isabel, I lov'd thy brother: if the old fantastical duke of dark corners had been at home, he had lived.

[*Exit Isab.*]

Duke. Sir, the duke is marvellous little beholden to your reports; but the best is, he lives not in them.¹⁴¹

Lucio. Friar, thou knowest not the duke so well as I do: he's a better woodman¹⁴² than thou tak'st him for.

Duke. Well, you'll answer this one day. Fare ye well.

Lucio. Nay, tarry; I'll go along with thee; I can tell thee pretty tales of the duke.

Duke. You have told me too many of him already, sir, if they be true: if not true, none were enough.

Lucio. I was once before him for getting a wench with child.

Duke. Did you such a thing?

Lucio. Yes, marry, did I: but I was fain to forswear it; they would else have married me to the rotten medlar.

Duke. Sir, your company is fairer than honest: Rest you well.

Lucio. By my troth, I'll go with thee to the lane's end. If bawdy talk offend you, we'll have very little of it. Nay, friar, I am a kind of burr I shall stick.

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE IV.—A Room in Angelo's House.

Enter ANGELO and ESCALUS.

Escal. Every letter he hath writ hath disvouch'd other.

Ang. In most uneven and distracted manner. His actions show much like to madness: pray heaven, his wisdom be not tainted! And why meet him at the gates, and deliver our authorities there?

Escal. I guess not.

Ang. And why should we proclaim it in an hour before his ent'ring, that, if any crave redress of injustice, they should exhibit their petitions in the street?

Escal. He shows his reason for that: to have a despatch of complaints; and to deliver us from devices hereafter, which shall then have no power to stand against us.

Ang. Well, I beseech you, let it be proclaim'd: Betimes i' the morn I'll call you at your house: Give notice to such men of sort and suit. As are to meet him.

Escal. I shall, sir: fare you well.
Ang. Good night.— [*Exit ESCAL.*]

This deed unshapes me quite, makes me unpregnant,
 And dull to all proceedings. A deflowered maid!
 And by an eminent body, that enforc'd
 The law against it!—But that her tender shame
 Will not proclaim against her maiden loss,
 How might she tongue me! Yet reason dares her
 no;¹⁴³

For my authority bears of a credent bulk,¹⁴⁴
 That no particular scandal once can touch,
 But it confounds the breather. He should have
 liv'd,

Save that his riotous youth, with dangerous sense,
 Might, in the times to come, have ta'en revenge,
 By so receiving a dishonour'd life
 With ransom of such shame. Would yet he had
 liv'd!

Alack! when once our grace we have forgot,
 Nothing goes right; we would, and we would not.
 [*Exit.*]

SCENE V.—*Fields without the Town.*

Enter DUKE in his own habit, and Friar PETER.

Duke. These letters at fit time deliver me.
 [*Giving letters.*]

The provost knows our purpose, and our plot.
 The matter being afoot, keep your instruction,
 And hold you ever to your special drift;
 Though sometimes you do blench from this to
 that,¹⁴⁵

As cause doth minister. Go, call at Flavius' house,
 And tell him where I stay: give the like notice
 To Valentinus, Rowland, and to Crassus,
 And bid them bring the trumpets to the gate;
 Bid it send me Flavius first.

F. Peter. It shall be speeded well.
 [*Exit FRIAR*]

Enter VARRIUS.

Duke. I thank thee, Varrius; thou hast made
 good haste:
 Come, we will walk. There 's other of our friends
 Will greet us here anon, my gentle Varrius.
 [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—*Street near the City Gate.*

Enter ISABELLA and MARIANA.

Isab. To speak so indirectly I am loth;
 I would say the truth; but to accuse him so,
 That is your part: yet I am advis'd to do it;
 He says, to veil full purpose.

Mari. Be rul'd by him.

Isab. Besides, he tells me, that, if peradventure
 He speak against me on the adverse side,
 I should not think it strange; for 't is a physic
 That 's bitter to sweet end.

Mari. I would friar Peter—

Isab. O, peace! the friar is come.

Enter Friar PETER.

F. Peter. Come, I have found you out a stand
 most fit,
 Where you may have such vantage on the duke,
 He shall not pass you. Twice have the trumpets
 sounded;
 The generous and gravest citizens
 Have hent the gates,¹⁴⁶ and very near upon
 The Duke is ent'ring; therefore, hence, away.

[*Exeunt*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A public Place near the City Gate.*

MARIANA (*veiled*), ISABELLA, and PETER, *at a distance. Enter at opposite sides*¹⁴⁷ DUKE, VARRIUS, Lords; ANGELO, ESCALUS, LUCIO, PROVOST, Officers, and Citizens.

Duke. My very worthy cousin, fairly met:—
Our old and faithful friend, we are glad to see you.

Ang. and Escal. Happy return be to your royal grace!

Duke. Many and hearty thanks to you both.
We have made inquiry of you; and we hear
Such goodness of your justice, that our soul
Cannot but yield you forth to public thanks,
Forerunning more requital.

Ang. You make my bonds still greater.

Duke. O, your desert speaks loud; and I should
wrong it,

To lock it in the wards of covert bosom,
When it deserves with characters of brass
A fortified residence, 'gainst the tooth of time,
And razure of oblivion. Give me your hand,
And let the subject see, to make them know
That outward courtesies would fain proclaim
Favours that keep within.—Come, Escalus,
You must walk by us on our other hand;
And good supporters are you.

Friar PETER and ISABELLA come forward.

F. Peter. Now is your time; speak loud, and
kneel before him.

Isab. Justice, O royal duke! Vail¹⁴⁸ your regard
Upon a wrong'd, I would fain have said, a maid!
O worthy prince, dishonour not your eye
By throwing it on any other object,
Till you have heard me in my true complaint,
And given me justice, justice, justice, justice!

Duke. Relate your wrongs: In what? By
whom? Be brief;
Here is Lord Angelo shall give you justice!
Reveal yourself to him.

Isab. O, worthy duke,
You bid me seek redemption of the devil:
Hear me yourself; for that which I must speak

Must either punish me, not being believ'd,
Or wring redress from you: hear me, O, hear me
here.

Ang. My lord, her wits, I fear me, are not firm:
She hath been a suitor to me for her brother
Cut off by course of justice!

Isab. By course of justice!

Ang. And she will speak most bitterly and
strange.

Isab. Most strange, but yet most truly, will I
speak:

That Angelo's forsworn; is it not strange?

That Angelo's a murderer; is 't not strange

That Angelo is an adulterous thief,

An hypocrite, a virgin violator;

Is it not strange, and strange?

Duke. Nay, it is ten times strange.

Isab. It is not truer he is Angelo,
Than this is all as true as it is strange;
Nay, it is ten times true; for truth is truth
To th' end of reck'ning.¹⁴⁹

Duke. Away with her;—Poor soul,
She speaks this in th' infirmity of sense.

Isab. O, prince, I conjure thee, as thou believ'st
There is another comfort than this world,
That thou neglect me not with that opinion
That I am touch'd with madness; make not im-
possible

That which but seems unlike: 't is not impossible
But one, the wicked'st caitiff on the ground,
May seem as shy, as grave, as just, as absolute,
As Angelo; even so may Angelo,
In all his dressings, characts,¹⁵⁰ titles, forms,
Be an arch-villain; believe it, royal prince;
If he be less, he's nothing; but he's more.
Had I more name for badness.

Duke. By mine honesty,
If she be mad, as I believe no other,
Her madness hath the oddest frame of sense,
Such a dependency of thing on thing,
As e'er I heard in madness.

Isab. O, gracious duke,
Harp not on that: nor do not banish reason

For inequality; but let your reason serve
To make the truth appear where it seems hid,
And hide the false seems true.¹⁵¹

Duke. Many that are not mad,
Have, sure, more lack of reason.—What would ye
say?

Isab. I am the sister of one Claudio,
Condemn'd upon the act of fornication
To lose his head; condemn'd by Angelo:
I, in probation of a sisterhood,
Was sent to by my brother: One Lucio,
As then the messenger;—

Lucio. That's I, an't like your grace:
I came to her from Claudio, and desir'd her
To try her gracious fortune with lord Angelo,
For her poor brother's pardon.

Isab. That's he indeed.

Duke. You were not bid to speak.

Lucio. No, my good lord;
Nor wish'd to hold my peace.

Duke. I wish you now then;
Pray you, take note of it: and when you have
A business for yourself, pray heaven you then
Be perfect.

Lucio. I warrant your honour.

Duke. The warrant's for yourself; take heed to't.

Isab. This gentleman told somewhat of my tale.

Lucio. Right.

Duke. It may be right; but you are i' the wrong
To speak before your time.—Proceed.

Isab. I went
To this pernicious caitiff deputy.

Duke. That's somewhat madly spoken.

Isab. Pardon it;
The phrase is to the matter.

Duke. Mended again: the matter:—Proceed.

Isab. In brief,—to set the needless process by
How I persuaded, how I pray'd, and kneel'd,
How he refell'd me, and how I replied,
(For this was of much length); the vild conclusion
I now begin with grief and shame to utter:
He would not, but by gift of my chaste body
To his concupiscible intemperate lust,
Release my brother; and, after much debatement,
My sisterly remorse confutes mine honour,
And I did yield to him. But the next morn betimes,
His purpose surfeiting, he sends a warrant
For my poor brother's head.

Duke. This is most likely!

Isab. O, that it were as like as it is true!

Duke. By heaven! fond wretch, thou know'st
not what thou speak'st,

Or else thou art suborn'd against his honour,
In hateful practice. First, his integrity
Stands without blemish:—next, it imports no
reason,

That with such vehemency he should pursue
Faults proper to himself: if he had so offend'd,
He would have weigh'd thy brother by himself,
And not have cut him off. Some one hath set
you on;

Confess the truth, and say by whose advice
Thou cam'st here to complain.

Isab. And is this all?

Then, oh, you blessed ministers above,
Keep me in patience; and, with ripened time,
Unfold the evil which is here wrapp'd up
In countenance!—Heaven shield your grace from
woe,

As I, thus wrong'd, hence unbeliev'd go!

Duke. I know you'd fain be gone:—An officer
To prison with her! Shall we thus permit
A blasting and a scandalous breath to fall
On him so near us? This needs must be a
practice.¹⁵²

Who knew of your intent, and coming hither?

Isab. One that I would were here, friar
Lodowick.

Duke. A ghostly father, belike: who knows
that Lodowick?

Lucio. My lord, I know him; 't is a meddling
friar.

I do not like the man: had he been lay, my lord,
For certain words he spake against your grace
In your retirement, I had swing'd him soundly.

Duke. Words against me? This's a good friar,
belike!

And to set on this wretched woman here
Against our substitute!—Let this friar be found.

Lucio. But yesternight, my lord, she and that
friar

I saw them at the prison: a saucy friar,
A very scurvy fellow.

F. Peter. Blessed be your royal grace!
I have stood by, my lord, and I have heard
Your royal ear abus'd. First, hath this woman
Most wrongfully accus'd your substitute,
Who is as free from touch or soil with her,
As she from one ungot.

Duke. We did believe no less.
Know you that friar Lodowick that she speaks of?

F. Peter. I know him for a man divine and
holy;
Not scurvy, nor a temporary meddler,¹⁵³

As he 's reported by this gentleman;
And, on my trust, a man that never yet
Did, as he vouches, misreport your grace.

Lucio. My lord, most villainously; believe it.

F. Peter. Well, he in time may come to clear himself;

But at this instant he is sick, my lord,
Of a strange fever. Upon his mere request,
(Being come to knowledge that there was complaint
Intended 'gainst lord Angelo), came I hither,
To speak, as from his mouth, what he doth know
Is true, and false; and what he with his oath,
And all probation, will make up full clear,
Whosoever he 's convented. First, for this woman;

(To justify this worthy nobleman,
So vulgarly and personally accused),
Her shall you hear disproved to her eyes,
Till she herself confess it.

Duke. Good friar, let 's hear it.

[*ISABELLA is carried off, guarded; and
MARIANA comes forward.*]

Do you not smile at this, lord Angelo?
O heaven! the vanity of wretched fools!
Give us some seats.—Come, cousin Angelo;
In this I 'll be impartial; be you judge
Of your own cause.—Is this the witness, friar?
First, let her show her face; and, after, speak.

Mari. Pardon, my lord; I will not show my face,

Until my husband bid me.

Duke. What, are you married?

Mari. No, my lord.

Duke. Are you a maid?

Mari. No, my lord.

Duke. A widow then?

Mari. Neither, my lord.

Duke. Why, you

Are nothing then:—Neither maid, widow, nor wife?

Lucio. My lord, she may be a punk; for many
of them are neither maid, widow, nor wife.

Duke. Silence that fellow: I would he had some
cause

To prattle for himself.

Lucio. Well, my lord.

Mari. My lord, I do confess I ne'er was married;
And, I confess, besides, I am no maid:
I have known my husband; yet my husband
knows not

That ever he knew me.

Lucio. He was drunk then, my lord; it can be
no better

Duke. For the benefit of silence, would thou wert
so too!

Lucio. Well, my lord.

Duke. This is no witness for lord Angelo.

Mari. Now I come to 't, my lord:

She, that accuses him of fornication,
In self-same manner doth accuse my husband;
And charges him, my lord, with such a time,
When I 'll depose I had him in mine arms,
With all th' effect of love

Ang. Charges she more than me?

Mari. Not that I know.

Duke. No? you say, your husband.

Mari. Why, just my lord, and that is Angelo,
Who thinks he knows that he ne'er knew my body
But knows he thinks that he knows Isabel's.

Ang. This is a strange abuse: ¹⁵⁴—Let 's see thy face.

Mari. My husband bids me; now I will unmask.
[*Unveiling.*]

This is that face, thou cruel Angelo,
Which once thou swor'st was worth the looking on:
This is the hand which, with a vow'd contract,
Was fast belock'd in thine: this is the body
That took away the match from Isabel,
And did supply thee at thy garden-house, ¹⁵⁵
In her imagin'd person.

Duke. Know you this woman

Lucio. Carnally, she says.

Duke. Sirrah, no more!

Lucio. Enough, my lord.

Ang. My lord, I must confess I know this
woman:

And, five years since, there was some speech of
marriage

Betwixt myself and her; which was broke off,
Partly, for that her promis'd proportions
Came short of composition; ¹⁵⁶ but, in chief
For that her reputation was disvalued
In levity: since which time of five years,
I never spake with her, saw her, nor heard from
her,

Upon my faith and honour.

Mari. Noble prince,

As there comes light from heaven, and words from
breath,

As there is sense in truth, and truth in virtue,
I am affianced this man's wife, as strongly
As words could make up vows: and, my good lord
But Tuesday night last gone, in 's garden-house.
He knew me as a wife. As this is true,
Let me in safety raise me from my knees;

Or else for ever be confixed here,
A marble monument!

Ang. I did but smile till now;
Now, good my lord, give me the scope of justice;
My patience here is touch'd: I do perceive
These poor informal¹⁵⁷ women are no more
But instruments of some more mightier member,
That sets them on: Let me have way, my lord,
To find this practice out.

Duke. Ay, with my heart;
And punish them to your height of pleasure.¹⁵⁸—
Thou foolish friar; and thou pernicious woman,
Compact with her that's gone! think'st thou thy
oaths,
Though they would swear down each particular
saint,
Were testimonies against his worth and credit,
That's seal'd in approbation?—You, lord Escalus,
Sit with my cousin; lend him your kind pains
To find out this abuse, whence 't is deriv'd:
There is another friar that set them on;
Let him be sent for.

F. Peter. Would he were here, my lord; for
he, indeed,
Hath set the women on to this complaint:
Your provost knows the place where he abides,
And he may fetch him.

Duke. Go, do it instantly.— [*Exit PROV.*]
And you, my noble and well-warranted cousin,
Whom it concerns to hear this matter forth,
Do with your injuries, as seems you best,
In any chastisement. I for a while
Will leave you; but stir not you, till you have
Well determin'd upon these slanderers.

Escal. My lord, we'll do it thoroughly.¹⁵⁹—
[*Exit DUKE.*] Signior Lucio, did not you say you
knew that friar Lodowick to be a dishonest
person?

Lucio. *Cucullus non facit monachum*: honest in
nothing, but in his clothes; and one that hath
spoke most villainous speeches of the duke.

Escal. We shall entreat you to abide here till
he come, and enforce them against him: we shall
find this friar a notable fellow

Lucio. As any in Vienna, on my word.

Escal. Call that same Isabel here once again
to an Attendant; I would speak with her. Pray
you, my lord, give me leave to question; you
shall see how I'll handle her.

Lucio. Not better than he, by her own report.

Escal. Say you?

Lucio. Marry, sir, I think if you handled her

privately, she would sooner confess: perchance,
publicly she'll be asham'd.

*Re-enter Officers, with ISABELLA; the DUKE in the
FRIAR'S habit, and PROVOST.*

Escal. I will go darkly to work with her.

Lucio. That's the way; for women are light at
midnight.

Escal. Come on, mistress [*to ISABELLA*]: here's
a gentlewoman denies all that you have said.

Lucio. My lord, here comes the rascal I spoke
of; here with the provost.

Escal. In very good time:—speak not you to
him, till we call upon you.

Lucio. Mum.

Escal. Come, sir: Did you set these women on to
slander lord Angelo? They have confess'd you did.

Duke. 'Tis false.

Escal. How! know you where you are?

Duke. Respect to your great place! and let the
devil

Be sometime honour'd for his burning throne!

Where is the duke? 't is he should hear me speak.

Escal. The duke's in us; and we will hear you
speak:

Look you speak justly.

Duke. Boldly, at least. But, O, poor
souls,

Come you to seek the lamb here of the fox
Good night to your redress. Is the duke gone?
Then is your cause gone too. The duke's unjust
Thus to retort your manifest appeal,¹⁶⁰
And put your trial in the villain's mouth,
Which here you come to accuse.

Lucio. This is the rascal; this is he I spoke of.

Escal. Why, thou unreverend and unhallowed
friar!

Is 't not enough thou hast suborn'd these women
To accuse this worthy man? but, in foul mouth,
And in the witness of his proper ear,
To call him villain? and then to glance from him
To th' duke himself, to tax him with injustice?
Take him hence; to th' rack with him:—We'll
torture you

Joint by joint, but we will know his purpose:
What! unjust?

Duke. Be not so hot; the duke
Dare no more stretch this finger of mine, than he
Dare rack his own; his subject am I not,
Nor here provincial:¹⁶¹ My business in this state
Made me a looker-on here in Vienna,
Where I have seen corruption boil and bubble,

Till it o'errun the stew : laws for all faults,
But faults so countenanc'd, that the strong statutes
Stand like the forfeits in a barber's shop,¹⁶²
As much in mock as mark.

Escal. Slander to th' state ! Away with him to prison.

Ang. What can you vouch against him, signior Lucio ?

Is this the man that you did tell us of ?

Lucio. 'T is he, my lord. Come hither, good-man baldpate : Do you know me ?

Duke. I remember you, sir, by the sound of your voice : I met you at the prison, in the absence of the duke.

Lucio. O, did you so ? And do you remember what you said of the duke

Duke. Most notably, sir.

Lucio. Do you so, sir ? And was the duke a fleshmonger, a fool, and a coward, as you then reported him to be ?

Duke. You must, sir, change persons with me, ere you make that my report : you, indeed, spoke so of him ; and much more, much worse.

Lucio. O thou damnable fellow ! Did not I pluck thee by the nose for thy speeches ?

Duke. I protest I love the duke, as I love myself.

Ang. Hark ! how the villain would close now,¹⁶³ after his treasonable abuses.

Escal. Such a fellow is not to be talk'd withal :—Away with him to prison :—Where is the provost ?—Away with him to prison ; lay bolts enough upon him : let him speak no more :—Away with those giglots¹⁶⁴ too, and with the other confederate companion.

[*The Provost lays hands on the Duke.*]

Duke. Stay, sir ; stay awhile.

Ang. What ! resists he ? Help him, Lucio.

Lucio. Come, sir ; come, sir ; come, sir ; foh, sir : Why, you baldpated, lying rascal ! you must be hooded, must you ? Show your knave's visage, with a pox to you ! show your sheepbiting face, and be hang'd an hour !¹⁶⁵ Will 't not off ?

[*Pulls off the Friar's hood, and discovers the Duke.*]

Duke. Thou art the first knave that e'er mad'st a duke.—

First, provost, let me bail these gentle three :—
Sneak not away, sir [*to Lucio*] ; for the friar and you must have a word anon—lay hold on him.

Lucio. This may prove worse than hanging.

Duke. What you have spoke, I pardon ; sit you down — [*To Escalus*]

We'll borrow place of him—Sir, by your leave : [*To Ang.*]

Hast thou or word, or wit, or impudence,
That yet can do thee office ? If thou hast,
Rely upon it till my tale be heard,
And hold no longer out.

Ang. O my dread lord,
I should be guiltier than my guiltiness,
To think I can be undiscernable,
When I perceive your grace, like pow'r divine
Hath look'd upon my passes.¹⁶⁶ Then, good prince
No longer session hold upon my shame,
But let my trial be mine own confession :
Immediate sentence then, and sequent death,
Is all the grace I beg.

Duke. Come hither, Mariana :—
Say, wast thou e'er contracted to this woman

Ang. I was, my lord.

Duke. Go take her hence, and marry her instantly.—

Do you the office, friar ; which, consummate,
Return him here again :—Go with him, provost.

[*Exeunt ANG., MARI., PETER, and PROV.*]

Escal. My lord, I am more amaz'd at his dishonour,

Than at the strangeness of it.

Duke. Come hither, Isabel :
Your friar is now your prince : As I was then
Advertising and holy to your business,
Not changing heart with habit, I am still
Attorney'd at your service.

Isab. O give me pardon,
That I, your vassal, have employ'd and pain'd
Your unknown sovereignty.

Duke. You are pardon'd, Isabel :
And now, dear maid, be you as free to us.
Your brother's death, I know, sits at your heart ;
And you may marvel why I obscur'd myself,
Labouring to save his life ; and would not rather
Make rash remonstrance of my hidden pow'r,
Than let him so be lost : O most kind maid,
It was the swift celerity of his death,
Which I did think with slower foot came on,
That brain'd my purpose : But peace be with him
That life is better life, past fearing death,
Than that which lives to fear : make it your comfort
So happy is your brother.

Re-enter ANGELO, MARIANA, PETER, and PROVOST.

Isab. I do, my lord.

Duke. For this new-married man approaching here,

Whose salt imagination yet hath wrong'd
Your well defended honour, you must pardon
For Mariana's sake: but as he adjudg'd your
brother,

(Being criminal, in double violation
Of sacred chastity, and of promise-breach,
Thereon dependent, for your brother's life,)
The very mercy of the law cries out
Most audible, even from his proper tongue,—
An Angelo for Claudio, death for death!
Haste still pays haste, and leisure answers leisure;
Like doth quit like, and *Measure* still for *Measure*.
Then, Angelo, thy fault 's thus manifested:
Which, though thou wouldst deny, denies thee
vantage:

We do condemn thee to the very block
Where Claudio stoop'd to death, and with like
haste;

Away with him!

Mari. O, my most gracious lord,
I hope you will not mock me with a husband!

Duke. It is your husband mock'd you with a
husband:

Consenting to the safeguard of your honour,
I thought your marriage fit; else imputation,
For that he knew you, might reproach your life,
And choke your good to come: for his possessions,
Although by confiscation they are ours,
We do instate and widow you withal,
To buy you a better husband.

Mari. O, my dear lord,
I crave no other, nor no better man.

Duke. Never crave him; we are definitive.

Mari. Gentle my liege,— [*Kneeling.*]

Duke. You do but lose your labour;
Away with him to death.—Now, sir, [*to Lucio*]
to you.

Mari. O, my good lord!—Sweet Isabel, take
my part;

Lend me your knees, and all my life to come
I'll lend you all my life to do you service.

Duke. Against all sense you do importune her:
Should she kneel down, in mercy of this fact,
Her brother's ghost his paved bed would break,
And take her hence in horror.

Mari. Isabel,
Sweet Isabel! do yet but kneel by me;
Hold up your hands, say nothing, I'll speak all.
They say best men are moulded out of faults;
And, for the most, become much more the better
For being a little bad: so may my husband.
O, Isabel! will you not lend a knee?

Duke. He dies for Claudio's death.

Isab. Most bounteous sir, [*Kneeling*]
Look, if it please you, on this man condemn'd,
As if my brother liv'd: I partly think
A due sincerity governed his deeds,
Till he did look on me; since it is so,
Let him not die. My brother had but justice
In that he did the thing for which he died:
For Angelo,
His act did not o'ertake his bad intent,
And must be buried but as an intent
That perish'd by the way: thoughts are no
subjects,—
Intent but merely thoughts.

Mari. Merely, my lord.

Duke. Your suit's unprofitable; stand up, I say.—
I have bethought me of another fault:—
Provost, how came it Claudio was beheaded
At an unusual hour?

Prov. It was commanded so.

Duke. Had you a special warrant for the deed?

Prov. No, my good lord; it was by private
message.

Duke. For which I do discharge you of your
office:

Give up your keys.

Prov. Pardon me, noble lord:
I thought it was a fault, but knew it not;
Yet did repent me, after more advice:
For testimony whereof, one in the prison,
That should by private order else have died,
I have reserv'd alive.

Duke. What's he?

Prov. His name is Barnardine.

Duke. I would thou hadst done so by Claudio.—
Go, fetch him hither; let me look upon him.

[*Exit PROVOST*]

Escal. I am sorry, one so learned and so wise
As you, lord Angelo, have still appear'd,
Should slip so grossly, both in the heat of blood,
And lack of temper'd judgment afterward.

Ang. I am sorry that such sorrow I procure:
And so deep sticks it in my penitent heart,
That I crave death more willingly than mercy;
'T is my deserving, and I do entreat it.

Re-enter PROVOST, BARNARDINE, CLAUDIO, and JULIET

Duke. Which is that Barnardine?

Prov. This, my lord.

Duke. There was a friar told me of this man:—
Sirrah, thou art said to have a stubborn soul,
That apprehends no further than this world,

And squar's: thy life according. Thou 'rt
condemn'd

But, for those earthly faults, I quit them all;
And pray thee, take this mercy to provide
For better times to come:—Friar, advise him;
I leave him to your hand.—What muffled fellow 's
that?

Prov. This is another prisoner that I sav'd,
That should have di'd when Claudio lost his head,
As like almost to Claudio as himself.

[*Unmuffles* CLAUDIO.]

Duke. If he be like your brother, [*to ISABELLA.*]
for his sake

Is he pardon'd: and, for your lovely sake,
Give me your hand, and say you will be mine;
He is my brother too: But fitter time for that.
By this, lord Angelo perceives he 's safe;
Methinks, I see a quick'ning in his eye:—
Well, Angelo, your evil quits you well:
Look that you love your wife; her worth, worth
yours.—

I find an apt remission in myself,
And yet here 's one in place I cannot pardon:—
You, sirrah [*to LUCIO*], that knew me for a fool, a
coward,

One all of luxury, an ass, a madman;
Wherein have I so deserv'd of you,
That you extol me thus?

Lucio. 'Faith, my lord, I spoke it but according
to the trick: If you will hang me for it, you may,
but I had rather it would please you I might be
whipp'd.

Duke. Whipp'd first, sir, and hang'd after.
Proclaim it, provost, round about the city;

If any woman's wrong'd by this lewd fellow,
(As I have heard him swear himself there 's one
Whom he begot with child), let her appear,
And he shall marry her: the nuptial finish'd,
Let him be whipp'd and hang'd.

Lucio. I beseech your highness, do not marry
me to a whore! Your highness said even now, I
made you a duke; good my lord, do not recompense
me in making me a cuckold.

Duke. Upon mine honour, thou shalt marry her.
Thy slanders I forgive; and therewithal
Remit thy other forfeits: '67—Take him to prison:
And see our pleasure herein executed.

Lucio. Marrying a punk, my lord, is pressing to
death, whipping, and hanging.

Duke. Slandering a prince deserves it.—
She, Claudio, that you wrong'd, look you restore
Joy to you, Mariana!—love her, Angelo;
I have confess'd her, and I know her virtue.
Thanks, good friend Escalus, for thy much good
ness:

There 's more behind that is more gratulate.
Thanks, provost, for thy care and secrecy;
We shall employ thee in a worthier place:—
Forgive him, Angelo, that brought you home
The head of Ragozine for Claudio's;
Th' offence pardons itself.—Dear Isabel,
I have a motion much imports your good;
Whereto if you 'll a willing ear incline,
What 's mine is yours and what is yours is
mine:

So, bring us to our palace, where we 'll show
What 's yet behind, that 's meet you all should
know. [Exit]

NOTES TO MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

¹ *Since I am put to know.*

That is, since I am informed. It is exactly equivalent to the similar phrase, I am given to understand. "To put gently into one's mind, *instillare aliquid alicui*," Baret, 1580. *Lists* limits.

² *Put that to your sufficiency.*

The original reads "*But that to your sufficiency.*" The line, however, is there evidently corrupted, and the passage is confessed to be one of the most obscure in Shakespeare's works. The best conjectural emendation yet offered seems to be that of Rowe, which is here adopted. An old manuscript correction on a copy of the play belonging to Mr. Tunno, gives, "*But task to our sufficiency*"

³ *The terms.*

Terms of the law are explained by Jacob to be, "artificial or technical words, and terms of art particularly used in and adapted to the profession of the law." *Pregnant*, ready, well informed.

⁴ *With special soul.*

That is, with special mind, or thought. He was the choice of his heart.

⁵ *Thy belongings are not thine own so proper.*

Thy belongings or natural endowments are not thine own property.

⁶ *But to fine issues.*

That is, for great ends or purposes.

⁷ *Both thanks and use.*

The passage ending with these words is one of the finest in the play, expressing man's responsibility in unequalled language. *Use* is, interest of money. "Use or commoditie of a thing in the meane time, or usurie that riseth in the meane time," Baret's *Alvearie*, 1580. The double negative is common in Shakespeare.

⁸ *That can my part in him advertise.*

That is, that is conversant with my duty, which I now depute to him.

⁹ *Hold, therefore, Angelo.*

Hold is here, as elsewhere, equivalent to, *take it, take this*, &c. The duke is offering the commission to Angelo. Falstaff says, "Hold, sirrah," when he gives the letters to Robin. This trite word is altogether misunderstood by Mr. Knight

¹⁰ *Mortality and mercy.*

That is, the power of sentencing to death and the power of exercising mercy.

¹¹ *First in question.*

That is, says Dr. Johnson, first called for; first appointed.

¹² *With a leaven'd and prepared choice.*

"Leavened bread, *panis fermentatus*," Baret's *Alvearie*, 1580. Here, fermented, a choice that has been left to ferment, not hastily formed. *Bring you something on the way*, accompanying you part of the way; a phrase we have already had in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, i. 1.

¹³ *To stage me to their eyes.*

To show myself, as if I were on a stage or scaffold. *Though it do well*, even though it may be politically useful.

¹⁴ *In the thanksgiving before meat.*

Is this an error for *after meat*? The following is one old grace before meat, but perhaps not the one here alluded to:—"Good Lord, blesse us, blesse all thy creatures, send down thy Holy Spirit into our hearts, so to direct us, that we may looke for the spirituall food of our soules, and finally everlasting peace, through thy sonne, Jesus Christ Amen."

¹⁵ *Grace is grace.*

The discussion is whether the second gentleman has ever heard grace. He replies, a dozen times at least. The first then asks, if he heard it in metre. Lucio gives him a wider scope, and says, in any proportion (measure), or in any language; and the first gentleman, still more liberal, adds, "in any religion." Lucio approves of this, and says, Grace is grace in all religions, notwithstanding religious controversy. *There went but a pair of sheers between us*, there was little difference between us. This phrase is very common.

¹⁶ *Thou art a three-pil'd piece.*

'Three-piled velvet was the finest kind of velvet. The quibble here is on the word *piled*, bald. The passage will not bear further explanation; and the allusions afterwards refer to the disease here hinted at.

¹⁷ *To three thousand dollars a-year.*

There is a quibble here upon *dollars* and *dolours*, similar to one in the *Tempest*, ii. 1. The first folio reads *dollours*. The joking about the French crown and hollow-bones is not fit to be explained.

¹⁸ *What with the sweat.*

Alluding, perhaps, to the sweating sickness, a species of plague; or, possibly, to the disease before mentioned. The old sense of *peculiar* is *private*. Malone's explanation is certainly erroneous. *Houses*, used in a peculiar sense, applied to those of bad character, the same with "houses of resort." Thomas Tapster is merely a generic name, applied to a tapster; as we now term a footman, 'John Plush.' *All houses in the suburbs*, alluding only to the bad houses.

¹⁹ *Pay down for our offence by weight.*

That is, pay the full penalty, a metaphor taken from bartering by weight, which is or ought to be exact. In the next line, I have ventured to change the plural *words* to the singular, thus clearing up a most obscure passage. Compare *Romans*, ix. 15, 18.

²⁰ *Like rats that ravin down their proper bane.*

Ravin, i.e. devour. "A ravenor, a reveller, a glutton, or devourer," Baret. We still use *ravenous*.

²¹ *Only for propagation of a dowry.*

That is, the obtaining of a dowry; a peculiar sense, if the reading be correct. Sir W. Davenant alters the line to,—
Only for the assurance of a dowry.

²² *The fault and glimpse of newness.*

The *fault and glimpse*, as Malone has correctly observed, is equivalent to *the faulty glimpse*. We have several instances of this mode of construction in Shakespeare.

²³ *Tickle*, i.e. ticklish. *Approbation*, probation or noviciate.

²⁴ *There is a prone and speechless dialect.*

Prone, quick, ready. "*Prone*, prone, readie, nimble, quicke, whence, easily moving," Cotgrave. "For use of war so *prone* and fit," Gorges' *Lucan*, vi. "*Prone* or apt," Howell's *Lex. Tet.* 1630. "A *prone* and speechless dialect," is equivalent to, a ready dumb-moving style or manner. Mr. Knight thinks *prone* means *humble*; but this interpretation is inconsistent with the future conduct of Isabella.

²⁵ *Lost at a game of tick-tack.*

Tick-tack was a complicated sort of backgammon, played both with men and pegg. The term is here used in another sense, which need not be explained.

²⁶ *The dribbling dart of love.*

Dribbling, small; weak. *Complete bosom*, a bosom completely armed, impervious to shafts. *Remov'd*, retired.

²⁷ *And witless bravery keep.*

Bravery, fine dress. Former editors read *keeps*, but the use of the plural substantive with the singular verb is so common in the early editions of Shakespeare, it could not be retained without offending the taste of modern readers. *Keep*, i.e. reside. We again have, "this habitation where thou *keep'st*." It is still in provincial use, and in America. Where do you keep now? i.e. where is your place of business? Bartlett's Dictionary of Americanisms, p. 193.

²⁸ *A man of stricture, and firm abstinence.*

Stricture, i.e. strictness.

²⁹ *We have let sleep.*

The folio reads *slip*, and Davenant made the correction, which is confirmed by another line where Angelo says,—

The law hath not been dead, tho' it hath slept.

³⁰ *To do in slander.*

That is, to work in slander, or to work surrounded by slander. Malone justly observes the old reading *fight* is confirmed by the words *ambush* and *strike*.

³¹ *Stands at a guard with envy.*

That is, stands on his defence against the assaults of envy

³² *Make me not your story.*

That is, make not your story. Few constructions are more common than placing the objective pronoun after the verb redundantly. So Escalus says, "Come me to what was done to her." Mr. Collier's explanation is altogether erroneous.

³³ *With maids to seem the lapwing.*

Alluding to the practice of this bird, "who crieth most where her nest is not," *Lingua*, 1607. This is what is meant by "tongue far from heart." Compare Lilly's 'Alexander and Campaspe,' 1584,—"Not with Timoclea you mean, wherein you resemble the lapwing, who crieth most where her nest is not, and so to lead me from espying your love for Campaspe, you cry Timoclea."

³⁴ *Fewness and truth.*

That is, in a few true words. *Lover* was formerly applied to either sex.

³⁵ *As blossoming time.*

As blossoming time, that from the bare fallow bringeth the seed to teeming plenty; so &c. "The fallow field, or that is tilled ready to be sown," Baret's *Alvearie*, 1586. *Till* is *tillage*.

³⁶ *Bore many gentlemen in hand.*

Bore in hand, persuaded. The phrase is very common in early writers. *Full line*, full extent.

³⁷ *Has censur'd him.*

That is, he has passed sentence on him. The suppression of the personal pronoun is common.

³⁸ *To give the mother.*

That is, the abbess of the nunnery.

³⁹ *Provost, Officers, &c.*

The provost in this play appears to be the governor of the prison. The keeper of the Savoy was called the Provost.

⁴⁰ *To fear the birds of prey.*

To *fear*, i.e. to make afraid. A few lines lower, to *fall*, the active sense, to make to fall, to fell. So, in 'Jane Shore', —

— Our new-fangled gentry
Have *fall'n* their laughty crests.

⁴¹ *The resolute acting of your blood.*

Mr. Knight reads *our blood*, a slavish adherence to the old copies. *Censure him*, i.e. judge him for.

⁴² *What know the laws.*

The whole passage may thus be paraphrased. Justice seizes that which is made open or accessible to justice. How do the laws know that thieves pass judgment on thieves? *Pregnant*, plain. *For I have had*, because I have had.

⁴³ *Some rise by sin and some by virtue fall.*

There is a peculiarity in this line in the first folio, it being printed entirely in Italics, as if it were a quotation, and I have so marked it. The line may, perhaps, be found in some contemporary poem.

⁴⁴ *Some run thro' brakes of vice.*

The original reads "from brakes of ice," which is inexplicable. Brakes are thickets, and the meaning of the speech is,—Some rise by sin, and some fall by virtue: some go through thickets of vice, and are not called to account for it; and some are condemned for *a fault alone*, i.e. a single fault. The explanations given by Knight and Collier do not maintain the antithesis.

'Tis but the fate of place, and the rough *brake*
That virtue must go *through*.

Henry VIII., act i. sc. 2.

I am, however, doubtful whether we should not read, "from brakes of vice," taking *brakes* in the sense of instruments of torture so called. The sense will then be: "Some run from instruments of torture, and answer no questions."

⁴⁵ *Parcel bawd.*

Partly a tapster, partly a bawd.

⁴⁶ *She professes a hot-house.*

A hot-house was a bagnio, a house where people had vapour-baths and their skin rubbed. Bad houses were kept under the specious name of hot-houses. See a notice of them in Ben Jonson's 'Every Man out of his Humour.'

⁴⁷ *At that very distant time.*

The second folio reads *instant time*, which destroys the humour of the clown's blunder.

⁴⁸ *China dishes.*

China dishes are frequently mentioned in inventories of the latter part of the sixteenth century. Minsheu, in his

'Dialogues in Spanish', 1599, explains *China natural* to be "the fine dishes of earth painted, such as are brought from Venice." He adds, "that which is broken thereof costs more in a yeere then the fashion of the plate." The term may possibly be derived from the Italian *china*, translated by Florio, "Venus bason."

⁴⁹ *In the Bunch of Grapes.*

It was usual in Shakespeare's time to distinguish rooms by separate names. Thus Henry Harte of Andover, whose will, proved in 1586, is in the Prerogative Office, gives "to William Harte one bedd with all the furniture in the chamber called the Hallife Moone." An *open room* merely means a light, airy room, "good for winter." So Baret, 1580, "a lightsome and open place, *illustris et explicatus locus*."

⁵⁰ *Justice or iniquity.*

That is, the prosecutor or the criminal. There is no need of referring to the old moralities for the characters of Justice and Iniquity, as the commentators do. *Hannibal*, the constable's error for cannibal or animal? *Batt'ry*, a law term for what is now termed an assault. Elbow, of course, should have said *slander*.

⁵¹ *The greatest thing about you.*

Alluding to the "monstrous hose" or breeches, formerly worn.

⁵² *After three-pence a bay.*

A bay was a principal division in the architectural arrangement of a building. It seems out of its place here, and I half suspect the poet wrote *day*.

⁵³ *Let that be mine.*

That is, let that be my affair.

⁵⁴ *To fine the faults.*

That is, says Malone, to pronounce the *fine* or sentence of the law.

⁵⁵ *Touch'd with that remorse.*

Remorse, i.e. pity.

⁵⁶ *Like man new made.*

That is, like a new made man. Mercy will breathe within your lips, like as you were a newly formed man, so different will your nature and feelings be afterwards.

⁵⁷ *The fowl of season.*

The fowl that is in season.

⁵⁸ *But, where they live, to end.*

The old copies corruptly read, *here they live*. Malone made the correction.

⁵⁹ *Every pelting petty officer*

Pelting is equivalent to *paltry*. "Have every *pelting* river made so proud," *Midsommer Night's Dream*, ii. 2.

⁶⁰ *Garled*, i.e. knotty.

⁶¹ *Most ignorant of what he's most assur'd.*

This refers to his "glassy essence," his brittle and uncertain being. Were not man constantly forgetful of this truth, pride would not be found when he is "dress'd in a little brief authority."

⁶² *With our spleens.*

With our humours, not necessarily in a bad sense. *Mortal*, the adjective used adverbially. The angels, with our dispositions, would all of them laugh like mortals. Sir W. Davenant writes, "if they were mortal, and had spleens like us." *We cannot weigh our brother with yourself*, a reading which is confirmed by a similar line in act v. sc. 1.

⁶³ *My sense breeds with it.*

The word *sense*, in the second place, seems to be used for *feeling*. Shakespeare is marvellously fond of these jingling repetitions.

⁶⁴ *Fond shekels of the tested gold.*

Fond, foolish. The folio reads *sickles*, an old form of *shekels*. "Tested gold," pure refined gold. *Preserved souls*, the nuns whose souls are preserved from the impure contact with the world.

⁶⁵ *Where prayers cross.*

Tyrwhitt explains this by quoting a passage from the Merchant of Venice:—"Let me say *Amen* betimes, lest the devil cross thy prayer."

⁶⁶ *And pitch our evils there.*

The meaning of *Angelo* scarcely requires explanation, but as Mr. Knight says the word *evils* has here a "peculiar signification," alluding, I suppose, to Dr. Grey's foolish conjecture that it stands for *forica*, it may be as well to relieve our poet from the charge. He merely says, Having spare ground enough (alluding to light women), why desire to invade the sanctuary of purity with our evil actions. Here we have a sense congenial with the whole speech. The explanation adopted by Mr. Knight is improbable and disgusting.

⁶⁷ *O cunning enemy.*

Enemy is an old appellation of the devil. "The common enemy of man," Macbeth, iii. 1.

⁶⁸ *In the flames of her own youth.*

The old copy reads *flawes*. The correction is made on the authority of Sir W. Davenant.

⁶⁹ *Whilst my invention.*

That is, imagination. "To invent, to imagine," Baret, 560.

⁷⁰ *Grown scar'd and tedious.*

Most copies of the folio read *scar'd*, but although the state may be feared when studied with reluctance, the term correctly applies to "a good thing, being often read." *Scar'd* is, old and withered. The Earl of Ellesmere's copy of the first folio confirms this reading.

⁷¹ *'Tis not the devil's crest.*

"Good angel" can never be the real motto of the devil though we may choose to write it on his horn. My name is *Angelo*, but that does not make me more like a good angel.

⁷² *With one that swoonds.*

Swoonds, i.e. swoons; the old word, which should not be altered. Mr. Knight prints *swoons* here, and yet retains *swoounded* in Titus Andronicus, v. 1. It is extremely difficult for an editor to be consistent in all these minutiae, modern critics having corrected the text so capriciously. The *general*, i.e. the populace.

⁷³ *As to put mettle in restrained means.*

The crime of murder is not more difficult than that for which Claudio is condemned. Isabella replies that although this construction may be warranted by the divine law, the first is always considered more heinous on earth.

⁷⁴ *Stand more for number than for accomp.*

The sins that are forced upon us, although they increase the catalogue, are not accounted as great crimes.

⁷⁵ *And nothing of your answer.*

That is, and nothing for you to answer or be accountable for.

⁷⁶ *Or seem so, crafty.*

Generally altered to *craftily*, but without necessity. Shakespeare frequently uses the adjective adverbially. We have *voluntary* for *voluntarily* in Troilus and Cressida.

⁷⁷ *Proclaim an enshield beauty.*

A beauty covered as with a shield. Tyrwhitt supposes these *black masks* to allude to the masks worn by some of the audience.

⁷⁸ *Accountant to the law upon that pain.*

Pain, i.e. punishment or penalty. *Subscribe*, agree to. *Question*, conversation. *In the loss of question* is, perhaps, equivalent to, For the sake of argument. *To this supposed*, to this supposititious person.

⁷⁹ *That long I have been sick for.*

The old copies read, "that longing have been sick for." Davenant omits the passage. *Trencher* is misprinted *trenching* in the Tempest, ii. 2.

⁸⁰ *Ignomy in ransom.*

Ignomy, an old form of *ignominy*. So, in the Weakest goes to the Wall, 1618,—

Oh, wherefore staine you vertue and renowne
With such foule tearmes of *ignomy* and shame.

⁸¹ *If not a feodary.*

Feodary is an old law term, metaphorically used by Shakespeare in the sense of a participator or confederate. The sense of the speech, which is somewhat elliptical, is this. Angelo says, "We are all frail." Isabella answers, "Let my brother die else; if he have no associate, but he only (of all men) owe (own or possess) and succeed (follow) thy weakness." In Lord Ellesmere's copy of the first folio, a MS. note reads *this weakness*; a very poor conjecture.

⁸² *In profiting by them.*

Men mar the ordination of women in taking advantage of them. *Credulous to false prints*, accessible to false impressions.

⁸³ *To pluck on others.*

Your virtue hath a license in it, and seems more licentious than it is, to try others.

⁸⁴ *My vouch against you.*

That is, my assertion against yours. *Sensual race*, i.e. disposition. *Proligious*, delaying, reluctant. *Prompture*, temptation. *A mind of honour*, an honourable mind.

⁸⁵ *Be absolute for death.*

That is, be determined for death.

⁸⁶ *Thou art Death's fool.*

Douce saw a play at a fair more than half a century ago, in which skeleton Death was introduced, attended by a clown or fool. The person who represented Death was nabbed in a close black vest, painted over with bones in imitation of a skeleton. Douce possessed an early woodcut, belonging to the series of the Dance of Death, in which the Fool is engaged in combat with his adversary, and is actually buffeting him with a bladder filled with peas or small pebbles. Stevens also informs us that about a century ago, a friend of his at Salisbury, during the time of some public meeting, happened to call on a surgeon at the very instant that the representative of Death was brought in to be let blood on account of a fall he had had on the stage, while in pursuit of his antagonist, a Merry Andrew, who very anxiously attended him (dressed also in character) to the phlebotomist's house. A few days afterwards, the gentleman's curiosity on the subject being aroused, he attended the performance, and described it to consist entirely of Death's contrivances to surprise the Merry Andrew, and of the efforts of the latter to elude the stratagems of Death, by whom he was at last overpowered.

⁸⁷ *All th' accommodations that thou bear'st.*

All the conveniences of civilized life are supplied by mean labour.

⁸⁸ *Thy complexion shifts to strange effects.*

Thy disposition shifts to strange acts. The moon was considered to have great influence on the changeable nature of man.

⁸⁹ *Eld*, i.e. old age.

⁹⁰ *More thousand deaths.*

The original reads, *mo*, the old English word for *more*; and it should, I think, both here and in other places be retained: except that it would sound generally so harsh to those who are familiarized with the modern form.

⁹¹ *An everlasting lieger.*

Lieger, a resident or ambassador at a foreign court; here nearly equivalent to a resident ambassador.

⁹² *To a determin'd scope.*

A restraint which would confine you to one particular reflection, though you had all the world.

⁹³ *The poor beetle that we tread upon.*

The sense of the passage is this. The pain of death to man is chiefly contained in the apprehension of it: the mere corporeal suffering from a violent death, even if the sufferer be a giant, gives no more pain than a beetle feels when we crush the insect by treading upon it. The construction of the last line, 'As when a giant dies,' is not grammatically perfect. The meaning intended to be conveyed is, "as a giant does when he dies." Often as this speech is quoted, it is almost always construed in a sense that will not suit the context of the whole. Shakespeare is expressing the slight and evanescent pain of the mere act of death, not the inculcation of humanity to insects by exaggerating the pain of *their* death. Naturalists must excuse our contending the meaning of the poet is precisely the reverse of the latter, and generally received, explanation.

⁹⁴ *From flowery tenderness.*

Think you it is necessary to fortify my resolution by arguments of the gentleness of my suffering? *Enmew*, to restrain, a metaphor taken from falconry. *Cast*, thrown out.

⁹⁵ *The princely Angelo.*

The first folio reads *prenzie Angelc*, and three lines lower *prenzie guards*. The obvious corruption is altered to *princely* in the edition of 163'. Tieck suggests *precise*, in which he is followed by Mr. Knight; and that epithet is applied to Angelo in act i. sc. 4. It cannot, however, be Shakespeare's word, as it does not suit the rhythm in the second instance. The ear will not admit of any substitute where the accent is not on the first syllable. *Princely guards*, badges of royalty, laced, bordered, ornamented robes. "A gard of a garment cut, a hemme, a fringe," Baret, 1580. Sir W. Davenant adopts the reading of the second folio.

⁹⁶ *From this rank offence.*

On account of this rank offence, which you might repeat. Or, perhaps, this offence, in which I have the liberty to offend.

⁹⁷ *Has he affections in him.*

Has he passions in him.

⁹⁸ *Perdurably*, i.e. everlastingly. "*Perdurable*, long lasting," Cockeram's English Dictionarie, 1626.

⁹⁹ *To lie in cold obstruction.*

"Obstruction, a stopping or shutting up," Cockeram's English Dictionarie, 1626.

Cicero represents Scipio as saying that the spirits of sensual liyers were driven round the world, and not admitted into heaven till after the unceasing motion of many ages:—"Nam eorum animi, qui se corporis voluptatibus dederunt, earumque se quasi ministros præbuerunt, impulsuque libidinum voluptatibus obedientium, Deorum et hominum jure violaverunt, corporibus elapsi circum terram ipsam volutentur, nec hunc in locum, nisi multis exagitati sæculis, revertuntur."

And Chaucer has something of the same kind in his 'Assemble of Foules,'—

—breakers of the law, sothe to saine,
And lickerous folke, after that they been dede,
Shall whirle about the worlde, alway in paine,
Till many a world be passed.

The numerous explanations which have been given of the passage, "and the delighted spirit," prove how very little attention has been paid by editors to the grammatical construction employed by the writers of Shakespeare's time. The long note by Mr. Knight shows that the word *delighted* was entirely misunderstood by that editor. *It is merely the passive participle used for the active*, of which we have numerous examples in the pages of the great dramatist. *Delighted* is here of course equivalent to, *delighting, delightful, sweet, pleasant*. So, in *Othello*, i. 3,—

If virtue no *delighted* beauty lack,
Your son-in-law is far more fair than black.

100 *In thrilling region.*

So the old copies. Mr. Knight retains the *regions* of the modern editors, but the original appears to me to be more forcible, and it is, unquestionably, Shakespeare's diction. *Viewless*, unseen, invisible.

101 *Wilderness*, i.e. wildness. *Defiance*, refusal. *Trade*, a custom, practice, or habit.

102 *In good time.*

A familiar phrase, equivalent to, So be it, very well. *He made trial of you only*, he will assert that he only made trial of you. *Limit of the solemnity*, the time appointed for the solemnity. *Combinate*, affianced, betrothed.

103 *Only refer yourself to this advantage.*

That is, only betake yourself to this advantage. *Scaled* is used in Holinshed in the sense of *scattered, dispersed*; it may mean here, *put to flight*.

104 *At the moated grange.*

"A grange or ferme, *colonia*," Baret, 1580. A grange was a large farm-house, the chief one of a wealthy proprietor. The religious houses, observes Mr. Hunter, had granges on most of their estates. The officer who resided there, called the *Grangiarus*, superintended the farm, and the produce was laid up at the grange. The grange in the play was moated, therefore of some importance. This was occasionally done for defence. They were well-built stone-houses, often of considerable extent and height, and being frequently at a distance from the monastery or town, were generally solitary. In Lincolnshire, any lone farm-house is termed a grange. "*Graunge*, a lone house in the country," Cockeram's English Dictionarie, 1626.

Mariana's solitude is well idealized in Mr. Tennyson's beautiful poem:—

And ever when the moon was low,
And the shrill winds were up and away,
In the white curtain to and fro
She saw the gusty shadow sway.
But when the moon was very low,
And wild winds bound within their cell,
The shadow of the poplar fell
Upon her bed, across her brow.
She only said, "The night is dreary,
He cometh not," she said;
She said, "I am a-weary, a-weary,
I would that I were dead."

105 *Brown and white bastard.*

Bastard was a kind of sweet Spanish wine, approaching the muscadel wine in flavour, and perhaps made from a bastard species of muscadine grape; but the term, in more ancient times, appears to have been applied to all mixed and sweetened wines.

106 *From our faults, as faults from seeming, free.*

That is, as free from faults, as from seeming to have faults.

107 *Pygmalion's images, newly-made woman.*

The commentators have misunderstood this. It refers to the common custom of the day of passing off women of bad character as new arrivals from the country. Pygmalion's image was a virgin.

108 *Is 't not drown'd i' the last rain?*

A proverbial phrase, equivalent to, 'Is 't not lost,' referring to the reply which is not forthcoming. *Trot*, a term of contempt, generally applied to an old woman, but here said to Pompey on account of his profession.

109 *It is not the wear.*

That is, it is not the fashion.

110 *Much detected for women.*

Detected, suspected or charged. The word is frequently used in this sense by old writers. "So that he onely of all other kings in his time, was most *detected* with this vice of lecherie," North's Plutarch, 1579.

111 *Clack-dish.*

A dish, or rather box, with a moveable lid, carried by beggars in former times, to attract notice by the noise it made, and to bring people to their doors. It was also called a clap-dish, and Forby mentions a phrase still in use, "his tongue moves like a beggar's clap-dish." *Inward*, an intimate friend. *The greater file*, the larger number. *Unweighing*, inconsiderate. *Helmed*, steered through.

112 *Too unhurtful an opposite.*

That is, too harmless an enemy.

113 *She smelt brown bread and garlick.*

That is, she smelt of brown bread and garlick. A common idiom.

114 *Still forfeit in the same kind.*

That is, still transgress in the same way. *This would make Mercy swear*, this would overcome even Mercy's mild temper. "To make a saint swear," is still a common proverbial phrase.

115 *As it is as dangerous.*

We have here one of the numerous instances of redundant articles to be met with in Shakespeare. It is somewhat singular that, having been omitted for two centuries, this article should have been restored by Mr. Collier, but with an erroneous explanation. *Security*, legal security surety.

¹¹⁶ *Grace to stand, and virtue go.*

To is understood before *go*. He should know a pattern or example in himself, he should have grace to stand and virtue to go.

¹¹⁷ *How may likeness wade in crimes.*

The original reads *made in crimes*, and the four lines are unintelligible. I only give the above conjectural emendation, because some change seems to be absolutely necessary. The poet's true language has yet to be ascertained. *Like-ness* alludes to the outward likeness of an angel, and the sentence may be paraphrased thus,—How greatly may specious appearance wade in crimes, working deceitfully on the age, to draw substantial actions with its idle web.

¹¹⁸ *Take, oh take those lips away.*

This song, with another stanza, is found in Beaumont and Fletcher's 'Bloody Brother,' or 'Rollo,' 1640; but both stanzas are imputed to Shakespeare in the 1640 edition of his Poems, a work, however, of little authority. The song is scarcely applicable to either of the plays in which it is introduced, and, whatever we may think of the first stanza, the second is hardly worthy of the great poet. There were other writers of the time capable of producing the poem, and from its appearing by itself in an anonymous collection, with no author's name, in a MS. in the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford, No. 47, I am inclined to believe the real author of it has not been discovered. Dr. Wilson was the composer of the old music to it, which is preserved in his MS. in the Bodleian Library. The second stanza is as follows:—

Hide, oh hide those hills of snow,
Which thy frozen bosom bears,
On whose tops the pinks that grow
Are of those that April wears:
But first set my poor heart free,
Bound in those icy chains by thee.

I believe it is usually the custom, in representing this play, to commence the fourth act at the speech beginning, "Very well met;" a most injudicious arrangement, for the lone situation of Mariana at the moated grange is one of the finest softenings of the drama. The short scene between the Duke and Friar Peter, act iv. sc. 5, has also been improperly omitted, rendering the subsequent conduct of the latter quite inexplicable to the audience.

¹¹⁹ *My mirth it much displeas'd.*

That is, it took away any disposition I might have for mirth, but soothed my woe. *Constantly*, certainly, always, *Circumwured*, walled around. *Planch'd*, wooden.

¹²⁰ *In action all of precept.*

That is, his teaching was accomplished entirely by action, or by mute signs. *Possess'd him*, informed him. *Stays*, waits.

¹²¹ *Most contrarious quests.*

Quests, enquiries. *Scapes*, escapes, sallies.

¹²² *For yet our tithe's to sow.*

Johnson believes *tithe* to be right, and thinks that the expression is proverbial, in which *tithe* is taken, by an easy etymology, for *harvest*.

¹²³ *Leave me your snatches.*

That is, leave off your sharp answers. *Gyves* are fetters

¹²⁴ *An unpitied whipping.*

Unpitied is generally used by our old dramatists for *unmerciful*. According to Douce, it means here a whipping that none shall pity, for the reason that immediately follows

¹²⁵ *A good favour.*

That is, a good countenance.

¹²⁶ *Every true man's apparel.*

A *true man* is, an honest man. The clown proved the occupation of the ladies to belong to the mystery or trade of painters. Abhorson begins his proof, and the clown follows it up that his craft belongs to the mystery of tailors. *He doth oftener ask forgiveness*, alluding to the ancient custom of executioners asking pardon of the condemned before they felled their axe. *Yare*, nimble, quick.

¹²⁷ *When it lies starkly.*

Starkly, i.e. stiffly. So in an old manuscript in the Bodleian Library,—

Nay, gude Josephe, com nere and behold,
This bludy lames body is *starke* and cold.

¹²⁸ *To qualify in others.*

That is, to temper or moderate.

¹²⁹ *Were he meal'd.*

Meal'd, sprinkled. Here metaphorically used for *defiled*. We meet with the term in the sense of *smear'd* in Gayton's Notes on Don Quixote, 1654, p. 95.

¹³⁰ *Th' resisting postern.*

The original has *unsisting*, which is probably a corruption. Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 gives this very acceptable correction of the error. *Siege*, a seat; a different word from that which has occurred in the Tempest.

¹³¹ *This is his lord's man.*

So the original folio. Mr. Knight gives this speech to the Provost, and the next to the Duke; but surely the Duke would be likely to know the messenger, who may be supposed to belong to his court, and the Provost, after what he had heard, might naturally think the missive was a pardon. I follow the original. *Putting on*, spur, incitement. *One that is a prisoner nine years old*, one that has been a prisoner nine years. *Fact*, deed, crime.

¹³² *It is now apparent?*

This method of asking a question was common. Mr. Knight here again alters the original to "is it now apparent?"

¹³³ *Desperately mortal.*

This apparently means, excessively attached to the affairs of this world. *Cunning*, knowledge, sagacity.

¹³⁴ *This shall absolutely resolve you.*

This shall perfectly convince you.

135 *In for a commodity of brown paper.*

Our old dramatists have many jocular allusions to the heterogeneous articles the usurers compelled spendthrifts to take as part of money advanced on security. The practices of the money-lenders of Shakespeare's time are thus minutely described by Nashe, in a pamphlet entitled *Christ's Teares over Jerusalem*, 1594: "He [a usurer] falls acquainted with gentlemen, frequents ordinaries and dicing-houses dayly, where, when some of them at play have lost all their mony, he is very diligent at hand, on their chaines and bracelets, or jewels, to lend them *half the value*. Now this is the nature of young gentlemen, that where they have broke the ise, and borrowed once, they will come again the second time; and that these young foxes know as well as the beggar knows his dish. But at the second time of their coming, it is doubtful to say whether they shall have money or no. The world growes hard, and wee all are mortal; let him make him any assurance before a judge, and they shall have some hundred pounds *per consequence* in silks and velvets. The third time if they come, they shall have *baser commodities*: the fourth time, *tute-strings* and *grey paper*."

The practice is by no means obsolete in England at the present day. I have heard of advances on bills being partly made of bad wine, and in one instance of a load of paving stones, which the hapless borrower was glad to give away for the expence of removal.

136 *Are now for the Lord's sake.*

That is, are now beggars. "*Pordioséros*, men that aske for God's sake, beggers," Minshew's Dictionarie in Spanish, 1599. Or there may be an allusion to the ancient custom of poor prisoners begging. Even within the present century, the Fleet prison had a sort of iron cage, in which one of the debtors on the poor side rattled a money-box, exclaiming, "Pray remember the poor debtors." In Shakespeare's time, the cry was, "For the Lord's sake; for the Lord's sake;" as appears from an early epigram quoted by Malone.

137 *To clap into your prayers.*

That is, to enter into immediately, to commence your prayers at once.

138 *To yond generation.*

It is now very early in the morning, and we may suppose the Duke here points to the stars. "Ere twice the sun bath made his daily greeting to the stars of night." *Yond* is altered by Mr. Knight to *yonder*, but I scarcely think the emendation necessary.

139 *Your bosom on this wroth!*

That is, your heart's desire. Johnson.

140 *I am combined by a sacred vow.*

This is the neuter verb *combine*, answering to the Latin *conjuro*. I am *enjoined* or bound down by a sacred vow. *Wroth*, to go.

141 *He lives not in them.*

Stevens explains this, "His character depends not on them."

142 *He's a better woodman.*

We have had this word in the *Merry Wives of Windsor* v. 5. It seems here used in a metaphorical sense.

143 *Yet reason dares her no.*

The editors have altogether misunderstood the idiom in this passage. *Dares her no* is equivalent to, *dares her not*, and is consonant with the grammatical usage of the time.

144 *My authority bears off a credent bulk.*

Explained by Dr. Johnson, "No scandal from any private mouth can reach a man in my authority."

145 *You do blench from this to that.*

Blench, to start or fly off. "Thanne shaltow blenche at a bergh," Piers Ploughman, ed. Wright, p. 112. *To veil full purpose*, to conceal his full purpose. *Generous*, noble, accomplished.

146 *Have hent the gates.*

Hent, seized, held. From the Anglo-Saxon.

147 *Enter at opposite sides.*

The original reads, "at several doors," alluding to the doors on each side of our old primitive theatres, through which the actors passed.

148 *Vail your regard.*

That is, lower your regard.

149 *To th' end of reck'ning.*

Equivalent to the modern phrase, to the end of time. Johnson's explanation is certainly erroneous.

150 *In all his dressings, characts.*

Literally, ornaments, inscriptions.

151 *And hide the false seems true.*

That is, and hide the false *which* seems true. We have already had examples of this elliptical mode of construction, as in the Tempest. *As then the messenger*, perhaps an error for, *Was then the messenger*; but the old text will make sense. *The phrase is to the matter*, i.e. suited to the matter. *Refell'd*, refuted. *Remorse*, pity. *Like*, probable. *Fond*, foolish.

152 *This needs must be a practice.*

Practice, unlawful stratagem or deceit. "Is it possible by herbs, stones, spells, incantation, enchantment, exorcism, fire, metal, planets, or any *practice*, to plant affection where it is not," Lilly's *Endymion*, 1591. *Had he been lay*, had he belonged to the lady.

153 *Nor a temporary medler.*

Temporary perhaps means *time-serving*. *Mere*, absolute. *Convented*, convened, (Lat.) *Vulgarly*, publicly, among the common people.

154 *This is a strange abuse.*

Abuse, deception, puzzle.

¹⁵⁵ *At thy garden-house.*

Garden-houses were summer-houses. They are frequently mentioned by our old dramatists as celebrated places for intrigues.

¹⁵⁶ *Came short of composition.*

Her fortune, which was promised proportionate to mine, fell short of the composition, that is, contract or bargain. Johnson.

¹⁵⁷ *These poor informal women.*

Informal, out of their senses.

¹⁵⁸ *To your height of pleasure.*

So the old copies, *to* being equivalent to *unto*.

¹⁵⁹ *We'll do it thoroughly.*

Thoroughly, for *thoroughly*, and in many other instances, is the language of the original. "*Aranger*, to furnish *thoroughly*, to bear the whole charge of;" Cotgr. *Cucullus non facit monachum*, the cowl does not make the monk; a common old Latin proverb, which occurs again in Twelfth Night, i. 5.

¹⁶⁰ *To retort your manifest appeal.*

To refer back your open or public appeal.

¹⁶¹ *Nor here provincial.*

Does this mean, not belonging to this province?

¹⁶² *Stand like the forfeits in a barber's shop.*

The barber was a far more important person in former days than he is now. Not only were trimming the hair, arranging the love-locks, and keeping the fantastic beard in order, important occupations, but he often joined the practice of bleeding and chirurgery to his other profession. We may readily suppose, many of his customers had to exert their patience in waiting for their turns, and forfeits originally necessary for keeping them in order, though they afterwards became disregarded. About the year 1750, Dr. Kenrick saw a metrical list of barber's forfeits in a shop in Yorkshire, and the following is a copy of what the author quoted from memory some years afterwards. They were entitled "Rules for seemly Behaviour,"—

First come, first serve: then come not late;
And, when arrived, keep your state:
For he, who from these rules shall swerve,
Must pay the forfeits. So, observe:—

Who enters here with boots and spurs,
Must keep his nook; for if he stir,
And gives with armed heel a kick,
A pint he pays for every prick.

Who rudely takes another's turn,
A forfeit mug may manners learn.

Who reverentless shall swear or curse,
Must lug seven farthings from his purse.

Who checks the barber in his tale,
Must pay for each a pot of ale.

Who will or can not mess his hat,
While trimming, pays a pint for that.

And he who can or will not pay,
Shall hence be sent half-trimm'd away;

For, will he, nill he, if in fault,
He forfeit must in meal or malt.

But, mark,—who is already in drink,
The canikin must never clink.

The late Major Moor, an eminent Oriental scholar bears witness to having seen forfeits similar to the above during the present century. See his *Suffolk Words* 8vo., 1823, p. 133. He said, however, that he had only seen them in one shop. Forby says, barber's forfeits exist to this day. They are, according to that writer, penalties for handling the razors, &c. offences very likely to be committed by lounging clowns waiting for their turn to be scraped on a Saturday night. They are still, as of old, "more in mock than mark." Steevens ill-naturedly pronounced the above to be a forgery.

The late Mr. Croft of York, in a very scarce pamphlet privately printed, '*Annotations on Plays of Shakespear*, 8vo. 1810, gives us the following curious information on this subject:—"The custom still prevails, and the table-board of the articles hangs behind the door, and are, viz.—to talk of cutting throats; to weave a piece of hair; to call powder flour; or to meddle with anything on the shop-board; are held as forfeits." Henley says he once saw a list of barber's forfeits in Devonshire, "printed like *King Charles's Rules*, though I cannot recollect the contents."

This is a sort of subject which is very difficult to illustrate, when the custom has passed away. It was no doubt a most common practice to institute forfeits for all infringements of rules not sufficiently important to obtain legal sanction, and on the wall of the belfry in St. John's at Chester are painted the forfeits in verse of the bell-ringers of that ancient city, some of the lines of which correspond with the above. The country people are fond of forfeits to the present day, and in a stable in Oxfordshire the following lines are recorded,—

All you who come into this place,
To smoke among the straw,
Must pay a quart of ale at least,
Because it is the law.

The subject deserves a long note, the rather because the reader will find no intelligible account in any previous edition.

¹⁶³ *Would close now.*

A MS. note in a copy of the play which I have seen, reads *gloze*, to flatter.

¹⁶⁴ *Away with those giglots too.*

Giglots are women of light character. So in MS. Sloane 1210, xv. cent.—

The smallere pese, tho mo to the pott;
Tho fayrere woman, tho more gygiott.

¹⁶⁵ *And be hang'd an hour!*

An hour is merely a vulgar expletive. The passage is equivalent to, *and be hang'd*.

¹⁶⁶ *Passes, faults. Consummate, being consummated. Advertising and holy, attentive and faithful. Att'ney'd, deputed. Free, generous. Brain'd, killed, destroyed. Proper, own.*

¹⁶⁷ *Thy other forfeits.*

Forfeits, faults, crimes. *More gratelate*, more pleasing. '*Gratulate*, to shew one's joy in another's felicity. Cockeram's English Dictionary, 1626

The Comedy of Errors.

THE members of the Honourable Society of Gray's Inn celebrated their Christmas revels in the Year 1594 with unusual spirit. Their hall was the abode of mock sovereignty, and the sports which anciently accompanied the Lord of Misrule; and the transactions of the revels were recorded by a member of the society in a manuscript which was afterwards published in 1688, under the title of *Gesta Grayorum*.* The author of this account, in concluding the annals of one day's proceedings, says, p. 22,—“After such sports, a ‘Comedy of Errors,’ like to *Plautus his Menechmus*, was played by the players: so that night was begun and continued to the end in nothing but confusion and errors whereupon it was ever afterwards called the *Night of Errors*.”

This notice of the play, which is not alluded to by either Collier or Knight, is extremely curious, proving that the ‘Comedy of Errors,’ in some form or other, was in existence in December, 1594. An older play, called the ‘Historie of Error,’ was acted at Hampton Court on Jan. 1st, 1576-7, “enacted by the children of Powles,” and has been conjectured to be the foundation of Shakespeare's drama, which is alluded to by Meres in 1598 under the simple title of “Errors.” It may also be mentioned that when the ‘Comedy of Errors’ was performed before James I. on December 28th, 1604, it is called ‘the Plaie of Errors,’ and the author's name *Shaxberd* is written in the margin of the account. If we add to these circumstances the strong internal evidence that this is an early play, we shall be disposed to arrive at the conclusion that Shakespeare's ‘Comedy of Errors’ was written in or before 1594, and that, in all probability, he was indebted for his materials to the older play, entitled the ‘History of Error.’

The *Menæchmi* of Plautus was not translated into English, or rather no English translation of it was printed, before 1595; but there are allusions in the ‘Comedy of Errors,’ which, if not taken from the older play, appear to show the poet's familiarity with some of the Latin classics, not an improbable supposition, it might be argued, in what Mr. Knight calls “an age of grammar schools;” but it happens somehow or other, that when we really approach the sources used by Shakespeare, most of the learning is generally to be traced to the older compositions, or, at least, to contemporary popular works. Be this as it may, there are no similarities of sufficient weight to enable us to decide that Shakespeare borrowed direct from Plautus; and, I think, several circumstances to show that he did not. Among the latter may be reckoned there being no reason assigned for the presence of Emilia, or for the curious fact of the two Dromios having the same name; oversights which are probably to be ascribed to the earlier play, and unlikely to have been committed by a poet who was chiefly using invented materials. The incidents which are common to the ‘Comedy of Errors’ and the *Menæchmi* are, principally, the

* It appears from the dedication to this work, that it was printed in full from the original. The editor says, “It was thought necessary not to clip anything, which, though it may seem odd, yet naturally begets a veneration upon account of its antiquity.”

COMEDY OF ERRORS.

separation of the twin sons; their perfect similarity in speech, countenance, and name; and the accidents happening to Menecmus and Antipholus of Syracuse, who both are troubled with jealous wives, and meet with similar adventures. The chief addition in Shakespeare is the introduction of the two Dromios, opening, as Skottowe observes, a new source of error and confusion, where most readers will be inclined to believe enough existed before. And this opinion would probably have been right, had these materials of error fallen into any other hands than those of Shakespeare.

The translator of the *Menæchmi*, 1595, says, in his preface, that he had “diverse of this poettes comedies Englished, for the use and delight of his private friends, who in Plautus owne words are not able to understand them.” This was not an unusual practice, and we may hence conjecture that Shakespeare might have had an opportunity of perusing a translation, although none had been actually given to the public. On this account, it may be worth while to give the reader a specimen of the old English translation, selecting the second act of Plautus as a portion of the play which will, perhaps, serve to exhibit the striking deviations made by Shakespeare from the Latin original:—

Enter Menecmus Sosicles, Messenio his servant, and some Saylers.

Men. Surely, Messenio, I thinke Sea-fairers never take so comfortable a joy in anything, as when they have been long tost and turmoyle in the wide seas, they hap at last to ken land.

Mess. He be sworn, I shuld not be gladder to see a whole country of mine owne, then I have bene at such a sight. But I pray, wherefore are we now come to Epidamnium? must we needs go to see everie towne that we heare off?

Men. Till I finde my brother, all townes are alike to me: I must trie in all places.

Mess. Why, then, let's even as long as wee live seeke your brother: six yeares now have we roame about thus, Istria, Hispania, Massylia, Ilyria, all the upper sea, all high Greece, all haven towns in Italy. I thinke if we had sought a needle all this time, we must needs have found it, had it bene above ground. It cannot be that he is alive; and to seek a dead man thus among the living, what folly is it?

Men. Yea, could I but once find any man that could certainly enforme me of his death, I were satisfied; otherwise I can never desist seeking: Little knowest thou, Messenio, how neare my heart it goes.

Mess. This is washing of a Blackamore. Faith, let's goe home, unlesse ye meane we should write a storie of our travaile.

Men. Sirra, no more of these sawcie speeches; I perceive I must teach ye how to serve me, not to rule me.

Mess. I, so; now it appeares what it is to be a servant. Well, I must speake my conscience. Do ye heare, sir? Faith, I must tell ye one thing, when I looke into the leane estate of your purse, and consider advisedly of your decaying stocke, I hold it verie needful to be drawing homeward, lest, in looking your brother, we quite lose ourselves. For this towne you see, this towne Epidamnium is a place of outrageous expences, exceeding in all ryot and lasciviousnesse: and (I heare) as full of Ribaulds, Parasites, Drunkards, Catchpoles, Cony-catchers, and Sycophants, as it can hold. Then for curtizans, why here's the currantest stamp of them in the world. Ye must not thinke here to scape with a light cost as in other places. The verie attire shewes the nature; no man comes hither *sine damno*.

Men. Yee say very well indeed: give mee my purse into mine owne keeping, because I will so be the safer, *sine damno*.

Mess. Why, sir?

Men. Because I feare you wil be busie among the curtizans, and so be cozened of it: then should I take great paines in belabouring your shoulders. So to avoid both these harms, Ile keep it myselfe.

Mess. I pray do so, sir: all the better

Enter Cylindrus.

Cyl. I have tickling geare here, yfaith, for their dinners. It grieves me to the heart to thinke how that cormorant knave Peniculus must have his share in these daintie morsels. But what? Is Menecmus come alreadie, before I could come from the market? Menecmus, how do ye, sir? how haps it ye come so soone?

Men. God a mercy, my good friend, doest thou know mee?

Cyl. Know ye? no, not I. Where's mouldichappes that must dine with ye? A murria on his manners!

Men. Whom meanest thou, good fellow?

Cyl. Why Peniculus, worship, that lick-trencher, your parasiticall attendant.

Men. What Peniculus? what attendant? my attendant? Surely this fellow is mad.

Mess. Did I not tell ye what cony-catching villainies you should finde here?

Cyl. Menecmus, harke ye, sir; ye come too soone backe againe to dinner; I am but returned from the market.

Men. Fellow, here thou shalt have money of me; goe get the Priest to sacrifice for thee. I know thou art mad els thou wouldest never use a stranger thus.

Cyl. Alas, sir, Cylindrus was wont to be no stranger to you. Know ye not Cylindrus?

Men. Cylindrus, or Colindrus, or what the divell thou art, I know not, neither do I care to know.

Cyl. I know you to be Menecmus.

Men. Thou should'st be in thy wits, in that thou named me so right; but, tell me, where hast thou known me?

Cyl. Where? even here, where ye first fell in love with my mistresse Erotium.

Men. I neither have lover, neither knowe I whe thou art.

Cyl. Know ye not who I am? who fills your cup and dresses your meat at our house?

COMEDY OF ERRORS.

Mess. What a slave is this? That I had somewhat to
breeze the rascals pate withal!

Men. At your house! whenas I never came in Epidam-
num till this day.

Cyl. Oh, that 's true! Do ye not dwell in yonder house?

Men. Foule shame light upon them that dwell there, for
my part.

Cyl. Questionlesse, he is mad indeede, to curse himselfe
thus. Harke ye, Menechmus.

Men. What saist thou?

Cyl. If I may advise ye, ye shall bestow this money
which we offered me upon a sacrifice for yourselve: for out
of doubt, you are mad that curse yourselfe.

Mess. What a verlet art thou to trouble us thus!

Cyl. Tush, he will many times jest with me thus. Yet
when his wife is not by, 'tis a ridiculous jest.

Men. What 's that?

Cyl. This I say. Thinke ye I have brought meate
enough for three of you? If not, Ile fetch more for you
and your wench, and Snatcherust, your Parasite.

Men. What wenches? what Parasites?

Mess. Villaine, Ile make thee tell me what thou meanest
by all this talke.

Cyl. Away, Jack Napes, I say nothing to thee, for I
knew thee not; I speake to him that I know.

Men. Out! drunken foole; without doubt thou art out of
thy wits.

Cyl. That you shall see by the dressing of your meat.
Go, go; ye were better to go in and finde somewhat to do
there, whiles your dinner is making readie. Ile tell my
mistresse ye be here.

Men. Is he gone? Messenio, I thinke upon thy words
alreadie.

Mess. Tush; marke, I pray. Ile laie fortie pound here
dwels some curtizan to whom this fellow belongs.

Men. But I wonder how he knowes my name.

Mess. Oh, Ile tell yee. These courtizans, as soone as
anie straunge shippe arriveth at the haven, they sende a boye
or a wench to enquire what they be, what their names be,
whence they come, wherefore they come, &c. If they can
by any meanes strike acquaintance with him, or allure him
to their houses, he is their owne. We are here in a tickle
place, maister: tis best to be circumspect.

Men. I mislike not thy counsaile, Messenio.

Mess. I, but follow it then. Soft, here comes somebodie
forth. Here, sirs, marriners, keep this same amongst you.

Enter Erotium.

Er. Let the doore stand open. Away! it shall not be shut.
Make haste within there. ho: Maydes, looke that all things
be readie. Cover the boord, put fire under the perfuming
fumes: let all things be very handsome. Where is hee
that Cylindrus sayd stood without here? Oh! what meane
you, sweet heart, that ye come not in? I trust you thinke
yourselfe more welcome to this house then to your owne,
and great reason why you should do so. Your dinner and
all things are readie as you willed. Will ye go sit downe?

Men. Whom doth this woman speake to?

Er. Even to you, sir: to whom else should I speake?

Men. Gentlewoman, ye are a stranger to me, and I
marvell at your speeches.

Er. Yea, sir, but such a stranger, as I acknowledge ye
for my best and dearest friend, and well you have des-
served it.

Men. Surely, Messenio, this woman is also mad or
drunke, that useth all this kindnesse to me uppon so small
acquaintance.

Mess. Tush, did not I tell ye right? these be but leaves
that fall upon you now, in comparison of the trees that will
tumble on your necke shortly. I told ye, here were silver
tong'de hacsters. But let me talke with her a little. Gen-
tlewoman, what acquaintance have you with this man?
where have you seene him?

Er. Where he sawe me, here in Epidamnum.

Mess. In Epidamnum? who never till this day set his
foote within the towne?

Er. Go, go, flowing Jack! Menechmus, what need all
this? I pray go in.

Men. She also calls me by my name.

Mess. She smels your purse.

Men. Messenio, come hither: here, take my purse. Ile
know whether she aime at me or my purse, ere I go.

Er. Will ye go in to dinner, sir?

Men. A good motion; yea, and thanks with all my heart.

Er. Never thanke me for that which you commaunded
to be provided for yourselfe.

Men. That I commaunded?

Er. Yea, for you and your Parasite.

Men. My Parasite?

Er. Peniculus, who came with you this morning, when
you brought me the cloake which you got from your wife?

Men. A cloake that I brought you, which I got from my
wife?

Er. Tush, what needeth all this jesting? Pray leave off.

Men. Jest or earnest, this I tell ye for a truth. I never
had wife, neither have I; nor never was in this place til
this instant; for only thus farre am I come, since I brake
my fast in the ship.

Er. What ship do ye tell me off?

Mess. Marry, Ile tell ye: an old rotten weather-beaten
ship, that we have sailed up and downe in these sixe
yeares. Ist not time to be going homewards, thinke ye?

Er. Come, come, Menechmus, I pray leave this sporting,
and go in.

Men. Well, gentlewoman, the truth is, you mistake my
person; it is some other you looke for.

Er. Why, thinke ye I know ye not to be Menechmus,
the sonne of Moschus, and have heard ye say, ye were
borne at Siracusic where Zgathocles did reign; thn
Pythia, then Liparo, and now Hiero.

Men. All this is true.

Mess. Either shee is a witch, or else shee hath dwelt
there and knew ye there.

Men. Ile go in with her, Messenio; Ile see further of
this matter.

Mess. Ye are cast away then.

Men. Why so? I warrant thee, I can lose nothing,
something I shall gaine; perhaps a good lodging during my
abode here. Ile dissemble with her another while. Nowe,
when you please, let us go in. I made straunge with you,
because of this fellow here, least he should tell my wife of
the cloake which I gave you.

Er. Will you staie any longer for your Peniculus, your Parasite?

Men. Not I, Ile neither staie for him, nor have him yet come in, if he do come.

Er. All the better. But, sir, will you doo one thing for me?

Men. What is that?

Er. To beare that cloake you gave me to the diars, to ave it new trind and altreid.

Men. Yea, that will be well, so my wife shall not know it. Let mee have it with mee after dinner. I will but speake a word or two with this fellowe; then Ile follow ye

in. Ho, Messenio, come aside. Goe and provide for thy selfe and these ship-boyes in some inne; then looke that after dinner you come hither for me.

Mess. Ah, maister, will ye be conycaecht thus wilfully?

Men. Peace foolish knave! seest thou not what a set she is? I shal coozen her, I warrant thee

Mess. Ay, Maister.

Men. Wilt thou be gone?

Mess. See, see; she hath him safe enough now. Thus he hath escaped a hundreth Pyrates hands at sea; and now one landrover hath boundd him at first encounter. Com away, fellowes.

It is supposed by most of the critics that the allusion to France by Dromio of Syracuse, "in her forehead, arm'd and reverted, *making war against her heir*," refers to King Henry IV., the *heir* of France, concerning whose succession to the throne there was a civil war in that country which did not conclude till the year 1593. There appears to be no reason for doubting the correctness of this opinion. In 1591, Lord Essex was sent with four thousand troops to the French King's assistance, and his brother Walter was killed before Rouen in Normandy. From that period, till Henry was firmly settled on the throne, Elizabeth sent several bodies of troops to his assistance; so that the war must have been sufficiently notorious for the allusion to be at once perceived by the audience.

The title of the play was either a common proverb or furnished the subject of one. Anton, in his *Philosophical Satires*, 1616, p. 51, exclaims, "What Comedies of Errors swell the stage!" So, also Decker, in his *Knights Conjuring*, 1607,—“his ignorance, arising from his blindness, is the onely caus. of this Comedie of Errors;” and, previously, in his *Satiromastix*, 1602, he seems to allude to the play itself:—"Instead of the trumpets sounding thrice before the play begin, it shall not be amisse, for him that will read, first to beholde this short Comedy of Errors, and where the greatest enter, to give them, instead of bisse, a gentle correction." Again, also, in the *Meeting of Gallants at an Ordinarie*, 1604,—“This was a prettie Commedie of Errors, my round host.”

We learn from Drummond that Ben Jonson “had ane intention to have made a play like Plautus’ *Amphitrio*, but left it of, for that he could never find two so like others that he could persuade the spectators they were one.” This difficulty is over-stated, for it suits the dramatic action of the piece to present the “rue with a difference.” It is not necessary, or even desirable, that the audience should be wholly deceived in the matter, and I suspect, in the present play at least, much of the ludicrous would be lost in representation were that the case. It is sufficient that the two similar couples should be habited in simple Greek costume, which can be made alike in each case without adding to the violation of probability.

The materials of which the ‘Comedy of Errors’ is constructed, chiefly belong to the cycle of farce but they have been worked into a comedy by a wonderful effort of dramatic power; the lighter character, however, remaining prominent in particular scenes. Comedy would allow the two Antipholuses with a license similar to that which sanctions the resemblance between Sebastian and Viola; but the two Dromios in conjunction with the former certainly belong to farce. The admirable manner in which the mistakes arising from these identities are conducted, and the dignity given to the whole by the introduction of fine poetry most artistically interwoven, are indicative of that high dramatic genius which belongs almost exclusively to Shakespeare. The poetical conversation between Luciana and Antipholus of Syracuse reminds us forcibly of the ‘Sonnets,’ and the similar ideas in the former are strengthened in power by being associated with a dramatic narrative; for had Shakespeare not been a dramatist, he would scarcely have ranked as so great a poet. No play of Shakespeare’s, when either effectively read or acted, affords so many subjects for broad merriment as this; and it says little for the taste of the present day, that so many worthless pieces should be produced, while a regular drama, containing all the best qualities of farce, being its general character subdued by poetic taste, should be suffered to remain entirely neglected.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

SOLINUS, *Duke of Ephesus.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 1.

ÆGEON, *a merchant of Syracuse.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 1.

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS, *twin-brother to Antipholus of Syracuse, but unknown to him, and son to Ægeon and Æmilia.*

Appears, Act III. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act V. sc. 1.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE, *twin-brother to Antipholus of Ephesus, but unknown to him, and son to Ægeon and Æmilia.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 2. Act V. sc. 1.

DROMIO OF EPHEBUS, *twin-brother to Dromio of Syracuse, and an attendant on Antipholus of Ephesus.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act V. sc. 1.

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE, *twin-brother to Dromio of Ephesus, and an attendant on Antipholus of Syracuse.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act V. sc. 1.

BALTHAZAR, *a merchant.*

Appears, Act III. sc. 1.

ANGELO, *a goldsmith.*

Appears, Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 1

A Merchant of Syracuse.

Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 1.

PINCH, *a schoolmaster and conjuror.*

Appears, Act IV. sc. 2.

ÆMILIA, *wife to Ægeon, an abbess at Ephesus*

Appears, Act V. sc. 1.

ADRIANA, *wife to Antipholus of Ephesus.*

Appears, Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 2. Act V. sc. 1

LUCIANA, *sister to Adriana.*

Appears, Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act III. sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 2. Act V. sc. 1.

LUCE, *her servant.*

Appears, Act III. sc. 1.

A Courtesan.

Appears, Act IV. sc. 2. Act V. sc. 1.

Gaoler, Officers, and other Attendants.

SCENE,—EPHEBUS.

The Comedy of Errors.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Hall in the Duke's Palace.*

Enter DUKE, ÆGEON, Gaoler, Officers, and other Attendants.

Æge. Proceed, Solinus, to procure my fall,
And, by the doom of death, end woes and all.

Duke. Merchant of Syracuse, plead no more;
I am not partial to infringe our laws;
The enmity and discord, which of late
Sprung from the rancorous outrage of your duke
To merchants, our well-dealing countrymen,—
Who, wanting gilders to redeem their lives,¹
Have seal'd his rigorous statutes with their bloods—
Excludes all pity from our threat'ning looks.
For, since the mortal and intestine jars
'Twixt thy seditious countrymen and us,
It hath in solemn synods been decreed,
Both by the Syracusans and ourselves,
To admit no traffic to our adverse towns:
Nay, more,—if any, born at Ephesus,
Be seen at any Syracusan marts and fairs,—
Again, if any Syracusan born,
Come to the bay of Ephesus,—he dies,—
His goods confiscate to the duke's dispose,
Unless a thousand marks be levied,
To quit the penalty, and to ransom him.
Thy substance, valued at the highest rate,
Cannot amount unto a hundred marks;
Therefore, by law thou art condemn'd to die.

Æge. Yet this my comfort, when your words
are done,

My woes end likewise with the evening sun.

Duke. Well, Syracusan, say, in brief, the cause
Why thou departed'st from thy native home;
And for what cause thou cam'st to Ephesus.

Æge. A heavier task could not have been impos'd,
Than I to speak my griefs unspeakable.
Yet, that the world may witness that my end
Was wrought by nature,² not by vile offence,
I'll utter what my sorrow gives me leave.
In Syracuse was I born; and wed
Unto a woman, happy but for me,
And by me,³ had not our hap been bad.
With her I liv'd in joy; our wealth increas'd,
By prosperous voyages I often made
To Epidamnum, till my factor's death,
And the great care of goods at random left,
Drew me from kind embracements of my spouse:
From whom my absence was not six months old,
Before herself (almost at fainting under
The pleasing punishment that women bear)
Had made provision for her following me.
And soon and safe arrived where I was.
There had she not been long, but she became
A joyful mother of two goodly sons;
And, which was strange, the one so like the other
As could not be distinguish'd but by names.
That very hour, and in the self-same inn,
A poor mean woman was delivered
Of such a burthen, male twins, both alike:
Those, for their parents were exceeding poor,
I bought, and brought up to attend my sons.

My wife, not meanly proud of two such boys
Made daily motions for our home return :
Unwilling I agreed ; alas, too soon ! We came
aboard ;

A league from Epidamnum had we sail'd,
Before the always-wind-obeying deep
Gave any tragic instance of our harm :
But longer did we not retain much hope ;
For what obscured light the heavens did grant
Did but convey unto our fearful minds
A doubtful warrant of immediate death ;
Which, though myself would gladly have embrac'd,
Yet the incessant weepings of my wife,
Weeping before for what she saw must come,
And piteous plainings of the pretty babes,
That mourn'd for fashion, ignorant what to fear,
Forc'd me to seek delays for them and me.
And this it was—for other means was none.—
The sailors sought for safety by our boat,
And left the ship, then sinking-ripe, to us :
My wife, more careful for the latter born,
Had fasten'd him unto a small spare-mast,
Such as seafaring men provide for storms :
To him one of the other twins was bound,
Whilst I had been like heedful of the other.
The children thus dispos'd, my wife and I,
Fixing our eyes on whom our care was fix'd,
Fasten'd ourselves at either end the mast ;
And, floating straight, obedient to the stream,
Were carried towards Corinth, as we thought.
At length the sun, gazing upon the earth,
Dispers'd those vapours that offended us ;
And, by the benefit of his wished light,
The seas wax'd calm, and we discovered
Two ships from far making amain to us,
Of Corinth that, of Epidaurus this :
But ere they came,—O, let me say no more !
Gather the sequel by that went before.

Duke. Nay, forward, old man, do not break off so ;
For we may pity, though not pardon thee.

Ege. O, had the gods done so, I had not now
Worthily term'd them merciless to us !
For ere the ships could meet by twice five leagues,
We were encounter'd by a mighty rock ;
Which being violently borne upon,
Our helpful ship was splitted in the midst,
So that, in this unjust divorce of us,
Fortune had left to both of us alike
What to delight in, what to sorrow for.
Her part, poor soul ! seeming as burdened
With lesser weight, but not with lesser woe,
Was carried with more speed before the wind ;

And in our sight they three were taken up
By fishermen of Corinth, as we thought.
At length, another ship had seiz'd on us ;
And, knowing whom it was their hap to save,
Gave healthful welcome to their shipwreck'
guests ;

And would have reft the fishers of their prey,
Had not their bark been very slow of sail,
And therefore homeward did they bend their course.
Thus have you heard me sever'd from my bliss ;
That by misfortunes was my life prolong'd,
To tell sad stories of my own mishaps.

Duke. And, for the sake of them thou sor-
rowest for,

Do me the favour to dilate at full
What hath befall'n of them, and thee, till now.

Ege. My youngest boy, and yet my eldest care
At eighteen years became inquisitive
After his brother ; and importun'd me
That his attendant (so his case was like,
Reft of his brother, but retain'd his name)
Might bear him company in the quest of him :
Whom whilst I laboured of a love to see,
I hazarded the loss of whom I lov'd.

Five summers have I spent in farthest Greece,
Roaming clean through the bounds of Asia,
And, coasting homeward, came to Ephesus ;
Hopeless to find, yet loth to leave unsought,
Or that, or any place that harbours men.
But here must end the story of my life ;
And happy were I in my timely death,
Could all my travels warrant me they live.

Duke. Hapless *Egeon*, whom the fates have
mark'd

To bear the extremity of dire mishap !
Now, trust me, were it not against our laws,
Against my crown, my oath, my dignity
Which princes, would they, may not disannul,
My soul should sue as advocate for thee.
But, though thou art adjudged to the death,
And passed sentence may not be recall'd
But to our honour's great disparagement,
Yet will I favour thee in what I can :
Therefore, merchant, I 'll limit thee this day,
To seek thy help by beneficial help :
Try all the friends thou hast in Ephesus :
Beg thou, or borrow, to make up the sum,
And live ; if no, then thou art doom'd to die :—
Gaoler, take him to thy custody.

Goal. I will, my lord.

Ege. Hopeless and helpless doth *Egeon* wend
But to procrastinate his liveless end. [*Exeunt*

SCENE II.—*A public Place.*

Enter ANTIPHOLUS and DROMIO of Syracuse, and a MERCHANT.

Mer. Therefore give out you are of Epidamnum, lest that your goods too soon be confiscate. This very day, a Syracusan merchant Is apprehended for arrival here; And, not being able to buy out his life, According to the statute of the town, Dies ere the weary sun set in the west. There is your money that I had to keep.

Ant. S. Go, bear it to the Centaur, where we host, And stay there, Dromio, till I come to thee. Within this hour it will be dinner-time: Till that, I'll view the manners of the town, Peruse the traders, gaze upon the buildings, And then return, and sleep within mine inn; For with long travel I am stiff and weary. Get thee away

Dro. S. Many a man would take you at your word, And go indeed, having so good a mean.

[*Exit DRO. S.*]

Ant. S. A trusty villain,⁵ sir, that very oft, When I am dull with care and melancholy, Lightens my humour with his merry jests. What, will you walk with me about the town, And then go to my inn and dine with me?

Mer. I am invited, sir, to certain merchants, Of whom I hope to make much benefit; I crave your pardon. Soon at five o'clock, please you, I'll meet with you upon the mart, And afterward consort you till bedtime; My present business calls me from you now.

Ant. S. Farewell till then: I will go lose myself, And wander up and down, to view the city.

Mer. Sir, I commend you to your own content.

[*Exit MER.*]

Ant. S. He that commends me to mine own content Commends me to the thing I cannot get. I to the world am like a drop of water, That in the ocean seeks another drop; Who, falling there to find his fellow forth, Unseen, inquisitive, confounds himself: So I, to find a mother and a brother, In quest of them, unhappy, lose myself.

Enter DROMIO of Ephesus.

Here comes the almanac of my true date.⁶—

What now? How chance thou art return'd so soon?

Dro. E. Return'd so soon! rather approach'd too late:

The capon burns, the pig falls from the spit: The clock hath strucken twelve upon the bell, My mistress made it one upon my cheek: She is so hot, because the meat is cold; The meat is cold, because you come not home; You come not home, because you have no stomach; You have no stomach, having broke your fast; But we, that know what 't is to fast and pray, Are penitent for your default to-day.

Ant. S. Stop in your wind, sir; tell me this, I pray:

Where have you left the money that I gave you?

Dro. E. O,—sixpence, that I had o' Wedn'sday last,

To pay the saddler for my mistress' crupper, The saddler had it, sir; I kept it not.

Ant. S. I am not in a sportive humour now: Tell me, and dally not, where is the money? We being strangers here, how dar'st thou trust So great a charge from thine own custody?

Dro. E. I pray you, jest, sir, as you sit at dinner:

I from my mistress come to you in post; If I return, I shall be post indeed;⁷ For she will score your fault upon my pate. Methinks your maw, like mine, should be your cook,

And strike you home without a messenger.

Ant. S. Come, Dromio, come, these jests are out of season; Reserve them till a merrier hour than this: Where is the gold I gave in charge to thee?

Dro. E. To me, sir? why, you gave no gold to me.

Ant. S. Come on, sir knave; have done your foolishness,

And tell me how thou hast dispos'd thy charge.

Dro. E. My charge was but to fetch you from the mart

Home to your house, the Phoenix, sir, to dinner: My mistress and her sister stay for you.

Ant. S. Now, as I am a Christian, answer me, In what safe place you have bestow'd my money, Or I shall break that merry scone of yours, That stands on tricks when I am undispos'd: Where is the thousand-marks thou hadst of me?

Dro. E. I have some marks of yours upon my pate,

Some of my mistress' marks upon my shoulders,
But not a thousand marks between you both.
If I should pay your worship those again,
Perchance you will not bear them patiently.

Ant. S. Thy mistress' marks? what mistress,
slave, hast thou?

Dro. E. Your worship's wife, my mistress at
the Phoenix;

She that doth fast till you come home to dinner,
And prays that you will hie you home to dinner.

Ant. S. What, wilt thou flout me thus unto
my face,

Being forbid? There, take you that, sir knave.

Dro. E. What mean you, sir? for God's sake,
hold your hands:

Nay, an you will not, sir, I'll take my heels

[*Exit Dro. E.*]

Ant. S. Upon my life, by some device of
other,

The villain is o'er-raught^a of all my money.

They say this town is full of cozenage;

As, nimble jugglers that deceive the eye,

Dark-working sorcerers that change the mind,

Soul-killing witches that deform the body

Disguised cheaters, prating mountebanks,

And many such like liberties of sin:⁹

If it prove so, I will be gone the sooner

I'll to the Centaur, to go seek this slave;

I greatly fear my money is not safe.

Exit

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Hall in the house of Antipholus of
Ephesus.*

Enter ADRIANA and LUCIANA.

Adr. Neither my husband, nor the slave return'd,
That in such haste I sent to seek his master!
Sure, Luciana, it is two o'clock.

Luc. Perhaps, some merchant hath invited him,
And from the mart he's somewhere gone to dinner.
Good sister, let us dine, and never fret:

A man is master of his liberty:

Time is their master; and when they see time,

They'll go, or come. If so, be patient, sister.

Adr. Why should their liberty than ours be
more?

Luc. Because their business still lies out o' door.

Adr. Look, when I serve him so, he takes it ill.

Luc. O, know, he is the bridle of your will

Adr. There's none but asses will be bridled so.

Luc. Why, headstrong liberty is lash'd with
woe.¹⁰

There's nothing situate under heaven's eye
But hath his bound, in earth, in sea, in sky:
The beasts, the fishes, and the winged fowls,
Are their males' subjects, and at their controls:
Men, more divine, the masters of all these,
Lords of the wide world, and wild wat'ry seas
Indued with intellectual sense and souls,
Of more pre-eminence than fish and fowls,

Are masters to their females, and their lords:
Then let your will attend on their accords.

Adr. This servitude makes you to keep unwed
Luc. Not this, but troubles of the marriage
bed.

Adr. But were you wedded, you would bear
some sway.

Luc. Ere I learn love, I'll practise to obey.

Adr. How if your husband start some other
where?

Luc. Till he came home again, I would forbear

Adr. Patience unmov'd! no marvel though she
pause;

They can be meek that have no other cause.

A wretched soul, bruised with adversity,

We bid be quiet when we hear it cry;

But were we burden'd with like weight of pain,¹¹

As much, or more, we should ourselves complain:

So thou, that hast no unkind mate to grieve thee,

With urging helpless patience¹² would relieve me:

But, if thou live to see like right bereft,

This fool-begg'd patience¹³ in thee will be left.

Luc. Well, I will marry one day, but to try;—
Here comes your man; now is your husband nigh

Enter DROMIO of Ephesus.

Adr. Say, is your tardy master now at hand?

Dro. E. Nay, he's at two hands with me and
that my two ears can witness.

Adr. Say, didst thou speak with him? know'st thou his mind?

Dro. E. Ay, ay, he told his mind upon mine ear. Beshrew his hand! I scarce could understand it.¹⁴

Luc. Spake he so doubtfully, thou couldst not feel his meaning?

Dro. E. Nay, he struck so plainly I could too well feel his blows; and withal so doubtfully, that I could scarce understand them.

Adr. But say, I prithee, is he coming home? It seems he hath great care to please his wife.

Dro. E. Why, mistress, sure my master is horn-mad.

Adr. Horn-mad, thou villain?

Dro. E. I mean not cuckold mad;

But sure he is stark mad:

When I desir'd him to come home to dinner,

He ask'd me for a thousand marks in gold:

"'T is dinner-time," quoth I; "My gold," quoth he:

"Your meat doth burn," quoth I; "My gold," quoth he:

"Will you come?" quoth I; "My gold," quoth he:

"Where is the thousand marks I gave thee, villain?"

"The pig," quoth I, "is burn'd;" "My gold," quoth he:

"My mistress, sir," quoth I; "Hang up thy mistress;

I know not thy mistress; out on thy mistress!"

Luc. Quoth who?

Dro. E. Quoth my master.

"I know," quoth he, "no house, no wife, no mistress;"

So that my arrant, due unto my tongue,

I thank him, I bare home upon my shoulders;

For, in conclusion, he did beat me there.

Adr. Go back again, thou slave, and fetch him home.

Dro. E. Go back again, and be new beaten home? For God's sake send some other messenger.

Adr. Back, slave, or I will break thy pate across.

Dro. E. And he will bless that cross with other beating:

Between you I shall have a holy head.

Adr. Hence, prating peasant! fetch thy master home.

Dro. E. Am I so round with you, as you with me, That like a football you do spurn me thus?

You spurn me hence, and he will spurn me hither:

If I last in this service, you must case me in leather. [*Exit.*]

Luc. Fie, how impatience loureth in your face!

Adr. His company must do his minions grace, Whilst I at home starve for a merry look! Hath homely age th' alluring beauty took From my poor cheek? then he hath wasted it:

Are my discourses dull? barren my wit?

If voluble and sharp discourse be marr'd, Unkindness blunts it more than marble hard.

Do their gay vestments his affections bait?

That 's not my fault, he 's master of my state:

What ruins are in me that can be found

By him not ruin'd? then is he the ground

Of my defeatures:¹⁵ My decayed fair

A sunny look of his would soon repair:

But, too unruly deer, he breaks the pale,

And feeds from home: poor I am but his stale.¹⁶

Luc. Self harming jealousy!—fie! beat it hence.

Adr. Unfeeling fools can with such wrongs dispense!

I know his eye doth homage elsewhere;

Or else, what lets it but he would be here?

Sister, you know he promis'd me a chain;—

Would that alone alone he would detain,¹⁷

So he would keep fair quarter with his bed!

I see, the jewel best enamelled

Will lose his beauty, yet the gold 'bides still,

That others touch; and often touching will

Wear gold; and no man, that hath a name,

By falsehood and corruption doth it shame!

Since that my beauty cannot please his eye,

I'll weep what 's left away, and weeping die.

Luc. How many fond fools serve mad jealousy! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*A Street in Ephesus, near the house of Antipholus.*

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse.

Ant. S. The gold I gave to Dromio is laid up Safe at the Centaur; and the heedful slave Is wander'd forth, in care to seek me out.

By computation and mine host's report,

I could not speak with Dromio, since at first

I sent him from the mart: See, here he comes.

Enter DROMIO of Syracuse.

How now, sir? is your merry humour alter'd?

As you love strokes, so jest with me again.

You know no Centaur? you receiv'd no gold?

You mistress sent to have me home to dinner?

My house was at the Phoenix? Wast thou mad,
That thus so madly thou didst answer me?

Dro. S. What answer, sir? When spake I
such a word?

Ant. S. Even now, even here, not half an hour
since.

Dro. S. I did not see you since you sent me
hence

Home to the Centaur, with the gold you gave me.

Ant. S. Villain, thou didst deny the gold's
receipt,

And told'st me of a mistress, and a dinner;

For which, I hope, thou felt'st I was displeas'd.

Dro. S. I am glad to see you in this merry
vein:

What means this jest? I pray you, master,
tell me.

Ant. S. Yea, dost thou jeer, and flout me in
the teeth?

Think'st thou I jest? Hold, take thou that, and
that. [*Beating him.*]

Dro. S. Hold, sir, for God's sake: now your
jest is earnest:

Upon what bargain do you give it me?

Ant. S. Because that I familiarly sometimes
do use you for my fool, and chat with you,
Your sauciness will jest upon my love,
And make a common of my serious hours.¹⁸

When the sun shines, let foolish gnats make sport,
But creep in crannies when he hides his beams.

If you will jest with me, know my aspect,

And fashion your demeanour to my looks,

Or I will beat this method in your sconce.¹⁹

Dro. S. Sconce call you it? so you would leave
battering, I had rather have it a head: an you use
these blows long, I must get a sconce for my head,
and insconce it too; or else I shall seek my wit in
my shoulders. But, I pray sir, why am I beaten?

Ant. S. Dost thou not know?

Dro. S. Nothing, sir; but that I am beaten.

Ant. S. Shall I tell you why?

Dro. S. Ay, sir, and wherefore; for, they say,
every why hath a wherefore.

Ant. S. Why, first—for flouting me; and then,
wherefore,—

For urging it the second time to me.

Dro. S. Was there ever any man thus beaten
out of season?

When, in the why, and the wherefore, is neither
rhyme nor reason?

Well, sir, I thank you.

Ant. S. Thank me, sir? for what?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, for this something that you
gave me for nothing.

Ant. S. I'll make you amends next, to give you
nothing for something. But, say, sir, is it dinner-
time?

Dro. S. No, sir; I think the meat wants that I
have.

Ant. S. In good time, sir; what's that?

Dro. S. Basting.

Ant. S. Well, sir, then 't will be dry.

Dro. S. If it be, sir, I pray you eat none of it.

Ant. S. Your reason?

Dro. S. Lest it make you choleric, and pur-
chase me another dry basting.

Ant. S. Well, sir, learn to jest in good time.
There's a time for all things.

Dro. S. I durst have denied that, before you
were so choleric.

Ant. S. By what rule, sir?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, by a rule as plain as the
plain bald pate of father Time himself.

Ant. S. Let's hear it.

Dro. S. There's no time for a man to recover
his hair, that grows bald by nature.

Ant. S. May he not do it by fine and recovery?

Dro. S. Yes, to pay a fine for a periwig, and
recover the lost hair of another man.

Ant. S. Why is Time such a niggard of hair,
being, as it is, so plentiful an excrement?

Dro. S. Because it is a blessing that he bestows
on beasts: and what he hath scantied men in hair,
he hath given them in wit.

Ant. S. Why, but there's many a man hath
more hair than wit.

Dro. S. Not a man of those but he hath the
wit to lose his hair.

Ant. S. Why, thou didst conclude hairy men
plain dealers without wit.

Dro. S. The plainer dealer, the sooner lost:
Yet he loseth it in a kind of jollity.

Ant. S. For what reason?

Dro. S. For two; and sound ones too.

Ant. S. Nay, not sound, I pray you.

Dro. S. Sure ones then.

Ant. S. Nay, not sure, in a thing falling.

Dro. S. Certain ones then.

Ant. S. Name them.

Dro. S. The one, to save the money that he
spends in trimming;²⁰ the other, that at dinner
they should not drop in his porridge.

Ant. S. You would all this time have prov'd
there is no time for all things.

Dro. S. Marry, and did, sir; namely, in no time to recover hair lost by nature.

Ant. S. But your reason was not substantial, why there is no time to recover.

Dro. S. Thus I mend it: Time himself is bald, and therefore to the world's end will have bald followers.

Ant. S. I knew 't would be a bald conclusion: But, soft, who wafts us yonder?

Enter ADRIANA and LUCIANA.

Adr. Ay, ay, Antipholus, look strange, and frown;

Some other mistress hath thy sweet aspects:

I am not Adriana, nor thy wife.

The time was once, when thou unurg'd wouldst vow

That never words were music to thine ear,

That never object pleasing in thine eye,

That never touch well-welcome to thy hand,

That never meat sweet-savour'd in thy taste,

Unless I spake, or look'd, or touch'd, or carv'd to thee.

How comes it now, my husband, oh, how comes it,

That thou art then estranged from thyself?

Thyself I call it, being strange to me,

That, undividable, incorporate,

Am better than thy dear self's better part.

Ah, do not tear away thyself from me;

For know, my love, as easy mayst thou fall

A drop of water in the breaking gulf,

And take unmingled thence that drop again,

Without addition or diminishing,

As take from me thyself, and not me too.

How dearly would it touch thee to the quick,

Shouldst thou but hear I were licentious!

And that this body, consecrate to thee,

By ruffian lust should be contaminate!

Wouldst thou not spit at me, and spurn at me,

And hurl the name of husband in my face,

And tear the stain'd skin off my harlot brow,²¹

And from my false hand cut the wedding-ring,

And break it with a deep-divorcing vow?

I know thou canst; and therefore see thou do it.

I am possess'd with an adulterate blot;

My blood is mingled with the crime of lust:

For, if we two be one, and thou play false,

I do digest the poison of thy flesh,

Being strumpeted by thy contagion.

Keep then fair league and truce with thy true bed;

I live unstain'd, thou, undishonoured.

Ant. S. Plead you to me, fair dame? I know you not:

In Ephesus I am but two hours old,

As strange unto your town as to your talk;

Who, every word by all my wit being scan'd,

Wants wit in all one word to understand.

Luc. Fie, brother! how the world is chang'd with you!

When were you wont to use my sister thus?

She sent for you by Dromio home to dinner.

Ant. S. By Dromio?

Dro. S. By me?

Adr. By thee; and this thou didst return from him,—

That he did buffet thee, and, in his blows,

Denied my house for his, me for his wife.

Ant. S. Did you converse, sir, with this gentlewoman?

What is the course and drift of your compact?

Dro. S. I, sir? I never saw her till this time

Ant. S. Villain, thou liest; for even her very words

Didst thou deliver to me on the mart.

Dro. S. I never spake with her in all my life.

Ant. S. How can she thus then call us by our names,

Unless it be by inspiration?

Adr. How ill agrees it with your gravity

To counterfeit thus grossly with your slave,

Abetting him to thwart me in my mood!

Be it my wrong, you are from me exempt,²²

But wrong not that wrong with a more contempt.

Come, I will fasten on this sleeve of thine:

Thou art an elm, my husband, I a vine,

Whose weakness, married to thy stronger state,

Makes me with thy strength to communicate:

If aught possess thee from me, it is dross,

Usurping ivy, briar, or idle moss;

Who, all for want of pruning, with intrusion

Infect thy sap, and live on thy confusion.

Ant. S. To me she speaks; she moves me for her theme:

What, was I married to her in my dream?

Or sleep I now, and think I hear all this?

What error drives our eyes and ears amiss?

Until I know this sure uncertainty,

I 'll entertain the forced fallacy.

Luc. Dromio, go bid the servants spread for dinner.

Dro. S. O, for my beads! I cross me for a sinner

This is the fairy land;—O, spite of spites!

We talk with goblins, owls, and elvish sprites;²³

If we obey them not, this will ensue,

They 'll suck our breath, or pinch us black and blue.

Luc. Why prat'st thou to thyself, and answer'st not?

Dromio, thou *Dromio*, thou snail, thou slug, thou sot!

Dro. S. I am transformed, master, am I not?

Ant. S. I think thou art, in mind, and so am I.

Dro. S. Nay, master, both in mind, and in my shape.

Ant. S. Thou hast thine own form.

Dro. S. No, I am an ape.

Luc. If thou art chang'd to aught, 't is to an ass.

Dro. S. 'T is true; she rides me, and I long for grass.

'T is so, I am an ass; else it could never be, But I should know her as well as she knows me.

Adr. Come, come, no longer will I be a fool, To put the finger in the eye and weep,

Whilst man and master laugh my woes to scorn.

Come, sir, to dinner; *Dromio*, keep the gate.—

Husband, I 'll dine above with you to-day,

And shrive you of a thousand idle pranks:

Sirrah, if any ask you for your master,

Say, he dines forth, and let no creature enter.

Come, sister:—*Dromio*, play the porter well.

Ant. S. Am I in earth, in heaven, or in hell?

Sleeping, or waking? mad, or well-advis'd?

Known unto these, and to myself disguis'd!

I 'll say as they say, and persevere so,²⁴

And in this mist at all adventures go.

Dro. S. Master, shall I be porter at the gate?

Adr. Ay; and let none enter, lest I break your pate.

Luc. Come, come, *Antipholus*, we dine too late.

[*Erit.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A public place opposite the house of Antipholus of Ephesus.*

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus, DROMIO of Ephesus, ANGELO, and BALTHAZAR.

Ant. E. Good signior *Angelo*, you must excuse us all.

My wife is shrewish, when I keep not hours:

Say, that I linger'd with you at your shop,

To see the making of her carcanet,²⁵

And that to-morrow you will bring it home.

But here 's a villain, that would face me down

He met me on the mart; and that I beat him,

And charg'd him with a thousand marks in gold;

And that I did deny my wife and house:

Thou drunkard, thou, what didst thou mean by this?

Dro. E. Say what you will, sir, but I know what I know:

That you beat me at the mart, I have your hand to show:

If the skin were parchment, and the blows you gave were ink,

Your own handwriting would tell you what I think.

Ant. E. I think thou art an ass.

Dro. E. Marry, so it doth appear

By the wrongs I suffer and the blows I bear.

I should kick, being kick'd; and, being at that pass,

You would keep from my heels, and beware of an ass.

Ant. E. Y' are sad, signior *Balthazar*: 'Pray God, our cheer

May answer my good will, and your good welcome here.

Bal. I hold your dainties cheap, sir, and your welcome dear.

Ant. E. O, signior *Balthazar*, either at flesh or fish,

A table full of welcome makes scarce one dainty dish.

Bal. Good meat, sir, is common; that every churl affords.

Ant. E. And welcome more common; for that 's nothing but words.

Bal. Small cheer and great welcome make a merry feast.

Ant. E. Ay, to a niggardly host, and more sparing guest:

But though my cates be mean,²⁶ take them in good part;

Better cheer may you have, but not with better heart.

But, soft; my door is lock'd. Go bid them let us in.

Dro. E. Maud, Bridget, Marian, Cicely, Gillian, Jen'!

Dro. S. [*Within.*] Mome,²⁷ malt-horse, capon,
coxecomb, idiot, patch!

Either get thee from the door, or sit down at the hatch:

Dost thou conjure for wenches, that thou call'st for such store,

When one is one too many? Go, get thee from the door.

Dro. E. What patch is made our porter? My master stays in the street.

Dro. S. Let him walk from whence he came, lest he catch cold on 's feet.

Ant. E. Who talks within there? ho! open the door.

Dro. S. Right, sir, I 'll tell you when, an you 'll tell me wherefore.

Ant. E. Wherefore? for my dinner; I have not din'd to day.

Dro. S. Nor to-day here you must not; come again when you may.

Ant. E. What art thou, that keep'st me out from the house I owe?

Dro. S. The porter for this time, sir, and my name is Dromio.

Dro. E. O, villain, thou hast stol'n both mine office and my name;

The one ne'er got me credit, the other mickle blame.

If thou hadst been Dromio to-day in my place,
Thou wouldst have chang'd thy face for a name, or thy name for an ass.

Luce. [*Within.*] What a coil is there! Dromio, who are those at the gate

Dro. E. Let my master in, Luce.

Luce. Faith, no; he comes too late;

And so tell your master.

Dro. E. O Lord, I must laugh;—

Have at you with a proverb.—Shall I set in my staff?

Luce. Have at you with another: that 's,—
When? can you tell?

Dro. S. If thy name be called Luce, Luce, thou hast answer'd him well.

Ant. E. Do you hear, you minion? you 'll let us in, I hope?

Luce. I thought to have ask'd you.

Dro. S. And you said, no.

Dro. E. So, come, help; well struck; there was blow for blow.

Ant. E. Thou baggage, let me in.

Luce. Can you tell for whose sake?

Dro. E. Master, knock the door hard.

Luce. Let him knock till it ake.

Ant. E. You 'll cry for this, minion, if I beat the door down.

Luce. What needs all that, and a pair of stocks in the town?

Adr. [*Within.*] Who is that at the door, thou keeps all this noise?

Dro. S. By my troth, your town is troubled with unruly boys.

Ant. E. Are you there, wife? you might have come before.

Adr. Your wife, sir knave! go, get you from the door.

Dro. E. If you went in pain, master, this knave would go sore.

Ang. Here is neither cheer, sir, nor welcome; we would fain have either.

Bal. In debating which was best, we shall part with neither.

Dro. E. They stand at the door, master; bid them welcome hither.

Ant. E. There is something in the wind, that we cannot get in.

Dro. E. You would say so, master, if your garments were thin.

Your cake here is warm within; you stand here in the cold:

It would make a man mad as a buck to be so bought and sold.²⁸

Ant. E. Go fetch me something, I 'll break ope the gate.

Dro. S. Break any breaking here, and I 'll break your knave's pate.

Dro. E. A man may break a word with you, sir, and words are but wind:

Ay, and break it in your face, so he break it not behind.

Dro. S. It seems, thou want'st breaking: Out upon thee, hind!

Dro. E. Here 's too much, out upon thee! I pray thee, let me in.

Dro. S. Ay, when fowls have no feathers, and fish have no fin.

Ant. E. Well, I 'll break in: Go, borrow me a crow.

Dro. E. A crow without feather: master, mean you so?

For a fish without a fin, there 's a fowl without a feather:

If a crow help us in, sirrah, we 'll pluck a crow together.

Ant. E. Go, get thee gone, fetch me an iron crow.

Bal. Have patience, sir, O let it not be so.
 Herein you war against your reputation,
 And draw within the compass of suspect²⁹
 Th' unviolated honour of your wife
 Once this,—Your long experience of her wisdom,
 Her sober virtue, years, and modesty,
 Plead on her part some cause to you unknown;
 And doubt not, sir, but she will well excuse
 Why at this time the doors are made against you.
 Be rul'd by me; depart in patience,
 And let us to the Tiger all to dinner:
 And, about evening, come yourself alone,
 To know the reason of this strange restraint.
 If by strong hand you offer to break in,
 Now in the stirring passage of the day,
 A vulgar comment will be made of it;
 And that supposed by the common rout,
 Against your yet ungalled estimation,
 That may with foul intrusion enter in,
 And dwell upon your grave when you are dead:
 For slander lives upon succession;
 For ever hous'd, where it gets possession.

Ant. E. You have prevail'd. I will depart in quiet,

And, in despite of Mirth,³⁰ mean to be merry.
 I know a wench of excellent discourse;
 Pretty and witty; wild, and yet, too, gentle;—
 There will we dine: this woman that I mean,
 My wife (but, I protest, without desert)
 Hath oftentimes upbraided me withal;
 To her will we to dinner. Get you home,
 And fetch the chain; by this, I know, 't is made:
 Bring it, I pray you, to the Porpentine;
 For there 's the house; that chain will I bestow
 (Be it for nothing but to spite my wife)
 Upon mine hostess there: good sir, make haste:
 Since mine own doors refuse to entertain me,
 I'll knock elsewhere, to see if they'll disdain me.

Ang. I'll meet you at that place some hour hence.

Ant. E. Do so. This jest shall cost me some expense. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*A public street.*

Enter LUCIANA and ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse.

Luc. And may it be that you have quite forgot
 A husband's office? shall, Antipholus,
 Even in the spring of love, thy love-springs rot?
 Shall love, in building, grow so ruinous?³¹
 If you did wed my sister for her wealth,
 Then for her wealth's sake, use her with more
 kindness;

Or, if you like elsewhere, do it by stealth;

Muffle your false love with some show of
 blindness:

Let not my sister read it in your eye;

Be not thy tongue thy own shame's orator;

Look sweet, speak fair, become disloyalty;

Apparel vice like virtue's harbinger:

Bear a fair presence, though your heart betainted

Teach sin the carriage of a holy saint;

Be secret-false: What need she be acquainted

What simple thief brags of his own attain?

'T is double wrong to truant with your bed,

And let her read it in thy looks at board:

Shame hath a bastard fame, well managed;

Ill deeds are doubled with an evil word.

Alas, poor women! make us but believe,

Being compact of credit,³² that you love us;

Though others have the arm, show us the sleeve;

We in your motion turn, and you may move us

Then, gentle brother, get you in again;

Comfort my sister, cheer her, call her 'wife:'

'T is holy sport to be a little vain,

When the sweet breath of flattery conquers
 strife.

Ant. S. Sweet mistress, (what your name is also
 I know not,

Nor by what wonder you do hit of mine,)

Less, in your knowledge, and your grace, you
 show not

Than our earth's wonder, more than carols
 divine.

Teach me, dear creature, how to think and speak;

Lay open to my earthy gross conceit,

Smother'd in errors, feeble, shallow, weak,

The folded meaning of your words' deceit.

Against my soul's pure truth why labour you,

To make it wander in an unknown field?

Are you a god? would you create me new?

Transform me then, and to your power I'll
 yield.

But if that I am I, then well I know,

Your weeping sister is no wife of mine;

Nor to her bed no homage do I owe;

Far more, far more, to you do I decline.

O, train me not, sweet mermaid, with thy note,

To drown me in thy sister flood of tears;

Sing, siren, for thyself, and I will dote:

Spread o'er the silver waves thy golden hairs,

And as a bed I'll take thee, and there lie;

And, in that glorious supposition, think

He gains by death, that hath such means to die:—

Let Love, being light, be drowned if she sink!

Luc. What, are you mad, that you do reason so?

Ant. S. Not mad, but mated; how, I do not know.

Luc. It is a fault that springeth from your eye.

Ant. S. For gazing on your beams, fair sun, being by.

Luc. Gaze where you should, and that will clear your sight.

Ant. S. As good to wink, sweet love, as look on night.

Luc. Why call you me love? call my sister so.

Ant. S. Thy sister's sister.

Luc. That 's my sister.

Ant. S. No;

It is thyself, mine own self's better part;

Mine eye's clear eye, my dear heart's dearer heart;

My food, my fortune, and my sweet hope's aim,

My sole earth's heaven, and my heaven's claim.³³

Luc. All this my sister is, or else should be.

Ant. S. Call thyself sister, sweet, for I aim thee;

Thee will I love, and with thee lead my life:

Thou hast no husband yet, nor I no wife:

Give me thy hand.

Luc. O, soft, sir, hold you still;

I'll fetch my sister, to get her good will.

[Exit *Luc.*]

Enter, from the house of ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus, DROMIO of Syracuse.

Ant. S. Why, how now, Dromio? where runn'st thou so fast?

Dro. S. Do you know me, sir? am I Dromio? am I your man? am I myself?

Ant. S. Thou art Dromio; thou art my man; thou art thyself.

Dro. S. I am an ass, I am a woman's man, and besides myself.

Ant. S. What woman's man? and how besides thyself?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, besides myself, I am due to a woman; one that claims me, one that haunts me, one that will have me.

Ant. S. What claim lays she to thee?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, such claim as you would lay to your horse; and she would have me as a beast: not that, I being a beast, she would have me: but that she, being a very beastly creature, lays claim to me.

Ant. S. What is she?

Dro. S. A very reverent body; ay, such a one

as a man may not speak of, without he say, sir reverence:³⁴ I have but lean luck in the match, and yet is she a wondrous fat marriage.

Ant. S. How dost thou mean a fat marriage.

Dro. S. Marry, sir, she's the kitchen-wench, and all grease; and I know not what use to put her to, but to make a lamp of her, and run from her by her own light. I warrant, her rags, and the tallow in them, will burn a Poland winter: if she lives till doomsday, she'll burn a week longer than the whole world.

Ant. S. What complexion is she of?

Dro. S. Swart, like my shoe, but her face nothing like so clean kept. For why? she sweats, a man may go over shoes in the grime of it.

Ant. S. That 's a fault that water will mend.

Dro. S. No, sir, 't is in grain; Noah's flood could not do it.

Ant. S. What 's her name?

Dro. S. Nell, sir;—but her name is three quarters, that 's, an ell;³⁵ and three quarters will not measure her from hip to hip.

Ant. S. Then she bears some breadth?

Dro. S. No longer from head to foot, than from hip to hip: she is spherical, like a globe. I could find out countries in her.

Ant. S. In what part of her body stands Ireland?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, in her buttocks. I found it out by the bogs.

Ant. S. Where Scotland?

Dro. S. I found it by the barrenness; hard, in the palm of the hand.

Ant. S. Where France?

Dro. S. In her forehead; arm'd and reverted, making war against her heir.

Ant. S. Where England?

Dro. S. I look'd for the chalky cliffs, but I could find no whiteness in them; but I guess it stood in her chin, by the salt rheum that ran between France and it.

Ant. S. Where Spain?

Dro. S. Faith, I saw it not; but I felt it hot in her breath.

Ant. S. Where America, the Indies?

Dro. S. O, sir, upon her nose, all o'er embellished with rubies, carbuncles, sapphires, declining their rich aspect to the hot breath of Spain; who sent whole armadoes of carracks³⁶ to be ballast at her nose.

Ant. S. Where stood Belgium, the Netherlands?

Dro. S. O, sir, I did not look so low. To conclude, this drudge or diviner laid claim to me;

call'd me Dromio; swore, I was assur'd to her;
told me what privy marks I had about me, as the
mark of my shoulder, the mole in my neck, the
great wart on my left arm, that I, amaz'd, ran from
her as a witch:

And, I think, if my breast had not been made of
faith, and my heart of steel,
She had transform'd me to a curtail-dog, and made
me turn i' the wheel.²⁷

Ant. S. Go, hie thee presently, post to the
road;

And if the wind blow any way from shore,
I will not harbour in this town to-night.

If any bark put forth, come to the mart,
Where I will walk, till thou return to me.

If every one knows us, and we know none,
'Tis time, I think, to trudge, pack, and be gone.

Dro. S. As from a bear a man would run for life,
So fly I from her that would be my wife. [*Exit.*]

Ant. S. There's none but witches do inhabit
here;

And therefore 't is high time that I were hence.

She, that doth call me husband, even my soul

Doth for a wife abhor: but her fair sister,

Possess'd with such a gentle sovereign grace,

Of such enchanting presence and discourse,

Hath almost made me traitor to myself:

But, lest myself be guilty to self-wrong,

I'll stop mine ears against the mermaid's song.

Enter ANGELO, with the chain in his hand.

Ang. Master Antipholus?

Ant. S. Ay, that's my name.

Ang. I know it well, sir. Lo, here's the chain
I thought to have ta'en you at the Porpentine:²⁸
The chain unfinish'd made me stay thus long.

Ant. S. What is your will that I shall do with
this?

Ang. What please yourself, sir; I have made
it for you.

Ant. S. Made it for me, sir! I bespoke it not.

Ang. Not once, nor twice, but twenty times
you have:

Go home with it, and please your wife withal;

And soon at supper-time I'll visit you,

And then receive my money for the chain.

Ant. S. I pray you, sir, receive the money now,
For fear you ne'er see chain nor money more.

Ang. You are a merry man, sir; fare you well.
[*Exit.*]

Ant. S. What I should think of this I cannot
tell:

But this I think, there's no man is so vain

That would refuse so fair an offer'd chain.

I see, a man here needs not live by shifts,

When in the streets he meets such golden gifts.

I'll to the mart, and there for Dromio stay;

If any ship put out, then straight away.

Exit

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—A Street in Ephesus.

Enter a MERCHANT, ANGELO, and an OFFICER.

Mer. You know, since Pentecost the sum is due,
And since I have not much importun'd you,
Nor now I had not, but that I am bound
To Persia, and want gilders for my voyage:
Therefore make present satisfaction,
Or I'll attach you by this officer

Ang. Even just the sum that I do owe to you
is growing to me²⁹ by Antipholus:

And, in the instant that I met with you,

He had of me a chain; at five o'clock

I shall receive the money for the same:

Pleaseth you walk with me down to his house,

I will discharge my bond, and thank you too.

*Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus, and DROMIO of
Ephesus.*

Off. That labour you may save; see where he
comes.

Ant. E. While I go to the goldsmith's house,
go thou

And buy a rope's end; that will I bestow

Among my wife and her confederates,

For locking me out of my doors by day

But soft, I see the goldsmith:—get thee gone;

Buy thou a rope, and bring it home to me.

Dro. E. I buy a thousand pounds a year! I
buy a rope! [*Exit DROMIO.*]

Ant. E. A man is well help up that trusts to
you.

I promised your presence, and the chain;

But neither chain, nor goldsmith, came to me :
Belike, you thought our love would last too long,
If it were chain'd together ; and therefore came
not.

Ang. Saving your merry humour, here 's the
note

How much your chain weighs to the utmost carat ;
The fineness of the gold, and chargeful fashion ;
Which doth amount to three 'dd ducats more
Than I stand debted to this gentleman :
I pray you, see him presently discharg'd,
For he is bound to sea, and stays but for it.

Ant. E. I am not furnish'd with the present
money ;

Besides I have some business in the town :
Good signior, take the stranger to my house,
And with you take the chain, and bid my wife
Disburse the sum on the receipt thereof ;
Perchance, I will be there as soon as you.

Ang. Then you will bring the chain to her
yourself ?

Ant. E. No ; bear it with you, lest I come not
time enough.

Ang. Well, sir, I will : Have you the chain
about you ?

Ant. E. An if I have not, sir, I hope you have ;
Or else you may return without your money.

Ang. Nay, come, I pray you, sir, give me the
chain ;

Both wind and tide stays for this gentleman,
And I, to blame, have held him here too long.

Ant. E. Good Lord, you use this dalliance⁴⁰ to
excuse

Your breach of promise to the Porpentine :
I should have chid you for not bringing it,
But, like a shrew, you first begin to brawl.

Mer. The hour steals on ; I pray you, sir,
dispatch.

Ang. You hear how he importunes me ; the
chain—

Ant. E. Why, give it to my wife, and fetch
your money.

Ang. Come, come, you know I gave it you
even now ;

Either send the chain, or send me by some token.

Ant. E. Fie ! now you run this humour out of
breath :

Come, where's the chain ? I pray you, let me
see it.

Mer. My business cannot brook this dalliance :
Good sir, say, wher you 'll answer me, or no,
If not, I 'll leave him to the officer.

Ant. E. I answer you ! What should I answer
you ?

Ang. The money that you owe me for the chain.

Ant. E. I owe you none, till I receive the chain.

Ang. You know I gave it you half an hour since

Ant. E. You gave me none ; you wrong me
much to say so.

Ang. You wrong me more, sir, in denying it :
Consider how it stands upon my credit.

Mer. Well, officer, arrest him at my suit.

Off. I do ; and charge you, in the duke's name
to obey me.

Ang. This touches me in reputation :—
Either consent to pay this sum for me,
Or I attach you by this officer.

Ant. E. Consent to pay thee that I never had
Arrest me, foolish fellow, if thou dar'st.

Ang. Here is thy fee ; arrest him, officer.
I would not spare my brother in this case,
If he should scorn me so apparently.

Off. I do arrest you, sir ; you hear the suit.

Ant. E. I do obey thee, till I give thee bail :
But, sirrah, you shall buy this sport as dear
As all the metal in your shop will answer.

Ang. Sir, sir, I shall have law in Ephesus,
To your notorious shame, I doubt it not.

Enter DROMIO of Syracuse.

Dro. S. Master, there 's a bark of Epidamnum,
That stays but till her owner comes aboard,
And then, sir, she bears away : our freightage, sir,
I have convey'd aboard ; and I have bought
The oil, the balsamum, and aqua-vitæ.
The ship is in her trim ; the merry wind
Blows fair from land : they stay for nought at all,
But for their owner, master, and yourself.

Ant. E. How now ! a madman ? Why, thou
peevish sheep,⁴¹
What ship of Epidamnum stays for me ?

Dro. S. A ship you sent me to, to hire waftage

Ant. E. Thou drunken slave, I sent thee for a
rope ;

And told thee to what purpose, and what end.

Dro. S. You sent me for a rope's-end as soon :
You sent me to the bay, sir, for a bark.

Ant. E. I will debate this matter at more leisure
And teach your ears to list me with more heed.

To Adriana, villain, hie thee straight :

Give her this key, and tell her, in the desk

That 's cover'd o'er with Turkish tapestry,

There is a purse of ducats ; let her send it ;

Tell her, I am arrested in the street.

And that shall bail me : hie thee, slave : be gone.
On, officer, to prison, till it come.

[*Exeunt MEE., ANG., OFF., and ANT. E.*]

Dro. S. To Adriana ! that is where we din'd,
Where Dousabel did claim me⁴² for her husband :
She is too big, I hope, for me to compass.
Thither I must, although against my will,
For servants must their masters' minds fulfil.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—*Another street.*

Enter ADRIANA and LUCIANA.

Adr. Ah, Luciana, did he tempt thee ?
Mightst thou perceive austerely in his eye
That he did plead in earnest, yea, or no ?
Look'd he or red, or pale ; or sad or merrily ?
What observation mad'st thou in this case,
Of his heart's meteors tilting in his face ?

Luc. First, he deni'd you had in him no right.⁴³

Adr. He meant he did me none ; the more my
spite.

Luc. Then swore he, that he was a stranger here.

Adr. And true he swore, though yet forsworn
he were.

Luc. Then pleaded I for you.

Adr. And what said he ?

Luc. That love I begg'd for you, he begg'd of me.

Adr. With what persuasion did he tempt thy
love ?

Luc. With words that in an honest suit might
move.

First, he did praise my beauty ; then, my speech.

Adr. Didst speak him fair ?

Luc. Have patience, I beseech.

Adr. I cannot, nor I will not, hold me still ;
My tongue, though not my heart, shall have his
will.

He is deformed, crooked, old, and sere,⁴⁴
Ill-fac'd, worse-bodied, shapeless everywhere ;
Vicious, ungentle, foolish, blunt, unkind ;
Stigmatical in making, worse in mind.

Luc. Who would be jealous then of such a one ?
No evil lost is wail'd when it is gone.

Adr. Ah ! but I think him better than I say,
And yet would herein others' eyes were worse :

Far from her nest the lapwing cries, away ;
My heart prays for him, though my tongue do
curse.

Enter DROMIO of Syracuse.

Dro. S. Here, go : the desk, the purse ; sweet,
now, make haste.

Luc. How hast thou lost thy breath ?

Dro. S. By running fast.

Adr. Where is thy master, Dromio ? is he well ?

Dro. S. No, he's in Tartar limbo, worse than
hell.

A devil in an everlasting garment⁴⁵ hath him ;

One whose hard heart is button'd up with steel ;

A fiend, a fairy, pitiless and rough ;

A wolf, nay, worse,—a fellow all in buff ;

A back-friend, a shoulder-clapper, one that coun-
termends

The passages of alleys, creeks, and narrow lands ;

A hound that runs counter, and yet draws dry-foot
well ;⁴⁶

One that, before the judgment, carries poor souls
to hell.

Adr. Why, man, what is the matter ?

Dro. S. I do not know the matter ; he is 'rested
on the case.

Adr. What, is he arrested ? tell me, at whose
suit.

Dro. S. I know not at whose suit he is ar-
rested, well ;

But is in a suit of buff, which 'rested him, that can
I tell :

Will you send him, mistress, redemption, the
money in his desk ?

Adr. Go fetch it, sister.—This I wonder at.

[*Exit Luc*]

That he, unknown to me, should be in debt :—

Tell me, was he arrested on a band ?⁴⁷

Dro. S. Not on a band, but on a stronger thing ;
A chain, a chain : do you not hear it ring ?

Adr. What, the chain ?

Dro. S. No, no, the bell : 't is time that I were
gone.

It was two ere I left him, and now the clock
strikes one.

Adr. The hours come back ! that did I never
hear.

Dro. S. O yes. If any hour meet a sergeant,
a' turns back for very fear.

Adr. As if Time were in debt ! how fondly dost
thou reason !

Dro. S. Time is a very bankrupt, and owes
more than he's worth to season.

Nay, he's a thief too : Have you not heard men
say,

That Time comes stealing on by night and day ?

If he be in debt, and theft, and a sergeant in
the way,

Hath he not reason to turn back an hour in a day ?

Enter LUCIANA.

Adr. Go, Dromio; there's the money, bear it straight;
And bring thy master home immediately.
Come, sister; I am press'd down with conceit;
Conceit, my comfort, and my injury.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse.

Ant. S. There's not a man I meet but doth salute me,
As if I were their well-acquainted friend;
And every one doth call me by my name.
Some tender money to me, some invite me;
Some other give me thanks for kindnesses;
Some offer me commodities to buy:
Even now a tailor call'd me in his shop,
And show'd me silks that he had bought for me,
And, therewithal, took measure of my body.
Sure, these are but imaginary wiles,
And Lapland sorcerers inhabit here.

Enter DROMIO of Syracuse.

Dro. S. Master, here's the gold you sent me for:
What have you got the picture of Old Adam⁴⁸ new apparell'd?

Ant. S. What gold is this? What Adam dost thou mean?

Dro. S. Not that Adam that kept the paradise, but that Adam that keeps the prison: he that goes in the calf's-skin that was kill'd for the prodigal; he that came behind you, sir, like an evil angel, and bid you forsake your liberty.

Ant. S. I understand thee not.

Dro. S. No? why, 't is a plain case: he that went like a base-viol, in a case of leather; the man, sir, that, when gentlemen are tired, gives them a fob,⁴⁹ and 'rests them; he, sir, that takes pity on decayed men, and gives them suits of durance; he that sets up his rest to do more exploits with his mace, than a morris-pike.⁵⁰

Ant. S. What! thou mean'st an officer.

Dro. S. Ay, sir, the sergeant of the band; he, that brings any man to answer it that breaks his band; one that thinks a man always going to bed, and says, "God give you good rest!"

Ant. S. Well, sir, there rest in your foolery. Is there any ship puts forth to-night? may we be gone?

Dro. S. Why, sir, I brought you word an hour since, that the bark Expedition put forth to-night; and then were you hind'ed by the sergeant, to

tarry for the hoy Delay: Here are the angels that you sent for, to deliver you.

Ant. S. The fellow is distract, and so am I;
And here we wander in illusions;
Some blessed power deliver us from hence!

Enter a COURTEZAN.

Cour. Well met, well met, master Antipholus.
I see, sir, you have found the goldsmith now:
Is that the chain you promis'd me to-day?

Ant. S. Satan, avoid! I charge thee, tempt me not!

Dro. S. Master, is this mistress Satan?

Ant. S. It is the devil.

Dro. S. Nay, she is worse, she is the devil's dam; and here she comes in the habit of a light wench; and thereof comes, that the wenches say, "God damn me," that's as much to say, "God make me a light wench." It is written, they appear to men like angels of light: light is an effect of fire, and fire will burn; *ergo*, light wenches will burn. Come not near her.

Cour. Your man and you are marvellous merry, sir. Will you go with me? We'll mend our dinner here.

Dro. S. Master, if you do, expect spoon-meat, or bespeak a long spoon.

Ant. S. Why, Dromio?

Dro. S. Marry, he must have a long spoon that must eat with the devil.

Ant. S. Avoid thee, fiend! what tell'st thou me of supping?

Thou art, as you are all, a sorceress:

I conjure thee to leave me, and be gone.

Cour. Give me the ring of mine you had at dinner,

Or, for my diamond, the chain you promis'd;

And I'll be gone, sir, and not trouble you.

Dro. S. Some devils ask but the parings of one's nail,

A rush, a hair, a drop of blood, a pin,

A nut, a cherry-stone; but she, more covetous,
Would have a chain.

Master, be wise; an' if you give it her,

The devil will shake her chain, and fright us with it.

Cour. I pray you, sir, my ring, or else the chain,
I hope you do not mean to cheat me so.

Ant. S. Avaunt, thou witch! Come, Dromio, let us go.

Dro. S. Fly pride, says the peacock: Mistress, that you know.

[*Exeunt ANT. S. and DRO. S.*

Cour. Now, out of doubt, Antipholus is mad,
Else would he never so demean himself:
A ring he hath of mine worth forty ducats,
And for the same he promis'd me a chain;
Both one and other he denies me now.
The reason that I gather he is mad,
(Besides this present instance of his rage,)
Is a mad tale he told to-day at dinner,
Of his own doors being shut against his entrance.
Belike, his wife, acquainted with his fits,
On purpose shut the doors against his way.
My way is now to hie home to his house,
And tell his wife, that, being lunatic,
He rush'd into my house, and took perforce
My ring away: This course I fittest choose;
For forty ducats is too much to lose. *[Exit.]*

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus, and a GAOLER.

Ant. E. Fear me not, man, I will not break
away:
I'll give thee, ere I leave thee, so much money
To warrant thee, as I am 'rested for.
My wife is in a wayward mood to-day;
And will not lightly trust the messenger,
That I should be attach'd in Ephesus;
I tell you, 't will sound harshly in her ears.—

Enter DROMIO of Ephesus, with a rope's end.

Here comes my man; I think he brings the money.
How now, sir? have you that I sent you for?

Dro. E. Here 's that, I warrant you, will pay
them all.⁵¹

Ant. E. But where 's the money?

Dro. E. Why, sir, I gave the money for the rope.

Ant. E. Five hundred ducats, villain, for a rope?

Dro. E. I'll serve you, sir, five hundred at the
rate.

Ant. E. To what end did I bid thee hie thee
home?

Dro. E. To a rope's end, sir, and to that end
am I return'd.

Ant. E. And to that end, sir, I will welcome
you. *[Beating him.]*

Gaol. Good sir, be patient.

Dro. E. Nay, 't is for me to be patient; I am in
adversity.

Gaol. Good, now, hold thy tongue.

Dro. E. Nay, rather persuade him to hold his
hands

Ant. E. Thou whoreson, senseless villain!

Dro. E. I would I were senseless, sir, that I
might not feel your blows.

Ant. E. Thou art sensible in nothing but blows,
and so is an ass.

Dro. E. I am an ass, indeed; you may prove it
by my long ears. I have served him from the hour
of my nativity to this instant, and have nothing
at his hands for my service but blows: when I am
cold, he heats me with beating; when I am warm,
he cools me with beating; I am wak'd with it,
when I sleep; rais'd with it, when I sit; driven
out of doors with it, when I go from home; wel-
com'd home with it, when I return: nay, I bear
it on my shoulders, as a beggar wont her brat;
and, I think, when he hath lam'd me, I shall beg
with it from door to door.

*Enter ADRIANA, LUCIANA, and the COURTEZAN, with
PINCH, and others.*

Ant. E. Come, go along; my wife is coming
yonder.

Dro. E. Mistress, *respite finem*, respect your end;
or rather the prophecy, like the parrot, "Beware
the rope's end."⁵²

Ant. E. Wilt thou still talk? *[Beats him.]*

Cour. How say you now? is not your husband
mad?

Adr. His incivility confirms no less.
Good doctor Pinch, you are a conjurer;
Establish him in his true sense again,
And I will please you what you will demand.

Luc. Alas, how fiery and how sharp he looks!

Cour. Mark, how he trembles in his ecstasy!

Pinch. Give me your hand, and let me feel your
pulse.

Ant. E. There is my hand, and let it feel your
ear.

Pinch. I charge thee, Satan, hous'd within this
man,

To yield possession to my holy prayers,
And to thy state of darkness hie thee straight;
I conjure thee by all the saints in heaven.

Ant. E. Peace, doting wizard, peace; I am not
mad.

Adr. O, that thou wert not, poor distressed
soul!

Ant. E. You minion, you, are these your cus-
tomers?⁵³

Did this companion with the saffron face
Revel and feast it at my house to-day,
Whilst upon me the guilty doors were shut,
And I denied to enter in my house?

Adr. O husband, God doth know you din'd
home,

Where 'would you had remain'd until this time,
Free from these slanders, and this open shame!

Ant. E. Din'd at home! Thou villain, what
sayest thou?

Dro. E. Sir, sooth to say, you did not dine at
home.

Ant. E. Were not my doors lock'd up, and I
shut out?

Dro. E. Perdy, your doors were lock'd, and you
shut out.

Ant. E. And did not she herself revile me
there?

Dro. E. Sans fable, she herself revil'd you there.

Ant. E. Did not her kitchen-maid rail, taunt,
and scorn me?

Dro. E. Certes, she did; the kitchen-vestal
scorn'd you.

Ant. E. And did not I in rage depart from
thence?

Dro. E. In verity, you did;—my bones bear
witness,

That since have felt the vigour of his rage.

Adr. Is't good to soothe him in these contraries?

Pinch. It is no shame; the fellow finds his vein,
And, yielding to him, humours well his frenzy.

Ant. E. Thou hast suborn'd the goldsmith to
arrest me.

Adr. Alas! I sent you money to redeem you,
By Dromio here, who came in haste for it.

Dro. E. Money by me? heart and good-will
you might,

But, surely, master, not a rag of money.

Ant. E. Went'st not thou to her for a purse of
ducats?

Adr. He came to me, and I deliver'd it.

Luc. And I am witness with her, that she did.

Dro. E. God and the rope-maker bear me
witness,

That I was sent for nothing but a rope

Pinch. Mistress, both man and master are
possess'd;⁵⁴

I know it by their pale and deadly looks:

They must be bound, and hid in some dark room.

Ant. E. Say, wherefore didst thou lock me forth
to-day?

And why dost thou deny the bag of gold?

Adr. I did not, gentle husband, lock thee forth.

Dro. E. And, gentle master, I receiv'd no gold;
But I confess, sir, that we were lock'd out.

Adr. Dissembling villain, thou speak'st false in
both.

Ant. E. Dissembling harlot, thou art false in all;

And art confederate with a damned pack,
To make a loathsome abject scorn of me:
But with these nails I'll pluck out these false eyes.
That would behold in me this shameful sport.

*Enter Attendants, who bind ANT. E. and DRO. E
after a slight struggle.*

Adr. O, bind him, bind him, let him not come
near me.

Pinch. More company; the fiend is strong
within him.

Luc. Ah me, poor man! how pale and wan he
looks!

Ant. E. What, will you murder me? Thou
gaoler, thou,

I am thy prisoner: wilt thou suffer them
To make a rescue?

Gaol. Masters, let him go:

He is my prisoner, and you shall not have him.

Pinch. Go, bind this man, for he is frantic too.

Adr. What wilt thou do, thou peevish officer?

Hast thou delight to see a wretched man
Do outrage and displeasure to himself?

Gaol. He is my prisoner; if I let him go,
The debt he owes will be requir'd of me.

Adr. I will discharge thee, ere I get from thee
Bear me forthwith unto his creditor,
And, knowing how the debt grows, I will pay it.
Good master doctor, see him safe convey'd
Home to my house. O most unhappy day!

Ant. E. O most unhappy strumpet!

Dro. E. Master, I am here enter'd in bond for
you.

Ant. E. Out on thee, villain! wherefore dost
thou mad me?

Dro. E. Will you be bound for nothing? be
mad, good master; cry, the devil.—

Luc. God help, poor souls, how idly do they talk!

Adr. Go, bear him hence.—Sister go you with
me.—

[*Exeunt PINCH and Attendants, with
ANT. E. and DRO. E.*

Say now, whose suit is he arrested at?

Gaol. One Angelo, a goldsmith. Do you know
him?

Adr. I know the man: What is the sum he
owes?

Gaol. Two hundred ducats.

Adr. Say, how grows it due?

Gaol. Due for a chain your husband had of him.

Adr. He did borrow a chain for me, but had
it not.

Cou. Whenas your husband,⁵⁵ all in rage, to-day.

Came to my house, and took away my ring.

The ring I saw upon his finger now,)

Straight after did I meet him with a chain.

Adr. It may be so, but I did never see it:—

Come, gaoler, bring me where the goldsmith is;

I long to know the truth hereof at large.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse, with his rapier drawn, and DROMIO of Syracuse.

Luc. God, for thy mercy! they are loose again.

Adr. And come with naked swords; let's call more help,

To have them bound again.

Gsol. Away, they'll kill us.

[*Exeunt GAOLER, ADR., and LUC., running.*]

Ant. S. I see, these witches are afraid of swords.

Dro. S. She that would be your wife now ran from you.

Ant. S. Come to the Centaur; fetch our stuff⁵⁶ from thence:

I long that we were safe and sound aboard.

Dro. S. Faith, stay here this night, they will surely do us no harm; you saw they speak us fair, give us gold: methinks they are such a gentle nation, that, but for the mountain of mad flesh that claims marriage of me, I could find in my heart to stay here still, and turn witch.

Ant. S. I will not stay to-night for all the town;

Therefore away to get our stuff aboard. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—A public place in Ephesus.

Enter MERCHANT and ANGELO.

Ang. I am sorry, sir, that I have hinder'd you; But I protest he had the chain of me, Though most dishonestly he doth deny it.

Mer. How is the man esteem'd here in the city?

Ang. Of very reverent reputation, sir, Of credit infinite, highly belov'd, Second to none that lives here in the city: His word might bear my wealth at any time.

Mer. Speak softly: yonder, as I think, he walks.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS and DROMIO of Syracuse.

Ang. 'T is so; and that self chain about his neck,

Which he forswore, most monstrously, to have.

Good sir, draw near to me, I'll speak to him.

Signior Antipholus, I wonder much

That you would put me to this shame and trouble;

And not without some scandal to yourself,

With circumstance and oaths so to deny

This chain, which now you wear so openly:

Beside the charge, the shame, imprisonment,

You have done wrong to this my honest friend;

Who, but for staying on our controversy,

Had hoisted sail, and put to sea to-day.

This chain you had of me, can you deny it?

Ant. S. I think I had; I never did deny it.

Mer. Yes, that you did, sir; and forswore it too.

Ant. S. Who heard me to deny it, or forswear it?

Mer. These ears of mine, thou know'st, did hear thee;

Fie on thee, wretch! 'tis pity that thou liv'st To walk where any honest men resort.

Ant. S. Thou art a villain to impeach me thus: I'll prove mine honour and mine honesty Against thee presently, if thou dar'st stand.

Mer. I dare, and do defy thee for a villain.

[*They draw.*]

Enter ADRIANA, LUCIANA, COURTEZAN, and others

Adr. Hold, hurt him not, for God's sake; he is mad;

Some get within him,⁵⁷ take his sword away:

Bind Dromio too, and bear them to my house.

Dro. S. Run, master, run; for God's sake take a house.

This is some priory.—In, or we are spoil'd.

[*Exeunt ANT. S. and DRO. S. to the Priory*]

Enter the ABBESS.

Abb. Be quiet, people. Wherefore throng you hither?

Adr. To fetch my poor distracted husband
hence:

Let us come in, that we may bind him fast,
And bear him home for his recovery.

Ang. I knew he was not in his perfect wits.

Mer. I am sorry now that I did draw on him.

Abb. How long hath this possession held the man?

Adr. This week he hath been heavy, sour, sad,
And much different from the man he was;
But, till this afternoon, his passion
Ne'er brake into extremity of rage.

Abb. Hath he not lost much wealth by wreck
of sea?

Buried some dear friend? Hath not else his eye
Stray'd his affection in unlawful love?
A sin prevailing much in youthful men,
Who give their eyes the liberty of gazing.
Which of these sorrows is he subject to?

Adr. To none of these, except it be the last;
Namely, some love, that drew him off from home.

Abb. You should for that have reprehended him.

Adr. Why, so I did.

Abb. Ay, but not rough enough.

Adr. As roughly as my modesty would let me.

Abb. Haply, in private.

Adr. And in assemblies too.

Abb. Ay, but not enough.

Adr. It was the copy of our conference:⁵⁵

In bed, he slept not for my urging it;
At board, he fed not for my urging it;
Alone, it was the subject of my theme;
In company, I often glanced it;
Still did I tell him it was vild and bad.

Abb. And thereof came it that the man was
mad:

The venom clamours of a jealous woman
Poison more deadly than a mad dog's tooth.
It seems his sleeps were hinder'd by thy railing:
And thereof comes it that his head is light.
Thou say'st his meat was sauc'd with thy up-
braidings:

Unquiet meals make ill digestions,
Thereof the raging fire of fever bred;
And what's a fever but a fit of madness?
Thou sayest his sports were hinder'd by thy
brawls:

Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth ensue
But moody and dull melancholy,
Kinsman to grim and comfortless despair,
And, at her heels, a huge infectious troop
Of pale distemperatures, and foes to life?
In food, in sport, and life-preserving rest

To be disturb'd, would mad or man, or beast:
The consequence is then, thy jealous fits
Have scar'd thy husband from the use of wits.

Luc. She never reprehended him but mildly,
When he demean'd himself rough, rude, and
wildly.

Why bear you these rebukes, and answer not?

Adr. She did betray me to my own reproof.—
Good people, enter, and lay hold on him.

Abb. No, not a creature enters in my house.

Adr. Then, let your servants bring my husband
forth.

Abb. Neither; he took this place for sanctuary,
And it shall privilege him from your hands,
Till I have brought him to his wits again,
Or lose my labour in assaying it.

Adr. I will attend my husband, be his nurse,
Diet his sickness, for it is my office,
And will have no attorney but myself;
And therefore let me have him home with me.

Abb. Be patient: for I will not let him stir,
Till I have us'd the approved means I have,
With wholesome syrups, drugs, and holy prayers,
To make of him a formal man again:⁵⁶
It is a branch and parcel of mine oath,
A charitable duty of my order;
Therefore depart, and leave him here with me.

Adr. I will not hence, and leave my husband
here;
And ill it doth beseem your holiness,
To separate the husband and the wife.

Abb. Be quiet, and depart; thou shalt not have
him. [Exit ABBESS]

Luc. Complain unto the duke of this indignity.

Adr. Come, go; I will fall prostrate at his feet.
And never rise until my tears and prayers
Have won his grace to come in person hither,
And take perforce my husband from the abbess.

Mer. By this, I think, the dial points at five:
Anon, I'm sure, the duke himself in person
Comes this way to the melancholy vale,—
The place of depth⁶⁰ and sorry execution,
Behind the ditches of the abbey here.

Ang. Upon what cause?

Mer. To see a reverend Syracusan merchant,
Who put unluckily into this bay,
Against the laws and statutes of this town,
Behheaded publicly for his offence.

Ang. See where they come; we will behold his
death.

Luc. Kneel to the duke, before he pass the
abbey.

Enter DUKE, attended; ÆGEON, bare-headed; with the Headsman and other Officers.

Duke. Yet once again proclaim it publicly,
If any friend will pay the sum for him,
He shall not die, so much we tender him.

Adr. Justice, most sacred duke, against the
abbess!

Duke. She is a virtuous and a reverend lady;
It cannot be that she hath done thee wrong.

Adr. May it please your grace, Antipholus, my
husband,—

Who I made lord of me and all I had,
At your important letters,⁶¹—this ill day
A most outrageous fit of madness took him;
That desp'rately he hurried through the street,
(With him his bondman, all as mad as he,)
Doing displeasure to the citizens
By rushing in their houses, bearing thence
Rings, jewels, anything his rage did like.
Once did I get him bound, and sent him home;
Whilst to take order⁶² for the wrongs I went,
That here and there his fury had committed.
Anon, I wot not by what strong escape,
He broke from those that had the guard of him;
And, with his mad attendant and himself,
Each one with ireful passion, with drawn swords,
Met us again, and, madly bent on us,
Chas'd us away; till, raising of more aid,
We came again to bind them: then they fled
Into this abbey, whither we pursu'd them;
And here the abbess shuts the gates on us,
And will not suffer us to fetch him out,
Nor send him forth, that we may bear him hence.
Therefore, most gracious duke, with thy command,
Let him be brought forth, and borne hence for help.

Duke. Long since, thy husband serv'd me in my
wars;

And I to thee engag'd a prince's word,
When thou didst make him master of thy bed,
To do him all the grace and good I could.
Go, some of you, knock at the abbey-gate,
And bid the lady abbess come to me;
I will determine this before I stir.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. O mistress, mistress, shift and save your-
self!

My master and his man are both broke loose.
Beaten the maids a-row,⁶³ and bound the doctor,
Whose beard they have sing'd off with brands of
fire;

And ever as it blaz'd, they threw on him

Great pails of puddled mire to quench the hair:
My master preaches patience to him, and the while
His man with scissars nicks him like a fool:⁶⁴
And, sure, unless you send some present help,
Between them they will kill the conjurer.

Adr. Peace, fool; thy master and his man are
here;

And that is false thou dost report to us.

Serv. Mistress, upon my life, I tell you true;
I have not breath'd almost since I did see it.

He cries for you, and vows, if he can take you,
To scorch your face, and to disfigure you:

[*Cry within*

Hark, Hark, I hear him; Mistress, fly, be gone.

Duke. Come, stand by me, fear nothing: Guard
with halberds.

Adr. Ah me, it is my husband! Witness you
That he is borne about invisible:
Even now we hous'd him in the abbey here;
And now he's there, past thought of human reason!

Enter ANTIPHOLUS and DROMIO of Ephesus.

Ant. E. Justice, most gracious duke, oh, grant
me justice!

Even for the service that long since I did thee,
When I bestrid thee in the wars,⁶⁵ and took
Deep scars to save thy life; even for the blood
That then I lost for thee, now grant me justice.

Æge. Unless the fear of death doth make me dote,
I see my son Antipholus and Dromio.

Ant. E. Justice, sweet prince, against that
woman there.

She whom thou gav'st to me to be my wife;
That hath abused and dishonour'd me,
Even in the strength and height of injury!
Beyond imagination is the wrong
That she this day hath shameless thrown on me.

Duke. Discover how, and thou shalt find me just.

Ant. E. This day, great duke, she shut the
doors upon me,

While she with harlots⁶⁶ feasted in my nouse,

Duke. A grievous fault: Say, woman, didst
thou so?

Adr. No, my good lord;—myself, he and my
sister,

To-day did dine together: So befall my soul,
As this is false he burdens me withal!

Luc. Ne'er may I look on day, nor sleep on
night,

But she tells to your highness simple truth!

Ang. O perjur'd woman! they are both forsworn:
In this the madman justly chargeth them.

Ant. E. My liege, I am advised what I say;
 Neither disturbed with the effect of wine,
 Nor heady-rash, provok'd with raging ire,
 Albeit my wrongs might make one wiser mad.
 This woman lock'd me out this day from dinner:
 That goldsmith there, were he not pack'd with her,
 Could witness it, for he was with me then;
 Who parted with me to go fetch a chain,
 Promising to bring it to the Porpentine,
 Where Balthazar and I did dine together.
 Our dinner done, and he not coming thither,
 I went to seek him: in the street I met him;
 And in his company, that gentleman.
 There did this perjur'd goldsmith swear me down,
 That I this day of him receiv'd the chain,
 Which, God he knows, I saw not: for the which,
 He did arrest me with an officer.
 I did obey; and sent my peasant home
 For certain ducats: He with none return'd.
 Then fairly I bespoke the officer,
 To go in person with me to my house.
 By th' way we met my wife, her sister, and a
 rabble more

Of vild confederates;⁶⁷ along with them
 They brought one Pinch, a hungry lean-fac'd
 villain,

A mere anatomy, a mountebank,
 A thread-bare juggler, and a fortune-teller;
 A needy, hollow-ey'd, sharp-looking wretch,
 A living dead man: this pernicious slave,
 Forsooth, took on him as a conjurer,
 And gazing in mine eyes, feeling my pulse,
 And with no face, as 't were, outfacing me,
 Cries out, I was possess'd: then all together
 They fell upon me, bound me, bore me thence;
 And in a dark and dankish vault at home
 There left me and my man, both bound together;
 Till gnawing with my teeth my bonds in sunder,
 I gain'd my freedom, and immediately
 Ran hither to your grace; whom I beseech
 To give me ample satisfaction
 For these deep shames, and great indignities.

Ang. My lord, in truth thus far I witness with
 him,

That he din'd not at home, but was lock'd out.

Duke. But had he such a chain of thee, or no?

Ang. He had, my lord; and when he ran in here,
 These people saw the chain about his neck.

Mer. Besides, I will be sworn, these ears of mine
 Heard you confess you had the chain of him,
 After you first forswore it on the mart,
 And, thereupon, I drew my sword on you;

And then you fled into this abbey here,
 From whence, I think, you are come by miracle.

Ant. E. I never came within these abbey walls
 Nor ever didst thou draw thy sword on me;
 I never saw the chain: So help me heaven,
 As this is false you burden me withal!

Duke. Why what an intricate impeach is this!
 I think you all have drunk of Circe's cup.
 If here you hous'd him, here he would have been
 If he were mad, he would not plead so coldly:
 You say he din'd at home; the goldsmith here
 Denies that saying:—Sirrah, what say you?

Dro. E. Sir, he din'd with her there at the
 Porpentine.

Cour. He did; and from my finger snatched
 that ring.

Ant. E. 'T is true, my liege, this ring I had of her.

Duke. Saw'st thou him enter at the abbey here?

Cour. As sure, my liege, as I do see your grace.

Duke. Why this is strange:—Go call the abbess
 hither.

I think you are all mated,⁶⁸ or stark mad.

[*Exit ATTEND.*]

Æge. Most mighty duke, vouchsafe me speak
 a word;

Haply, I see a friend will save my life,
 And pay the sum that may deliver me.

Duke. Speak freely, Syracusan, what thou wilt.

Æge. Is not your name, sir, call'd Antipholus?
 And is not that your bondman Dromio?

Dro. E. Within this hour I was his bondman, sir,
 But he, I thank him, gnaw'd in two my cords:
 Now am I Dromio, and his man, unbound.

Æge. I am sure you both of you remember me

Dro. E. Ourselves we do remember, sir, by you
 For lately we were bound, as you are now.
 You are not Pinch's patient, are you, sir?

Æge. Why look you strange on me? you know
 me well.

Ant. E. I never saw you in my life, till now.

Æge. Oh! grief hath chang'd me, since you saw
 me last;

And careful hours,⁶⁹ with Time's deformed hand,
 Have written strange defeatures in my face:⁷⁰
 But tell me yet, dost thou not know my voice?

Ant. E. Neither.

Æge. Dromio, nor thou?

Dro. E. No, trust me, sir, nor I.

Æge. I am sure thou dost.

Dro. E. I, sir? but I am sure I do not; and
 whatsoever a man denies, you are now bound to
 believe him.

Æge. Not know my voice! O, time's extremity!
Hast thou so crack'd and splitted my poor tongue.
In seven short years, that here my only son
Knows not my feeble key of untun'd cares?
Though now this grained face of mine⁷¹ be hid
In sap-consuming winter's drizzled snow,
And all the conduits of my blood froze up,
Yet hath my night of life some memory,
My wasting lamps some fading glimmer left,
My dull deaf ears a little use to hear:
All these old witnesses (I cannot err)
Tell me, thou art my son Antipholus.

Ant. E. I never saw my father in my life.

Æge. But seven years since, in Syracuse, boy,
Thou know'st we parted: but, perhaps, my son,
Thou sham'st to acknowledge me in misery.

Ant. E. The duke, and all that know me in the
city,
Can witness with me that it is not so;
I ne'er saw Syracuse in my life.

Duke. I tell thee, Syracusan, twenty years
Have I been patron to Antipholus,
During which time he ne'er saw Syracuse:
I see thy age and dangers make thee dote.

*Enter the ABBESS, with ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse,
and DROMIO of Syracuse.*

Abb. Most mighty duke, behold a man much
wrong'd. [*All gather to see him.*]

Adr. I see two husbands, or mine eyes deceive
me.

Duke. One of these men is genius to the other;
And so of these: Which is the natural man,
And which the spirit? Who deciphers them?

Dro. S. I, sir, am Dromio; command him away.

Dro. E. I, sir, am Dromio; pray, let me stay.

Ant. S. Ægeon, art thou not? or else his ghost?

Dro. S. O, my old master, who hath bound him
here?

Abb. Whoever bound him, I will loose his bonds,
And gain a husband by his liberty:
Speak, old Ægeon, if thou be'st the man
That hadst a wife once call'd Æmilia,
That bore thee at a burden two fair sons
O, if thou be'st the same Ægeon, speak,
And speak unto the same Æmilia!

Æge. If I dream not, thou art Æmilia:⁷²
If thou art she, tell me, where is that son
That floated with thee on the fatal raft?

Abb. By men of Epidamnus, he, and I,
And the twin Dromio, all were taken up:
But, by and by, rude fishermen of Corinth

By force took Dromio and my son from them,
And me they left with those of Epidamnus:
What then became of them I cannot tell;
I, to this fortune that you see me in.

Duke. Why, here begins his morning story
right.

These two Antipholus', these two so like,
And these two Dromios, one in semblance,—
Besides her urging of her wreck at sea,⁷³—
These are the parents to these children,
Which accidentally are met together.

Antipholus, thou cam'st from Corinth first?

Ant. S. No, sir, not I; I came from Syracuse.

Duke. Stay, stand apart; I know not which is
which.

Ant. E. I came from Corinth, my most gracious
lord.

Dro. E. And I with him.

Ant. E. Brought to this town by that most
famous warrior,

Duke Menaphon, your most renowned uncle.

Adr. Which of you two did dine with us to-day?

Ant. S. I, gentle mistress.

Adr. And are not you my husband?

Ant. E. No, I say nay to that.

Ant. S. And so do I, yet did she call me so
And this fair gentlewoman, her sister here,
Did call me brother:—What I told you there
I hope I shall have leisure to make good,
If this be not a dream I see and hear.

Ang. That is the chain, sir, which you had lost.

Ant. S. I think it be, sir; I deny it not.

Ant. E. And you, sir, for this chain arrested me.

Ang. I think I did, sir; I deny it not.

Adr. I sent you money, sir, to be your bail,
By Dromio; but I think he brought it not.

Dro. E. No, none by me.

Ant. S. This purse of ducats I receiv'd from you
And Dromio my man did bring them me:
I see, we still did meet each other's man,
And I was ta'en for him, and he for me;
And thereupon these errors are arose.

Ant. E. These ducats pawn I for my father here.

Duke. It shall not need; thy father hath his
life.

Cour. Sir, I must have that diamond from you.

Ant. E. There, take it; and much thanks for
my good cheer.

Abb. Renowned duke, vouchsafe to take the
pains

To go with us into the abbey here,
And hear at large discoursed all our fortunes:

And all that are assembled in this place,
 That by this sympathized one day's error
 Have suffer'd wrong, go, keep us company,
 And we shall make full satisfaction.
 Twenty-five years have I but gone in travail
 Of you, my sons; and, till this present hour,
 My heavy burdens ne'er delivered.
 The duke, my husband, and my children both,
 And you, the calendars of their nativity,⁷⁴
 Go to a gossips' feast,⁷⁵ and go with me;
 After so long grief, such nativity!

Luke. With all my heart, I'll gossip at this
 feast.

[*Exeunt* DUKE, ABB., AEGE., COUR., MER.,
 ANG., and ATTEND.]

Dro. S. Master, shall I fetch your stuff from
 shipboard?

Ant. E. Dromio, what stuff of mine hast thou
 embark'd?

Dro. S. Your goods that lay at host, sir, in the
 Centaur.

Ant. S. He speaks to me; I am your master,
 Dromio:

Come, go with us; we'll look to that anon:
 Embrace thy brother there, rejoice with him.

[*Exeunt* ANT. S. and E., ADE., and LUC.]

Dro. E. There is a fat friend at your master's
 house,

That kitchen'd me for you to-day at dinner;
 She now shall be my sister, not my wife.

Dro. E. Methinks, you are my glass, and not
 my brother:

I see, by you, I am a sweet-fac'd youth.
 Will you walk in to see their gossiping?

Dro. S. Not I, sir; you are my elder.

Dro. E. That's a question: how shall we try it?

Dro. S. We'll draw cuts⁷⁶ for the senior: till
 then, lead thou first.

Dro. E. Nay, then, thus:

We came into the world like brother and brother:
 And now let's go hand in hand, not one before
 another. [*Exeunt.*



Two men in the picture are the same Thomas.

NOTES TO THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.

¹ *Wanting gilders to redeem their lives.*

A gilder was a coin, according to Steevens, which varied in value from one shilling and sixpence to two shillings. *Dispose*, disposal.

² *Was wrought by nature.*

Not by any criminal act, but by natural affection, which prompted me to seek my son at Ephesus. *Malone*.

³ *And by me.*

The word *too* was added after this sentence by the editor of the second folio, and, at first sight, appears very apposite; but *our* is here to be read as a dissyllable.

⁴ *Gave healthful welcome.*

That is, a kind welcome, wishing health to their guests. This is Boswell's explanation. "So his case was like," his case was so similar. *He* is understood before "retain'd." *Clean*, quite. "To seek thy help by beneficial help," i.e. to seek help from charitable assistance. *If no*, if not. *No* is often used for *not* in old plays. *Wend*, go. *Liveless*, lifeless. *To buy out*, to ransom.

⁵ *A trusty villain, sir.*

A villain, i.e. a slave, the *villanus* of the old Latin dramatists. The best and most luminous paper on the term is one by Mr. Wright, in a recent volume of the *Archæologia*. "Soon at five o'clock," about five o'clock. *Consort*, to keep company with. *Consorted*, associated, occurs in the Acts, xvii. 4,—“and some of them believed, and consorted with Paul and Silas.”

⁶ *Here comes the almanac of my true date.*

Dromio, having been born in the same hour, is an almanac that can always give his master's age. *Penitent*, the adjective used for the active participle. Dromio has fasted like a penitent in missing his dinner.

⁷ *I shall be post indeed.*

According to Steevens, before writing was a general accomplishment, a kind of rough reckoning concerning wares issued out of a shop was kept by chalk or notches on a *post*, till it could be entered on the books of a trader. Milk-scores were, till lately, made on door-posts in London; and the custom may, indeed, still prevail in some places. "Should be your *cook*;" so the old copies, altered by

Pope to *clock*; but, as Mr. Collier observes, it was formerly the custom for cooks to strike on the dresser, to signify that dinner was ready. *Bestow'd*, stowed, lodged. "There will I *bestow* all my fruits and my goods," Luke, xii. 18.

⁸ *Is o'er-raught.*

That is, over-reached. The term is used by Spenser, and occurs again in Shakespeare.

⁹ *Such like liberties of sin.*

This phraseology is unquestionably equivalent to, *sinful liberties*, or, sinful actions. The passage appears somewhat harsh, persons and things being included without system, but there are several instances of the same kind of license in Shakespeare.

¹⁰ *Head-strong liberty is lash'd with woe.*

Mr. Knight explains *lash'd*, bound together; and perhaps rightly. A thong for fastening cattle to stalls was called a *lash*. "Some otherwhere," i.e. somewhere else. *No other cause*, no cause to be otherwise.

¹¹ *With like weight of pain.*

The same thought occurs several times in Shakespeare. Compare Ferrex and Porrex, 1571,—

Many can yield right sage and grave advice
Of patient sprite to others wrapp'd in woe:
And can in speech both rule and conquer kind,
Who if by proof they might feel nature's force,
Would show themselves men as they are indeed,
Which now will needs be gods.

¹² *With urging helpless patience.*

Helpless, without help, affording no help.

¹³ *This fool-begg'd patience.*

Dr. Johnson explains this phrase as "that *patience* which is so near to *idiotical simplicity*, that your next relation would take advantage from it to represent you as a *fool*, and *beg* the guardianship of your fortune." Does it not rather mean, This idiotic patience, which you have begged, and by that means obtained the control of, will be forsaken? The sovereign was formerly the legal guardian of idiots, and it was the practice to give the wardship to some favourite, who thus obtained the management of their property. The practice was scarcely so inhuman as has generally been represented, the guardian having only the

idiot's life interest in the estate, would naturally endeavour to prove his existence by a liberal treatment. The following curious anecdote, illustrating the custom, has been frequently quoted. Bladwell was of a Norfolk family. It is preserved in MS. Harl. 6395:—

"The Lord North begged old Bladwell for a fool (though he could never prove him so), and having him in his custody as a lunatic, he carried him to a gentleman's house one day, that was a neighbour. The Lord North and the gentleman retired a while to private discourse, and left Bladwell in the dining-room, which was hung with a fair hanging; Bladwell walked up and down, and viewing the imagery, spied a fool at last in the hanging, and without delay draws his knife, flies at the fool, cuts him clean out, and lays him on the floor; my Lord and the gentleman coming in again, and finding the tapestry thus defaced, he asks Bladwell what he meant by such a rude uncivil act; he answered,—Sir, be content; I have rather done you a courtesy than a wrong, for if ever my Lord North had seen the fool there, he would have begged him, and so you might have lost your whole suit."

¹⁴ *I scarce could understand it.*

This absurd quibble between *understand* and *stand under*, has already occurred in the Two Gentlemen of Verona, act ii. *Horn-mad*, excessively mad. *Will you come*, generally read, but without necessity, *will you come home*, an alteration suggested by Hamner. *Arrant*, errand, a form of the word still used in the provinces. "Am I so round with you," am I so candid or plain with you. Dromio here plays upon the word. A football is eased in leather, to which he alludes when he carries on the quibble.

¹⁵ *The ground of my defeatures.*

See note 70. *Fair*, beauty. "Fair of all fairs," Tom a Lincoln, p. 7. Shakespeare again quibbles on *deer* and *dear* in Venus and Adonis, and in the Merry Wives of Windsor.

¹⁶ *Poor I am but his stale.*

The word *stale* had anciently numerous meanings. I have collected no less than thirteen of them in my 'Dictionary of Archaisms,' p. 794. It seems in this passage to be equivalent to laughing-stock, the subject of laughter. "A subject fit to be the *stale* of laughter," Ford's Love's Sacrifice, ii. 1.

¹⁷ *Would that alone alone he would detain.*

Would that alone the chain was the only circumstance that detained him! *Jewel* is here applied to a trinket or ornament, not merely to a gem, as the term is now limited in its application. The sense of the passage seems to be this. "I see that even the ornament that is best enamelled will lose its beauty yet the gold remains though touched by others; and often touching will wear even gold (i.e. too many provocations will prove too much for the most durable qualities); and no man, with a reputation, shames it by falsehood and corruption." Adriana, in her rage, of course implies by this that her husband has not a reputation or good name. The old editions read *where*, here altered to *wear*, the only deviation from the original I have ventured to adopt. Other editors have made far bolder emendations.

216

¹⁸ *And make a common of my serious hours.*

And use my serious hours, as if they were a common for your amusements. *Know my aspect*, regard my countenance.

¹⁹ *In your sconce.*

Sconce, an old term for the head, generally used contemptuously. "*Cápo*, a head, a pate, a nœle, a skence," Florio's World of Words, 1611. Dromio afterwards plays upon the word, a *sconce* being also a blockhouse or small fort.

Except thy head, which, like a *skence* or fort,
Is barricado'd strong, lest wits resort.

Taylor's Workes, fol. Lond. 1630.

His beard's not starcht, he has no subtille *sconce*,
Nor Janus-like looks he ten waies at once.

Brathwait's Strappado for the Devil, 1615.

²⁰ *That he spends in trimming.*

The old copies read *trying*, the consonant, or perhaps the mark of contraction, having been accidentally omitted. All modern editors read *tiring* for *attiring*; but the one reason that he loses his hair is to save the expence of a barber, not that of a tailor. Just previously, the *falsing* of the old editions is altered to *falling*, which is Heath's judicious emendation. *In no time*, alluding to the substitution of a wig, which restores hair instantaneously. *Wafts*, beckons.

²¹ *The stain'd skin off my harlot brow.*

Mr. Dyce, with laborious learning, and at the cost of nearly a page of examples, has proved what all tyros in these matters know, that *off* was constantly interchanged with *of* in old English books. *Off* is evidently the true reading in this passage, being determined by the elision in the verb. Had *of* been intended, we should of course have read *stained*. In the same speech, I follow Mr. Dyce in reading *unstain'd* for *disstain'd*, as it stands in the old copies.

²² *You are from me exempt.*

Mr. M. Mason thinks Adriana means to say, that, as he was her husband, she had no power over him, and that he was privileged to do her wrong. *Idle*, useless, sterile, barren. *Forced fallacy*; the old copies read, *freed fallacy*.

²³ *Goblins, owls, and elvish sprites.*

The commentators send Shakespeare to Ovid for the ancient superstition that the screech-owl, or *strix*, sucked the blood of infants; but the information might probably have been contained in many a popular book of the day. In the translation of a work on ghosts and spirits, by Lewis Lavater, 4to. Lond. 1572, we are told, "*Lamie* are things that make children afraide. *Lamie* are also called *striges*. *Striges*, as they saye, are unluckie birds, whiche sucke out the blood of infants lying in their cradles." Elyot, 1559, translates *strix*, "a shrich-eoule, a witche that chaungeth the favour of children."

Sunt avidæ volucres; non quæ Plinica mensis
Guttura fraudabant; sed genus inde trahunt;
Grande caput; stantes oculi; restra apta rapinæ;
Canities pennis, unguibus hamus inest.
Nocte volant, puerosque petunt nutricis egentes,
Et vitiant cunis corpora rapta suis.
Carpere dicuntur luctantia viscera rostris,
Et plenum pote sanguine guttur habent.
Est illis strigibus nomen.—*Fast. lib. vi.*

Compare Pliny,—“*Fabulosum puto de strigibus, ubera infantium eas labris immulgere.*” Hornmann, in his *Fulgaria*, 1519, makes *strix* synonymous with *lamia* and *fairy*. “And shrive you of a thousand idle pranks,” i.e. and make you confess them.

²⁴ *And persevere so.*

Persever, to persevere, the accent being laid on the second syllable. *At all adventures*,—“To buy at all adventure, or to buy a pigge in a poke, *emere aleam*, hoc est *incertum rerum inventum*,” Baret’s *Alvearie*, 1580.

²⁵ *To see the making of her carkanet.*

A carkanet was a necklace. Sometimes a bracelet was so called; but the term is here evidently applied to a chain or necklace around the neck, as appears from the context. “*Carkanet*, a smal chaine,” Cockeram’s *English Dictionary*, 1626. “*Carcan*, a carkanet, or collar of gold, &c., worne about the necke,” Cotgrave. Harrington in a translation of an epigram of James I. on Sir Philip Sidney’s death, mentions Venus’s “rings and carknet cleene;” and Randolph,—

I’ll clasp thy neck, where should be set
A rich and orient carcanet.

²⁶ *Though my cates be mean.*

Cates, provisions. “To lay out money for cates, *opsono*,” Baret’s *Alvearie*, 1580.

²⁷ *Mome, malt-horse, capon.*

These are all terms of contempt. *Mome*, a fool, said to be from the Greek. *Malt-horse*, a slow heavy horse; hence, a dull person. *Patch*, a fool. “Why, doating *patch*, didst thou not come with me this morning from the ship?” *Menæchmi*, 1595. *Owe*, own, possess. *Coil*, tumult. *Part with*, depart with.

And if that she do take me from home,
My bones, alas! shee wyll make to crackell,
And me, her husbände, as a starke *mome*,
With knockyng and mockyng she wyll handell.

The Disobedient Child, 1560.

²⁸ *To be so bought and sold.*

That is, to be so deluded or defeated. The phrase occurs in Richard III.—

Jocky of Norfolk, be not so bold;
Diccon, thy master, is bought and sold.

Break any breaking, a common kind of repetition, similar to, “Grace me no grace,” in Richard II. “Tinkers, quod you, *tinke me no tinkes*, I’ll meddle with them no more,” Common Conditions, 1570. *Pluck a crow*, to complain or quarrel with any one. This proverbial phrase is still in use.

²⁹ *Within the compass of suspect.*

Suspect, suspicion. “They enjoyed each other’s company without *suspect* of any, onely two of her trusty servants knowing of it,” Westward for Smelts, 1620. *Once this*, once for all, it is this. “The doors are made against you,” i.e. they are fastened. The phrase is still in use in the North of England.

³⁰ *In despight of Mirth.*

I intend to be merry, whether Mirth will permit me or not.

³¹ *Shall love, in building, grow so ruinous.*

Our poet meant no more than this:—Shall thy love-springs rot, even in the spring of love? Shall thy love grow ruinous, even while ’tis but building up? *Theobald*. Love-springs are the young shoots of love. *Become disloyalty*, make inconstancy becoming. *Attaint*, taint.

³² *Being compact of credit.*

Compact of, i.e. entirely composed of. “Love is a spirit, all compact of fire,” Ven. Adon. “To compacte, to set and joyne certayne things handsomely together one to another; to make fast together,” Baret’s *Alvearie*, 1580. *Vain*, according to Johnson, is light of tongue, not veracious. *Decline*, incline or lower. *Mated*, amazed; a quibble between this and our ordinary sense of the word.

³³ *My sole earth’s heaven, and my heaven’s claim.*

My sole heaven on earth, and all that I claim from heaven. *Aim*, aim at.

³⁴ *Without he say, sir-reverence.*

Sir-reverence is a corruption of the phrase, *save reverence*, which was said as a kind of apology before the utterance of anything that might be considered objectionable, but often simply as an apology in speaking to a superior. “Sa-reverence, *salva reverentia*, saving regard or respect; an usua word, but miscalled *sir-reverence* by the vulgar,” Blount’s *Glossographia*, 1681, p. 572.

If to a foule discourse thou hast pretence,
Before thy foule words name *Sir Reverence*.

Workes of Taylor, the Water-Poet, 1630.

³⁵ *That ’s, an ell.*

A Flemish ell is three quarters of a yard. This speech is generally altered from the original, but has been properly restored by Mr. Collier. *In the palm of her hand*, alluding to a dry hand being anciently considered a sign of barrenness. The allusion to France, “arm’d and reverted, making war against her heir,” will be found explained in the Introduction.

³⁶ *Whole armadoes of carracks.*

Carracks, Spanish galeons. Sometimes English vessels of great size and value were so called. *Ballast*, for *ballasted*, explained in Baret’s *Alvearie*, 1580, “loded with gravell or other like yearth.” *Assured*, affianced.

³⁷ *Made me turn ? the wheel.*

Dogs called *turnspits*, now extinct, were employed to work machinery for roasting meat, which they effected by running in a wheel like a squirrel in his cage. Mr. Morgan says that instances of the practice have been met with in Wales within the last few years. *Topsell*, in his *Historie of Four-footed Beasts*, 1607, says:—“There is comprehended, under the curres of the coursest kinde, a certaine dog in kitchen service excellent; for when any meat is to be roasted, they go into a wheel, which they, turning round

about with the waight of their bodies, so dilligently looke to their businesse, that no drudge nor scullion can do the feate more cunningly: whom the popular sort hereupon call turnespits."

³⁸ *At the Porpentine.*

Porpentine, i.e. porcupine. This is an archaic form of the word, and should be preserved. So in a collection of epigrams, entitled the "Mous-trap," 1606,—

Gallus, that greatest roost-cock in the rout,
Swelleth as big as Bacchus did with wine:
Like to a hulke he beares himselfe about,
And bristels as a boare or *porpentine*.

³⁹ *Growing*, i.e. accruing. So, afterwards, "knowing now the debt grows."

⁴⁰ *You use this dalliance.*

Dalliance, i.e. hesitation, trifling. Gifford notes its use in the sense of *delay* in Massinger, i. 81. "Send me by some token," give some token to me by which it may appear I am sent by you. This practice was formerly very common.

⁴¹ *Thou peevish sheep.*

Peevish, an old word for *foolish*, as has been before remarked. The play on the words *sheep* and *ship* has already occurred in the Two Gentlemen of Verona.

⁴² *Where Dousabel did claim me.*

Dousabel is a compound name, derived from *douce et belle*. This generic name is frequently used by our old pastoral poets. So Drayton,—

He had, as antique stories tell,
A daughter cleaped Dousabel.

⁴³ *He denied you had in him no right.*

A double negative, strengthening instead of neutralizing it, is common in old books.

⁴⁴ *Old and sere.*

Old and sere, i.e. old and withered. Stigmatical in making, i.e. deformed in body.

⁴⁵ *In an everlasting garment.*

Alluding to the bailiff, who wore buff, a robe of durance, an everlasting garment. *Narrow lands* is apparently equivalent to, *narrow lanes*. A shoulder-clapper is a bailiff.

⁴⁶ *And yet draws dry-foot well.*

That is, to follow by the scent of the foot. "Nay, if he smell nothing but papers, I care not for his *dry-foot* hunting," Dumb Knight, 1608. Harrison, in his 'Description of England,' p. 230, mentions "a bloudhound, whose office is to follow the fierce, and now and then to pursue a theefe or beast by his *drie foot*." Hounds were said to *run counter*, when they mistook the direction of their game. The *hell* was a common cant term for a dark or obscure dungeon in a prison, and most prisons formerly had a particular one so called.

⁴⁷ *Arrested on a band.*

Arrested on a legal bond. There is, of course, a play upon words. A bond was formerly spelt *band*. *Bankrout*, a bankrupt.

⁴⁸ *The picture of old Adam.*

Mr. Collier says, "What have you got?" is still a vulgar phrase for, "What have you done with?" The "picture of old Adam new apparell'd," is, of course, the man in buff.

⁴⁹ *Gives them a job.*

The old copies reads *sob*, which is unintelligible; but I scarcely think *job* suits the context. Can it be *sop*? A MS. note in Mr. Tunno's copy reads *bob*. "Suits of durance," a play upon words. There was a kind of durable stuff made with thread or silk, called *durance*.

Not in a durance suite remaine I here,
Yet in a suite like durance herin'd with feare.

Brathwait's Strappado for the Divell, 1615.

⁵⁰ *Than a morris-pike.*

Sets up his rest, i.e. determines, a proverbial phrase. The morris-pike was a large pike, a formidable weapon.

⁵¹ *Will pay them all.*

Another quibble. *Pay*, to beat.

⁵² *Beware the rope's end.*

It was formerly the custom to teach parrots to say impertinent words, for the rather coarse joke of their applying them on ludicrous occasions. So Ralpho, in 'Hudibras,' was so learned that he,

Could tell what subtlest parrots mean,
That speak, and think contrary clean;
What member 'tis of whom they talk,
When they cry 'rope,' and, 'walk, knaves, walk.'

Compare Lilly's *Midas*, 1592,—"Tush, it is not for *too* blackness, but for the babbling, for every hour she will cry, 'walk, knave, walk.'—*Pet*. Then will I mutter, 'a rope for parrot, a rope.'"

⁵³ *Are these your Customers?*

Customers, i.e. friends, sometimes, but not always, used in a bad sense. *Companion* was formerly a term of contempt, equivalent to the modern *fellow*.

⁵⁴ *Both man and master are possess'd.*

That is, possessed with a spirit; mad. Mad people were formerly confined in a dark room. Malvolio, in *Twelfth Night*, is shut up in a "dark house."

⁵⁵ *Whenas your husband.*

Whenas, formed in a similar manner to *whereas*, is equivalent to *when*.

⁵⁶ *Stuff*, i.e. baggage.

⁵⁷ *Some get within him.*

That is, close with him. *Take a house*, go into a house.

⁵⁸ *The copy of our conferece.*

Copy, theme. So, as Steevens observes, we still talk of

setting *copies* for boys. Ben Jonson uses the term in a sense derived from the Latin *copia*, but this meaning would scarcely suit the construction of the present passage.

⁵⁹ *A formal man again.*

Formal, in his right senses and character. "Like a fury crown'd with snakes, not like a formal man." Anth. Cleop.

⁶⁰ *The place of death.*

So the original, usually altered to *death*. If the old reading is correct, it refers most probably to a *Bapaθpov*, similar to that at Athens, a deep cavern into which criminals capitally condemned were precipitated. The story belongs to Grecian customs and manners. *Sorry*, dismal. So, in an old romance of the fourteenth century,—

It was done at the kinge commaunde;
His soule was fet to helle,
To daunce in that *sory* lande,
With devels that wer ful felle.

Headsmen, i.e. executioners.

⁶¹ *At your important letters.*

Mr. Hunter says there is an allusion here to the custom of royal letters being sometimes addressed to ladies with great fortunes in behalf of certain persons who had the means of obtaining them. The writer of a letter of the time of Henry VIII. says, "Sir William Compton shewed unto me my Lord Cardinal wrote unto Mrs. Vernon, if she would attain the king's favour, to bear her good mind unto his servant Tyrwhit."

⁶² *To take order.*

That is, to take measures. Steevens explains *strong escape*, "an escape effected by strength or violence."

⁶³ *Beaten the maids a-row.*

A-row, successively, one after another. "For three ryghtes *a-rowe* he seyge that same syght," Chron. Vilodun. p. 68.

⁶⁴ *Nicks him like a fool.*

Malone quotes the following passage from the 'Choice of Change,' 1598,— "Three things used by monks, which provoke other men to laugh at their follies, 1. They are shaven and notched on the head, *like fooles*." The following extract from the romance of 'Ipomydon' may explain this passage still further,—

Righte unsemely, on queynte manere,
He hym dight, as ye shall here.
A barbor he callyd, withouten more,
And shove (*shaved*) hym bothe byhynd and before,
Queyntly endentyd oute and in;
And also he shove halfe his chynne:
He semyd a fole, that queynte syre,
Both by hede and by atyre.

⁶⁵ *When I bestrid thee in the wars.*

Saved you by placing myself before you, and receiving the wounds that would otherwise have been inflicted on you. So in 1 Henry IV.— "Hal, if thou see me down in the battle and bestride me, so: it is an act of friendship."

⁶⁶ *While she with harlots feasted.*

The term *harlot* was originally applied to a low depraved class of society, the ribalds, and having no relation to sex. In Shakespeare's time, the term was frequently one of mere contempt, applied either to men or women.

He was unhardy that harlot,
And hidde hym in *Inferno*.

Piers Ploughman, ed. Wright, p. 351.

Chaucer translates *roy des ribaulx*, by *king of harlots*. In the Coventry Mystery of the Woman taken in Adultery, the young man who is detected with her is called a harlot. See Mr. Wright's Gloss. ad. *ibid*.

⁶⁷ *Of wild confederates.*

So the old copies; *wild*, as I have before remarked, being the ancient form of *vile*. It should be retained, for sometimes it is occasionally required for the metre. Collier and Knight sometimes use the old word, and sometimes alter it. It is as well to follow an uniform rule. *Anatomy*, a skeleton. *Dankish*, damp. *As this is false*, an emendation made by Mr. Dyce. The same critic's conjecture, *ne'er delivered*, a very good emendation, has also been adopted.

⁶⁸ *I think you are all mated.*

Mated, i.e. puzzled, confounded. So Skelton, in 'Who come ye nat to Courte,'—

The Frenchmen he hathe so *mated*,
And theyr courage abated,
That they are but halfe men.

⁶⁹ *And careful hours.*

That is, hours full of care. "Thou art *careful* and troubled about many things," Luke, x. 41. *Deformed* for *deforming*, the passive participle used for the active.

⁷⁰ *Strange defeatures in my face.*

Defeatures, a common old word for *defeats*, *discomfitures*. The word occurs in act ii. sc. 1, and in Venus and Adonis. Mr. Knight explains it, "want of beauty, defect of features;" but although Gifford has ridiculed this interpretation, I am not prepared to deny that Shakespeare does not use the word in a peculiar sense, certainly in an allegorical one.

⁷¹ *This grained face of mine.*

Grained, says Steevens, is furrowed, like the grain of wood. A traditional tale relating to Shakespeare was current at Stratford about a century ago, and was related to Malone by Macklin. A blacksmith accosted the poet, as he was leaning over a mercer's door, with the following lines,—

Now, Mr. Shakespeare, tell me, if you can,
The difference between a youth and a young man.

To which Shakespeare is said to have replied,—

Thou son of fire, *with thy face like a maple*,
The same difference as between a scalded and a coddled apple.

⁷² *If I dream not, thou art Emelia.*

Thomas Hull wrote an alteration of this play which was produced at Covent Garden Theatre in 1779, and printed in 1793. In a MS. of his in my possession, he says,— "I

NOTES TO THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.

have always thought that some part of the original play has been lost: neither Ægeon nor Emilia express the smallest surprize or joy at such an unexpected meeting, after a separation of twenty-five years. My opinion has been sufficiently proved by the alteration I presumed to make of this comedy, from which I claim no merit, but that of having reproduced a neglected piece of our great bard, after it had lain hid for a number of years, to frequent exhibition and universal approbation." Hull forgets the presumption of by-play so necessary in almost every one of Shakespeare's dramas.

⁷³ *Her urging of her wreck at sea.*

The celebrated Blackstone says, "Emilia may be supposed, at her first coming to Ephesus, to have urged her wreck at sea, in order to move compassion: the Duke (comparing this, Ægeon's morning story and the likeness of the twins together) pronounced, these plainly are the parents of these children, which how she has proved herself to be, unless by some former story, is difficult to say." Mr.

22A

Collier appears to adopt this explanation; but surely the Duke merely means to say, "Besides her mentioning or introducing her wreck at sea," which is an additional proof of the correctness of his conjecture. Mason says the abbess does not hint at her shipwreck; but, what amounts to the same thing, she confesses to have been saved on the raft.

⁷⁴ *And you the calendars of their nativity.*

A similar allusion to that we have had previously. "Here comes the almanac of my true date." See note 6.

⁷⁵ *Go to a gossips' feast.*

The gossips' feast was formerly celebrated with great hospitality. Cotgrave mentions it under the word *caquettoire*.

⁷⁶ *We'll draw cuts.*

Cuts, lots. Cuts were generally drawn in the following manner. Slips of unequal length were held in the hand of one of the party, with the ends peeping out, and he who drew the longest one was the winner.

Much Ado about Nothing.

THE serious incidents of this admirable comedy are to be traced in a novel of Bandello; thus analyzed by Mr. Skottowe. Fenicia, the daughter of Lionato, a gentleman of Messina, is betrothed to Timbreo de Cardona. Gironde, a disappointed lover of the young lady, resolves, if possible, to prevent the marriage. He insinuates to Timbreo that his mistress is disloyal, and offers to show him a stranger scaling her chamber window. Timbreo accepts the invitation, and witnesses the hired servant of Gironde, in the dress of a gentleman, ascending a ladder, and entering the house of Lionato. Stung with rage and jealousy, Timbreo, the next morning, accuses his innocent mistress to her father, and rejects the alliance. Fenicia sinks into a swoon; a dangerous illness succeeds, and to stifle all reports injurious to her fame, Lionato proclaims that she is dead. Her funeral rites are performed in Messina, while in truth she lies concealed in the obscurity of a country residence. The thought of having occasioned the death of an innocent and lovely woman, strikes Gironde with horror. In the agony of remorse, he confesses his villainy to Timbreo, and they both throw themselves on the mercy, and ask forgiveness of the insulted family of Fenicia. On Timbreo is merely imposed the penance of espousing a lady, whose face he should not see previous to his marriage; but instead of a new bride, he is presented at the nuptial altar with his injured and beloved Fenicia.

This simple love-tale is, as far as we know at present, the sole origin of the comedy. A story of a similar character, but not containing so many incidents used by Shakespeare, is related in the fifth book of the *Orlando Furioso*, which was translated into English by Harrington in 1591, containing the tale of Genevra and Ariodant. Ariosto's story was also versified in English by Beverley,* and published in 1565; and we learn from Mr. Collier the curious information that a play on the subject, entitled a 'History of Ariodante and Genevora,' was exhibited by 'Mulcaster's children' in 1582-3. No English translation of Bandello's tale has yet been discovered.

Ariosto's tale was regarded by Pope, but I think erroneously, as the real source of Shakespeare's play. It will be seen, from the following analysis, that it has far inferior claims to Bandello for that honour. Rinaldo, sailing to England, was driven by a violent storm on the coast of Scotland; and, journeying by himself in that country, was entertained at an abbey, where he heard that Genevra, the king's daughter, was accused of incontinence by Lurcanio, the brother of Ariodant. It was the law that they who were charged with that crime, notwithstanding their rank, should be burned to death, unless a champion undertook their defence in combat against the accuser within the space of a month. Rinaldo

* It was entered on the registers of the Stationers' Company, 1565-6, to Henry Wekes, under the corrupted title, "A booke intituled tragicall and pleasante history Arrounde Jenevor, the doughter unto the kynge of Skottes, by Peter Beverley;" and republished in 1600. The late Duke of Roxburghe had a copy printed by Thomas East. It is of extreme rarity, and a copy sold at the Gordonstoun sale for £31 10s.

undertakes the combat; and finds by accident the servant by whose connivance Genevra's guilt had been established, to the satisfaction of Ariodant, by the ascent of a silken ladder. The remainder of the tale has nothing in common with the play. The ladder, and nothing but the ladder, is Shakespearian; unless, perhaps, we except the incident of the maid personating the mistress at the window, which also occurs in a variation of the tale in Spenser; and if borrowed, an unnecessary supposition, was probably derived from the latter source. Harrington, at the end of the translation of the fifth book, seems to think the story of Genevra had an historical origin. "Some others affirme," he says, "that this very matter, though set down here by other names, happened in Ferrara to a kinsewoman of the Dukes, which is here figured under the name of Genevra, and that indeede such a practise was used against her by a great lord, and discovered by a damsel, as is here set down: howsoever it was, sure the tale is a pretie comicall matter, and hath bin written in English verse some few years past, learnedly and with good grace, though in verse of another kind, by M. George Turbervil." The translation here alluded to, is not now known to exist.

We have no certain information respecting the date of the composition of 'Much Ado about Nothing,' but as it is not mentioned by Meres in 1598, and was published in 1600, the probability is that it was written in or between those years. The first edition is entitled, "Much Adoe about Nothing, as it hath been sundrie times publicly acted by the Right Honourable the Lord Chamberlaine his Servants, written by William Shakespeare: London, Printed by V. S. for Andrew Wise and William Aspley, 1600," 4to. It was entered on the registers of the Stationers' Company on August 23rd,* and was not republished till it appeared in the folio of 1623. Both editions appear to have been printed from one manuscript, for, in one place, the same error, *Keeper* for *Temp*, is repeated in both copies; but the folio was not reprinted from the quarto, for "Jack Wilson," the singer, is introduced in a stage direction, a peculiarity not found in the latter. This being the case, there can be little hesitation in accepting both copies as of equal authority, and adopting the readings in either which appear most likely to be the genuine language used by the poet. Adopting this view of the state of the text, it was considered scarcely necessary to perplex the reader by mentioning in the notes the numerous differences between the quarto and folio. In cases of doubt, where both copies have plausible readings, the longer one has usually been adopted, old printers having generally erred in omissions rather than in additions.

This play was performed at Court in May, 1613, as we learn from the accounts of Lord Harrington, a manuscript in the Bodleian Library; and in the same volume is also noticed a play entitled 'Benedicite and Bettrise,' acted in the same year, and probably Shakespeare's drama. It was, in all probability, a popular play; and in Heywood's 'Fair Maid of the Exchange,' 1607, several sentences are imitated from it, apparently as familiar to the writer as "household words." Middleton is open to a similar imputation. Some critics suppose that Ben Jonson also alludes to 'Much Ado about Nothing,' in the induction to 'Bartholomew Fair,'—"and then a substantial watch to have stolen in upon them, and taken them away with mistaking words, as the fashion is in stage practice." But blundering constables were familiar to the stage before Shakespeare's comedy was written. According to the excellent authority of Gifford, the guardians of the night had been proverbial for their blundering simplicity before Shakespeare was born; and it is scarcely possible to look into an old play without seeing how deeply this opinion was rooted in the minds of the people. We have already had, in 'Measure for Measure,' a character bearing some general similarity to Dogberry.

Sir W. D'Avenant, in his 'Law against Lovers,' 1673, introduced a small portion of the present comedy, interwoven with 'Measure for Measure,' forming a play of the two dramas very inferior to either of the great originals. There is nothing in it worthy a quotation.

The characters of Benedick and Beatrice attract the principal attention both of the reader and spectator of 'Much Ado about Nothing.' The portion of the comedy devoted to them may be considered as an elaborate representation of the recognized principle that affection is often engendered by the discovery of mutual esteem; but the moral foundation of the play is probably from a nobler

* It was entered to the publishers Wise and Aspley, the same who published the quarto; and it would seem from an obscure notice in the registers, in which it is entered as amongst other plays "to be staied," that a piratical edition had been attempted to be licensed for publication.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

mould. One of the worst phases of society in Shakespeare's time was the prevalence of conjugal infidelity, to which the general want of faith in female virtue greatly contributed. No writer of the day combated this unreasonable tendency so powerfully as our great dramatist. His pages are replete with the discovery of futile suspicion, and the ridicule or disgrace of those who were tormented by jealousy. Benedick has improperly been described as a woman-hater; but if we examine his character closely, we shall find that his objection to matrimony chiefly arises from another source. "Because," says he, talking of women, "I will not do them the wrong to mistrust any, I will do myself the right to trust none." We receive a powerful lesson of the wickedness of this inclination to mistrust in the story of Hero. The comical scenes are beyond all praise; the blunders of the constables are irresistible; and all are interwoven with infinite dramatic skill: but the moral of the tale, to which these are artistic accessories, teaches us that suspicion of woman's virtue, founded on circumstantial evidence, very frequently realizes the title of the comedy, and is, indeed, 'Much Ado about Nothing.'

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

DON PEDRO, Prince of Arragon.

Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 2.
Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 4.

DON JOHN, bastard brother to Don Pedro.

Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act III.
sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 1.

CLAUDIO, a young lord of Florence, favourite of Don Pedro.

appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 2.
Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 3; sc. 4.

BENEDICK, a young lord of Padua, favourite likewise of Don Pedro.

Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 2.
Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 4.

LEONATO, Governor of Messina.

appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act II. sc. 1, sc. 3.
Act III. sc. 2; sc. 5. Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 4.

ANTONIO, brother to Leonato.

Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 4.

BALTHAZAR, attendant to Don Pedro.

Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 3.

BORACHIO, follower of Don John.

Appears, Act I. sc. 3. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act III. sc. 3.
Act IV. sc. 2. Act V. sc. 1.

CONRADE, follower of Don John.

appears Act I. sc. 3. Act III. sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 2.
Act V. sc. 1.

DOGGERBY, the chief constable.

Appears, Act III. sc. 3; sc. 5. Act IV. sc. 2. Act V. sc. 1

VERGES, the headborough, or petty constable.

Appears, Act III. sc. 3; sc. 5. Act IV. sc. 2. Act V. sc. 1

A Sexton.

Appears, Act IV. sc. 2. Act V. sc. 1.

A Friar.

Appears, Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 4.

A Boy, attendant on Benedick.

Appears, Act II. sc. 3.

INNOGEN, wife to Leonato.

Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 1.

HERO, daughter to Leonato.

Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 1, sc. 4
Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 4.

BEATRICE, niece to Leonato.

Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 1
sc. 4. Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 2; sc. 4.

MARGARET, a gentlewoman attending on Hero

Appears, Act II. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 4. Act V. sc. 2

URSULA, a gentlewoman attending on Hero.

Appears, Act II. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 4. Act V
sc. 2; sc. 4.

Messengers, Watch, and Attendants.

SCENE,—MESSINA.

Much Ado about Nothing.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Street in Messina.*

Enter LEONATO, ANNOGEN,¹ HERO, BEATRICE, and
others, with a Messenger.

Leon. I learn in this letter that Don Pedro of Arragon comes this night to Messina.

Mess. He is very near by this; he was not three leagues off when I left him.

Leon. How many gentlemen have you lost in this action?

Mess. But few of any sort, and none of name.

Leon. A victory is twice itself when the achiever brings home full numbers. I find here, that Don Pedro hath bestowed much honour on a young Florentine, called Claudio.

Mess. Much deserv'd on his part, and equally remembered by Don Pedro. He hath borne himself beyond the promise of his age; doing, in the figure of a lamb, the feats of a lion: he hath, indeed, better bettered expectation than you must expect of me to tell you how.

Leon. He hath an uncle here in Messina will be very much glad of it.

Mess. I have already delivered him letters, and there appears much joy in him; even so much that joy could not show itself modest enough without a badge of bitterness.

Leon. Did he break out into tears?

Mess. In great measure.

Leon. A kind overflow of kindness. There are

no faces truer than those that are so wash'd. How much better is it to weep at joy, than to joy at weeping!

Beat. I pray you, is signior Montanto³ return'd from the wars, or no?

Mess. I know none of that name, lady: there was none such in the army of any sort.⁴

Inn. What is he that you ask for, niece?

Hero. My cousin means signior Benedick of Padua.

Mess. O, he's return'd, and as pleasant as ever he was.

Beat. He set up his bills⁵ here in Messina, and challeng'd Cupid at the flight: and my uncle's fool, reading the challenge, subscrib'd for Cupid, and challeng'd him at the bird-bolt. I pray you, how many hath he kill'd and eaten in these wars? But how many hath he kill'd? for, indeed, I promis'd to eat all of his killing.

Inn. Faith, niece, you tax signior Benedick too much; but he'll be meet with you, I doubt it not.

Mess. He hath done good service, lady, in these wars.

Beat. You had musty victual, and he hath help to eat it: he's a very valiant trencherman; he hath an excellent stomach.

Mess. And a good soldier too, lady.

Beat. And a good soldier to a lady;—but what is he to a lord?

Mess. A lord to a lord, a man to a man; stuff'd with all honourable virtues.⁶

Beat. It is so, indeed: he is no less than a stuff'd man: but for the stuffing!—Well, we are all mortal.

Leon. You must not, sir, mistake my niece: there is a kind of merry war betwixt signior Benedick and her: they never meet but there's a skirmish of wit between them.

Beat. Alas! he gets nothing by that. In our last conflict, four of his five wits⁷ went halting off, and now is the whole man govern'd with one: so that if he have wit enough to keep himself warm,⁸ let him bear it for a difference between himself and his horse; for it is all the wealth that he hath left, to be known a reasonable creature. Who is his companion now? He hath every month a new sworn brother.

Mess. Is 't possible?

Beat. Very easily possible. He wears his faith but as the fashion of his hat; it ever changes with the next block.

Mess. I see, lady, the gentleman is not in your books.⁹

Beat. No, an he were, I would burn my study. But, I pray you, who is his companion? Is there no young squarer now, that will make a voyage with him to the devil?

Mess. He is most in the company of the right noble Claudio.

Beat. O Lord! he will hang upon him like a disease: he is sooner caught than the pestilence, and the taker runs presently mad. God help the noble Claudio! if he have caught the Benedick, it will cost him a thousand pound ere he be cur'd.

Mess. I will hold friends with you, lady.

Beat. Do, good friend.

Inn. You'll ne'er run mad, niece.

Beat. No, not till a hot January.

Mess. Don Pedro is approach'd.

Enter DON PEDRO, attended by BALTHAZAR and others, DON JOHN, CLAUDIO, and BENEDICK.

D. Pedro. Good signior Leonato, are you come to meet your trouble? The fashion of the world is to avoid cost, and you encounter it.

Leon. Never came trouble to my house in the likeness of your grace; for, trouble being gone, comfort should remain; but, when you depart from me, sorrow abides, and happiness takes his leave.

D. Pedro. You embrace your charge too willingly. I think this is your daughter.

Leon. Her mother hath many times told me so.

Bene. Were you in doubt, that you ask'd her?

Leon. Signior Benedick, no; for then were you a child.

D. Pedro. You have it full, Benedick: we may guess by this what you are, being a man. Truly, the lady fathers herself:¹⁰—Be happy, lady! for you are like an honourable father.

Bene. If signior Leonato be her father, she would not have his head on her shoulders for all Messina, as like him as she is.

Beat. I wonder that you will still be talking, signior Benedick; nobody marks you.

Bene. What, my dear lady Disdain! are you yet living?

Beat. Is it possible Disdain should die, while she hath such meet food to feed it as signior Benedick? Courtesy itself must convert to disdain, if you come in her presence.

Bene. Then is courtesy a turncoat:—But it is certain I am loved of all ladies, only you excepted: and I would I could find in my heart that I had not a hard heart: for, truly, I love none.

Beat. A dear happiness to women! they would else have been troubled with a pernicious suitor. I thank God, and my cold blood, I am of your humour for that: I had rather hear my dog bark at a crow, than a man swear he loves me.

Bene. God keep your ladyship still in that mind so some gentleman or other shall 'scape a predestinate scratch'd face!

Beat. Scratching could not make it worse, an 't were such a face as yours were.

Bene. Well, you are a rare parrot-teacher.

Beat. A bird of my tongue is better than a beast of yours.

Bene. I would my horse had the speed of your tongue, and so good a continuer: But keep your way, a' God's name! I have done.

Beat. You always end with a jade's trick; I know you of old.

D. Pedro. This is the sum of all: Leonato,—signior Claudio, and signior Benedick,—my dear friend Leonato hath invited you all. I tell him we shall stay here at the least a month; and he heartily prays some occasion may detain us longer: I dare swear he is no hypocrite, but prays from his heart.

Leon. If you swear, my lord, you shall not be forsworn.—Let me bid you welcome, my lord: being reconciled to the prince your brother, I owe you all duty.

D. John. I thank you: I am not of many words, but I thank you.

Leon. Please it your grace lead on?

D. Pedro. Your hand, Leonato; we will go together. [Exeunt all but *BENE.* and *CLAUD.*]

Claud. Benedick, didst thou note the daughter of signior Leonato?

Bene. I noted her not: but I look'd on her.

Claud. Is she not a modest young lady?

Bene. Do you question me as an honest man should do, for my simple true judgment; or would you have me speak after my custom, as being a professed tyrant to their sex?

Claud. No, I pray thee, speak in sober judgment.

Bene. Why, i' faith, methinks she's too low for a high praise, too brown for a fair praise, and too little for a great praise: only this commendation I can afford her,—that were she other than she is, she were unhandsome; and being no other but as she is, I do not like her.

Claud. Thou think'st I am in sport; I pray thee, tell me truly how thou lik'st her.

Bene. Would you buy her, that you inquire after her?

Claud. Can the world buy such a jewel?

Bene. Yea, and a case to put it into! But speak you this with a sad brow? or do you play the flouting Jack,¹² to tell us Cupid is a good hare-finder,¹³ and Vulcan a rare carpenter? Come, in what key shall a man take you, to go in the song?

Claud. In mine eye she is the sweetest lady that ever I look'd on.

Bene. I can see yet without spectacles, and I see no such matter: there's her cousin, an she were not possess'd with a fury, exceeds her as much in beauty as the first of May doth the last of December. But I hope you have no intent to turn husband; have you?

Claud. I would scarce trust myself, though I had sworn the contrary, if Hero would be my wife.

Bene. Is't come to this, in faith? Hath not the world one man but he will wear his cap with suspicion?¹⁴ Shall I never see a bachelor of three-score again? Go to, i' faith: an thou wilt needs thrust thy neck into a yoke, wear the print of it, and sigh away Sundays. Look, Don Pedro is returned to seek you.

Re-enter DON PEDRO.

D. Pedro. What secret hath held you here, that you followed not to Leonato's?

Bene. I would your grace would constrain me to tell.

D. Pedro. I charge thee on thy allegiance.

Bene. You hear, count Claudio: I can be secret as a dumb man; I would have you think so; but on my allegiance,—mark you this, on my allegiance:—He is in love. With who?—now that is your grace's part.—Mark, how short his answer is:—With Hero, Leonato's short daughter.

Claud. If this were so, so were it uttered.

Bene. Like the old tale, my lord: "it is not so, nor 't was not so: but indeed, God forbid it should be so."¹⁵

Claud. If my passion change not shortly, God forbid it should be otherwise.

D. Pedro. Amen, if you love her; for the lady is very well worthy.

Claud. You speak this to fetch me in, my lord.

D. Pedro. By my troth, I speak my thought.

Claud. And in faith, my lord, I spoke mine.

Bene. And by my two faiths and troths, my lord, I spoke mine.

Claud. That I love her, I feel.

D. Pedro. That she is worthy, I know.

Bene. That I neither feel how she should be loved, nor know how she should be worthy, is the opinion that fire cannot melt out of me; I will dip in it at the stake.

D. Pedro. Thou wast ever an obstinate heretic in the despite of beauty.

Claud. And never could maintain his part, but in the force of his will.

Bene. That a woman conceived me, I thank her; that she brought me up, I likewise give her most humble thanks: but that I will have a recheat¹⁶ winded in my forehead, or hang my bugle in an invisible baldrick, all women shall pardon me. Because I will not do them the wrong to mistrust any, I will do myself the right to trust none; and the fine is, (for the which I may go the finer), I will live a bachelor.

D. Pedro. I shall see thee, ere I die, look pale with love.

Bene. With anger, with sickness, or with hunger, my lord; not with love. Prove that ever I lose more blood with love than I will get again with drinking, pick out mine eyes with a ballad-maker's pen, and hang me up at the door of a brothel-house for the sign of blind Cupid.

D. Pedro. Well, if ever thou dost fall from this faith, thou wilt prove a notable argument.

Bene. If I do, hang me in a bottle like a cat,¹⁷ and shoot at me; and he that hits me, let him be clapped on the shoulder, and call'd Adam.

D. Pedro. Well, as time shall try :

"In time the savage bull doth bear the yoke."¹⁸

Bene. The savage bull may; but if ever this sensible Benedick bear it, pluck off the bull's horns and set them in my forehead: and let me be wildly painted, and in such great letters as they write, "Here is good horse to hire," let them signify under my sign,—“Here you may see Benedick, the married man.”

Claud. If this should ever happen, thou wouldst be horn-mad.

D. Pedro. Nay, if Cupid have not spent all his quiver in Venice, thou wilt quake for this shortly.

Bene. Look for an earthquake too then.

D. Pedro. Well, you will temporize with the hours. In the mean time, good signior Benedick, repair to Leonato's; commend me to him, and tell him I will not fail him at supper; for, indeed, he hath made great preparation.

Bene. I have almost matter enough in me for such an embassy; and so I commit you—

Claud. To the tuition of God: From my house, (if I had it)—

D. Pedro. The sixth of July,

Your loving friend, BENEDICK.

Bene. Nay, mock not, mock not. The body of your discourse is sometime guarded with fragments, and the guards are but slightly basted on neither: ere you flout old ends any further,¹⁹ examine your conscience; and so I leave you.

[*Exit BENE.*]

Claud. My liege, your highness now may do me good.

D. Pedro. My love is thine to teach; teach it but how,

And thou shalt see how apt it is to learn
Any hard lesson that may do thee good.

Claud. Hath Leonato any son, my lord?

D. Pedro. No child but Hero; she's his only heir:

Dost thou affect her, Claudio?

Claud. O my lord,

When you went onward on this ended action,
I look'd upon her with a soldier's eye,
That lik'd, but had a rougher task in hand
Than to drive liking to the name of love:
But now I am return'd, and that war-thoughts
Have left their places vacant, in their rooms
Come thronging soft and delicate desires,
All prompting me how fair young Hero is,
Saying,—I lik'd her ere I went to wars.

D. Pedro. Thou wilt be like a lover presently,

And tire the hearer with a book of words:

If thou dost love fair Hero, cherish it;

And I will break with her,²⁰ and with her father
And thou shalt have her. Was't not to this end
That thou begann'st to twist so fine a story?

Claud. How sweetly do you minister to love,
That know love's grief by his complexion!
But lest my liking might too sudden seem,
I would have salv'd it with a longer treatise.

D. Pedro. What need the bridge much broader
than the flood?

The fairest grant is the necessity:

Look, what will serve is fit: 't is once,²¹ thou
lovest;

And I will fit thee with the remedy.

I know we shall have revelling to-night;

I will assume thy part in some disguise,

And tell fair Hero I am Claudio;

And in her bosom I'll unclasp my heart,

And take her hearing prisoner with the force

And strong encounter of my amorous tale.

Then, after, to her father will I break;

And, the conclusion is, she shall be thine.

In practice let us put it presently. [*Exeunt*]

SCENE II.—A Room in Leonato's House.

Enter LEONATO and ANTONIO.

Leon. How now, brother? Where is my cousin,
your son? Hath he provided this music?

Ant. He is very busy about it. But, brother,
I can tell you strange news that you yet dreamt
not of.

Leon. Are they good?

Ant. As the event stamps them; but they have
a good cover; they show well outward. The
prince and count Claudio, walking in a thick-
pleached alley²² in my orchard, were thus much
overheard by a man of mine. The prince dis-
covered to Claudio that he loved my niece, your
daughter, and meant to acknowledge it this night
in a dance; and, if he found her accordant, he
meant to take the present time by the top, and
instantly break with you of it.

Leon. Hath the fellow any wit that told you
this?

Ant. A good sharp fellow; I will send for him,
and question him yourself.

Leon. No, no; we will hold it as a dream, till
it appear itself:—but I will acquaint my daughter
withal, that she may be the better prepared for an
answer, if peradventure this be true. Go you,
and tell her of it. [*Several persons cross the stage.*]

Cousins, you know what you have to do.—O, I cry you mercy, friend: go you with me, and I will use your skill:—Good cousin, have a care this busy time. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—*Another Room in Leonato's House.*

Enter DON JOHN and CONRADE.

Con. What the good-ger, my lord! why are you thus out of measure sad?

D. John. There is no measure in the occasion that breeds; therefore the sadness is without limit.

Con. You should hear reason.

D. John. And when I have heard it, what blessing bringeth it?

Con. If not a present remedy, at least a patient sufferance.

D. John. I wonder that thou, being (as thou say'st thou art) born under Saturn, goest about to apply a mortal medicine to a mortifying mischief.²³ I cannot hide what I am: I must be sad when I have cause, and smile at no man's jests; eat when I have stomach, and wait for no man's leisure; sleep when I am drowsy, and tend on no man's business; laugh when I am merry, and claw no man in his humour.

Con. Yea, but you must not make the full show of this, till you may do it without controlment. You have of late stood out against your brother, and he hath ta'en you newly into his grace; where it is impossible you should take true root, but by the fair weather that you make yourself: it is needful that you frame the season for your own harvest.

D. John. I had rather be a canker²⁴ in a hedge than a rose in his grace; and it better fits my blood to be disdain'd of all, than to fashion a carriage to rob love from any. In this, though I cannot be said to be a flattering honest man, it must not be denied but I am a plain-dealing villain. I am trusted with a muzzle, and enfranchised with a clog; therefore I have decreed not to sing in my cage. If I had my mouth I would

bite; if I had my liberty I would do my liking in the mean time, let me be that I am, and seek not to alter me.

Con. Can you make no use of your discontent?

D. John. I make all use of it, for I use it only.²⁵ Who comes here? What news, Borachio?

Enter BORACHIO.

Bora. I came yonder from a great supper; the prince, your brother, is royally entertained by Leonato; and I can give you intelligence of an intended marriage.

D. John. Will it serve for any model to build mischief on? What is he for a fool that betroths himself to unquietness?

Bora. Marry, it is your brother's right hand.

D. John. Who? the most exquisite Claudio?

Bora. Even he.

D. John. A proper squire! And who, and who? Which way looks he?

Bora. Marry, on Hero, the daughter and heir of Leonato.

D. John. A very forward March-chick! How came you to this?

Bora. Being entertain'd for a perfumer, as I was smoking a musty room,²⁶ comes me the prince and Claudio, hand in hand, in sad conference: I whipt me behind the arras;²⁷ and there heard it agreed upon, that the prince should woo Hero for himself, and having obtain'd her, give her to count Claudio.

D. John. Come, come, let us thither; this may prove food to my displeasure: that young start-up hath all the glory of my overthrow. If I can cross him any way, I bless myself every way. You are both sure, and will assist me?

Con. To the death, my lord.

D. John. Let us to the great supper: their cheer is the greater, that I am subdued. Would the cook were of my mind!—Shall we go prove what's to be done?

Bora. We'll wait upon your lordship. [Exeunt

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Hall in Leonato's House.*

Enter LEONATO, ANTONIO, INNOGEN, HERO,
BEATRICE, *and others.*

Leon. Was not count John here at supper?

Ant. I saw him not.

Beat. How tartly that gentleman looks! I never can see him but I am heartburn'd an hour after.

Hero. He is of a very melancholy disposition.

Beat. He were an excellent man that were made just in the mid-way between him and Benedick; the one is too like an image, and says nothing; and the other too like my lady's eldest son, evermore tattling.

Leon. Then half signior Benedick's tongue in count John's mouth, and half count John's melancholy in signior Benedick's face,—

Beat. With a good leg, and a good foot, uncle, and money enough in his purse, such a man would win any woman in the world,—if he could get her good will.

Inn. By my troth, niece, thou wilt never get thee a husband, if thou be so shrewd of thy tongue.

Ant. In faith, she's too curst.

Beat. Too curst is more than curst: I shall lessen God's sending that way: for it is said, "God sends a curst cow short horns;" but to a cow too curst he sends none.

Leon. So, by being too curst, God will send you no horns.

Beat. Just, if he send me no husband; for the which blessing, I am at him upon my knees every morning and evening. Lord! I could not endure a husband with a beard on his face: I had rather lie in the woollen.

Leon. You may light upon a husband that hath no beard.

Beat. What should I do with him? dress him in my apparel, and make him my waiting-gentlewoman? He that hath a beard is more than a youth; and he that hath no beard is less than a man: and he that is more than a youth is not for me;

and he that is less than a man I am not for him: Therefore I will even take sixpence in earnest of the bear-herd,²⁸ and lead his apes into hell.

Leon. Well, then, go you into hell?

Beat. No, but to the gate; and there will the devil meet me, like an old cuckold, with horns on his head, and say, "Get you to heaven, Beatrice, get you to heaven; here's no place for you maids:" so deliver I up my apes, and away to saint Peter for the heavens; he shows me where the bachelors sit, and there live we as merry as the day is long.

Ant. Well, niece, [*to HERO*] I trust you will be rul'd by your father.

Beat. Yes, faith; it is my cousin's duty to make cursy, and say, "As it please you:"—but yet, for all that, cousin, let him be a handsome fellow, or else make another cursy,²⁹ and say, "Father, as it please me."

Leon. Well, niece, I hope to see you one day fitted with a husband.

Beat. Not till God make men of some other metal than earth. Would it not grieve a woman to be over-mast'red with a piece of valiant dust? to make account of her life to a clod of wayward marl? No, uncle, I'll none. Adam's sons are my brethren, and truly I hold it a sin to match in my kindred.

Leon. Daughter, remember what I told you: if the prince do solicit you in that kind, you know your answer.

Beat. The fault will be in the music, cousin, if you be not wooed in good time: if the prince be too important, tell him there's measure in everything, and so dance out the answer. For hear me, Hero; Wooing, wedding, and repenting, is as a Scotch jig, a measure, and a cinque-pace: the first suit is hot and hasty, like a Scotch jig, and full as fantastical; the wedding, mannerly-modest, as a measure full of state and ancients; and then comes repentance, and, with his bad legs, falls into the cinque-pace faster and faster, till he sinks into his grave.

Leon. Cousin, you apprehend passing shrewdly.

Beat. I have a good eye, uncle; I can see a church by daylight.

Leon. The revellers are entering, brother; make good room.

Enter DON PEDRO, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, BALTHAZAR; DON JOHN, BORACHIO, MARGARET, URSULA, and others, masked. They converse in groups.

D. Pedro. Lady, will you walk about with your friend?

Hiero. So you walk softly, and look sweetly, and say nothing, I am yours for the walk; and, especially, when I walk away.

D. Pedro. With me in your company?

Hiero. I may say so when I please.

D. Pedro. And when please you to say so?

Hiero. When I like your favour; for God defend³⁰ the lute should be like the case!

D. Pedro. My visor is Philemon's roof; within the house is Jove.

Hiero. Why, then your visor should be thatch'd.

D. Pedro. Speak low, if you speak love.

[Takes her aside.]

Bene. Well, I would you did like me.

Marg. So would not I, for your own sake, for I have many ill qualities.

Bene. Which is one?

Marg. I say my prayers aloud.

Bene. I love you the better; the hearers may cry, Amen! *[Goes aside.]*

Marg. God match me with a good dancer!

Balth. Amen!

Marg. And God keep him out of my sight when the dance is done!—Answer, clerk.

Balth. No more words; the clerk is answered.

[They part different ways.]

Urs. I know you well enough; you are signior Antonio.

Ant. At a word, I am not.

Urs. I know you by the waggling of your head.

Ant. To tell you true, I counterfeit him.

Urs. You could never do him so ill-well, unless you were the very man. Here's his dry hand³¹ up and down; you are he, you are he.

Ant. At a word, I am not.

Urs. Come, come; do you think I do not know you by your excellent wit? Can virtue hide itself? Go to, mum, you are he: graces will appear, and there's an end.

[Mixing with the company.]

Beat. Will you not tell me who told you so?

Bene. No, you shall pardon me.

Beat. Nor will you not tell me who you are?

Bene. Not now.

Beat. That I was disdainful,—and that I had my good wit out of the 'Hundred Merry Tales';³²—Well, this was signior Benedick that said so.

Bene. What's he?

Beat. I am sure you know him well enough.

Bene. Not I, believe me.

Beat. Did he never make you laugh?

Bene. I pray you, what is he?

Beat. Why, he's the prince's jester,—a very dull fool; only his gift is in devising impossible slanders: none but libertines delight in him; and the commendation is not in his wit, but in his villainy; for he both pleaseth men and angers them, and then they laugh at him and beat him. I am sure he is in the fleet; I would he had boarded me.

Bene. When I know the gentleman, I'll tell him what you say.

Beat. Do, do: he'll but break a comparison or two on me; which, peradventure not marked, or not laugh'd at, strikes him into melancholy; and then there's a partridge' wing saved,³³ for the fool will eat no supper that night. *[Music within.]* We must follow the leaders.

Bene. In every good thing.

Beat. Nay, if they lead to any ill, I will leave them at the next turning. *[Dance. Then exeunt all but DON JOHN, BORA., and CLAUD.]*

D. John. Sure, my brother is amorous on Hero and hath withdrawn her father to break with him about it: The ladies follow her, and but one visor remains.

Bora. And that is Claudio: I know him by his bearing.

D. John. Are not you signior Benedick?

Claud. You know me well; I am he.

D. John. Signior, you are very near my brother in his love: he is enamour'd on Hero. I pray you dissuade him from her; she is no equal for his birth: you may do the part of an honest man in it.

Claud. How know you he loves her?

D. John. I heard him swear his affection.

Bora. So did I too; and he swore he would marry her to-night.

D. John. Come, let us to the banquet.

[Exeunt DON JOHN and BORA.]

Claud. Thus answer I in name of Benedick, But hear these ill news with the ears of Claudio. 'Tis certain so;—the prince woes for himself; Friendship is constant in all other things,

Save in the office and affairs of love :
Therefore, all hearts in love use their own tongues ;
Let every eye negotiate for itself,
And trust no agent : for beauty is a witch,
Against whose charms faith melteth into blood.³⁴
This is an accident of hourly proof,
Which I mistrusted not. Farewell, therefore, Hero!

Re-enter BENEDICK.

Bene. Count Claudio?

Claud. Yea, the same.

Bene. Come, will you go with me?

Claud. Whither?

Bene. Even to the next willow, about your own business, count. What fashion will you wear the garland of?³⁵ About your neck, like an usurer's chain,³⁶ or under your arm, like a lieutenant's scari? You must wear it one way, for the prince hath got your Hero.

Claud. I wish him joy of her.

Bene. Why, that's spoken like an honest drover. So they sell bullocks! But did you think the prince would have served you thus?

Claud. I pray you leave me.

Bene. Ho! now you strike like the blind man; 't was the boy that stole your meat, and you 'll beat the post.

Claud. If it will not be, I 'll leave you. [*Exit.*]

Bene. Alas! poor hurt fowl! Now will he creep into sedges. But that my lady Beatrice should know me, and not know me! The prince's fool!—Ha, it may be I go under that title, because I am merry.—Yea; but so; I am apt to do myself wrong: I am not so reputed. It is the base though bitter disposition of Beatrice, that puts the world into her person, and so gives me out. Well, I 'll be revenged as I may.

Re-enter DON PEDRO.

D. Pedro. Now, signior, where 's the count? Did you see him?

Bene. Troth, my lord, I have played the part of lady Fame. I found him here as melancholy as a lodge in a warren;³⁷ I told him, and I think told him true, that your grace had got the will of this young lady; and I offered him my company to a willow-tree, either to make him a garland, as being forsaken, or to bind him a rod, as being worthy to be whipped.

D. Pedro. To be whipped! what 's his fault?

Bene. The flat transgression of a schoolboy; who, being overjoyed with finding a bird's nest, shows it his companion, and he steals it.

D. Pedro. Wilt thou make a trust a transgression? The transgression is in the stealer.

Bene. Yet it had not been amiss the rod had been made, and the garland too; for the garland he might have worn himself; and the rod he might have bestowed on you, who, as I take it have stol'n his bird's nest.

D. Pedro. I will but teach them to sing, and restore them to the owner.

Bene. If their singing answer your saying, oy my faith, you say honestly.

D. Pedro. The lady Beatrice hath a quarrel to you; the gentleman that danced with her told her she is much wrong'd by you.

Bene. O, she misus'd me past the endurance of a block: an oak, but with one green leaf on it, would have answered her; my very visor began to assume life and scold with her. She told me, not thinking I had been myself, that I was the prince's jester, and that I was duller than a great thaw; huddling jest upon jest, with such impossible conveyance upon me, that I stood like a man at a mark, with a whole army shooting at me. She speaks poniards, and every word stabs! If her breath were as terrible as her terminations, there were no living near her: she would infect to the North star. I would not marry her, though she were endowed with all that Adam had left him before he transgressed: she would have made Hercules have turn'd spit; yea, and have cleft his club to make the fire too. Come, talk not of her: you shall find her the infernal Atë in good apparel.³⁸ I would to God some scholar would conjure her; for, certainly, while she is here, a man may live as quiet in hell as in a sanctuary; and people sin upon purpose, because they would get thither; so, indeed, all disquiet, horror, and perturbation follow her.

Re-enter CLAUDIO, BEATRICE, LEONATO, and HERO.

D. Pedro. Look, here she comes.

Bene. Will your grace command me any service to the world's end? I will go on the slightest errand now to the antipodes, that you can devise to send me on; I will fetch you a toothpicker now from the farthest inch of Asia; bring you the length of Prester John's foot; fetch you a hair of the great Cham's beard;³⁹ do you any embassy to the Pigmies,—rather than hold three words conference with this harpy. You have no employment for me?

D. Pedro. None, but to desire your good company.

Bene. O God, sir, here 's a dish I love not; I cannot endure my lady Tongue. [Exit.

D. Pedro. Come, lady, come; you have lost the heart of signior Benedick.

Beat. Indeed, my lord, he lent it me awhile; and I gave him use for it—a double heart for a single one: marry, once before he won it of me with false dice; therefore, your grace may well say I have lost it.

D. Pedro. You have put him down, lady; you have put him down.

Beat. So I would not he should do me, my lord, lest I should prove the mother of fools. I have brought count Claudio, whom you sent me to seek.

D. Pedro. Why, how now, count? wherefore are you sad?

Claud. Not sad, my lord.

D. Pedro. How then? Sick?

Claud. Neither, my lord.

Beat. The count is neither sad, nor sick, nor merry, nor well: but civil, count; civil as an orange,³⁰ and something of that jealous complexion.

D. Pedro. I' faith, lady, I think your blazon to be true; though I'll be sworn, if he be so, his conceit is false. Here, Claudio, I have wooed in thy name, and fair Hero is won; I have broke with her father, and his good will obtained: name the day of marriage, and God give thee joy!

Leon. Count, take of me my daughter, and with her my fortunes; his grace hath made the match, and all grace say 'Amen' to it!

Beat. Speak, count; 't is your cue.

Claud. Silence is the perfectest herald of joy: I were but little happy, if I could say how much. Lady, as you are mine, I am yours: I give away myself for you, and dote upon the exchange.

Beat. Speak, cousin; or, if you cannot, stop his mouth with a kiss, and let not him speak neither.

D. Pedro. In faith, lady, you have a merry heart.

Beat. Yea, my lord, I thank it; poor fool, it keeps on the windy side of care. My cousin tells him in his ear that he is in her heart.

Claud. And so she doth, cousin.

Beat. Good lord, for alliance!⁴¹—Thus goes every one to the world but I, and I am sun-burn'd;⁴² I may sit in a corner, and cry, heigh-ho for a husband!

D. Pedro. Lady Beatrice, I will get you one.

Beat. I would rather have one of your father's getting. Hath your grace ne'er a brother like you? Your father got excellent husbands, if a maid could come by them.

D. Pedro. Will you have me, lady?

Beat. No, my lord, unless I might have another for working-days; your grace is too costly to wear every day. But, I beseech your grace, pardon me; I was born to speak all mirth, and no matter.

D. Pedro. Your silence most offends me, and to be merry best becomes you; for, out of question, you were born in a merry hour.

Beat. No, sure, my lord, my mother cried; but then there was a star danced, and under that was I born.—Cousins, God give you joy!

Leon. Niece, will you look to those things I told you of?

Beat. I cry you mercy, uncle.—By your grace's pardon. [Exit BEAT.

D. Pedro. By my troth, a pleasant-spirited lady.

Leon. There 's little of the melancholy element in her, my lord: she is never sad, but when she sleeps; and not ever sad then, for I have heard my daughter say she hath often dreamt of unhappiness, and wak'd herself with laughing.

D. Pedro. She cannot endure to hear tell of a husband.

Leon. O, by no means; she mocks all her wooers out of suit.

D. Pedro. She were an excellent wife for Benedick.

Leon. O Lord, my lord, if they were but a week married, they would talk themselves mad.

D. Pedro. Count Claudio, when mean you to go to church?

Claud. To-morrow, my lord: Time goes on crutches, till Love have all his rites.

Leon. Not till Monday, my dear son, which is hence a just seven-night; and a time too brief too, to have all things answer my mind.

D. Pedro. Come, you shake the head at so long a breathing; but I warrant thee, Claudio, the time shall not go dully by us. I will, in the interim, undertake one of Hercules' labours; which is, to bring signior Benedick and the lady Beatrice into a mountain of affection, the one with the other. I would fain have it a match; and I doubt not but to fashion it, if you three will but minister such assistance as I shall give you direction.

Leon. My lord, I am for you, though it cost me ten nights' watchings.

Claudio. And I, my lord.

D. Pedro. And you too, gentle Hero?

Hero. I will do any modest office, my lord, to help my cousin to a good husband.

D. Pedro. And Benedick is not the unhopefullest husband that I know. Thus far can I praise him: he is of a noble strain, of approved valour, and confirm'd honesty. I will teach you how to humour your cousin, that she shall fall in love with Benedick:—and I, with your two helps, will so practice on Benedick, that, in despite of his quick wit and his queasy stomach,⁴³ he shall fall in love with Beatrice. If we can do this, Cupid is no longer an archer; his glory shall be ours, for we are the only love-gods. Go in with me, and I will tell you my drift. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*A Room in Leonato's House.*

Enter DON JOHN and BORACHIO.

D. John. It is so; the count Claudio shall marry the daughter of Leonato

Bora. Yea, my lord, but I can cross it.

D. John. Any bar, any cross, any impediment will be medicinable to me. I am sick in displeasure to him; and whatsoever comes athwart his affection, ranges evenly with mine. How canst thou cross this marriage?

Bora. Not honestly, my lord; but so covertly, that no dishonesty shall appear in me.

D. John. Show me briefly how.

Bora. I think I told your lordship, a year since, how much I am in the favour of Margaret, the waiting-gentlewoman to Hero.

D. John. I remember.

Bora. I can, at any unseasonable instant of the night, appoint her to look out at her lady's chamber-window.

D. John. What life is in that, to be the death of this marriage?

Bora. The poison of that lies in you to temper. Go you to the prince your brother; spare not to tell him, that he hath wronged his honour in marrying the renowned Claudio (whose estimation do you mightily hold up) to a contaminated stale, such a one as Hero.

D. John. What proof shall I make of that?

Bora. Proof enough to misuse the prince, to vex Claudio, to undo Hero, and kill Leonato. Look you for any other issue

D. John. Only to despite them I will endeavour anything.

Bora. Go, then; find me a meet hour to draw don Pedro and the count Claudio alone: tell them that you know that Hero loves me; intend a kind of zeal both to the prince and Claudio, as in a love of your brother's honour, who hath made this match, and his friend's reputation, who is thus like to be cozen'd with the semblance of a maid,—that you have discover'd thus. They will scarcely believe this without trial; offer them instances; which shall bear no less likelihood, than to see me at her chamber-window; hear me call Margaret, Hero; hear Margaret term me Claudio; and bring them to see this, the very night before the intended wedding: for, in the mean time, I will so fashion the matter, that Hero shall be absent; and there shall appear such seeming truths of Hero's disloyalty, that jealousy shall be call'd assurance, and all the preparation overthrown.

D. John. Grow this to what adverse issue it can, I will put it in practice. Be cunning in the working this, and thy fee is a thousand ducats.

Bora. Be thou constant in the accusation, and my cunning shall not shame me.

D. John. I will presently go learn their day of marriage. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*Leonato's Garden.*

Enter BENEDICK and a Boy.

Bene. Boy!

Boy. Signior.

Bene. In my chamber-window lies a book—bring it hither to me in the orchard.⁴⁴

Boy. I am here already, sir.

Bene. I know that;—but I would have thee hence, and here again. [*Exit Boy.*—] I do much wonder that one man, seeing how much another man is a fool when he dedicates his behaviours to love, will, after he hath laughed at such shallow follies in others, become the argument of his own scorn by falling in love:—and such a man is Claudio. I have known when there was no music with him but the drum and the fife; and now had he rather hear the tabor and the pipe: I have known when he would have walked ten mile afoot, to see a good armour; and now will he lie ten nights awake, carving the fashion of a new doublet. He was wont to speak plain, and to the purpose, like an honest man and a soldier; and now he is turn'd orthographer; his words are a

very fantastical banquet, just so many strange dishes. May I be so converted, and see with these eyes? I cannot tell; I think not. I will not be sworn but love may transform me to an oyster; but I'll take my oath on it, till he hath made an oyster of me, he shall never make me such a fool. One woman is fair; yet I am well: another is wise; yet I am well: another virtuous, yet I am well: but till all graces be in one woman, one woman shall not come in my grace. Rich she shall be, that's certain; wise, or I'll none; virtuous, or I'll never cheapen her; fair, or I'll never look on her; mild, or come not near me; noble, or not I for an angel; of good discourse, an excellent musician, and her hair shall be of what colour it please God. Ha! the prince and monsieur Love! I will hide me in the arbour.

[Withdraws.]

Enter DON PEDRO, LEONATO, and CLAUDIO.

D. Pedro. Come, shall we hear this music?

Claud. Yea, my good lord:—How still the evening is,

As hush'd on purpose to grace harmony!

D. Pedro. See you where Benedick hath hid himself?

Claud. O, very well, my lord: the music ended, we'll fit the kid-fox with a pennyworth.⁴⁵

Enter BALTHAZAR, with music.

D. Pedro. Come, Balthazar, we'll hear that song again.

Balth. O, good my lord, tax not so bad a voice To slander music any more than once.

D. Pedro. It is the witness still of excellency, To put a strange face on his own perfection:— I pray thee, sing, and let me woo no more.

Balth. Because you talk of wooing, I will sing: Since many a wooer doth commence his suit To her he thinks not worthy; yet he woos; Yet will he swear, he loves.

D. Pedro. Nay, pray thee, come: Or, if thou wilt hold longer argument, Do it in notes.

Balth. Note this before my notes, There's not a note of mine that's worth the noting.

D. Pedro. Why, these are very crotchets that he speaks;

Note, notes, forsooth, and nothing!⁴⁶ [Music.]

Bene. Now, "Divine air!" now is his soul ravished!—Is it not strange that sheep's guts

should hale souls out of men's bodies?—Well, a horn for my money, when all's done.

Balth. [Sings.]

Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more;
Men were deceivers ever;
One foot in sea, and one on shore,—
To one thing constant never:
Then sigh not so,
But let them go,
And be you blithe and bonny,
Converting all your sounds of woe
Into, 'Hey nonny, nonny.'

Sing no more ditties, sing no mo
Of dumps so dull and heavy;⁴⁷
The frauds of men were ever so,
Since summer first was leavy
Then sigh not so, &c.

D. Pedro. By my troth, a good song.

Balth. And an ill singer, my lord.

D. Pedro. Ha? no; no, faith; thou sing'st well enough for a shift.

Bene. [Aside.] An he had been a dog that should have howl'd thus, they would have hang'd him: and I pray God his bad voice bode no mischief! I had as lief have heard the night-raven,⁴⁸ come what plague could have come after it.

D. Pedro. Yea, marry; [to CLAUDIO.]—Dost thou hear, Balthazar? I pray thee, get us some excellent music; for to-morrow night we would have it at the lady Hero's chamber-window.

Balth. The best I can, my lord.

D. Pedro. Do so: farewell. [Exit BALTH.] Come hither, Leonato. What was it you told me of to-day, that your niece Beatrice was in love with signior Benedick?

Claud. O, ay:—Stalk on:⁴⁹ the fowl sits. [Aside to D. PEDRO.] I did never think that lady would have loved any man.

Leon. No, nor I neither; but most wonderful that she should so dote on signior Benedick, whom she hath in all outward behaviours seemed ever to abhor.

Bene. Is 't possible? Sits the wind in that corner? [Aside.]

Leon. By my troth, my lord, I cannot tell what to think of it, but that she loves him with an enraged affection; it is past the infinite of thought.⁵⁰

D. Pedro. May be, she doth but counterfeit.

Claud. 'Faith, like enough.

Leon. O God! counterfeit! There was never counterfeit of passion came so near the life of passion, as she discovers it.

D. Pedro. Why, what effects of passion shows she?

Claud. Bait the hook well; this fish will bite.

[*Aside.*

Leon. What effects, my lord! She will sit you, —you heard my daughter tell you how.

Claud. She did, indeed.

D. Pedro. How, how, I pray you? You amaze me: I would have thought her spirit had been invincible against all assaults of affection.

Leon. I would have sworn it had, my lord; especially against Benedick.

Bene. [*Aside.*] I should think this a gull, but that the white-bearded fellow speaks it; knavery cannot, sure, hide himself in such reverence.

Claud. He hath ta'en th' infection: hold it up.

[*Aside.*

D. Pedro. Hath she made her affection known to Benedick?

Leon. No; and swears she never will: that's her torment.

Claud. 'T is true, indeed; so your daughter says: "Shall I," says she, "that have so oft encounter'd him with scorn, write to him that I love him?"

Leon. This says she now, when she is beginning to write to him: for she'll be up twenty times a night; and there will she sit in her smock, till she have writ a sheet of paper:—my daughter tells us all.

Claud. Now you talk of a sheet of paper, I remember a pretty jest your daughter told us of.

Leon. O!—When she had writ it, and was reading it over, she found Benedick and Beatrice between the sheet?

Claud. That!

Leon. O! she tore the letter into a thousand halfpence;⁵¹ rail'd at herself, that she should be so immodest to write to one that she knew would flout her. "I measure him," says she, "by my own spirit; for I should flout him, if he writ to me; yea, though I love him, I should."

Claud. Then down upon her knees she falls, weeps, sobs, beats her heart, tears her hair, prays, cries;—"O sweet Benedick! God give me patience!"

Leon. She doth, indeed; my daughter says so: and the ecstasy hath so much overborne her, that my daughter is sometime afraid she will do a desperate outrage to herself. It is very true.

D. Pedro. It were good that Benedick knew of it by some other, if she will not discover it.

Claud. To what end? He would but make sport of it, and torment the poor lady worse.

D. Pedro. An he should, it were an almshouse to hang him. She's an excellent sweet lady; and out of all suspicion, she is virtuous.

Claud. And she is exceeding wise.

D. Pedro. In everything, but in loving Benedick.

Leon. O my lord, wisdom and blood combating in so tender a body, we have ten proofs to one that blood hath the victory. I am sorry for her, as I have just cause, being her uncle and her guardian.

D. Pedro. I would she had bestowed this dotage on me: I would have daff'd all other respects,⁵² and made her half myself. I pray you tell Benedick of it, and hear what he will say.

Leon. Were it good, think you?

Claud. Hero thinks surely she will die; for she says she will die if he love her not, and she will die ere she make her love known; and she will die if he woo her, rather than she will bate one breath of her accustomed crossness.

D. Pedro. She doth well: if she should make tender of her love, 't is very possible he'll scorn it; for the man, as you know all, hath a contemptible spirit.

Claud. He is a very proper man.

D. Pedro. He hath, indeed, a good outward happiness.

Claud. 'Fore God, and in my mind, very wise.

D. Pedro. He doth, indeed, show some sparks that are like wit.

Leon. And I take him to be valiant.

D. Pedro. As Hector, I assure you: and in the managing of quarrels, you may see he is wise; for either he avoids them with great discretion, or undertakes them with a Christian-like fear.

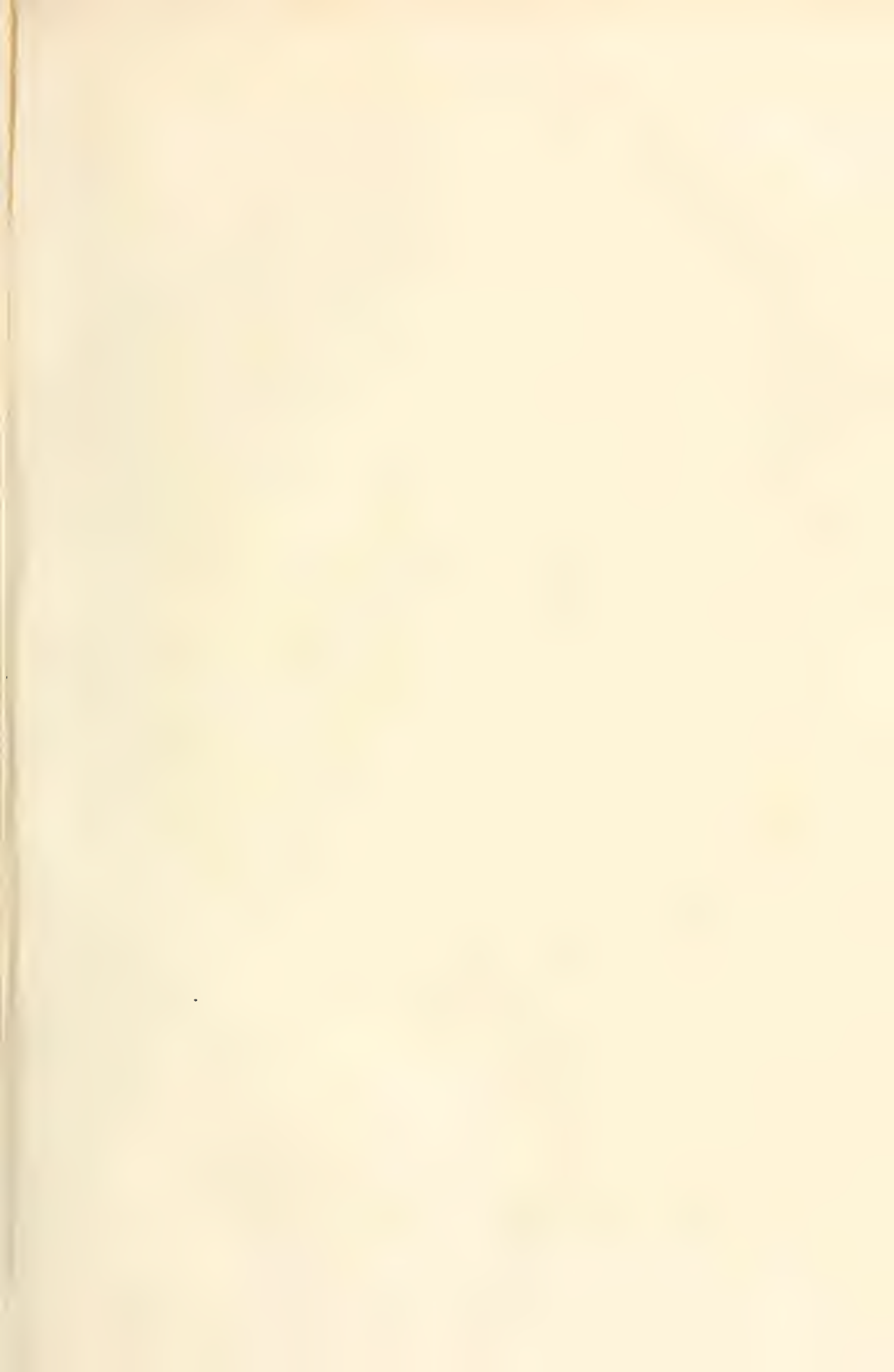
Leon. If he do fear God, he must necessarily keep peace: if he break the peace, he ought to enter into a quarrel with fear and trembling.

D. Pedro. And so will he do; for the man doth fear God, howsoever it seems not in him, by some large jests he will make. Well, I am sorry for your niece. Shall we go seek Benedick, and tell him of her love?

Claud. Never tell him, my lord: let her wear it out with good counsel.

Leon. Nay, that's impossible; she may wear her heart out first.

D. Pedro. Well, we will hear further of it by your daughter. Let it cool the while. I love Benedick well: and I could wish he would





modestly examine himself to see how much he is unworthy to have so good a lady.

Leon. My lord, will you walk? dinner is ready.

Claud. If he do not dote on her upon this, I will never trust my expectation. [*Aside.*]

D. Pedro. Let there be the same net spread for her; and that must your daughter and her gentlewomen carry. The sport will be, when they hold one an opinion of another's dotage, and no such matter; that 's the scene that I would see, which will be merely a dumb-show. Let us send her to call him in to dinner. [*Aside.*]

[*Exeunt D. PEDRO, CLAUD., and LEON.*]

BENEDICK advances from the arbour.

Bene. This can be no trick: the conference was sadly borne.—They have the truth of this from Hero. They seem to pity the lady; it seems her affections have their full bent. Love me! why, it must be requited. I hear how I am censur'd: they say I will bear myself proudly, if I perceive the love come from her; they say, too, that she will rather die than give any sign of affection.—I did never think to marry—I must not seem proud.—Happy are they that hear their detractions, and can put them to mending. They say the lady is fair; 'tis a truth I can bear them witness: and virtuous—'t is so, I cannot reprove it: and wise, but for loving me. By my troth, it is no addition to her wit,—nor no great argument of her folly, for I will be horribly in love with her. I may chance have some odd quirks and

remnants of wit broken on me, because I have rail'd so long against marriage: but doth not the appetite alter? A man loves the meat in his youth, that he cannot endure in his age. Shall quips, and sentences, and these paper bullets of the brain, awe a man from the career of his humour? No! The world must be peopled. When I said I would die a bachelor, I did not think I should live till I were married.—Here comes Beatrice. By this day, she 's a fair lady: I do spy some marks of love in her.

Enter BEATRICE.

Beat. Against my will, I am sent to bid you come in to dinner.⁵⁴

Bene. Fair Beatrice, I thank you for your pains.

Beat. I took no more pains for those thanks than you take pains to thank me. If it had been painful, I would not have come.

Bene. You take pleasure, then, in the message?

Beat. Yea, just so much as you may take upon a knife's point, and choke a daw withal. You have no stomach, signior? fare you well. [*Exit.*]

Bene. Ha! "Against my will, I am sent to bid you come in to dinner;"—there 's a double meaning in that. "I took no more pains for those thanks, than you took pains to thank me;"—that 's as much as to say, Any pains that I take for you is as easy as thanks. If I do not take pity of her, I am a villain; if I do not love her, I am a Jew! I will go get her picture. [*Exit.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—LEONATO'S Garden.

Enter HERO, MARGARET, and UESULA.

Hero. Good Margaret, run thee to the parlour; There shalt thou find my cousin Beatrice Proposing with the prince and Claudio:⁵⁵ Whisper her ear, and tell her I and Ursula Walk in the orchard, and our whole discourse Is all of her; say, that thou overheard'st us; And bid her steal into the pleached bower Where honeysuckles, ripened by the sun, Forbid the sun to enter,—like favourites, Made proud by princes, that advance their pride

Against that power that bred it:—there will she hide her,

To listen our propose. This is thy office; Bear thee well in it, and leave us alone.

Marg. I 'll make her come, I warrant you, presently. [*Exit.*]

Hero. Now, Ursula, when Beatrice doth come, As we do trace this alley up and down, Our talk must only be of Benedick: When I do name him, let it be thy part To praise him more than ever man did merit: My talk to thee must be, how Benedick Is sick in love with Beatrice. Of this matter

Is little Cupid's crafty arrow made,
That only wounds by hearsay. Now begin ;

Enter BEATRICE, behind.

For look where Beatrice, like a lapwing, runs
Close by the ground, to hear our conference.

Urs. The pleasantest angling is to see the fish
Cut with her golden oars the silver stream,
And greedily devour the treacherous bait :
So angle we for Beatrice ; who even now
Is couched in the woodbine coverture :
Fear you not my part of the dialogue.

Hero. Then go we near her, that her ear lose
nothing
Of the false sweet bait that we lay for it.—

[They advance to the bower.]

No, truly, Ursula, she is too disdainful ;
know, her spirits are as coy and wild
As haggards of the rock.⁵⁶

Urs. But are you sure
That Benedick loves Beatrice so entirely ?

Hero. So says the prince, and my new-trothed
lord.

Urs. And did they bid you tell her of it, madam ?

Hero. They did entreat me to acquaint her of it :
But I persuaded them, if they lov'd Benedick,
To wish him wrestle with affection,
And never to let Beatrice know of it.

Urs. Why did you so ? Doth not the gentleman
Deserve as full as fortunate a bed,
As ever Beatrice shall couch upon ?

Hero. O God of love ! I know he doth deserve
As much as may be yielded to a man :
But Nature never fram'd a woman's heart
Of prouder stuff than that of Beatrice :
Disdain and scorn ride sparkling in her eyes,
Misprising what they look on ; and her wit
Values itself so highly, that to her
All matter else seems weak : she cannot love,
Nor take no shape nor project of affection,
She is so self-endear'd.

Urs. Sure, I think so ;
And therefore, certainly, it were not good
She knew his love, lest she make sport at it.

Hero. Why, you speak truth : I never yet saw
man,

How wise, how noble, young, how rarely featur'd,
But she would spell him backward : if fair fac'd,
She would swear the gentleman should be her sister ;
If black, why Nature, drawing of an antic,
Made a foul blot : if tall, a lance ill-headed ;
If low, an agate very vildly cut :⁵⁷

If speaking, why, a vane blown with all winds
If silent, why, a block moved with none.
So turns she every man the wrong side out,
And never gives to truth and virtue that
Which simpleness and merit purchaseth.

Urs. Sure, sure, such carping is not commendable.

Hero. No ; not to be so odd, and from all fashions,
As Beatrice is, cannot be commendable :
But who dare tell her so ? If I should speak,
She would mock me into air ; O, she would laugh me
Out of myself, press me to death with wit.
Therefore let Benedick, like cover'd fire,
Consume away in sighs, waste inwardly :
It were a better death than die with mocks,⁵⁸
Which is as bad as die with tickling.

Urs. Yet tell her of it ; hear what she will say.

Hero. No ; rather I will go to Benedick,
And counsel him to fight against his passion :
And, truly, I 'll devise some honest slanders
To stain my cousin with. One doth not know
How much an ill word may empoison liking.

Urs. O, do not do your cousin such a wrong.
She cannot be so much without true judgment,
(Having so swift and excellent a wit
As she is priz'd to have,) as to refuse
So rare a gentleman as signior Benedick.

Hero. He is the only man of Italy
Always excepted my dear Claudio.

Urs. I pray you be not angry with me, madam :
Speaking my fancy. Signior Benedick,
For shape, for bearing, argument, and valour,
Goes foremost in report through Italy.

Hero. Indeed, he hath an excellent good name.

Urs. His excellence did earn it, ere he had it.
When are you married, madam ?

Hero. Why, in a day ;—to-morrow : Come
go in

I 'll show thee some attires ; and have thy counsel
Which is the best to furnish me to-morrow.

Urs. She 's lim'd, I warrant you ; we have
caught her, madam.

Hero. If it prove so, then loving goes by haps :
Some Cupid kills with arrows, some with traps.

[Exeunt HERO and URSULA.]

BEATRICE advances.

Beat. What fire is in mine ears ? Can this be true ?
Stand I condemn'd for pride and scorn so much ?
Contempt, farewell ! and maiden pride, adieu !
No glory lives behind the back of such.
And, Benedick, love on, I will requite thee
Taming my wild heart to thy loving hand ;



Mrs. Julia Dean as Gertrude.



If thou dost love, my kindness shall incite thee
 To bind our loves up in a holy band:
 For others say thou dost deserve; and I
 Believe it better than reportingly. [Exit.

SCENE II.—*A Room in LEONATO'S House.*

Enter DON PEDRO, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, and
 LEONATO.

D. Pedro. I do but stay till your marriage be consummate, and then go I toward Arragon.

Claud. I'll bring you thither, my lord, if you'll vouchsafe me.

D. Pedro. Nay, that would be as great a soil in the new gloss of your marriage, as to show a child his new coat, and forbid him to wear it. I will only be bold with Benedick for his company; for, from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot, he is all mirth; he hath twice or thrice cut Cupid's bowstring, and the little hangman dare not shoot at him:⁵⁹ he hath a heart as sound as a bell, and his tongue is the clapper; for what his heart thinks, his tongue speaks.

Bene. Gallants, I am not as I have been.

Leon. So say I; methinks you are sadder.

Claud. I hope he be in love.

D. Pedro. Hang him, truant; there's no true drop of blood in him, to be truly touch'd with love: if he be sad, he wants money.

Bene. I have the tooth-ach.

D. Pedro. Draw it.

Bene. Hang it!

Claud. You must hang it first, and draw it afterwards.

D. Pedro. What? sigh for the tooth-ach?

Leon. Where is but a humour, or a worm!

Bene. Well, every one can master a grief, but he that has it.

Claud. Yet, say I, he is in love.

D. Pedro. There is no appearance of fancy⁶⁰ in him, unless it be a fancy that he hath to strange disguises; as, to be a Dutchman to-day; a Frenchman to-morrow; or in the shape of two countries at once, as, a German from the waist downward,⁶¹ all slops; and a Spaniard from the hip upward, no doublet. Unless he have a fancy to this foolery, as it appears he hath, he is no fool for fancy, as you would have it to appear he is.

Claud. If he be not in love with some woman, there is no believing old signs: 'a brushes his hat o' mornings: What should that bode?

D. Pedro. Hath any man seen him at the barber's?

Claud. No, but the barber's man hath been seen with him; and the old ornament of his cheek⁶² hath already stuffed tennis-balls.

Leon. Indeed, he looks younger than he did by the loss of a beard.

D. Pedro. Nay, 'a rubs himself with civet: Can you smell him out by that?

Claud. That's as much as to say, The sweet youth's in love.

D. Pedro. The greatest note of it is his melancholy.

Claud. And when was he wont to wash his face?

D. Pedro. Yea, or to paint himself? for the which, I hear what they say of him.

Claud. Nay, but his jesting spirit, which is now crept into a lutestring, and now govern'd by stops.

D. Pedro. Indeed, that tells a heavy tale for him: Conclude, conclude, he is in love.

Claud. Nay, but I know who loves him.

D. Pedro. That would I know too; I warrant, one that knows him not.

Claud. Yes, and his ill conditions; and, in despite of all, dies for him.

D. Pedro. She shall be buried with her face upwards.

Bene. Yet is this no charm for the tooth-ach.—Old signior, walk aside with me; I have studied eight or nine wise words to speak to you, which these hobby-horses must not hear.

[Exit BENE. and LEON.]

D. Pedro. For my life, to break with him about Beatrice.

Claud. 'Tis even so. Hero and Margaret have by this played their parts with Beatrice; and then the two bears will not bite one another when they meet.

Enter DON JOHN.

D. John. My lord and brother, God save you.

D. Pedro. Good den,⁶³ brother.

D. John. If your leisure serv'd, I would speak with you.

D. Pedro. In private?

D. John. If it please you;—yet Count Claudio may hear; for what I would speak of concerns him.

D. Pedro. What's the matter?

D. John. Means your lordship to be married to-morrow? [To CLAUDIO.]

D. Pedro. You know he does.

D. John. I know not that, when he knows what I know.

Claud. If there be any impediment, I pray you discover it.

D. John. You may think I love you not; let that appear hereafter, and aim better at me by that I now will manifest. For my brother, I think, he holds you well; and, in dearness of heart, hath help to effect your ensuing marriage: surely, suit ill spent, and labour ill bestowed!

D. Pedro. Why, what 's the matter?

D. John. I came hither to tell you: and, circumstances short'ned, (for she hath been too long a talking of,) the lady is disloyal.

Claud. Who? Hero?

D. John. Even she; Leonato's Hero, your Hero, every man's Hero!

Claud. Disloyal?

D. John. The word is too good to paint out her wickedness. I could say she were worse; think you of a worse title, and I will fit her to it. Wonder not till further warrant: go but with me to-night, you shall see her chamber-window entered; even the night before her wedding-day. If you love her then, to-morrow wed her; but it would better fit your honour to change your mind.

Claud. May this be so?

D. Pedro. I will not think it.

D. John. If you dare not trust that you see, confess not that you know: if you will follow me, I will show you enough; and when you have seen more, and heard more, proceed accordingly.

Claud. If I see anything to-night why I should not marry her to-morrow, in the congregation, where I should wed, there will I shame her.

D. Pedro. And, as I wooed for thee to obtain her, I will join with thee to disgrace her.

D. John. I will disparage her no farther, till you are my witnesses: bear it coldly but till mid-night, and let the issue show itself.

D. Pedro. O day untowardly turned!

Claud. O mischief strangely thwarted!

D. John. O plague right well prevented!
So will you say, when you have seen the sequel.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—A Street.

*Enter DOGBERRY and VERGES,*⁶⁴ *with the Watch.*

Dogb. Are you good men and true?

Verg. Yea, or else it were pity but they should suffer salvation, body and soul.

Dogb. Nay, that were a punishment too good for them, if they should have any allegiance in them, being chosen for the prince's watch.

Verg. Well, give them their charge, neighbour Dogberry.

Dogb. First, who think you the most desartless man to be constable?

1 *Watch.* Hugh Oatcake, sir, or George Sea coal; for they can write and read.

Dogb. Come hither, neighbour Seacoal. God hath bless'd you with a good name: to be a well-favoured man is the gift of fortune; but to write and read comes by nature.

2 *Watch.* Both which, master constable,—

Dogb. You have; I knew it would be your answer. Well, for your favour, sir, why, give God thanks, and make no boast of it; and for your writing and reading, let that appear when there is no need of such vanity. You are thought here to be the most senseless and fit man for the constable of the watch; therefore bear you the lantern. This is your charge: You shall comprehend all vagrom men; you are to bid any man stand, in the prince's name.

2 *Watch.* How if 'a will not stand?

Dogb. Why, then take no note of him, but let him go; and presently call the rest of the watch together, and thank God you are rid of a knave.

Verg. If he will not stand when he is bidden, he is none of the prince's subjects.

Dogb. True, and they are to meddle with none but the prince's subjects:—You shall also make no noise in the streets; for, for the watch to babble and talk, is most tolerable and not to be endured.

2 *Watch.* We will rather sleep than talk; we know what belongs to a watch.

Dogb. Why, you speak like an ancient and most quiet watchman; for I cannot see how sleeping should offend: only have a care that your bills be not stol'n:⁶⁵—Well, you are to call at all the ale-houses, and bid them that are drunk get them to bed.

2 *Watch.* How if they will not?

Dogb. Why, then let them alone till they are sober; if they make you not then the better answer, you may say they are not the men you took them for.

2 *Watch.* Well, sir.

Dogb. If you meet a thief, you may suspect him, by virtue of your office, to be no true man; and, for such kind of men, the less you meddle or make with them, why, the more is for your honesty.

2 *Watch.* If we know him to be a thief, shall we not lay hands on him?

Dogb. Truly, by your office, you may; but I think they that touch pitch will be defil'd: the most peaceable way for you, if you do take a thief, is to let him show himself what he is, and steal out of your company.

Ferg. You have been always call'd a merciful man, partner.

Dogb. Truly, I would not hang a dog by my will; much more a man who hath any honesty in him.

Ferg. If you hear a child cry in the night, you must call to the nurse, and bid her still it.

2 *Watch.* How if the nurse be asleep, and will not hear us?

Dogb. Why, then depart in peace, and let the child wake her with crying: for the ewe that will not hear her lamb when it bays, will never answer a calf when it bleats.

Ferg. 'T is very true.

Dogb. This is the end of the charge. You, constable, are to present the prince's own person; if you meet the prince in the night, you may stay him.

Ferg. Nay, by 'r lady, that, I think, 'a cannot.

Dogb. Five shillings to one on 't, with any man that knows the statutes, he may stay him: marry, not without the prince be willing: for, indeed, the watch ought to offend no man; and it is an offence to stay a man against his will.

Ferg. By 'r lady, I think it be so.

Dogb. Ha, ha, ha! Well, masters, good night: an there be any matter of weight chances, call up me: keep your fellows' counsels and your own, and good night.—Come, neighbour.

2 *Watch.* Well, masters, we hear our charge: let us go sit here upon the church-bench till two, and then all to bed.

Dogb. One word more, honest neighbours: I pray you, watch about signior Leonato's door; for the wedding being there to-morrow, there is a great coil to-night: Adieu; be vigilant, I beseech you.⁶⁵

[*Exeunt DOGB. and FERG.*]

Enter BORACHIO and CONRADE.

Bora. What! Conrade,—

Watch. Peace, stir not.

[*Aside*]

Bora. Conrade, I say!

Con. Here, man, I am at thy elbow.

Bora. Mass, and my elbow itch'd; I thought there would a scab follow.⁶⁷

Con. I will owe thee an answer for that; and now forward with thy tale.

Bora. Stand thee close then under this pent-house, for it drizzles rain; and I will, like a true drunkard, utter all to thee.

Watch. [*Aside.*] Some treason, masters; yet stand close.

Bora. Therefore, know I have earned of Don John a thousand ducats.

Con. Is it possible that any villainy should be so dear?

Bora. Thou shouldst rather ask, if it were possible any villainy should be so rich; for when rich villains have need of poor ones, poor ones may make what price they will.

Con. I wonder at it.

Bora. That shows thou art unconfirm'd. Thou knowest that the fashion of a doublet, or a hat, or a cloak, is nothing to a man.

Con. Yes, it is apparel.

Bora. I mean, the fashion.

Con. Yes, the fashion is the fashion.

Bora. Tush! I may as well say, the fool's the fool. But seest thou not what a deformed thief this fashion is?

Watch. I know that Deformed; 'a has been a vile thief this seven year; 'a goes up and down like a gentleman: I remember his name. [*Aside*]

Bora. Didst thou not hear somebody?

Con. No; 't was the vane on the house.

Bora. Seest thou not, I say, what a deformed thief this fashion is? how giddily 'a turns about all the hot bloods, between fourteen and five-and-thirty? sometime, fashioning them like Pharaoh's soldiers in the reechy⁶⁸ painting; sometime, like god Bel's priests in the old church-window; sometime, like the shaven Hercules in the smirch'd worm-eaten tapestry, where his codpiece seems as massy as his club?

• *Con.* All this I see; and see that the fashion wears out more apparel than the man. But art not thou thyself giddy with the fashion too, that thou hast shifted out of thy tale into telling me of the fashion?

Bora. Not so neither: but know, that I have to-night wooed Margaret, the lady Hero's gentlewoman, by the name of Hero; she leans me out at her mistress' chamber-window, bids me a thousand times good night,—I tell this tale vilely:—I should first tell thee how the prince, Claudio, and my master, planted and placed, and, possessed by my master Don John, saw afar off in the orchard this amiable encounter.

Con. And thought thy Margaret was Hero?

Bora. Two of them did, the prince and Claudio; but the devil my master knew she was Margaret; and partly by his oaths, which first possess'd them, partly by the dark night, which did deceive them, but chiefly by my villainy, which did confirm any slander that Don John had made, away went Claudio enraged; swore he would meet her, as he was appointed, next morning at the temple, and there, before the whole congregation, shame her with what he saw o'er-night, and send her home again without a husband.

1 *Watch.* We charge you in the prince's name, stand.

2 *Watch.* Call up the right master constable: we have here recovered the most dangerous piece of lechery that ever was known in the commonwealth.

1 *Watch.* And one Deformed is one of them; I know him, 'a wears a lock.

Con. Masters, masters.

2 *Watch.* You 'll be made bring Deformed forth, I warrant you.

Con. Masters,—

1 *Watch.* Never speak; we charge you, let us obey you to go with us.

Bora. We are like to prove a goodly commodity,⁶⁹ being taken up of these men's bills.

Con. A commodity in question, I warrant you. Come, we 'll obey you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A Room in LEONATO'S House.*

Enter HERO, MARGARET, and URSULA.

Hero. Good Ursula, wake my cousin Beatrice, and desire her to rise.

Urs. I will, lady.

Hero. And bid her come hither.

Urs. Well.

[*Exit URSULA.*

Marg. Troth, I think your other rabato were better.⁷⁰

Hero. No, pray thee, good Meg, I 'll wear this.

Marg. By my troth, it 's not so good; and I warrant your cousin will say so.

Hero. My cousin 's a fool, and thou art another; I 'll wear none but this.

Marg. I like the new tire within excellently, if the hair were a thought browner: and your gown 's a most rare fashion, i' faith. I saw the duchess of Milan's gown, that they praise so.

Hero. O, that exceeds, they say.

Marg. By my troth it 's but a night-gown in respect of yours; cloth o' gold, and cuts, and laced with silver; set with pearls, down-sleeves,

side-sleeves,⁷¹ and skirts, round, underborne with a blueish tinsel: but for a fine, quaint, graceful, and excellent fashion, yours is worth ten on 't.

Hero. God give me joy to wear it, for my heart is exceeding heavy!

Marg. 'T will be heavier soon, by the weight of a man.

Hero. Fie upon thee! art not ashamed?

Marg. Of what, lady? of speaking honourably? Is not marriage honourable in a beggar? Is not your lord honourable without marriage? I think, you would have me say, saving your reverence,—“a husband:” an bad thinking do not wrest true speaking, I 'll offend nobody: Is there any harm in, “the heavier for a husband”? None, I think, an it be the right husband, and the right wife; otherwise 't is light, and not heavy: Ask my lady Beatrice else; here she comes.

Enter BEATRICE.

Hero. Good morrow, coz.

Beat. Good morrow, sweet Hero.

Hero. Why, how now! do you speak in the sick tune?

Beat. I am out of all other tune, methinks.

Marg. Clap's into—“Light o' love;” that goes without a burden; do you sing it, and I 'll dance it.

Beat. Ye light o' love, with your heels;—then if your husband have stables enough, you 'll look he shall lack no barns.⁷²

Marg. O illegitimate construction! I scorn that with my heels.

Beat. 'T is almost five o'clock, cousin; 't is time you were ready. By my troth I am exceeding ill: hey ho!

Marg. For a hawk, a horse, or a husband?

Beat. For the letter that begins them all, H.⁷³

Marg. Well, an you be not turn'd Turk,⁷⁴ there 's no more sailing by the star.

Beat. What means the fool, trow?

Marg. Nothing I; but God send every one their heart's desire!

Hero. These gloves the count sent me, they are an excellent perfume.⁷⁵

Beat. I am stuffed, cousin, I cannot smell.

Marg. A maid, and stuffed! there 's goodly catching of cold.

Beat. O, God help me! God help me! how long have you professed apprehension?

Marg. Ever since you left it: doth not my wit become me rarely?

Beat. It is not seen enough; you should wear it in your cap.—By my troth, I am sick.

Marg. Get you some of this distill'd Carduus Benedictus,⁷⁶ and lay it to your heart; it is the only thing for a qualm.

Hero. There thou prick'st her with a thistle.

Beat. Benedictus! why Benedictus? you have some moral in this Benedictus.

Marg. Moral! no, by my troth, I have no moral meaning; I meant plain holy-thistle. You may think, perchance, that I think you are in love: nay, by'r lady, I am not such a fool to think what I list; nor I list not to think what I can; nor, indeed, I cannot think, if I would think my heart out of thinking, that you are in love, or that you will be in love, or that you can be in love: yet Benedick was such another, and now is he become a man: he swore he would never marry; and yet now, in despite of his heart, he eats his meat without grudging: and how you may be converted, I know not; but, methinks, you look with your eyes as other women do.

Beat. What pace is this that thy tongue keeps?

Marg. Not a false gallop.

Re-enter URSLA.

Urs. Madam, withdraw; the prince, the count, signior Benedick, Don John, and all the gallants of the town, are come to fetch you to church.

Hero. Help to dress me, good coz, good Meg, good Ursula. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*Another Room in LEONATO'S House.*

Enter LEONATO, with DOGBERRY and VERGES.

Leon. What would you with me, honest neighbour?

Dogb. Marry, sir, I would have some confidence with you that decerns you nearly.

Leon. Brief, I pray you; for, you see, it is a busy time with me.

Dogb. Marry, this it is, sir.

Verg. Yes, in truth it is, sir.

Leon. What is it, my good friends?

Dogb. Goodman Verges, sir, speaks a little off the matter: an old man, sir, and his wits are not so blunt, as, God help, I would desire they were; but, in faith, honest as the skin between his brows.

Verg. Yes, I thank God, I am as honest as any man living, that is an old man, and no honestier than I.

Dogb. Comparisons are odorous: *palatras*, neighbour Verges.⁷⁷

Leon. Neighbours, you are tedious.

Dogb. It pleases your worship to say so, but we are the poor duke's officers; but, truly, for mine own part, if I were as tedious as a king, I could find in my heart to bestow it all of your worship.

Leon. All thy tediousness on me! ah!

Dogb. Yea, and 't were a thousand pound more than 't is: for I hear as good exclamation on your worship, as of any man in the city; and though I be but a poor man, I am glad to hear it.

Verg. And so am I.

Leon. I would fain know what you have to say.

Verg. Marry, sir, our watch to-night, excepting your worship's presence, have ta'en a couple of as arrant knaves as any in Messina.

Dogb. A good old man, sir; he will be talking; as they say, 'When the age is in, the wit is out.' God help us! it is a world to see!⁷⁸—Well said, i' faith, neighbour Verges:—well, God's a good man;⁷⁹ an two men ride of a horse, one must ride behind:—An honest soul, i' faith, sir,—by my troth he is, as ever broke bread: but God is to be worshipp'd: All men are not alike; alas, good neighbour!

Leon. Indeed, neighbour, he comes too short of you.

Dogb. Gifts that God gives.—

Leon. I must leave you.

Dogb. One word, sir: our watch, sir, have, indeed, comprehended two aspicuous persons, and we would have them this morning examined before your worship.

Leon. Take their examination yourself, and bring it me; I am now in great haste, as it may appear unto you.

Dogb. It shall be suffigancé.

Leon. Drink some wine ere you go: fare you well.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, they stay for you to give your daughter to her husband.

Leon. I'll wait upon them; I am ready.

[*Exeunt LEON. and Mess.*]

Dogb. Go, good partner, go; get you to Francis Seacoal; bid him bring his pen and inkhorn to the gaol: we are now to examination these men.

Verg. And we must do it wisely.

Dogb. We will spare for no wit, I warrant you; here's that [*touching his forehead*] shall drive some of them to a *non com*:⁸⁰ only get the learned writer to set down our excommunication, and meet me at the gaol. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV

SCENE I.—*The inside of a Church.*

Enter DON PEDRO, DON JOHN, LEONATO, Friar, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, HERO, and BEATRICE, &c.

Leon. Come, friar Francis, be brief; only to the plain form of marriage, and you shall recount their particular duties afterwards.

Friar. You come hither, my lord, to marry this lady?

Claud. No.

Leon. To be married to her: friar, you come to marry her.

Friar. Lady, you come hither to be married to this count?

Hero. I do.

Friar. If either of you know any inward impediment why you should not be conjoined, I charge you, on your souls, to utter it.

Claud. Know you any, Hero?

Hero. None, my lord.

Friar. Know you any, count?

Leon. I dare make his answer, none.

Claud. O, what men dare do! what men may do! what men daily do! not knowing what they do!

Bene. How now! Interjections? Why, then, some be of laughing, as, ha! ha! he!

Claud. Stand thee by, friar:—Father, by your leave;

Will you, with free and unconstrained soul,
Give me this maid, your daughter?

Leon. As freely, son, as God did give her me.

Claud. And what have I to give you back,
whose worth

May counterpoise this rich and precious gift?

D. Pedro. Nothing, unless you render her again.

Claud. Sweet prince, you learn me noble thankfulness.

There, Leonato, take her back again;

Give not this rotten orange to your friend;

She's but the sign and semblance of her honour:
Behold, how like a maid she blushes here!

O, what authority and show of truth
Can cunning sin cover itself withal!

Comes not that blood, as modest evidence,
To witness simple virtue? Would you not swear,
All you that see her, that she were a maid,
By these exterior shows? But she is none!
She knows the heat of a luxurious bed:
Her blush is guiltiness, not modesty.

Leon. What do you mean, my lord?

Claud. Not to be married,—

Not to knit my soul to an approved wanton.

Leon. Dear my lord, if you, in your own proof,
Have vanquish'd the resistance of her youth,
Have made defeat of her virginity,—

Claud. I know what you would say:—if I have
known her,

You'll say she did embrace me as a husband,
And so extenuate the 'forchance sin:

No, Leonato,

I never tempted her with word too large;

But, as a brother to his sister, show'd

Bashful sincerity, and comely love.

Hero. And seem'd I ever otherwise to you?

Claud. Out on thy seeming! I will write
against it,—

“You seem to me as Dian in her orb;
As chaste as is the bud ere it be blown;
But you are more intemperate in your blood
Than Venus, or those pamper'd animals
That rage in savage sensuality.”

Hero. Is my lord well, that he doth speak so
wide?⁸¹

Leon. Sweet prince, why speak not you?

D. Pedro. What should I speak?

I stand dishonour'd, that have gone about
To link my dear friend to a common stale.

Leon. Are these things spoken? or do I but
dream?

D. John. Sir, they are spoken, and these things
are true.

Bene. This looks not like a nuptial.

Hero. True! O God!

Claud. Leonato, stand I here?

Is this the prince? Is this the prince's brother?
Is this face Hero's? Are our eyes our own?

Leon. All this is so: But what of this, my lord?

Claud. Let me but move one question to your daughter;

And, by that fatherly and kindly power⁸²

That you have in her, bid her answer truly.

Leon. I charge thee do so, as thou art my child.

Hero. O God defend me! how am I beset!—

What kind of catechising call you this?

Claud. To make you answer truly to your name.

Hero. Is it not Hero? Who can blot that name

With any just reproach?

Claud. Marry, that can Hero;

Hero itself can blot out Hero's virtue.

What man was he talk'd with you yesternight

Out at your window, betwixt twelve and one?

Now, if you are a maid, answer to this.

Hero. I talk'd with no man at that hour, my lord.

D. Pedro. Why, then are you no maiden.—

Leonato,

I am sorry you must hear:—Upon mine honour, Myself, my brother, and this grieved count, Did see her, hear her, at that hour last night, Talk with a ruffian at her chamber-window; Who hath, indeed, most like a liberal villain, Confess'd the vile encounters they have had A thousand times in secret.

D. John. Fie, fie! they are Not to be nam'd, my lord, not to be spoken of; There is not chastity enough in language, Without offence to utter them. Thus, pretty lady, I am sorry for thy much misgovernment.

Claud. O Hero! what a Hero hadst thou been, If half thy outward graces had been plac'd About thy thoughts, and counsels of thy heart: But, fare thee well! most foul, most fair, farewell! Thou pure impiety, and impious purity; For thee I'll lock up all the gates of love, And on my eyelids shall conjecture hang, To turn all beauty into thoughts of harm, And never shall it more be gracious.

Leon. Hath no man's dagger here a point for me?

[*HERO SINGS.*]

Beat. Why, how now, cousin? wherefore sink you down?

D. John. Come, let us go: these things, come thus to light,

Smother her spirits up.

[*Exit D. PEDRO, D. JOHN, and CLAUD.*]

Bene. How doth the lady?

Beat. Dead, I think;—help, uncle!

Hero! why, Hero!—Uncle!—Signior Benedick!—friar!

Leon. O fate, take not away thy neavy hand? Death is the fairest cover for her shame

That may be wish'd for.

Beat. How now, cousin Hero?

Friar. Have comfort, lady

Leon. Dost thou look up?

Friar. Yea. Wherefore should she not?

Leon. Wherefore? Why, doth not every earthly thing

Cry shame upon her? Could she here deny

The story that is printed in her blood?

Do not live, Hero; do not ope thine eyes;

For did I think thou wouldst not quickly die

Thought I thy spirits were stronger than thy shames,

Myself would, on the rearward of reproaches,

Strike at thy life. Griev'd I, I had but one?

Chid I for that at frugal nature's frame?

O, one too much by thee! Why had I one?

Why ever wast thou lovely in my eyes?

Why had I not, with charitable hand,

Took up a beggar's issue at my gates;

Who, smirched thus, and mir'd with infamy,

I might have said, "No part of it is mine;

This shame derives itself from unknown loins"?

But mine, and mine I lov'd, and mine I prais'd

And mine that I was proud on; mine so much,

That I myself was to myself not mine,

Valuing of her; why, she—O, she is fall'n

Into a pit of ink! that the wide sea

Hath drops too few to wash her clean again;

And salt too little, which may season give

To her foul tainted flesh!

Bene. Sir, sir, be patient:

For my part I am so attir'd in wonder,

I know not what to say.

Beat. O, on my soul, my cousin is befied!

Bene. Lady, were you her bedfellow last night?

Beat. No, truly not; although, until last night, I have this twelvemonth been her bedfellow.

Leon. Confirm'd, confirm'd! O, that is stronger made,

Which was before barr'd up with ribs of iron!

Would the two princes lie? and Claudio lie?

Who lov'd her so, that, speaking of her foulness,

Wash'd it with tears? Hence from her; let her die.

Friar. Hear me a little;

For I have only been silent so long,

And given way unto this course of fortune,

By noting of the lady. I have mark'd
A thousand blushing apparitions start
Into her face; a thousand innocent shames
In angel whiteness bear away those blushes;
And in her eye there hath appear'd a fire,
To burn the errors that these princes hold
Against her maiden truth. Call me a fool;
Trust not my reading, nor my observations,
Which with experimental seal doth warrant
The tenour of my book; trust not my age,
My reverence, calling, nor divinity,
If this sweet lady lie not guiltless here
Under some biting error.

Leon. Friar, it cannot be:
Thou seest that all the grace that she hath left
Is, that she will not add to her damnation
A sin of perjury; she not denies it:
Why seek'st thou then to cover with excuse
That which appears in proper nakedness?

Friar. Lady, what man is he you are accus'd of?

Hero. They know that do accuse me; I know
none.

If I know more of any man alive
Than that which maiden modesty doth warrant,
Let all my sins lack mercy!—O my father,
Prove you that any man with me convers'd
At hours unmeet, or that I yesternight
Maintain'd the change of words with any creature,
Refuse me, hate me, torture me to death.

Friar. There is some strange misprision in the
princes.

Bene. Two of them have the very bent of
honour;
And if their wisdoms be misled in this,
The practice of it lives in John the bastard,
Whose spirits toil in frame of villainies.

Leon. I know not. If they speak but truth of
her,
These hands shall tear her; if they wrong her
honour,
The proudest of them shall well hear of it.
Time hath not yet so dried this blood of mine,
Nor age so eat up my invention,
Nor fortune made such havoc of my means,
Nor my bad life reft me so much of friends,
But they shall find, awak'd in such a kind,
Both strength of limb, and policy of mind,
Ability in means, and choice of friends,
To quit me of them thoroughly.

Friar. Pause awhile,
And let my counsel sway you in this case.
Your daughter here the princes left for dead;

Let her awhile be secretly kept in,
And publish it that she is dead indeed;
Maintain a mourning ostentation;
And on your family's old monument
Hang mournful epitaphs, and do all rites
That appertain unto a burial.

Leon. What shall become of this? What will
this do?

Friar. Marry, this, well carried, shall on her
behalf

Change slander to remorse; that is some good:
But not for that dream I on this strange course.
But on this travail look for greater birth.
She dying, as it must be so maintain'd,
Upon the instant that she was accus'd,
Shall be lamented, pitied, and excus'd,
Of every hearer: For it so falls out,
That what we have we prize not to the worth
Whiles we enjoy it; but being lack'd and lost,
Why then we rack⁸³ the value,—then we find
The virtue that possession would not show us
Whiles it was ours: So will it fare with Claudio:
When he shall hear she died upon his words,
The idea of her life shall sweetly creep
Into his study of imagination;
And every lovely organ of her life
Shall come apparell'd in more precious habit,
More moving-delicate, and full of life,
Into the eye and prospect of his soul,
Than when she liv'd indeed:—then shall he mourn,
(If ever love had interest in his liver,)
And wish he had not so accused her;
No, though he thought his accusation true.
Let this be so, and doubt not but success
Will fashion the event in better shape
Than I can lay it down in likelihood.
But if all aim but this be levell'd false,
The supposition of the lady's death
Will quench the wonder of her infamy:
And, if it sort not well, you may conceal her,
As best befits her wounded reputation,
In some reclusive and religious life,
Out of all eyes, tongues, minds, and injuries.

Bene. Signior Leonato, let the friar advise you
And though, you know, my inwardness and love
Is very much unto the prince and Claudio,
Yet, by mine honour, I will deal in this
As secretly and justly as your soul
Should with your body.

Leon. Being that I flow in grief,
The smallest twine may lead me.

Friar. 'Tis well consented; presently away.

For to strange sores strangely they strain the cure.—

Come, lady, die to live: this wedding-day,
Perhaps is but prolong'd; have patience, and
endure.

[*Exeunt* FRIAR, HERO, and LEON.]

Bene. Lady Beatrice, have you wept all this
while?

Beat. Yea, and I will weep awhile longer.

Bene. I will not desire that.

Beat. You have no reason; I do it freely.

Bene. Surely, I do believe your fair cousin is
wrong'd.

Beat. Ah, how much might the man deserve of
me that would right her!

Bene. Is there any way to show such friend-
ship?

Beat. A very even way, but no such friend.

Bene. May a man do it?

Beat. It is a man's office, but not yours.

Bene. I do love nothing in the world so well as
you: Is not that strange?

Beat. As strange as the thing I know not: It
were as possible for me to say I loved nothing so
well as you: but believe me not; and yet I lie
not; I confess nothing, nor I deny nothing:—I
am sorry for my cousin.

Bene. By my sword, Beatrice, thou lov'st me.

Beat. Do not swear by it, and eat it.

Bene. I will swear by it that you love me; and
I will make him eat it that says I love not you.

Beat. Will you not eat your word?

Bene. With no sauce that can be devised to it:
I protest I love thee.

Beat. Why, then God forgive me!

Bene. What offence, sweet Beatrice?

Beat. You have stay'd me in a happy hour; I
was about to protest I loved you.

Bene. And do it with all thy heart.

Beat. I love you with so much of my heart,
that none is left to protest.

Bene. Come, bid me do anything for thee.

Beat. Kill Claudio.

Bene. Ha! not for the wide world.

Beat. You kill me to deny it: Farewell.

Bene. Tarry, sweet Beatrice.

Beat. I am gone, though I am here:⁸⁴—There
is no love in you:—Nay, I pray you, let me
go.

Bene. Beatrice,—

Beat. In faith, I will go.

Bene. We 'll be friends first.

Beat. You dare easier be friends with me than
fight with mine enemy.

Bene. Is Claudio thine enemy?

Beat. Is he not approved in the height a villain,
that hath slandered, scorned, dishonoured my
kinswoman?—O, that I were a man!—What I
bear her in hand until they come to take hands;
and then, with public accusation, uncovered slan-
der,⁸⁵ unmitigated rancour,—O God, that I were a
man! I would eat his heart in the market-place.

Bene. Hear me, Beatrice;—

Beat. Talk with a man out at a window?—a
proper saying.

Bene. Nay, but, Beatrice;—

Beat. Sweet Hero!—she is wrong'd, she is
slandered, she is undone.

Bene. Beat—

Beat. Princes, and counties! Surely, a princely
testimony, a goodly count—Count Confect! A
sweet gallant, surely! O that I were a man for
his sake! or that I had any friend would be a man
for my sake! But manhood is melted into cur-
sies, valour into compliment, and men are only
turned into tongue, and trim ones too: he is now
as valiant as Hercules that only tells a lie, and
swears it. I cannot be a man with wishing
therefore I will die a woman with grieving.

Bene. Tarry, good Beatrice: By this hand, I
love thee.

Beat. Use it for my love some other way than
swearing by it.

Bene. Think you in your soul the count Claudio
hath wrong'd Hero?

Beat. Yea, as sure as I have a thought, or a
soul.

Bene. Enough! I am engaged, I will challenge
him; I will kiss your hand, and so leave you.
By this hand, Claudio shall render me a dear
account! As you hear of me, so think of me.
Go, comfort your cousin: I must say she is dead;
and so, farewell. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—A Prison

Enter DOGBERRY, VERGES, and Sexton, in gowns;
and the Watch, with CONRADE and BORACHIO.

Dogb. Is our whole dissembly appear'd?

Verg. O, a stool and a cushion for the sexton
Sexton. Which be the malefactors?

Dogb. Marry, that am I and my partner.

Verg. Nay, that's certain; we have the exhibi-
tion to examine.

Sexton. But which are the offenders that are to be examined? let them come before master constable.

Dogb. Yea, marry, let them come before me.—What is your name, friend?

Bora. Borachio.

Dogb. Pray write down Borachio.—Yours, sirrah?

Con. I am a gentleman, sir, and my name is Conrade.

Dogb. Write down, master gentleman Conrade.—Masters, do you serve God?

Con., Bora. Yea, sir, we hope.

Dogb. Write down that they hope they serve God:—and write God first; for God defend but God should go before such villains!—Masters, it is proved already that you are little better than false knaves; and it will go near to be thought so shortly. How answer you for yourselves?

Con. Marry, sir, we say we are none.

Dogb. A marvellous witty fellow, I assure you; but I will go about with him.—Come you hither, sirrah; a word in your ear, sir; I say to you, it is thought you are false knaves.

Bora. Sir, I say to you, we are none.

Dogb. Well, stand aside.—'Fore God, they are both in a tale! Have you writ down that they are none?

Sexton. Master constable, you go not the way to examine; you must call forth the watch that are their accusers.

Dogb. Yea, marry, that's the effest^{est} way:—Let the watch come forth:—Masters, I charge you, in the prince's name, accuse these men.

1 Watch. This man said, sir, that Don John, the prince's brother, was a villain.

Dogb. Write down prince John a villain:—Why, this is flat perjury, to call a prince's brother 'villain.'

Bora. Master constable,—

Dogb. Pray thee, fellow, peace; I do not like thy look, I promise thee.

Sexton. What heard you him say else?

2 Watch. Marry, that he had received a thousand ducats of Don John, for accusing the lady Hero wrongfully.

Dogb. Flat burglary as ever was committed!

Verg. Yea, by the mass! that it is.

Sexton. What else, fellow?

1 Watch. And that count Claudio did mean, upon his words, to disgrace Hero before the whole assembly, and not marry her.

Dogb. O villain, thou wilt be condemn'd into everlasting redemption for this!

Sexton. What else?

2 Watch. This is all.

Sexton. And this is more, masters, than you can deny. Prince John is this morning secretly stol'n away: Hero was in this manner accus'd, in this very manner refus'd, and upon the grief of this suddenly died.—Master constable, let these men be bound, and brought to Leonato; I will go before, and show him their examination. [*Exit.*]

Dogb. Come, let them be opinion'd.

Verg. Let them be in the hands—

Con. Off, coxcomb!

Dogb. God's my life! where's the sexton? let him write down, the prince's officer, coxcomb. Come, bind them:—Thou naughty varlet!

Con. Away! you are an ass! you are an ass!

Dogb. Dost thou not suspect my place? Dost thou not suspect my years?—O that he were here to write me down an ass! but, masters, remember that I am an ass; though it be not written down, yet forget not that I am an ass:—No, thou villain, thou art full of piety, as shall be prov'd upon thee, by good witness. I am a wise fellow; and, which is more, an officer; and, which is more, a householder; and, which is more, as pretty a piece of flesh as any is in Messina; and one that knows the law, go to; and a rich fellow enough, go to; and a fellow that hath had losses; and one that hath two gowns and everything handsome about him:—Bring him away. O, that I had been writ down an ass! [*Exeunt.*]



Mr. John Gilbert as Dogberry.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Before Leonato's House.**Enter LEONATO and ANTONIO.*

Ant. If you go on thus, you will kill yourself;
And 't is not wisdom thus to second grief
Against yourself.

Leon. I pray thee cease thy counsel,
Which falls into mine ears as profitless
As water in a sieve. Give not me counsel;
Nor let no comforter delight mine ear,
But such a one whose wrongs do suit with mine.
Bring me a father that so lov'd his child,
Whose joy of her is overwhelm'd like mine,
And bid him speak of patience;
Measure his woe the length and breadth of mine,
And let it answer every strain for strain,—
As thus for thus, and such a grief for such,
In every lineament, branch, shape, and form:
If such a one will smile; and stroke his beard;
And, sorrowing, cry 'hem' when he should groan;⁸⁷
Patch grief with proverbs; make misfortune drunk
With candle-wasters;⁸⁸ bring him yet to me,
And I of him will gather patience:—
But there is no such man:—For, brother, men
Can counsel, and speak comfort to that grief
Which they themselves not feel; but, tasting it,
Their counsel turns to passion, which before
Would give preceptual medicine to rage,
Fetter strong madness in a silken thread,
Charm ach with air, and agony with words:
No, no; 't is all men's office to speak patience
To those that wring under the load of sorrow;
But no man's virtue, nor sufficiency,
To be so moral, when he shall endure
The like himself: therefore give me no counsel:
My griefs cry louder than advertisement.

Ant. Therein do men from children nothing differ.

Leon. I pray thee, peace; I will be flesh and
blood;

For there was never yet philosopher
That could endure the tooth-ach patiently,
However they have writ the style of gods,
And made a push⁸⁹ at chance and sufferance.

Ant. Yet bend not all the harm upon yourself
Make those that do offend you suffer too.

Leon. There thou speak'st reason: nay, I will
do so:

My soul doth tell me Hero is belied;
And that shall Claudio know, so shall the prince,
And all of them that thus dishonour her.

Enter DON PEDRO and CLAUDIO.

Ant. Here come the prince and Claudio,
hastily.

D. Pedro. Good den, good den.

Claud. Good day to both of you.

Leon. Hear you, my lords,—

D. Pedro. We have some haste, Leonato

Leon. Some haste, my lord!—well, fare you
well, my lord:

Are you so hasty now?—well, all is one.

D. Pedro. Nay, do not quarrel with us, good
old man.

Ant. If he could right himself with quarrelling,
Some of us would lie low.

Claud. Who wrongs him?

Leon. Marry, thou dost wrong me; thou dis-
sembler, thou:—

Nay, never lay thy hand upon thy sword;
I fear thee not.

Claud. Marry, beshrew my hand,
If it should give your age such cause of fear:
In faith, my hand meant nothing to my sword.

Leon. Tush, tush, man! never flee and jest at me
I speak not like a dotard, nor a fool;
As, under privilege of age, to brag
What I have done being young, or what would do
Were I not old. Know, Claudio, to thy head,
Thou hast so wrong'd my innocent child and me.
That I am forc'd to lay my reverence by;
And, with grey hairs, and bruise of many days,
Do challenge thee to trial of a man.

I say, thou hast belied mine innocent child;
Thy slander hath gone through and through her
heart,

And she lies buried with her ancestors:

O! in a tomb where never scandal slept,
Save this of hers, fram'd by thy villainy.

Claud. My villainy!

Leon. Thine, Claudio; thine, I say.

D. Pedro. You say not right, old man.

Leon. My lord, my lord,

I'll prove it on his body, if he dare;
Despite his nice fence and his active practice,
His May of youth, and bloom of lusthood.

Claud. Away; I will not have to do with you.

Leon. Canst thou so daff me?⁹⁰ Thou hast
kill'd my child;

If thou kill'st me, boy, thou shalt kill a man.

Ant. He shall kill two of us, and men indeed;
But that's no matter; let him kill me first;—

Win me and wear me,—let him answer me,—

Come follow me, boy; come, sir boy, come follow
me:

Sir boy, I'll whip you from your foining fence;
Nay, as I am a gentleman, I will.

Leon. Brother,—

Ant. Content yourself: God knows, I lov'd my
niece;

And she is dead, slander'd to death by villains,

That dare as well answer a man, indeed,

As I dare take a serpent by the tongue:

Boys, apes, braggarts, Jacks, milksops!—

Leon. Brother Antony,—

Ant. Hold you content: What, man! I know
them, yea,

And what they weigh, even to the utmost scruple:
Scambling,⁹¹ out-facing, fashion-mongring boys,
That lie, and cog, and flout, deprave, and slander,
Go anticly, and show outward hideousness,
And speak off half a-dozen dang'rous words,
How they might hurt their enemies, if they durst,
And this is all!

Leon. But, Brother Antony,—

Ant. Come, 't is no matter;
Do not you meddle; let me deal in this.

D. Pedro. Gentlemen both, we will not wake
your patience.⁹²

My heart is sorry for your daughter's death,
But, on my honour, she was charg'd with nothing
But what was true, and very full of proof.

Leon. My lord, my lord,—

D. Pedro. I will not hear you.

Leon. No?

Come, brother, away:—I will be heard!

Ant. And shall,
Or some of us will smart for it.

[*Exeunt LEON. and ANT.*

Enter BENEDICK.

D. Pedro. See, see; here comes the man we
went to seek.

Claud. Now, signior! what news?

Bene. Good day, my lord.

D. Pedro. Welcome, signior: You are almost
come to part almost a fray.

Claud. We had lik'd to have had our two noses
snapp'd off with two old men without teeth.

D. Pedro. Leonato and his brother. What
think'st thou? Had we fought, I doubt we should
have been too young for them.

Bene. In a false quarrel there is no true valour:
I came to seek you both.

Claud. We have been up and down to seek thee;
for we are high proof melancholy, and would fain
have it beaten away. Wilt thou use thy wit?

Bene. It is in my scabbard: Shall I draw it?

D. Pedro. Dost thou wear thy wit by thy side?

Claud. Never any did so, though very many
have been beside their wit.—I will bid thee draw,
as we do the minstrels; draw, to pleasure us.

D. Pedro. As I am an honest man, he looks pale:
—Art thou sick, or angry?

Claud. What! courage, man! What though
care kill'd a cat, thou hast mettle enough in thee
to kill care.

Bene. Sir, I shall meet your wit in the career,
an you charge it against me:—I pray you choose
another subject.

Claud. Nay, then give him another staff; this
last was broke cross.⁹³

D. Pedro. By this light, he changes more and
more: I think he be angry indeed.

Claud. If he be, he knows how to turn his
girdle.⁹⁴

Bene. Shall I speak a word in your ear?

Claud. God bless me from a challenge!

Bene. You are a villain;—I jest not.—I will
make it good how you dare, with what you dare,
and when you dare! Do me right, or I will pro-
test your cowardice. You have kill'd a sweet lady
and her death shall fall heavy on you. Let me
hear from you.

Claud. Well, I will meet you, so I may have
good cheer.

D. Pedro. What, a feast? a feast?

Claud. I' faith, I thank him; he hath bid me
to a calf's head and a capon, the which if I do not
carve most curiously, say my knife's nought.—
Shall I not find a woodcock too?⁹⁵

Bene. Sir, your wit ambles well; it goes easily.

D. Pedro. I'll tell thee how Beatrice prais'd thy wit the other day. I said, thou hadst a fine wit; "True," says she, "a fine little one:" "No," said I, "a great wit;" "Right," says she, "a great gross one:" "Nay," said I, "a good wit;" "Just," said she, "it hurts nobody:" "Nay," said I, "the gentleman is wise;" "Certain," said she, "a wise gentleman!" "Nay," said I, "he hath the tongues;" "That I believe," said she, "for he swore a thing to me on Monday night, which he forswore on Tuesday morning; there's a double tongue; there's two tongues." Thus did she, an hour together, trans-shape thy particular virtues; yet, at last, she concluded, with a sigh, thou wast the prop'rest man in Italy.

Claud. For the which she wept heartily, and said she car'd not.

D. Pedro. Yea, that she did; but yet, for all that, an if she did not hate him deadly, she would love him dearly: the old man's daughter told us all.

Claud. All, all; and moreover, "God saw him when he was hid in the garden."

D. Pedro. But when shall we set the savage cull's horns on the sensible Benedick's head?

Claud. Yea, and text underneath, "Here dwells Benedick the married man?"

Bene. Fare you well, boy! you know my mind; I will leave you now to your gossip-like humour: you break jests as braggarts do their blades, which, God be thanked, hurt not.—My lord, for your many courtesies I thank you: I must discontinue your company: your brother, the bastard, is fled from Messina: you have, among you, kill'd a sweet and innocent lady. For my lord Lackbeard there, he and I shall meet; and, till then, peace be with him!

[*Exit BENE.*]

D. Pedro. He is in earnest.

Claud. In most profound earnest; and, I'll warrant you, for the love of Beatrice.

D. Pedro. And hath challeng'd thee?

Claud. Most sincerely.

D. Pedro. What a pretty thing man is, when he goes in his doublet and hose, and leaves off his wit!

Claud. He is then a giant to an ape: but then is an ape a doctor to such a man.

D. Pedro. But, soft you, let me be; pluck up, my heart, and be sad! Did he not say my brother was fled?

Enter DOGBERRY, VERGES, and the Watch, with CONRADE and BORACHIO.

Dogb. Come you, sir; if justice cannot tame you, she shall ne'er weigh more reasons in her balance: nay, an you be a cursing hypocrite once, you must be look'd to.

D. Pedro. How now, two of my brother's mer bound! Borachio one!

Claud. Hearken after their offence, my lord!

D. Pedro. Officers, what offence have these men done?

Dogb. Marry, sir, they have committed false report; moreover, they have spoken untruths; secondarily, they are slanders; sixth and lastly, they have belied a lady; thirdly, they have verified unjust things; and, to conclude, they are lying knaves.

D. Pedro. First, I ask thee what they have done; thirdly, I ask thee what's their offence; sixth and lastly, why they are committed: and, to conclude, what lay you to their charge?

Claud. Rightly reasoned, and in his own division; and, by my troth, there's one meaning well suited.⁵⁶

D. Pedro. Who have you offended, masters, that you are thus bound to your answer? This learned constable is too cunning to be understood: What's your offence?

Bora. Sweet prince, let me go no further to mine answer; do you hear me, and let this count kill me. I have deceived even your very eyes: what your wisdoms could not discover, these shallow fools have brought to light; who, in the night, overheard me confessing to this man how Don John, your brother, incensed me to slander the lady Hero; how you were brought into the orchard, and saw me court Margaret in Hero's garments; how you disgrac'd her, when you should marry her. My villainy they have upon record; which I had rather seal with my death, than repeat over to my shame: the lady is dead upon mine and my master's false accusation; and, briefly, I desire nothing but the reward of a villain.

D. Pedro. Runs not this speech like iron through your blood?

Claud. I have drunk poison whiles he utter'd it

D. Pedro. But did my brother set thee on to this?

Bora. Yea, and paid me richly for the practice of it.

D. Pedro. He is compos'd and fram'd of treachery:—

And fled he is upon this villainy.

Claud. Sweet Hero! now thy image doth appear
In the rare semblance that I lov'd it first.

Dogb. Come, bring away the plaintiffs; by this
time, our sexton hath reformed signior Leonato of
the matter: and, masters, do not forget to specify,
when time and place shall serve, that I am an ass.

Verg. Here, here comes master signior Leonato,
and the sexton too.

Re-enter LEONATO and ANTONIO with the Sexton.

Leon. Which is the villain? Let me see his eyes,
That when I note another man like him
I may avoid him: Which of these is he?

Bora. If you would know your wronger, look
on me.

Leon. Art thou,—thou, the slave that with thy
breath hast kill'd
Mine innocent child?

Bora. Yea, even I alone.

Leon. No, not so, villain; thou beliest thyself;
Here stand a pair of honourable men;
A third is fled, that had a hand in it:
I thank you, princes, for my daughter's death;
Record it with your high and worthy deeds;
T was bravely done, if you bethink you of it.

Claud. I know not how to pray your patience,
Yet I must speak. Choose your revenge yourself;
Impose me to what penance your invention
Can lay upon my sin: yet sinn'd I not,
But in mistaking.

D. Pedro. By my soul, nor I;
And yet, to satisfy this good old man,
I would bend under any heavy weight
That he'll enjoin me to.

Leon. I cannot bid you bid my daughter live;
That were impossible: but I pray you both,
Possess the people in Messina here
How innocent she died: and, if your love
Can labour aught in sad invention,
Hang her an epitaph upon her tomb,
And sing it to her bones; sing it to-night:—
To-morrow morning come you to my house;
And since you could not be my son-in-law,
Be yet my nephew: my brother hath a daughter,
Almost the copy of my child that's dead,
And she alone is heir to both of us;
Give her the right you should have giv'n her cousin,
And so dies my revenge.

Claud. O, noble sir,
Your over kindness doth wring tears from me!
I do embrace your offer; and dispose
For henceforth of poor Claudio.

Leon. To-morrow, then, I will expect you
coming;

To-night I take my leave.—This naughty man
Shall face to face be brought to Margaret,
Who, I believe, was pack'd in all this wrong.⁹⁷
Hir'd to it by your brother.

Bora. No, by my soul, she was not;
Nor knew not what she did, when she spoke to me
But always hath been just and virtuous,
In anything that I do know by her.

Dogb. Moreover, sir, (which, indeed, is not
under white and black,) this plaintiff here, the
offender, did call me ass:—I beseech you, let it
be rememb'rd in his punishment. And, also, the
watch heard them talk of one Deformed: they
say, he wears a key in his ear,⁹⁸ and a lock hang-
ing by it; and borrows money in God's name;⁹⁹
the which he hath us'd so long, and never paid,
that now men grow hard-hearted, and will lend
nothing for God's sake. Pray you, examine him
upon that point.

Leon. I thank thee for thy care and honest pains.

Dogb. Your worship speaks like a most thank-
ful and reverend youth; and I praise God for you.

Leon. There's for thy pains.

Dogb. God save the foundation!¹⁰⁰

Leon. Go, I discharge thee of thy prisoner, and
I thank thee.

Dogb. I leave an arrant knave with your worship;
which, I beseech your worship, to correct yourself,
or the example of others. God keep your worship;
I wish your worship well; God restore you to
health: I humbly give you leave to depart; and
if a merry meeting may be wish'd, God prohibit
it.—Come, neighbour.

[*Exeunt DOGB., VERG., and WATCH.*]

Leon. Until to-morrow morning, lords, farewell.

Ant. Farewell, my lords; we look for you to-
morrow.

D. Pedro. We will not fail.

Claud. To-night I'll mourn with Hero.

[*Exeunt D. PEDRO and CLAUD.*]

Leon. Bring you these fellows on; we'll talk
with Margaret,
How her acquaintance grew with this lewd fellow
[*Exit*]

SCENE II.—Leonato's Garden.

Enter BENEDICK and MARGARET, meeting.

Bene. Pray thee, sweet mistress Margaret, de-
serve well at my hands, by helping me to the
speech of Beatrice.

Marg. Will you then write me a sonnet in praise of my beauty?

Bene. In so high a style, Margaret, that no man living shall come over it; for, in most comely truth, thou deservest it.

Marg. To have no man come over me? why, shall I always keep below stairs?

Bene. Thy wit is as quick as the greyhound's mouth; it catches.

Marg. And yours as blunt as the fencer's foils, which hit, but hurt not.

Bene. A most manly wit, Margaret; it will not hurt a woman; and so, I pray thee, call Beatrice: I give thee the bucklers.¹⁰¹

Marg. Give us the swords; we have bucklers of our own.

Bene. If you use them, Margaret, you must put in the pikes with a vice; and they are dangerous weapons for maids.

Marg. Well, I will call Beatrice to you, who, I think, hath legs. [Exit MARG.]

Bene. And therefore will come.

The god of love,¹⁰² [Singing.
That sits above,
And knows me, and knows me,
How pitiful I deserve,—

I mean in singing; but in loving,—Leander the good swimmer, Troilus the first employer of panders, and a whole book full of these quondam carpet-mongers,¹⁰³ whose names yet run smoothly in the even road of a blank verse, why, they were never so truly turned over and over as my poor self, in love. Marry, I cannot show it in rhyme; I have tried; I can find out no rhyme to "lady" but "baby," an innocent rhyme; for "scorn," "horn," a hard rhyme; for "school," "fool," a babbling rhyme; very ominous endings. No, I was not born under a rhyming planet, nor I cannot woo in festival terms.

Enter BEATRICE.

Sweet Beatrice, wouldst thou come when I call'd thee?

Beat. Yea, signior, and depart when you bid me.

Bene. O, stay but till then!

Beat. 'Then' is spoken; fare you well now:—and yet, ere I go, let me go with that I came for, which is, with knowing what hath pass'd between you and Claudio.

Bene. Only foul words; and thereupon I will kiss thee.

Beat. Foul words is but foul wind, and foul wind is but foul breath, and foul breath is noisome; therefore I will depart unknissed.

Bene. Thou hast frightened the word out of his right sense, so forcible is thy wit: But I must tell thee plainly, Claudio undergoes my challenge; and either I must shortly hear from him, or I will subscribe him a coward. And, I pray thee now, tell me for which of my bad parts didst thou first fall in love with me?

Beat. For them all together; which maintain'd so politic a state of evil, that they will not admit any good part to intermingle with them. But for which of my good parts did you first suffer love for me?

Bene. "Suffer love;" a good epithet! I do suffer love, indeed, for I love thee against my will.

Beat. In spite of your heart, I think; alas! poor heart! If you spite it for my sake, I will spite it for yours; for I will never love that which my friend hates.

Bene. Thou and I are too wise to woo peaceably.

Beat. It appears not in this confession: there's not one wise man among twenty that will praise himself.

Pene. An old, an old instance, Beatrice, that liv'd in the time of good neighbours: if a man do not erect in this age his own tomb ere he dies, he shall live no longer in monuments than the bells ring, and the widow weeps.

Beat. And how long is that, think you?

Bene. Question?¹⁰⁴—Why, an hour in clamour, and a quarter in rheum. Therefore it is most expedient for the wise (if don Worm, his conscience, find no impediment to the contrary) to be the trumpet of his own virtues, as I am to myself. So much for praising myself, (who, I myself will bear witness, is praiseworthy,) and now tell me, how doth your cousin?

Beat. Very ill.

Bene. And how do you?

Beat. Very ill too.

Bene. Serve God, love me, and mend; there will I leave you too, for here comes one in haste.

Enter URSULA.

Urs. Madam, you must come to your uncle; yonder's old coil¹⁰⁵ at home: it is proved, my lady Hero hath been falsely accus'd the prince and Claudio mightily abused; and Don John is the

author of all, who is fled and gone . will you come presently ?

Beat. Will you go hear this news, signior ?

Bene. I will live in thy heart, die in thy lap, and be buried in thy eyes ; and, moreover, I will go with thee to thy uncle's. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The Inside of a Church.*

Enter DON PEDRO, CLAUDIO, and Attendants, with music and tapers.

Claud. Is this the monument of Leonato ?

Atten. It is, my lord.

Claud. [*Reads from a scroll.*]

"Done to death by slanderous tongues
Was the Hero that here lies :
Death, in guerdon of her wrongs,
Gives her fame which never dies :
So the life that died with shame
Lives in death with glorious fame.
Hang thou there upon the tomb,
Praising her when I am dumb."

Now, music sound, and sing your solemn hymn.

SONG.

Pardon, goddess of the night,
These that slow thy virgin knight ;¹⁰⁸
For the which, with songs of woe,
Round about her tomb they go.
Midnight, assist our moan ;
Help us to sigh and groan,
Heavily, heavily :
Graves, yawn, and yield your dead,
Till death be uttered,
Heavily, heavily.

Now unto thy bones good night !
Yearly will I do this rite.

D. Pedro. Good morrow, masters ; put your torches out :

The wolves have prey'd : and, look, the gentle day,

Before the wheels of Phoebus, round about

Dapples the drowsy east with spots of gray :

Thanks to you all, and leave us ; fare you well.

Claud. Good morrow, masters ; each his several way.

D. Pedro. Come, let us hence, and put on other weeds ;

And then to Leonato's we will go.

Claud. And, Hymen, now, with luckier issue speeds

Than this, for whom we render'd up this woe !

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*A Room in Leonato's House*

Enter LEONATO, ANTONIO, BENEDICK, BEATRICE, URSULA, Friar, and HERO.

Friar. Did I not tell you she was innocent ?

Leon. So are the prince and Claudio, who accus'd her

Upon the error that you heard debated :
But Margaret was in some fault for this,
Although against her will, as it appears
In the true course of all the question.

Ant. Well, I am glad that all things sort so well.

Bene. And so am I, being else by faith enforc'd
To call young Claudio to a reckoning for it.

Leon. Well, daughter, and you gentlewomen all,
Withdraw into a chamber by yourselves ;
And, when I send for you, come hither mask'd :
The prince and Claudio promis'd by this hour
To visit me :—you know your office, brother ;
You must be father to your brother's daughter,
And give her to young Claudio. [*Exeunt Ladies*]

Ant. Which I will do with confirm'd countenance.

Bene. Friar, I must entreat your pains, I thank

Friar. To do what, signior ?

Bene. To bind me, or undo me, one of them.
Signior Leonato, truth it is, good signior,
Your niece regards me with an eye of favour.

Leon. That eye my daughter lent her : 'T is most true.

Bene. And I do with an eye of love requite her.

Leon. The sight whereof, I think, you had from me,

From Claudio, and the prince. But what's your will ?

Bene. Your answer, sir, is enigmatical :

But, for my will, my will is, your good will
May stand with ours, this day to be conjoin'd
In the estate of honourable marriage ;
In which, good friar, I shall desire your help.

Leon. My heart is with your liking.

Friar. And my help.

Here come the prince and Claudio.

Enter DON PEDRO and CLAUDIO with Attendants

D. Pedro. Good morrow to this fair assembly.

Leon. Good morrow, prince ; good morrow Claudio ;

We here attend you. Are you yet determin'd
To-day to marry with my brother's daughter ?

Claud. I'll hold my mind, were she an Ethiop

Leon. Call her forth, brother; here 's the friar ready. [Exit ANT.]

D. Pedro. Good morrow, Benedick: Why, what 's the matter,

That you have such a February face,
So full of frost, of storm, and cloudiness?

Claud. I think he thinks upon the savage bull:—
Tush, fear not, man, we 'll tip thy horns with gold,
And all Europa shall rejoice at thee;¹⁰⁷
As once Europa did at lusty Jove,
When he would play the noble beast in love.

Bene. Bull Jove, sir, had an amiable low
And some such strange bull leap'd your father's
cow,
And got a calf in that same noble feat,
Much like to you, for you have just his bleat.

Re-enter ANTONIO, with the Ladies masked.

Claud. For this I owe you: here come other
reck'nings.

Which is the lady I must seize upon?

Leon. This same is she, and I do give you her.

Claud. Why, then she 's mine. Sweet, let me
see your face.

Leon. No, that you shall not, till you take her
hand

Before this friar, and swear to marry her.

Claud. Give me your hand before this holy friar;
I am your husband, if you like of me.

Hero. And when I liv'd, I was your other wife:

[Unmasking.]

And when you lov'd, you were my other husband.

Claud. Another Hero?

Hero. Nothing certainer:

One Hero died defil'd; but I do live,
And, surely as I live, I am a maid.

D. Pedro. The former Hero! Hero that is dead!

Leon. She died, my lord, but whiles her slander
liv'd.

Friar. All this amazement can I qualify;
When, after that the holy rites are ended,
I 'll tell you largely of fair Hero's death:
Meantime, let wonder seem familiar,
And to the chapel let us presently.

Bene. Soft and fair, friar.—Which is Beatrice?

Beat. I answer to that name; [unmasking] what
is your will?

Bene. Do not you love me?

Beat. Why, no,—no more than reason.

Bene. Why, then your uncle, and the prince,
and Claudio,

Have been deceived; they swore you did.

Beat. Do not you love me?

Bene. Troth, no,—no more than reason.

Beat. Why, then my cousin, Margaret, and
Ursula,

Are much deceiv'd; for they did swear you did.

Bene. They swore that you were almost sick
for me.

Beat. They swore that you were well nigh
dead for me.

Bene. 'T is no such matter:—Then you do not
love me?

Beat. No, truly, but in friendly recompense.

Hero. Come, cousin, I am sure you love the
gentleman.

Claud. And I 'll be sworn upon 't, that he
loves her,

For here 's a paper, written in his hand,
A halting sonnet of his own pure brain,
Fashioned to Beatrice.

Hero. And here's another,
Writ in my cousin's hand, stol'n from her pocket,
Containing her affection unto Benedick.

Bene. A miracle! here 's our own hands against
our hearts!—Come, I will have thee; but, by this
light, I take thee for pity!

Beat. I would not deny you;¹⁰⁸—but, by this
good day, I yield upon great persuasion, and,
partly, to save your life, for I was told you were
in a consumption.

Bene. Peace, I will stop your mouth.

[Kissing her.]

D. Pedro. How dost thou, Benedick the mar-
ried man?

Bene. I 'll tell thee what, prince; a college of
wit-crackers cannot flout me out of my humour:
Dost thou think I care for a satire, or an epigram?
No: if a man will be beaten with brains, 'a shall
wear nothing handsome about him. In brief,
since I do purpose to marry, I will think nothing
to any purpose that the world can say against it;
and therefore never flout at me for what I have
said against it; for man is a giddy thing, and this
is my conclusion.—For thy part, Claudio, I did
think to have beaten thee; but in that thou art
like to be my kinsman, live unbruised, and love
my cousin.

Claud. I had well hop'd thou wouldst have
denied Beatrice, that I might have cudgell'd thee
out of thy single life, to make thee a double
dealer; which, out of question, thou wilt be, if
my cousin do not look exceeding narrowly to
thee.

Bene. Come, come, we are friends:—let's have a dance ere we are married, that we may lighten our own hearts, and our wives' heels.

Leon. We'll have dancing afterward.

Bene. First, of my word; therefore, play music.—Prince, thou art sad; get thee a wife, get thee a wife; there is no staff more reverend than one tipped with horn.¹⁰⁰

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, your brother John is taken in flight,

And brought with armed men back to Messina.

Bene. Think not on him till to-morrow; I devise thee brave punishments for him.—Strike up, pipers!

[*Drum* *Exeunt*]

NOTES TO MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

¹ Enter Leonato, Innogen.

Innogen, wife of Leonato, is introduced in the original in the stage direction here and in the second act, but, as no speeches are assigned to her, her name has hitherto been omitted. It seems, however, unlikely that Innogen should be thus twice introduced, had she not been intended by the poet for one of the characters. I have, therefore, ventured to select a few unimportant speeches, hitherto assigned to Leonato, as her portion.

² Without a badge of bitterness.

Badge, a mark or token, from the badges worn by servants of distinguished people. The inmates of the Hospital at Warwick still wear the silver badges of the founder, the Earl of Leicester. *In great measure*, abundantly. *Truer*, more honest.

³ Is Signior Montanto returned.

Warburton refers to the Spanish *montante*, a two-handed sword. *Montanto* was an old fencing term, here ludicrously applied to Benedick.

⁴ Of any sort.

That is, of any rank. "Look you, sir, you presume to be a gentleman, of sort." Every Man out of his Humour. Mr. Knight complains that the word is sometimes explained one way, and sort the other. In a case like this, we can only judge by the context, Shakespeare undoubtedly using the word in both senses in the course of his plays.

⁵ He set up his bills here in Messina.

It was usual for fencers, archers, and others, to post their bills or challenges on the posts. "These jolly mountibanks clapt up their bills upon every post, like a fencer's challenge," Decker's Wonderfull Yeare, 1603. Daborne, the actor, says in a letter, "I pray, sir, let the boy giv order this night to the stage-keeper to set up bills against Munday for Eastward Hoe." A flight was a light arrow, formed for very long and straight shots; the bird-bolt, on the contrary, was a short thick arrow with a broad flat end, used for killing small birds, without piercing, by the mere force of the blow. The satire of course consists in the antithesis, the flight being the swiftest arrow, and the bird-bolt the worst in archery, used by fools and children. *He'll be meet with you*, even with you; he'll be a match for you.

Help, helped; the old preterite. *Trencherman*, feeder;

eater. "His doublet is of cast satten cut sometime upon taffata, but that the bumbast hath eaten through it, and spotted it here and there with pure fat to testifie that he is a good trencher-man," Lodge's Works, vol. 1576, p. 63.

⁶ Stuffed with all honourable virtues.

Stuffed, furnished, not in a ridiculous sense. Mede, 1672, mentions Adam as being "stuffed with so many excellent qualities."

⁷ Four of his five wits.

The five senses were formerly termed the *five wits*, but Shakespeare seems to consider them distinct. A character in the old interlude of the 'Five Elements,' says,—

I am call'd Sensual Apeityte,
All creatures in me delyte,
I comforte the wittys fire;
The tastyng, smellyng, and herynge,
I refreshe the syghte and felynge
To all creatures alyve.

⁸ If he have wit enough to keep himself warm.

That is, if he has sense enough to take care of his own interests. This proverbial expression was formerly very common. "Madam, your whole self cannot but be perfectly wise, for your hands have wit enough to keep themselves warm," Ben Jonson's Cynthia's Revels. "A wise man, He warrant him, for he can keepe himselfe warme," Man in the Moone, 1609. *Sworn brother*, one who swore perpetual disinterested friendship, and shared his fortune. The *block*, a mould on which a hat is formed. Hence it is used for the hat itself, or for the shape of it. "I have scene sixe or seven fashion-hunting gallants together sit scorning and deriding a better man then themselves, onely because either his hat was of the old blocke, or that his ruffe was not so richly lac'd," Taylor's Workes, 1630. The fashions of hats varied very much in Shakespeare's time, and Fynes Morison, Itin. 1617, tells us, "the taylors and shopkeepers daily invent fantasticall fashions for hats, and like new fashion and names for stufes."

⁹ Is not in your books.

That is, is not in your favour. We still say "in your good books." Various explanations of the origin of the phrase have been given, but none are very satisfactory. It is, in fact, difficult to assign really good derivations for most

of these vernacular idioms. *Squarer*, a quarreller or roaring boy.

That wench is modest: oh! shee 's in my bookes;
I onely love her for her modest looks.

Heywood's Great Brittaines Troy, 1609.

I was so much in his books, that, at his decease, he left me the lamp by which he used to write his lucubrations"—*Addison*.

¹⁰ *The lady fathers herself.*

According to Steevens, this phrase is common in Dorsetshire. Jack fathers himself, i.e. is like his father.

¹¹ *Courtesy itself must convert to disdain.*

Convert, turn. So, in the old translation of the Bible,—*"Howbeit after this, Jeroboam converted not from his wicked way."*

¹² *Do you play the flouting Jack.*

Jack was a term of contempt, perhaps derived from apes being usually so termed. The reader will find the expression, *flouting Jack*, in an extract from an old play given in the preface to the *Comedy of Errors*.

¹³ *Cupid is a good hare-finder.*

Hare is metaphorically used for a licentious person, as plainly appears from a passage in Ford's play of *'Tis Pity She's a Whore*, v. 5. *Hare-hunters* is used in a similar manner by Decker, in his *Gull's Horn-book*, 1609. Tollett, however, has a reasonable explanation:—"Do you scoff and mock in telling us that Cupid, who is blind, is a good hare-finder, which requires a quick eye-sight; and that Vulcan, a blacksmith, is a rare carpenter?" To find a hare was the sporting term to seek one out with dogs for coursing. So Harrington, in his *Epigrams*, 1633,—

A gallant, full of life and void of care,
Asked his friend if he would find a hare:
He that for sleep more then such sports did care,
Said, Go your waies, and leave me here alone;
Let them find hares that lost them: I lost none.

To go in the song, to join with you in the song.

¹⁴ *He will wear his cap with suspicion.*

That is, says Dr. Johnson, subject his head to the disquiet of jealousy. *Sigh away Sundays* probably alludes, says Steevens, to the strict manner in which the Sabbath was observed by the Puritans, who usually spent that day in sighs and groanings. It is more likely a proverbial phrase, the meaning of which has not been yet ascertained.

¹⁵ *Like the old tale, my lord.*

The following curious traditional tale, illustrating this passage, was contributed to the variorum edition by Mr. Bellamy:

Some time or there was a young lady called Lady Mary, who had two brothers. One summer they all three went to a country seat of theirs which they had not before visited. Among the other gentry in the neighbourhood who came to see them was a Mr. Fox, a bachelor, with whom the lady and her two brothers were much pleased. He was very friendly with them, and frequently invited Lady Mary to come and see his house. One day, when her

brothers were absent elsewhere, and she had nothing better to do, she determined to go thither, and accordingly set out unattended. When she arrived at the house and knocked at the door, no one answered. At length she opened it and went in, and over the portal of the door was written—

Be bold, be bold, but not too bold.

She advanced, and found the same inscription over the staircase; again at the entrance of a gallery; and lastly, at the door of a chamber, with the addition of a line:

Be bold, be bold, but not too bold,
Lest that your heart's blood should run cold!

She opened it, and what was her terror and astonishment to find the floor covered with bones and blood. She retreated in haste, and coming down stairs, she saw from a window Mr. Fox advancing towards the house with a drawn sword in one hand, while with the other he dragged along a young lady by the hair of her head. Lady Mary had just time to slip down, and hide herself under the stairs, before Mr. Fox and his victim arrived at the foot of them. As he pulled the young lady up stairs, she caught hold of one of the bannisters with her hand, on which was a rich bracelet. Mr. Fox cut it off with his sword: the hand and bracelet fell into Lady Mary's lap, who then contrived to escape unobserved, and got safe home to her brother's house.

"A few days afterwards, Mr. Fox came to dine with them as usual. After dinner, the guests began to amuse each other with extraordinary anecdotes, and Lady Mary said she would relate to them a remarkable dream she had lately had. I dreamt, said she, that as you, Mr. Fox, had often invited me to your house, I would go there one morning. When I came to the house, I knocked at the door, but no one answered. When I opened the door, over the hall I saw written, 'Be bold, be bold, but not too bold.' But, said she, turning to Mr. Fox, and smiling, 'It is not so, nor it was not so.' Then she pursued the rest of the story, concluding at every turn with, 'It is not so, nor it was not so,' till she came to the discovery of the room full of bones, when Mr. Fox took up the burden of the tale, and said:

It is not so, nor it was not so,
And God forbid it should be so!

which he continued to repeat at every subsequent turn of the dreadful story, till she came to the circumstance of his cutting off the young lady's hand, when, upon his saying as usual,

It is not so, nor it was not so,
And God forbid it should be so!

Lady Mary retorts by saying

But it is so, and it was so,
And here the hand I have to show!

at the same moment producing the hand and bracelet from her lap. Whereupon the guests drew their swords, and instantly cut Mr. Fox into a thousand pieces."

Mr. Knight appears to doubt the authenticity of this curious story; he does not, at least, express an opinion that it is really the tale alluded to by Shakespeare. On this account, I copy a legend recently communicated to the "Notes and Queries," the writer being evidently unacquainted with the above, the genuineness of which it seems to establish:—

"One day was looking over the different monuments in Cranbrook Church in Kent, when in the chancel my attention was arrested by one erected to the memory of Sir Richard Baker. The gauntlet, gloves, helmet, and spurs were (as is often the case in monumental erections of Elizabethan date) suspended over the tomb. What chiefly attracted my attention was the colour of the gloves, which was red. The old woman who acted as my cicerone, seeing me look at them, said, 'Aye, miss, those are Bloody Baker's gloves; their red colour comes from the blood he shed.' This speech awakened my curiosity to hear more, and with very little pressing I induced my old guide to tell me the following strange tale.

"The Baker family had formerly large possessions in Cranbrook, but in the reign of Edward VI. great misfortunes fell on them; by extravagance and dissipation they gradually lost all their lands, until an old house in the village (now used as the poor-house) was all that remained to them. The sole representative of the family remaining at the accession of Queen Mary, was Sir Richard Baker. He had spent some years abroad in consequence of a duel; but when, said my informant, Bloody Queen Mary reigned, he thought he might safely return, as he was a Papist. When he came to Cranbrook, he took up his abode in his old house; he only brought one foreign servant with him, and these two lived alone. Very soon strange stories began to be whispered respecting uncouth shrieks having been heard frequently to issue at nightfall from his house. Many people of importance were stopped and robbed in the Glastonbury woods, and many unfortunate travellers were missed and never heard of more. Richard Baker still continued to live in seclusion, but he gradually repurchased his alienated property, although he was known to have spent all he possessed before he left England. But wickedness was not always to prosper. He formed an apparent attachment to a young lady in the neighbourhood, remarkable for always wearing a great many jewels. He often pressed her to come and see his old house, telling her he had many curious things he wished to show her. She had always resisted fixing a day for her visit, but happening to walk within a short distance of his house, she determined to surprise him with a visit; her companion, a lady older than herself, endeavoured to dissuade her from doing so, but she would not be turned from her purpose. They knocked at the door, but no one answered them; they, however, discovered it was not locked, and determined to enter. At the head of the stairs hung a parrot, which on their passing cried out,—

'Peepoh, pretty lady, be not too bold,
Or your red blood will soon run cold.'

And cold did run the blood of the adventurous damsel when, on opening one of the room doors, she found it filled with the dead bodies of murdered persons, chiefly women. Just then they heard a noise, and on looking out of the window saw Bloody Baker and his servant bringing in the murdered body of a lady. Nearly dead with fear, they concealed themselves in a recess under the staircase.

"As the murderers with their dead burden passed by them, the hand of the unfortunate murdered lady hung in the baluster of the stairs; with an oath Bloody Baker chopped it off, and it fell into the lap of one of the

concealed ladies. As soon as the murderers had passed by the ladies ran away, having the presence of mind to carry with them the dead hand, on one of the fingers of which was a ring. On reaching home they told their story, and its confirmation of it displayed the ring. All the families who had lost relatives mysteriously were then told of what had been found out; and they determined to ask Baker to a large party, apparently in a friendly manner, but to have constables concealed ready to take him into custody. He came, suspecting nothing, and then the lady told him all she had seen, pretending it was a dream. 'Fair lady,' said he, 'dreams are nothing: they are but fables.' 'They may be fables,' said she; 'but is this a fable?' and she produced the hand and ring. Upon this the constables rushed in and took him; and the tradition further says, he was burnt, notwithstanding Queen Mary tried to save him, on account of the religion he professed."

16 *A recheat winded in my forehead.*

A recheat was a particular blowing on the horn, *properly* used to call the hounds back from a wrong scent. There were several kinds of recheats, and the term was more generally applied in later times. *Baldrick*, a belt, girdle, or sash. There are several instances of the word where it would seem to have been merely a collar or strap round the neck, though it was more generally passed round one side of the neck, and under the opposite arm. It is unnecessary to explain the particular allusions.

Fine, i.e. end, conclusion. The meaning of Benedick's next speech will not bear explanation. *Notable argument*, a good subject for ridicule.

17 *Hang me in a bottle like a cat.*

We have several early allusions to shooting at cats in a basket, but none have been produced in which a bottle is mentioned. It may be presumed it was a similar amusement. Bottles were often formerly made of leather, but here a wooden bottle is probably intended.

When loe, a glorious post you might behold
Fairer then any stake in Grayes-Inne field,
Or the large pastures of Saint George's hold,
Or Finsburie, or Islington can yield;
Which in a cart, as thieves to hanging ride,
Are thither brought by archers in great pride,
Guarded with gunners, bill-men, and a rout
Of bowmen bold, which at a cat doe shoot.

Pasquil's Night-Cap, 1612.

Adam is generally believed to refer to Adam Bell, the celebrated archer, of whom there is an old ballad commencing,—

Mery it was in the grene forest
Amonge the leves grene,
Whereas men hunt east and west,
Wyth bowes and arrowes kene;
To raise the dere out of theyr denne;
Suche sightes hath ofte bene sene;
As by thre yemen of the North countrey,
By them it is I meane.
The one of them hight Adam Bel,
The other Clym of the Clough,
The thyrd was William of Cloudesty,
An archer good ynowgh.

¹⁸ *In time the savage bull doth bear the yoke.*

This line, slightly altered, occurs in Watson's *Centurie of Love*, 1581, and is adopted in the Spanish Tragedy, 1599. *Guarded with fragments*, i.e. bordered or laced with fragments. *Bastel*, sewn, stitched.

¹⁹ *Ere you flout old ends any further.*

"Old ends" are merely familiar scraps, and often applied to quotations from books or plays. "Nor haies he in a gull *old ends* reciting," Ben Jonson's *Fox*. "Apply *old ends* of comfort to her grieffe, but the burden of my song shall be to tell her wordes are but dead comforts," Chapman's *Widdowes Teares*, 1612. "Lillies *old ends* he hath got by heart," Scot's *Philomythie*, 1616.

²⁰ *And I will break with her.*

That is, I will open the subject to her. "Tell me but this, did you ever break betwixt my mistress and your sister here, and a certain lord i' th' court?"—Chapman's *Monsieur D'Olive*, 1606. *Grant*, gift, concession. The fairest grant is the necessity, i.e. the best gift is that which confines itself to the real necessities of the case.

²¹ *'Tis once, thou lovest.*

Once, i.e. once for all. We have already had the word used in this way in the *Comedy of Errors*.

²² *In a thick-plench'd alley.*

Thick-plench'd, thickly interwoven. The term *plash* has till continued in use for *plashing* hedges, lowering and narrowing a broad-spread hedge by partially cutting off the branches, and entwining them with those left upright. *Accordant*, agreeing. *Take the present time by the top*, take advantage of the moment. *What the good-ger*; see notes to the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, No. 67.

²³ *A mortal medicine to a mortifying mischief.*

The first edition reads *moral*, an error corrected in the second folio, but not noticed by the editors. *Claw*, to flatter.

²⁴ *I had rather be a canker in a hedge.*

The canker, according to Steevens, is the dog-rose, but I do not find the term in Gerard. "Whether she be a white rose or a canker is the question," *Maid in the Mill*, v. 2. The common red poppy is called a *canker* in the Eastern counties, but that is evidently not the meaning here. *Shakspere* says in the *Sonnets*—

The canker blooms have full as deep a die
As the perfume'd tincture of the rose.

²⁵ *I use it only*

is, I use it by itself, without any adjunct. *What is a fool*, what a fool he is.

²⁶ *As I was smoking a musty room.*

filthy habits of our ancestors rendered smokings and es constantly necessary. *Sad*, serious.

²⁷ *I whipt me behind the arras.*

The objective pronoun *me* is here taken from the edition of 1630. He has just said, "comes me the prince and Claudio." This use of the pronoun has been previously noticed. *Sure*, to be depended upon.

²⁸ *In earnest of the bear-herd.*

Bear-herd for *bear-ward*, the bear keeper. Allusions to the apes of Paris Garden are not uncommon. A person who was unmarried was said to "lead apes in hell."

²⁹ *Else make another cursy.*

Cursy, the old word for *courtesy*, and should not be altered. "I must straine *cursie* with you," Lilly's *Mother Bombe*, 1632. *Important*, importunate. Beatrice afterwards plays on the meaning of *measure*, a slow dance so called. *Cinque-pace*, a dance, the steps of which were regulated by the number five. "He seemed the trimmest dauncer that ever trode a *cinque-pace* after sutch musicke," Painter's *Palace of Pleasure*, 1566. It is almost unnecessary to observe there is here a quibble between the words *cinque* and *sink*. *Friend*, lover. *Favour*, feature, countenance.

³⁰ *For God defend.*

Defend, i.e. forbid, prohibit. "And that poynt to his apostles purly defended," Piers Ploughman, ed. Wright, p. 485. "In this kinde you might venter foure of your elbowes, yet God defende your coate should have so many," Marston's *Malcontent*, 1604. The next line refers to the story of Philemon, the countryman who entertained Jupiter and Mercury in his cottage. His visor is the thatched roof. Within it is a divinity.

³¹ *Here 's his dry hand.*

A dry hand was formerly considered the mark of a cold constitution. *Up and down*, completely, exactly.

³² *The Hundred Merry Tales.*

The *Hundred Merry Tales* was a very popular jest-book of the sixteenth century, but only one copy, and that somewhat mutilated, has yet been recovered. It has the following colophon,—*"Here endeth the booke of a c mery Talys, Imprinted at London at the sygne of the meremayds at Powlys gate nexte to Chepesyde."* It is not, as has been supposed, either a translation of the *Decameron* or the *Cent Nouvelles Nouvelles*. A specimen may amuse the reader:—

"Of him that said that a woman's tongue was lightest of digestion. A certayn artificer in London there was, whyche was sore seke, and coulede not well dysgest his meat, to whom a physicyon cam to give hym counsell, and sayd that he must use to ete metis that be light of digestyon and small byrdis, as sparowes, swalowes, and speccially that byrd which is called a wagtail, whose flesh is mervelouse lyght of dygestyon, because that byrd is ever movying and steryng. The seke man, herynge the phesicion say so, answered hym and seyde, 'Syr, yf that be the cause that those byrdes be lyght of dygestyon, than I know a mete moch lyghter of dygestyon than other sparow, swallow, or wagtail, and that is my wyves tong, for it is never in rest, but ever mevyng and steryng."

"Of the scoler that gave his shoes to cloute. In the Universyté of Oxenforde there was a scoler that deltyed moche to speke eloquente Englysshe and curious termes, and came to the cobler with his shoes, whyche were pyked before, as they used that tyme to have them clouted, and sayde this wyse. 'Cobler, I praye the sette two tryangyle

NOTES TO MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

and two semycircles up on my subpedytale, and I shall paye the for thy labour.' The coluber, because he understode hym nat hadfe, answered shortly, and sayd, — 'Syr, your eloquence passeth myne intellygence, but I promyse you, yf ye mshyll with me, the clowtyng of youre shoon shall cost you thre pence.' By this the men may lerne that it is folly to study to speke eloquently before them that be idle and unlerred."

³² *There's a partridge wing saved.*

The wing seems to have been considered the delicate part of the bird. The following tale is extracted from Coppley's *Wits, Fits, and Fancies*, 1614:—"Old Maister Palmer of Agmerline was a pleasant Gentleman, and being one day at dinner with the Duke of Sommerset, no sooner was a dainty morsell of meate carv'd him, but straight the servingmen were ready for cleane trenchers to receive it from him: At last a Lady carv'd him a *Partridge-wing*, and a serving man forthwith cleane-trencher'd him, and went cleane away with it. Which the merrie Gentleman perceiving, said aloud unto all the honourable company: A faire flight, sirs; marke, marke it well: oh, the faire flight!"

³⁴ *Faith melteth into blood.*

That is, fidelity is dissolved in the senses by the charms of love.

³⁵ *What fashion will you wear the garland of?*

It was the custom for those who were disappointed in love to wear willow garlands. See further in *Othello*.

A month I spent in wat'ring of my pillow,
And then bethought me of a garland willow.

Gayton's Notes upon Don Quixote, 1654.

³⁶ *Like an usurer's chain.*

Reed observes that chains of gold, of considerable value, were, in our author's time, usually worn by wealthy citizens.

³⁷ *As melancholy as a lodge in a warren.*

Several similes of a parallel nature to this may be quoted. "By the solitariness of the house, I judged it a lodge in a forrest, but there was no bawling of dogges thereabout," *Man in the Moone*, 1609.

³⁸ *Ate in good apparel.*

Ate, the Goddess of Revenge, was generally represented in a dress of wild character.

³⁹ *A hair off the great Cham's beard.*

One of the charges to the hero in the romance of *Huon of Bourdeaux* was to "goe to the citie of Babylon to the admiral Gaudisse, to bring me thy hand full of the heare of the beard, and foure of his greatest teeth." Prester John was a name formerly given to the king of India. He obtained the name, under the impression that he was a Christian. *Use*, interest of money.

⁴⁰ *Civil as an orange.*

An old pun on the Seville orange. "For the order of my life, it is as civil as an orange," *Nash's Strange Newes of the intercepting certaine Letters*, 4to. 1592. *Cetgrave*

translates *aigre-doux*, "a civile orange, or orange that is betweene sweet and sower."

⁴¹ *Good Lord, for alliaace.*

Good Lord, how alliances are forming!

⁴² *But I am sunburned.*

To go to the world was an old phrase for getting married. *Sunburned* is more difficult of explanation. Mr. Hunter says it expresses the state of being without family connexions, destitute of the comforts of domestic life. I can scarcely think the term is used in the ordinary sense, which would introduce *Beatrice* disparaging her personal attractions.

⁴³ *And his queasy stomach.*

Queasy, i.e. squeamish, nice, delicate. "*Queasie, fastidious, delicatulus*," *Coles*. *Stale*, a woman of loose character. The term occurs again in another scene of this play. *Intend*, pretend.

A queasie lover may impart

What mistresse 'tis that please his hart.

Wits Recreations, 1640.

Of Jupiter, and his deceitfull stale,

Who seem'd so like a virgin.

Heywood's Great Britaines Troy, 1609.

⁴⁴ *Bring it hither to me in the orchard.*

The boy here goes out, *Benedick* musing till he returns. He does so very quickly, and *Benedick* then dismisses him. This arrangement is not understood in representation.

⁴⁵ *We'll fit the kid-fox with a penny-worth.*

A kid-fox, as *Ritson* observes, was a young fox or cub.

⁴⁶ *Note, notes, forsooth, and noth ng.*

Don Pedro, according to Mr. Collier, means to play upon the similarity of sound between *noting* and *nothing*, to indicate his opinion of *Balthazar's* music. *For my money*, a common proverbial phrase, equivalent to, to my taste, &c. So in *Wits Recreations*, 1640,—

Bagpiper, good luck on you,
Th' art the man for my money.

⁴⁷ *Of dumps so dull and heavy.*

A dump was a melancholy strain in either vocal or instrumental music.

⁴⁸ *I had as lief have heard the night-raven.*

The night-raven, according to some authorities, is the owl; according to others, the bittern. This bird is mentioned by *Milton* in *l'Allegro*. It was considered one of bad omen.

⁴⁹ *Stalk on, stalk on; the fowl sits.*

Alluding to the stalking-horse, a real or factitious horse under which the sportsman shelters himself from the sight of the game. A long account of the stalking-horse is given in the *Gentleman's Recreation*, fol. 1686. "Flattery is the stalkeing-horse of pollicy," *Maides Revenge*, 1639.

⁵⁰ *It is past the infinite of thought.*

That is, it is beyond the utmost power of thought to imagine it. "Why, 't is past thought," *Every Man out of*

his Humour. *Gull*, a deceit, or falsehood. "*Baliverne*, a lye, fib, gull," Cotgrave.

⁵¹ *Into a thousand halfpence.*

Halfpence, here metaphorically used for *small pieces*, pieces no larger than halfpence. The halfpence of Elizabeth's time were small silver coins.

⁵² *It were an alms to hang him.*

Equivalent to the modern phrase, it were a charity or good deed. So, in the interlude of the 'Disobedient Child,'—

It were almes, by my trothe, thou were well beaten,
Because so longe thou hast made me tarye.

⁵³ *I would have duff'd all other respects.*

Duff'd, doff'd, put aside. *Contemptible spirit*, i.e. contemptuous spirit; an unusual sense of the word, but found in Drayton and some other writers. *Proper*, handsome. *Sadly borne*, seriously conducted.

⁵⁴ *Bid you come in to dinner.*

There is a slight oversight here, the scene being in the evening, as appears from a speech of Claudio's.

⁵⁵ *Proposing with the prince and Claudio.*

Proposing, conversing. So, below, "to listen our propose," to listen to our conversation. From the French *propos*.

⁵⁶ *As haggards of the rock.*

A haggard was a wild hawk; technically, one that had preyed for herself before being captured. The haggard was considered very difficult to tame. *To wish him*, i.e. to recommend or desire him. See *Measure for Measure*, v. 1. *As full as fortunate*, quite as fortunate. The commentators make sad work of this simple sentence; and Collier and Knight improperly place a comma after *full*. *Misprising*, undervaluing.

⁵⁷ *An agate very vildly cut.*

Agate is here metaphorically used for a little man, as in 2 Henry IV. The *antic* previously mentioned alludes to a drawing of grotesque figures, such as still remain in some of our old churches.

And cast to make a chariot for the king,
Painted with *antics* and ridiculous toys.

Drayton's Poems, p. 43.

⁵⁸ *Than die with mocks.*

So the quarto of 1600, the folio reading "to die with mocks." Mr. Collier erroneously says the latter reads, "than to die with mocks." *Empoison*, to poison or destroy. *Swift*, ready. *Lined*, caught as a bird is by bird-lime; the folio reading *ta'en*. *What fire is in mine ears*, is said to be an allusion to the belief that the ears burn when people talk of you. So, in Yates' *Castell of Courtesie*, 4to. Lond. 1582,—

That I doe credite give
Unto the saying old,
Which is, whereas the eares doe burne,
Some thing on thee is told.

"When our cheek burns," says Sir Thomas Browne, "or

ear tingles, we usually say somebody is talking of us, a conceit of great antiquity, and ranked among superstitious opinions by Pliny. He supposes it to have proceeded from the notion of a signifying genius, or universal Mercury that conducted sounds to their distant subjects, and taught to hear by touch."

⁵⁹ *The little hangman dare not shoot at him.*

Hangman, odd as it may appear, was formerly a term of endearment. "How doth Ned? quoth he: that honest merry hangman, how doth he?"—Heywood's *Edward IV.*, 1600.

⁶⁰ *No appearance of fancy.*

Don Pedro here plays upon the double meaning of *fancy*, which meant *love* as well as *humour* or *inclination*.

⁶¹ *A German from the waist downward.*

Compare the following passage in Lodge's 'Wit's Miserie,' 1596, p. 35,—“Who is this with the Spanish hat, the Italian ruffe, the French doublet, the Muffes cloak, the Toledo rapier, the German hose, the English stocking, and the Flemish shoe?”

⁶² *The old ornament of his cheek.*

Alluding to his beard. Tennis balls were formerly stuffed with human hair. "Thy beard shall serve to stuff those balls by which I get me heat at tennis," *Ram Alley*, 1611.

Hobby-horses, used here as a term of contempt. "Her honest husband is her hobie-horse at home, and, abroad, her foole," *Man in the Moone*, 1609.

⁶³ *Good den*, good evening, or good night; a salutation formerly used after noon was past, or, generally, after dinner. It is said to be a corruption of *good e'en*, good evening.

Is 't god morn or god deen? what sesta, Will?
I think you have nut din'd; here 's a good smell.

The Praise of Yorkshire Ale, 1697, p. 62.

⁶⁴ *Dogberry and Verges.*

According to Steevens, these names are adopted from the *dog-berry*, the female cornel, and *verjuice*, Verges being a corruption. I find, however, that Dogberry occurs as a surname as early as the time of Richard II. in a charter preserved in the British Museum, (Harl. 76 c. 13).

The stupidity of the constables in former days was so familiar a theme, that no useful purpose would be answered by any extended notice of contemporary accounts. The following letter, however, from Lord Burghley, contains so graphic a description of their inefficiency, it may be quoted as an illustration. It was printed by Mr. Collier in the 'Papers' of the Shakespeare Society, from the original preserved in the State Paper office:—

"Sir—As I cam from London homward, in my coche, I sawe at every townes end the number of x or xii, standyng, with long staves, and untill I cam to Enfeld I thought no other of them, but that they had stayd for avoyding of the rayne, or to drynk at some alehowse, for so they did stand under penteyces [penthouses] at ale howses. But at Enfeld fynding a dosen in a plump, whan ther was no rayne, I bethought my self that they war appointed as watchmen, for the apprehendyng of such as are misseyng; and theruppon

I called some of them to me apart, and asked them wherfor they stood there? and one of them answered, 'To take 3 yong men.' And demandyng how they shuld know the persons, one answered with these wordes: 'Marry, my Lord, by intelligence of ther favor.' 'What meane you by that?' quoth I. 'Marry,' sayd they, 'one of the parties hath a hooked nose.'—'And have you,' quoth I, 'no other mark?'—'No,' sayth they. And then I asked who apoynted them; and they answered one Bankes, a Head Constable, whom I willed to be sent to me. Suerly, sir, who so ever had the chardge from yow hath used the matter negligently; for these watchmen stand so oppenly in plumps, as no suspected person will come neare them; and if they, be no better instructed but to fynd 3 persons by one of them havyn a hooked nose, they may miss therof. And thus I thought good to advertise yow, that the Justyces that had the chardg, as I thynk, may use the matter more circumspectly. From Theobaldes, 10 Aug., 1586. Your's, assuredly,
W. BURELLEY.

⁶⁵ *That your bills be not stolen.*

Bills were a kind of pike and halbert, anciently carried by the English infantry, and afterwards the usual weapon of watchmen. *True man*, an honest man.

⁶⁶ *Be vigilant, I beseech you.*

So the old copies, altered by Mr. Knight to *vigilant*. Mr. Knight says Dogberry does not coin words, like Mrs. Malaprop. Very true; but is *vigilant* for *vigilant* a worse blunder than *statues* for *statutes*, *senseless* for *sensible*, &c.?

⁶⁷ *There would a scab follow.*

A play upon words, a scab being a term of great contempt. "Such poore scabs as I must not come neere her," Taylor's *Workes*, 1630. A pent-house is an open shed or projection over a door or shop, forming a protection against the weather. Within the last few years, an old fishmonger's shop on the North side of the Strand, adjoining Tempie bar, retained the ancient pent-house, reminding one of the times before plate-glass, when painstaking shop-keepers attracted the attention of passers-by with their, "What d' ye lack?" *Unconfirmed* is, says Warburton, unpractised in the ways of the world.

⁶⁸ *Pharaoh's soldiers in the reechy painting.*

Reechy, smoky, discoloured by smoke. Bel's priests were in some absurd subject on glass taken from the Apocrypha; and Hercules was shaved when in the service of Omphale. *Smirched*, soiled, daubed. The term is still in use in Herefordshire.

⁶⁹ *We are like to prove a goodly commodity.*

Borachio plays on the words, *taken up on bills* being a commercial phrase for obtaining goods or commodities on credit. West, in his *Symbolography*, 1601, explains a bill or obligation to be, "a deed whereby the obligor doth knowledge himself to owe unto the obligee a certaine summe of money or other thing; in which, besides the parties names, are to be considered the summe or thing due, and the time, place, and manner of payment or delivery thereof." A commercial bill was, in fact, formerly

a bond under the hand and seal of the debtor, without a clause of forfeiture for non-payment; and it was not unusual for these bills to be entered at full length in the creditor's ledger.

⁷⁰ *Your other rabato were better.*

A rabato, generally spelt *rebato*, was a kind of plaited ruff which turned back and lay on the shoulders. "I pray you, sir, what say you to these great ruffles, which are borne up with supporters and *rebatoes*, as it were with poste and raile," Dent's *Pathway to Heaven*, p. 42. Compare, also, Decker's *Gulls Horn-Book*, 1609,—“Your treble-quadruple daedalian ruffs, nor your stiffnecked *rabatos*, that have more arches for pride to row under, than can stand under five London bridges.”

⁷¹ *Down sleeves, side sleeves.*

Side sleeves were long hanging sleeves. The term was in use till very lately in the North of England. They are thus humorously alluded to by an old poet,—

Now hath this land little neede of broomes,
To sweepe away the filth out of the streete,
Sen *side sleeves* of pennilesse groomes
Will it up lieke, be it drie or weete.

⁷² *Barns, bairns, children.* We have here a quibble on the two meanings of the word.

⁷³ *For the letter that begins them all, H.*

The previous line was proverbial, and the whole will be more readily understood from the following epigram in 'Wit's Recreations,' 1640, entitled, *dolor intimus*,—

Nor hawk, nor hound, nor horse, those letters h. h. h.,
But *ack* itself, 'tis Brutus' bones attaches.

The quibble between *H* and *ache* was a very favourite one. The elder Heywood, in his 'Epigrammes,' says,—

H. is worst among letters in the crosse-row,
For if thou finde him, other in thyne elbow,
In thyne arme, or leg, in any degree,
In thy heade or teeth, in thy toe or knee,
Into what place soever H. may pike him,
Where-ever thou find ache, thou shall not like him.

⁷⁴ *To turn Turk*, says Gifford, was a figurative expression for a change of condition or opinion. *Trow*, an exclamation of enquiry.

But if the god of warre abroad should range,
And catch these men that long to see a change,
You then should see them all within one day,
For very feare of death to *turne Turke way*.

King's *Halfe-Pennynworth of Wit*, 1613.

⁷⁵ *They are an excellent perfume.*

Perfumed gloves were formerly much in fashion. The following "excellent way to perfume gloves" is taken from the 'Closet of Rarities,' 12mo. 1706,—“Take of storax and calamint, each an ounce; of benjamin two ounces, the first and the last being to be beaten by themselves; add to them an ounce of the weaker cinnamon-water, and four ounces of the oil of sweet-almonds, mingle them with a muller on a stone; and having first wetted your gloves with hysop-water, gently anoint them with the perfume, and it will smell beyond expectation.”

⁷⁶ *This distilled Carduus Benedictus.*

The "Meadow Thistle," says Gerard, is usually known by the Latin name *Carduus Benedictus*. The same writer occupies half a folio page with its virtues. The broad bright leaves of this plant are marked with white spots, and the popular legend is that the Virgin Mary, having once been at a loss for a vessel for holding milk, used one of its leaves for a cup, which have ever since retained the marks of its useful application.

⁷⁷ *Pallabras, neighbour Verges.*

Dogberry would have said *pocas pallabras*, the Spanish for *few words*. It was proverbial in England, and occurs in several old plays.

⁷⁸ *It is a world to see.*

That is, it is wonderful to see, it is worth seeing. The phrase was a very common one. "It is a world to heare, or it is a thing worthie the hearing," Baret's *Alvcarie*, 1580. "It is a world to see howe demurely and sally some sit beholding them that daunce," Northbrooke's *Treatise against Dicing*, 1577.

⁷⁹ *God's a good man.*

An old homely proverb, signifying the goodness of God's providence. It would now, perhaps, be considered impious, but in Shakespeare's time the tendency of it was exactly the reverse. "They asked him where hee was borne. At my mother's backe, sayes hee. In what country? quoth they. In the country, quoth hee, where God is a good man," Armin's *Nest of Ninnies*, 1608.

⁸⁰ *Non com, Dogberry's blunder for non plus.*

⁸¹ *He doth speak so wide.*

That is, so wide of the mark, so far from the purpose. "No, no; no such matter; you are *wide*," Troil. Cress. "Our speculative make many difficulties, as if this young lady was a likely match for the King of Spain; others, that the same business is now treating for the Reine Blanche in France; but I think they are both ways *wide*, the one as far as the other."—Letter dated 1611. "True! O God!" says Hero, emphatically repeating the last word of Don John's speech in dire astonishment. Mr. Collier contends for a note of interrogation after *true*; but that arrangement would, I think, weaken the force of the speech.

⁸² *Kindly power*, i.e. natural power. *Liberal*, open, free of tongue. *Conjecture*, suspicion.

⁸³ *We rack the value.*

That is, we place the utmost value on it that it will bear. *Upon his words*, by his words. The *Liver*, as has been previously noticed, was considered the seat of love. *Inwardness* intimacy.

⁸⁴ *I am gone, though I am here.*

The difficulty experienced by the commentators in explaining this passage, is scarcely felt in the representation, where the disguised figure of Beatrice, accompanied by the necessary action, produces high dramatic effect.

⁸⁵ *Uncovered slander.*

That is, unmasked or discovered slander. "I must uncover myself unto him," Ben Jonson's Bartholomew Fair. *Princes and counties*; earls and counts were formerly termed *counties*. So we have 'County Par's' in *Romeo and Juliet*.

⁸⁶ *That's the efiest way.*

Efiest, i.e. quickest, readiest.

⁸⁷ *And, sorrowing, cry 'hem' when he should groan.*

The old editions read, "And sorrow, wagge, crie hem," which must be a corruption. Heath's emendation, here adopted, seems the best that has been suggested. To *cry hem* implied good spirits, courage; it was a jovial exclamation, and occurs again in 1 Henry IV., ii. 4. So, in an old song,—

There dwelt an old fellow at Waltham cross,
Who merrily sung, though he lived by the loss:
He cheared up his heart when his goods went to wrack,
With a 'hem, boys, hem,' and a cup of old sack.

⁸⁸ *With candle-wasters.*

Candle-wasters, a contemptuous appellation for hard students. Whalley explains the whole passage thus,—“If such a one will *patch grief with proverbs*, case or cover the wounds of his grief, with proverbial sayings; *make misfortune drunk with candle-wasters*, stupify misfortune, or render himself insensible to the strokes of it, by the conversation or lucubrations of scholars.” *Advertisement* admonition.

⁸⁹ *Made a push at chance and sufferance.*

The interjection *push* was often spelt *push* in the pages of our old dramatists. "Push! they are Tarmagants," *Change-lings*, 4to. 1653, sig. H.

⁹⁰ *Canst thou so daff me?*

That is, canst thou so put me off? So in the second act of this play, "I would have daff'd all other respects."

⁹¹ *Scambling.*

Scamble, to scramble, to shift. "Scamblingly, catch that catch may," Cotgrave. "Such scrambling, such shift for to cate," Marston's *Parasitaster*, 1606. It seems to be equivalent to stealing small things in Ford's *Fancies*, 1638, "scambling half a ducat now and then." *Fashion-mongring*, corrected in the second folio from *fashion-monging*.

⁹² *We will not wake your patience.*

That is, we will not keep your patience awake by any further provocation. "Care killed a cat" was a common old proverbial phrase.

"If he inclines to schollership, they be these: First, to abandon melancholy, for *care*, hee saith, *kills a cat*: then to avoide mischievous thoughts, for hee that drinks well, sleepes well, and hee that sleepes well thinkes no harme."—Stephens's *Essayes*, 1615, p. 273.

I take great care how I might cares avoyd,
And to that end I have my cares employd
For long agoe I doe remember that

There was a proverb, *Care will kill a cat*;
And it is said a cat 's a wondrous beast,
And that she hath in her nine lives at least.

Workes of John Taylor, 1630.

⁹⁰ *Th's last was broke cross.*

An allusion to tilting, in which it was considered a mark of disgrace to have the lance broken across the breast of the adversary.

⁹¹ *He knows how to turn his girdle.*

This phrase, indicating defiance, is not uncommon, although it only occurs once in Shakespeare. According to Holt White, "Large belts were worn with the buckle before, but, for wrestling, the buckle was turned behind, to give the adversary a fairer grasp at the girdle: to turn the buckle behind, therefore, was a challenge."

⁹² *Shall I not find a woodcock too.*

A woodcock was a term applied to a foolish fellow, that bird being supposed to have no brains. Ford alludes to this belief in his *Lover's Melancholy*, ii. 1.

⁹³ *There 's one meaning well suited.*

That is, there is one idea put into a number of suits or forms. *Incensed*, instigated. *Possess*, inform.

⁹⁴ *Pack'd in all this wrong.*

Pack'd, combined as an accomplice. Gifford explains *packing*, an insidious contrivance.

⁹⁵ *He wears a key in his ear.*

Dogberry is, as usual, blundering, and here alludes to the custom of wearing a lock of hair under the ear. Moryson, in his *Itinerary*, 1617, ii., 45, describing Lord Mountjoy, says "he was of stature tall, and of very comely proportion, his skin faire, with little haire on his body, which haire was of colour blackish, or inclining to blacke, and thinne on his head, where he wore it short, except a Locke under his left care, which he nourished the time of this warre, and being woven up, hid it in his neck under his ruffe."

⁹⁶ *And borrows money in God's name.*

Alluding to the former practice of beggars, who always tried to solicit charity "for the Lord's sake."

¹⁰⁰ *God save the foundation.*

Such, says Steevens, was the customary phrase employed by those who received alms at the gates of religious houses.

¹⁰¹ *I give thee the bucklers.*

That is, I yield.

34

¹⁰² *The god of love.*

The original ballad here quoted does not appear to be extant. It was very popular, and a moralization of it by one W. Birch, printed about 1566, commences,—

The god of love,
That sits above,
Doth know us, doth know us,
How sinful that we be.

Several songs commence with the first two lines. A character in the 'Faure Mayde of the Exchange,' 1607, is introduced singing,—

Ye gods of love, that sit above,
And pity lovers' pain,
Look from your thrones, upon the moans,
That I do now sustain.

¹⁰³ *Carpet-monger*, a phrase similar to *carpet-knight*, a term of contempt for an effeminate man.

¹⁰⁴ *Question?*

That is, that 's the question.

¹⁰⁵ *Yond 's old coil at home.*

Old, has occurred before in the sense of great. It was formerly a common augmentative. "If you shall refuse to marrie, then will he lay all the fault upon you, and then will bee *olde* stirre and hurleburlye," Terence in English, 4to. 1614. *Coil*, bustle, tumult. *Guerdon*, reward.

¹⁰⁶ *Those that slew thy virgin knight.*

Perhaps, thy virgin hero. Malone says, *Diana's knight*, or *virgin knight*, was the common poetical appellation of virgins in Shakespeare's time.

¹⁰⁷ *And all Europa shall rejoice at thee.*

A double meaning, alluding to the daughter of Agenor and the continent of Europe. There is no necessity for the emendation of Steevens. The "savage bull" has continued a joke throughout the play.

¹⁰⁸ *I would not deny you.*

This answers to Benedick's, "I will have thee," in the preceding speech. Theobald unnecessarily changes *not* to *yet*.

¹⁰⁹ *More reverend than one tipped with horn.*

Douce seems to think it "possible" that the walking-sticks or staves used by elderly people might be intended, which were often headed or tipped with a cross piece of horn, or sometimes amber. A friar in Chaucer is described as having "a staff tipped with horn." There is, of course, a double meaning.

Love's Labour's Lost.

If haply won, perhaps a hapless gain;
If lost, why then a grievous labour won.

THE composition and structure of *Love's Labour's Lost* unquestionably lead to a supposition that the main incidents were taken from some romance not yet discovered; and that the tale, whenever it may be found, will probably have been rightly conjectured to belong to the cycle of the lighter romances of chivalry. The story is partially founded on history, as appears from the following passage in the *Chronicles of Monstrelet*:—"Charles, king of Navarre, came to Paris to wait on the king. He negotiated so successfully with the King and Privy Council, that he obtained a gift of the castle of Nemours, with some of its dependent castle-wicks, which territory was made a duchy. He instantly did homage for it, and at the same time surrendered to the king the castle of Cherburg, the county of Evreux, and all other lordships he possessed within the kingdom of France, renouncing all claims and profits in them to the king and to his successors, on condition that with the duchy of Nemours the king of France engaged to pay him two hundred thousand gold crowns of the coin of the King our lord." It will be seen from this passage, which was first pointed out by Mr. Hunter, that the link of connexion between history and the play is of a very slight kind; but it is curious as showing us that the story used by Shakespeare was grounded in some degree on a real occurrence, although the main action of *Love's Labour's Lost* is of course fictitious. The king of Navarre died in 1425, and the time of the play may, therefore, be fixed shortly after that period.

The internal evidence of *Love's Labour's Lost* points to its being a very early play, and it was, perhaps, in its original form, the first drama that Shakespeare composed. The earliest known edition appeared in the year 1598, under the title of, "A pleasant conceited Comedie called Loves Labors Lost, as it was presented before her Highnes this last Christmas, *newly corrected and augmented by W^m Shakespeare*;" the last sentence undoubtedly implying that this edition contained the author's last improvements. Coleridge has well observed that "the characters in this play are either impersonated out of Shakespeare's own multiformity by imaginative self-position, or out of such as a country town and a schoolboy's observation might supply." The latter opinion is unquestionably the true one, no play of Shakespeare's containing so many allusions to what was probably his school-boy literature—I mean by this his literature in school and out of school—or, let me add, so much vernacular provincial phraseology. Mr. Knight has combated the unnecessary supposition that Florio was reflected in the character of Holofernes, and I am inclined to assign the date of composition earlier than 1591, the year when Florio is alleged to have provoked the satire. There is merely portrayed in Holofernes the character of a pedantic schoolmaster, such an one as was Master Rombus in Sidney's masque of the

LOVE'S LABOUR 'S LOST.

Lady of May; and an extract from which may serve to exhibit to the reader of how general a description is the satire of hard words in Love's Labour's Lost:—

Herewith the woman-suiter being gone, there was heard in the wood a confused noyse, and forthwith there came out six shepherds, with as many fosters, halting and pulling to whether side they should draw the Lady of May, who seemed to encline neither to the one nor other side. Among them was Maister Rombus, a schoolemaister of a village thereby, who being fully perswaded of his owne learned wisdome, came thither, with his authority, to part their fray; where, for answer, hee received many unlearned blowes. But the Queene comming to the place where she was scene o them, though they knew not her estate, yet something there was which made them startle aside and gaze upon her, till Maister Rombus stepped forth (one of the substantiall shepherds, and making a legge or two, said these few words:—“May it please your benignity to give a little superfluous intelligence to that which, with the opening of my mouth, my tongue and teeth shall deliver unto you. So it is, right worshipfull audience, that a certaine shee creature, which we sheapheards call a woman,* of a minscall countenance, but, by my white Lambe, not three quarters so beautilous as yourselfe, hath disannulled the braine-pan of two of our featioust young men. And will you wot how? by my mother Kit's soule, with a certaine fransicall maladie they call Love: when I was a young man, they called it flat follie. But here is a substantiall schoole-maister can better discourse the whole foundation of the matter, although, in sooth, for all his loquence, our young men were nothing dutious to his clarkship; come on, come on, Maister schoole-maister; be not so bashlesse; we say that the fairest are ever the gentlest: tell the whole case, for you can much better vent the points of it then I.”

Then came forward Maister Rombus, and with many speciall graces, made this learned oration:—“Now the thunder-thumping Jove transfund his dotes into your excellent formositie, which have, with your resplendent beames, thus segregated the enmitie of these rurall animals. I am *Potentissima Domina*, a schoole-maister, that is to say, a Pedagogue, one not a little versed in the disciplinating of the juventall frie, wherein (to my laud I say it) I use such geometrical proportion as neither wanted mansuetude nor correction, for so it is described, *Parcare subjectos et debellare superbos*. Yet hath not the pulchritude of my vertues protected me from the contaminating bands of these plebeians; for comming *solummodo* to have parted their sanguinolent fray, they yeilded me no more reverence then if I had bin some Pecorius Asinus. I, even I, that am, who am I? *Dixi verbus sapiento satum est*. But what sayd that Trojan Æneas, when he sojourned in the surging sulkes of the sandiferous seas, *Hec olim memonasse juvebit*. Well, well, *ad propositos reverteto*, the puritie of the veritie is, that a certaine *Pulchra puella profecto*, elected and constituted by the integrated determination of all this topographical region, and as the soveraigne Lady of this Dame Maias month, bath been *quodammodo* hunted, as you would say, pursued by two, a brace, a couple, a cast of yong men, to whom the crafty coward Cupid had, *inquam*, delivered his dire-dolorous dart.”

But here the May Lady interrupted his speech, saying to him,—“Away, away, you tedious foole; your eyes are not worthy to looke to yonder Princelie sight, much lesse your foolish tongue to trouble her wise cares.”

At which Maister Rombus in a great chafe cried out,—“O Tempori, ô Moribus! in profession a childe, in dignitie a woman, in yeares a Lady, *in ceteris* a maid, should thus turpifie the reputation of my doctrine with the superscription of a foole; ô Tempori, ô Moribus!”

But here againe the May Ladie saying to him, “Leave off, good Latine foole, and let me satisfie the long desire I have had to feede mine eyes with the only sight this age hath granted to the world.”

That Love's Labour's Lost was not a new play in 1598 may be gathered from a very curious notice of it in Tofte's 'Alba, the Months Minde of a Melancholy Lover,' 8vo. 1598, who says he had seen it acted, and from the way in which he alludes to it, probably several years before the publication of that work:—

Love's Labour Lost! I once did see a play
Y-cleped so, so called to my paine,
Which I to heare to my small joy did stay,
Giving attendance on my froward dame:
My misgiving minde presaging to me ill,
Yet was I drawne to see it 'gainst my will.

This play no play, but plague, was unto me,
For there I lost the love I liked most;
And what to others seemde a jest to be,
I that in earnest found unto my cost,
To every one, save me, 't was comically,
While tragick-like to me it did befall.

* Compare Armado's letter in act I. sc. 1, “a child of our grandmother Eve, a female; or, for thy more sweet understanding, a woman.” The Latin is intentionally wrong, the whole being satirical upon the schoolmaster.

Each actor plaid in cunning wise his part,
 But chiefly those entrapt in Cupid's snare;
 Yet all was feined, 'twas not from the hart,
 They seeme to grieve, but yet they felt no care;
 'Twas I that griefe indeed did beere in brest;
 The others did but make a shew in jest.

The exact date at which the comedy was written, will perhaps never be ascertained. The question is rendered exceedingly intricate by the probability that it received additions from its author shortly before the year 1598. I place little or no reliance on the mention of the dancing-horse, the allusion to that animal in Tarlton's Jestes being no evidence whatever that it was exhibited before the death of that clown. In fact, the horse was *fourteen* years old in 1601, and Tarlton died in 1588; so that the probability is of the very slightest kind that it could have been exhibited in his lifetime. The jest, which is not worth quoting entire, commences thus—"There was one Bankes, in the time of Tarlton, who served the Earl of Essex, and had a horse of strange qualities; and being at the Cross Keyes in Gracious-streete, getting money with him, as he was mightily resorted to, Tarlton then with his fellows playing at the Bell by, came into the Cross Keyes amongst many people to see fashions: which Bankes perceiving, to make the people laugh, saies, 'Signior,' to his horse, 'go fetch me the veriest foole in the company.' The jade comes immediately, and with his mouth draws Tarlton forth." I have little doubt that the anecdote is an invention.

A similarity has been pointed out by Chalmers between what Dr. Johnson calls the "finished representation of colloquial excellence" at the commencement of the fifth act, and a passage in Sidney's *Arcadia*, where he says, speaking of Parthenia, "that which made her fairnesse much the fairer was that it was but a faire ambassador of a most faire mind, full of wit, and a wit which delighted more to judge itselfe then to show itselfe: her speech being as rare as precious; her silence without sullenesse; her modestie without affectation; her shamefastnesse without ignorance: in surname, one that to praise well, one must first set downe with himselfe what it is to be excellent; for so she is." Sidney's *Arcadia* was first published in 1590, but the similarity here pointed out is scarcely forcible enough to prove that there was any plagiarism. The coincidence was very likely quite accidental.

Our text is chiefly taken from the first edition of 1598, some of the readings of the folio of 1623 being adopted. The latter was evidently printed from the quarto, or from the same manuscript from which the quarto was printed; but there are variations in the folio, which show that it is not a mere copy of the first edition. Another quarto edition appeared in 1631. It was also entered at Stationers' Hall early in 1607, but no copy bearing that date has yet been discovered.

Love's Labour's Lost is not a favourite play with the general reader, but I apprehend that the cause of its modern unpopularity is to be sought for in the circumstance of its satire having been principally directed to fashions of language that have long passed away, and consequently little understood, rather than in any great deficiency of dramatic invention. When it has been well studied, there are few satirical plays that will afford more gratification; it abounds with touches of the highest humour; and the playful tricks and discoveries are conducted with so much dexterity, that, when we arrive at the conclusion, the chief wonder is how the interest could have been preserved in the development of so extremely meagre a plot. The real key to the appreciation of this drama is to be found in the remark that there is throughout a vein of good-humoured ridicule and satire.

PERSONS REPRESENTED

FERDINAND, *King of Navarre.*

*Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 3.
Act V. sc. 2.*

BIRON (*pronounced Beroon*) *a lord attending on the King.*

*Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 1.
Act IV. sc. 3. Act 5. sc. 2.*

LONNAVILLE, *a lord attending on the King.*

*Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 3.
Act V. sc. 2.*

DUMAIN, *a lord attending on the King.*

*Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 3.
Act V. sc. 2.*

BOYET, *a lord attending on the Princess of France.*

Appears, Act II. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 2.

MERCADE, *a lord attending on the Princess of France.*

Appears, Act V. sc. 2.

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO, *a fantastical Spaniard.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2.

SIR NATHANIEL, *a curate.*

Appears, Act IV. sc. 2. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2.

HOLLOERNES, *a schoolmaster.*

Appears, Act IV. sc. 2. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2.

DULL, *a constable.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 2. Act V

COSTARD, *a clown.*

*Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 1
sc. 2; sc. 3. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2.*

MOTH, *page to Armado.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2.

A Forester.

Appears, Act IV. sc. 1.

PRINCESS OF FRANCE.

Appears, Act II. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 2.

ROSALINE, *a lady attending on the Princess of France.*

Appears, Act II. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 2.

MARIA, *a lady attending on the Princess of France.*

Appears, Act II. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 2.

KATHARINE, *a lady attending on the Princess of France.*

Appears, Act II. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 2.

JAQUENETTA, *a country wench.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 3.

Officers, Attendants, and others.

SCENE.—NAVARRIE.

Love's Labour's Lost.

ACT I.

SCENE I —Navarre. *A Park, with a Palace in it.*

Enter the KING, BIRON, LONGAVILLE, and DUMAIN.

King. Let fame, that all hunt after in their lives,
Live register'd upon our brazen tombs,
And then grace us in the disgrace¹ of death;
When, spite of cormorant devouring Time,
Th' endeavour of this present breath may buy
That honour, which shall bate his scythe's keen
edge,

And make us heirs of all eternity.
Therefore, brave conquerors!—for so you are,
That war against your own affections,
And the huge army of the world's desires,—
Our late edict shall strongly stand in force:
Navarre shall be the wonder of the world;
Our court shall be a little Academe,²
Still and contemplative in living art.
You three, Biron, Dumain, and Longaville,
Have sworn for three years' term to live with me,
My fellow-scholars, and to keep those statutes
That are recorded in this schedule here:
Your oaths are pass'd, and now subscribe your
names,

That his own hand may strike his honour down,
That violates the smallest branch herein:
If you are arm'd to do, as sworn to do,
Subscribe to your deep oaths, and keep them too.

Long. I am resolv'd: 't is but a three years'
fast

The mind shall banquet, though the body pine.
Fat paunches have lean pates;³ and dainty bits
Make rich the ribs, but bankrupt quite the wits

Dum. My loving lord, Dumain is mortified.
The grosser manner of these world's delights
He throws upon the gross world's baser slaves:
To love, to wealth, to pomp, I pine and die;
With all these living in philosophy.⁴

Biron. I can but say their protestation over,
So much, dear liege, I have already sworn,
That is,—To live and study here three years.
But there are other strict observances:
As, not to see a woman in that term;
Which, I hope well, is not enrolled there:
And, one day in a week to touch no food,
And but one meal on every day beside;
The which, I hope, is not enrolled there:
And then to sleep but three hours in the night
And not be seen to wink of all the day;
(When I was wont to think no harm all night,
And make a dark night too of half the day;)
Which, I hope well is not enrolled there:
O, these are barren tasks, too hard to keep;
Not to see ladies,—study, fast,—not sleep.

King. Your oath is pass'd to pass away from
these.

Biron. Let me say no, my liege, an if you
please;

I only swore to study with your grace,
And stay here in your court for three years' space

Long. You swore to that, Biron, and to the rest.

Biron. By yea and nay, sir, then I swore in jest.

What is the end of study? let me know.

King. Why, that to know, which else we should not know.

Biron. Things hid and barr'd, you mean, from common sense?

King. Ay, that is study's godlike recompense.

Biron. Come on, then; I will swear to study so, To know the thing I am forbid to know:

As thus,—To study where I well may dine,

When I to feast expressly am forbid;

Or study where to meet some mistress fine,

When mistresses from common sense are hid:

Or, having sworn too hard-a-keeping oath,

Study to break it, and not break my troth.

If study's gain be thus, and this be so,

Study knows that which yet it doth not know:

Swear me to this, and I will ne'er say, no.

King. These be the stops that hinder study quite

And train our intellects to vain delight.

Biron. Why, all delights are vain; but that most vain,

Which, with pain purchas'd, doth inherit pain:

As, painfully to pore upon a book,

To seek the light of truth; while truth the while

Doth falsely blind the eyesight of his look:⁵

Light, seeking light, doth light of light beguile:

So, ere you find where light in darkness lies,

Your light grows dark by losing of your eyes.

Study me how to please the eye indeed,

By fixing it upon a fairer eye;

Who dazzling so, that eye shall be his heed,

And give him light that it was blinded by.

Study is like the heaven's glorious sun,

That will not be deep-search'd with saucy looks;

Small have continual plodders ever won,

Save base authority from other's books.

These earthly godfathers of heaven's lights,

That give a name to every fixed star,

Have no more profit of their shining nights,

Than those that walk, and wot not what they are.

Too much to know is, to know nought but fame;

And every godfather can give a name.

King. How well he's read, to reason against reading!

274

Dum. Proceeded well, to stop all good proceeding!

Long. He weeds the corn, and still lets grow the weeding.

Biron. The spring is near, when green geese are a breeding.

Dum. How follows that?

Biron. Fit in his place and time.

Dum. In reason nothing.

Biron. Something then in rhyme.

King. Biron is like an ex-curious sneaping frost,⁶ That bites the first-born infants of the spring.

Biron. Well, say I am; why should proud summer boast,

Before the birds have any cause to sing?

Why should I joy in any abortive birth?

At Christmas I no more desire a rose,

Than wish a snow in May's new-fangled shows;

But like of each thing that in season grows.

So you, to study, now it is too late,

Climb o'er the house to unlock the little gate.

King. Well, fit you out; go home, Biron; adieu.

Biron. No, my good lord! I have sworn to stay with you:

And, though I have for barbarism spoke more,

Than for that angel knowledge you can say;

Yet, confident I'll keep what I have sworn,

And bide the penance of each three years' day

Give me the paper,—let me read the same;

And to the strictest decrees I'll write my name.

King. How well this yielding rescues thee from shame!

Biron. [*Reads.*]

Item, That no woman shall come within a mile of my court—

Hath this been proclaimed?

Long. Four days ago.

Biron. Let's see the penalty. [*Reads.*

—On pain of losing her tongue.—

Who devis'd this penalty?

Long. Marry, that did I.

Biron. Sweet lord, and why?

Long. To fright them hence with that dread penalty.

Biron. A dangerous law against gentility.⁷

[*Reads.*]

Item, If any man be seen to talk with a woman within the term of three years, he shall endure such public shame as the rest of the court can possibly devise.—

This article, my liege, yourself must break;

For, well you know, here comes in embassy.

The French king's daughter, with yourself to speak,—

A maid of grace, and complete majesty,—
About surrender-up of Aquitain

To her decrepit, sick, and bed-rid father :

Therefore this article is made in vain,

Or vainly comes th' admired princess hither.

King. What say you, lords? why, this was quite forgot.

Biron. So study evermore is over-shot;
While it doth study to have what it would,
It doth forget to do the thing it should :
And when it hath the thing it hunteth most,
'T is won, as towns with fire; so won, so lost.

King. We must, of force, dispense with this decree ;

She must lie⁸ here on mere necessity.

Biron. Necessity will make us all forsworn
Three thousand times within this three years' space :

For every man with his affects is born ;

Not by might master'd, but by special grace.
If I break faith, this word shall speak for me,—
I am forsworn on mere necessity.

So to the laws at large I write my name ;

[*Subscribes.*]

And he that breaks them in the least degree
Stands in attainder of eternal shame.

Suggestions are to others, as to me ;

But, I believe, although I seem so loth,
I am the last that will last keep his oath.
But is there no quick recreation granted ?

King. Aye, that there is : our court, you know,
is haunted

With a refined traveller of Spain ;

A man in all the world's new fashion plantèd,

That hath a mint of phrases in his brain :

One who the music of his own vain tongue

Doth ravish, like enchanting harmony ;

A man of complements,⁹ whom right and wrong

Hath chose as umpire of their mutiny :

This child of fancy, that Armado hight,

For interim to our studies, shall relate,

In high-born words, the worth of many a knight

From tawny Spain, lost in the world's debate.¹⁰

How you delight, my lords, I know not, I ;

But, I protest, I love to hear him lie,

And I will use him for my minstrelsy.¹¹

Biron. Armado is a most illustrious wight,

A man of fire-new¹² words, fashion's own knight.

35

Long. Costard, the swain, and he, shall be our sport ;

And, so to study, three years is but short.

Enter DULL, with a letter, and COSTARD

Dull. Which is the duke's own person ?

Biron. This, fellow. What wouldst ?

Dull. I myself reprehend his own person, for I am his grace's tharborough : but I would see his own person in flesh and blood.

Biron. This is he.

Dull. Signior Arme—Arme—commends you. There 's villainy abroad : this letter will tell you more.

Cost. Sir, the contempts thereof are as touching me.

King. A letter from the magnificent Armado.

Biron. How low soever the matter, I hope in God for high words.

Long. A high hope for a low heaven : God grant us patience !

Biron. To hear ? or forbear hearing ?

Long. To hear meekly, sir, and to laugh moderately ; or to forbear both.

Biron. Well, sir, be it as the style shall give us cause to climb in the merriness.

Cost. The matter is to me, sir, as concerning Jaquenetta. The manner of it is, I was taken with the manner.¹³

Biron. In what manner ?

Cost. In manner and form following, sir ; all those three : I was seen with her in the manor-house, sitting with her upon the form, and taken following her into the park ; which, put together, is in manner and form following. Now, sir, for the manner,—it is the manner of a man to speak to a woman : for the form,—in some form.

Biron. For the following, sir ?

Cost. As it shall follow in my correction ; and God defend the right !

King. Will you hear this letter with attention ?

Biron. As we would hear an oracle.

Cost. Such is the simplicity of man to hearken after the flesh.

King. [*Reads.*]

Great deputy, the welkm's vicegerent, and sole dominator of Navarre, my soul's earth's God, and body's fostering patron,—

Cost. Not a word of Costard yet.

King.

So it is,—

Cost. It may be so : but if he say it is so, he is, in telling true, but so.

King. Peace!

Cost. —be to me, and every man that dares not fight!

King. No words!

Cost. —of other men's secrets, I beseech you.

King.

So it is, besieged with sable-coloured melancholy, I did commend the black-oppressing humour to the most wholesome physick of thy health-giving air; and, as I am a gentleman, betook myself to walk. The time when? About the sixth hour; when beasts most graze, birds best peck, and men sit down to that nourishment which is called supper. So much for the time when. Now for the ground which, which, I mean, I walked upon: it is y-cliped¹⁴ thy park. Then for the place where; where, I mean, I did encounter that obscene and most preposterous event that draweth from my snow-white pen the ebon-coloured ink, which here thou viewest, beholdest, surveyest, or seest: But to the place where,—It standeth north-north-east and by east from the west corner of thy curious-knotted garden. There did I see that low-spirited swain, that base minnow of thy mirth,

Cost. Me?

King.

—that unletter'd small-knowing soul,

Cost. Me?

King.

—that shallow vassal,

Cost. Still me?

King.

—which, as I remember, hight Costard,

Cost. O me!

King.

—sorted, and consorted, contrary to thy established proclaimed edict and continent canon, with—with—O with—but with this I passion to say wherewith,

Cost. With a wench.

King.

—with a child of our grandmother Eve, a female; or, for thy more sweet understanding, a woman. Him I (as my ever-esteemed duty pricks me on) have sent to thee, to receive the meed of punishment, by thy sweet grace's officer, Antony Dull; a man of good repute, carriage, bearing, and estimation.

Dull. Me, an'tshall please you; I am Antony Dull.

King.

For Jaquenetta (so is the weaker vessel called, which I apprehended with the aforesaid swain,) I keep her as a vessel of thy law's fury; and shall, at the least of thy sweet notice, bring her to trial. Thine, in all compliments of devoted and heart-burning heat of duty,

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO.

Biron. This is not so well as I looked for, but the best that ever I heard.

King. Ay, the best for the worst. But, sirrah what say you to this?

Cost. Sir, I confess the wench.

King. Did you hear the proclamation?

Cost. I do confess much of the hearing it, but little of the marking of it.

King. It was proclaimed a year's imprisonment, to be taken with a wench.

Cost. I was taken with none, sir; I was taken with a damosel.

King. Well, it was proclaimed damosel.

Cost. This was no damosel neither, sir; she was a virgin.

King. It is so varied too; for it was proclaimed virgin.

Cost. If it were, I deny her virginity; I was taken with a maid.

King. This maid will not serve your turn, sir.

Cost. This maid will serve my turn, sir.

King. Sir, I will pronounce your sentence: You shall fast a week with bran and water.

Cost. I had rather pray a month with mutton and porridge.

King. And Don Armado shall be your keeper.—My lord Biron, see him deliver'd o'er.—

And go we, lords, to put in practice that

Which each to other hath so strongly sworn.—

[*Exeunt KING, LORDS, and DOLL.*]

Biron. I'll lay my head to any good man's hat, These oaths and laws will prove an idle scorn.—Sirrah, come on.

Cost. I suffer for the truth, sir: for true it is, I was taken with Jaquenetta, and Jaquenetta is a true girl; and therefore, Welcome the sour cup of prosperity! Affliction may one day smile again, and until then, Sit thee down, sorrow! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*Another part of the Park, near Armado's House.*

Enter ARMADO and MOTH.

Arm. Boy, what sign is it, when a man of great spirit grows melancholy?

Moth. A great sign, sir, that he will look sad.

Arm. Why, sadness is one and the self-same thing, dear imp.¹⁵

Moth. No, no; O Lord, sir, no.

Arm. How canst thou part sadness and melancholy, my tender juvenal?

Moth. By a familiar demonstration of the working, my tough senior.

Arm. Why tough senior? why tough senior?

Moth. Why tender juvenal? why tender juvenal?

Arm. I spoke it, tender juvenal, as a congruent epitheton, appertaining to thy young days, which we may nominate tender.

Moth. And I, tough senior, as an appertinent title to your old time, which we may name tough.

Arm. Pretty and apt.¹⁶

Moth. How mean you, sir; I pretty, and my saying apt? or I apt, and my saying pretty?

Arm. Thou pretty, because little.

Moth. Little pretty, because little: Wherefore apt?

Arm. And therefore apt, because quick.

Moth. Speak you this in my praise, master?

Arm. In thy condign praise.

Moth. I will praise an eel with the same praise.

Arm. What? that an eel is ingenious?

Moth. That an eel is quick.

Arm. I do say, thou art quick in answers: Thou heat'st my blood.

Moth. I am answer'd, sir.

Arm. I love not to be crossed.

Moth. He speaks the mere contrary; crosses¹⁷ love not him. [*Aside.*]

Arm. I have promis'd to study three years with the duke.

Moth. You may do it in an hour, sir.

Arm. Impossible.

Moth. How many is one thrice told?

Arm. I am ill at reck'ning; it fits the spirit of a tapster.

Moth. You are a gentleman, and a gamester, sir.

Arm. I confess both; they are both the varnish of a complete man.

Moth. Then, I am sure, you know how much the gross sum of deuce-ace amounts to.

Arm. It doth amount to one more than two.

Moth. Which the base vulgar call, three.

Arm. True.

Moth. Why, sir, is this such a piece of study? Now here's thy three studied, ere you'll thrice wink: and how easy it is to put years to the word three, and study three years in two words, the dancing horse will tell you.¹⁸

Arm. A most fine figure!

Moth. To prove you a cipher. [*Aside.*]

Arm. I will hereupon confess, I am in love: and, as it is base for a soldier to love, so am I in love with a base wench. If drawing my sword against the humour of affection would deliver me from the probrate thought of it, I would take

Desire prisoner, and ransom him to any French courtier for a new devis'd curtsy. I think scorn to sigh; methinks, I should outswear Cupid. Comfort me, boy: What great men have been in love?

Moth. Hercules, master.

Arm. Most sweet Hercules!—More authority, dear boy, name more; and, sweet my child, let them be men of good repute and carriage.

Moth. Samson, master; he was a man of good carriage, great carriage; for he carried the town-gates on his back, like a porter: and he was in love.

Arm. O well-knit Samson! strong-jointed Samson! I do excel thee in my rapier, as much as thou didst me in carrying gates. I am in love too. Who was Samson's love, my dear Moth?

Moth. A woman, master.

Arm. Of what complexion?

Moth. Of all the four, or the three, or the two or one of the four.

Arm. Tell me precisely of what complexion.

Moth. Of the sea-water green, sir.

Arm. Is that one of the four complexions?

Moth. As I have read, sir: and the best of them too.

Arm. Green, indeed, is the colour of lovers; but to have a love of that colour, methinks, Samson had small reason for it. He, surely, affected her for her wit.

Moth. It was so, sir; for she had a green wit.

Arm. My love is most immaculate white and red.

Moth. Most maculate¹⁹ thoughts, master, are mask'd under such colours.

Arm. Define, define, well-educated infant.

Moth. My father's wit, and my mother's tongue, assist me.

Arm. Sweet invocation of a child; most pretty and pathetic!

Moth. If she be made of white and red,

Her faults will ne'er be known;

For blushing cheeks by faults are bred,

And fears by pale-white shown:

Then, if she fear, or be to blame,

By this you shall not know;

For still her cheeks possess the same,

Which native she doth owe.

A dangerous rhyme, master, against the reason of white and red.

Arm. Is there not a ballad, boy, of the King and the beggar?²⁰

Moth. The world was very guilty of such a bal-lad some three ages since : but, I think, now 't is not to be found ; or, if it were, it would neither serve for the writing, nor the tune.

Arm. I will have that subject newly writ o'er, that I may example my digression by some mighty precedent. Boy, I do love that country girl that I took in the park with the rational hind Costard ; she deserves well.

Moth. To be whipp'd ; and yet a better love than my master.²¹ [*Aside.*]

Arm. Sing, boy ; my spirit grows heavy in love.

Moth. And that 's great marvel, loving a light wench.

Arm. I say, sing.

Moth. Forbear till this company be past.

Enter DULL, COSTARD, and JAQUENETTA.

Dull. Sir, the duke's pleasure is that you keep Costard safe : and you must let him take no de-light, nor no penance ; but a' must fast three lays a-week. For this damsel, I must keep her at the park ; she is allow'd for the day-woman.²² Fare you well.

Arm. I do betray myself with blushing.—Maid.

Jaq. Man.

Arm. I will visit thee at the lodge.

Jaq. That 's hereby.

Arm. I know where it is situate.

Jaq. Lord, how wise you are !

Arm. I will tell thee wonders.

Jaq. With that face ?²³

Arm. I love thee.

Jaq. So I heard you say.

Arm. And so farewell.

Jaq. Fair weather after you !

Dull. Come, Jaquenetta, away.

[*Exit DULL and JAQ.*]

Arm. Villain, thou shalt fast for thy offences ere thou be pardoned.

Cost. Well, sir, I hope, when I do it, I shall do it on a full stomach.

Arm. Thou shall be heavily punished

Cost. I am more bound to you than your fellows for they are but lightly rewarded.

Arm. Take away this villain ; shut him up.

Moth. Come, you transgressing slave ; away.

Cost. Let me not be pent up, sir ; I will fast, being loose.

Moth. No, sir ; that were fast and loose : thou shalt to prison.

Cost. Well, if ever I do see the merry days of desolation that I have seen, some shall see—

Moth. What shall some see ?

Cost. Nay, nothing, master Moth, but what they look upon. It is not for prisoners to be too silent in their words ; and, therefore, I will say nothing : I thank God, I have as little patience as another man ; and, therefore, I can be quiet.

[*Exeunt MOTH and COST.*]

Arm. I do affect the very ground, which is base, where her shoe, which is baser, guided by her foot, which is basest, doth tread. I shall be forsworn (which is a great argument of falsehood) if I love : And how can that be true love, which is falsely attempted ? Love is a familiar ; love is a devil : there is no evil angel but love. Yet was Samson so tempted ; and he had an excellent strength : yet was Solomon so seduced ; and he had a very good wit. Cupid's buttshaft is too hard for Hercules' club,²⁴ and therefore too much odds for a Spaniard's rapier. The first and second cause will not serve my turn ; the passado he respects not ; the duello he regards not : his disgrace is to be called boy, but his glory is to subdue men. Adieu, valour ! rust, rapier ! be still, drum ! for your manager is in love ; yea, he loveth. Assist me, some extemporal god of rhyme, for, I am sure, I shall turn sonneteer. Devise, wit ! write, pen for I am for whole volumes in folio. [*Exit*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Another part of the Park. A Pavilion
and Tents at a distance.*

*Enter the PRINCESS OF FRANCE, ROSALINE, MARIA,
KATHERINE, BOYET, Lords, and other Attendants.*

Boyet. Now, madam, summon up your dearest
spirits ;

Consider who the king your father sends ;
To whom he sends ; and what 's his embassy :
Yourself, held precious in the world's esteem,
To parley with the sole inheritor
Of all perfections that a man may owe,
Matchless Navarre : the plea of no less weight
Than Aquitain ; a dowry for a queen.
Be now as prodigal of all dear grace,
As Nature was in making graces dear,
When she did starve the general world beside,
And prodigally gave them all to you.

Prin. Good lord Boyet, my beauty, though but
mean,

Needs not the painted flourish of your praise ;
Beauty is bought by judgment of the eye,
Not utter'd by base sale of chapmen's²⁵ tongues :
I am less proud to hear you tell my worth,
Than you much willing to be counted wise
In spending your wit in the praise of mine.
But now to task the tasker,—Good Boyet,
You are not ignorant, all-telling fame
Doth noise abroad, Navarre hath made a vow,
Till painful study shall out-wear three years,
No woman may approach his silent court :
Therefore to 's seemeth it a needful course,
Before we enter his forbidden gates,
To know his pleasure ; and in that behalf,
Bold of your worthiness, we single you
As our best-moving fair solicitor :
Tell him, the daughter of the king of France,
On serious business, craving quick despatch,
Importunes personal conference with his grace.
Haste, signify so much ; while we attend,
Like humble-visag'd suitors, his high will.

Boyet. Proud of employment, willingly I go.

[*Exit.*

Prin. All pride is willing pride, and yours is so
Who are the votaries, my loving lords,
That are vow-fellows with this virtuous duke ?

Lord. Longaville is one.

Prin. Know you the man ?

Mar. I know him, madam ; at a marriage feast
Between lord Perigort and the beauteous heir
Of Jaques Falconbridge, solemnized
In Normandy, saw I this Longaville :
A man of sovereign parts he is esteem'd ;
Well fitted in arts, glorious in arms :
Nothing becomes him ill, that he would well.
The only soil of his fair virtue's gloss
(If virtue's gloss will stain with any soil)
Is a sharp wit match'd with too blunt a will ;
Whose edge hath power to cut, whose will still
wills

It should none spare that come within his power.

Prin. Some merry mocking lord, belike ; is 't so ?

Mar. They say so most, that most his humours
know.

Prin. Such short-liv'd wits do wither as they
grow.

Who are the rest ?

Kath. The young Dumain, a well-accomplish'd
youth,

Of all that virtue love for virtue lov'd :
Most power to do most harm, least knowing ill ;
For he hath wit to make an ill shape good,
And shape to win grace though he had no wit.
I saw him at the duke Alençon's once ;
And much too little of that good I saw,²⁶
Is my report, to his great worthiness.

Ros. Another of these students at that time
Was there with him. If I have heard a truth,
Biron they call him ; but a merrier man,
Within the limit of becoming mirth,
I never spent an hour's talk withal :
His eye begets occasion for his wit :
For every object that the one doth catch,
The other turns to a mirth-moving jest ;
Which his fair tongue (conceit's expositor)
Delivers in such apt and gracious words,

That aged ears play truant at his tales,
And younger hearings are quite ravished,
So sweet and vobule is his discourse.

Prin. God bless my ladies! are they all in love,
That every one her own hath garnished
With such bedecking ornaments of praise?

Lord. Here comes Boyet.

Re-enter BOYET.

Prin. Now, what admittance, lord?

Boyet. Navarre had notice of your fair approach,
And he and his competitors in oath²⁷
Were all address'd to meet you, gentle lady,
Before I came. Marry, thus much I have learnt,
He rather means to lodge you in the field,
(Like one that comes here to besiege his court,)
Than seek a dispensation for his oath,
To let you enter his unpeopled house.
Here comes Navarre. [*The Ladies mask.*]

Enter KING, LONGVILLE, DUMAIN, BIRON, and Attendants.

King. Fair princess, welcome to the court of Navarre.

Prin. Fair I give you back again; and welcome I have not yet: the roof of this court is too high to be yours; and welcome to the wide fields too base to be mine.

King. You shall be welcome, madam, to my court.

Prin. I will be welcome then; conduct me thither.

King. Hear me, dear lady, I have sworn an oath.

Prin. Our Lady help my lord! he'll be forsworn.

King. Not for the world, fair madam, by my will.

Prin. Why, will shall break it; will, and nothing else.

King. Your ladyship is ignorant what it is.

Prin. Were my lord so, his ignorance were wise, Where now his knowledge must prove ignorance. I hear, your grace hath sworn-out housekeeping: 'T is deadly sin to keep that oath, my lord, And sin to break it: But pardon me, I am too sudden bold; To teach a teacher ill bescemeth me. Vouchsafe to read the purpose of my coming, And suddenly resolve me in my suit.

[*Gives a paper*]

King. Madam, I will, if suddenly I may.

Prin. You will the sooner, that I were away;

For you'll prove perjurd, if you make me stay.

Biron. Did not I dance with you in Brabant once?

Ros. Did not I dance with you in Brabant once?

Biron. I know you did.

Ros. How needless was it then to ask the question!

Biron. You must not be so quick.

Ros. 'T is long of you that spur me with such questions.

Biron. Your wit's too hot, it speeds too fast 't will tire.

Ros. Not till it leave the rider in the mire.

Biron. What time o' day?

Ros. The hour that fools should ask.

Biron. Now fair befall your mask!

Ros. Fair fall the face it covers!

Biron. And send you many lovers!

Ros. Amen, so you be none.

Biron. Nay, then will I be gone.

King. Madam, your father here doth intimate The payment of a hundred thousand crowns; Being but th' one half of an entire sum, Disbursed by my father in his wars. But say, that he, or we, (as neither have,) Receiv'd that sum; yet there remains unpaid A hundred thousand more; in surety of the which One part of Aquitaine is bound to us, Although not valued to the money's worth. If then the king your father will restore But that one half which is unsatisfied, We will give up our right in Aquitaine, And hold fair friendship with his majesty. But that, it seems, he little purposeth, For here he doth demand to have repaid An hundred thousand crowns; and not demands, On payment of a hundred thousand crowns, To have his title live in Aquitaine; Which we much rather had depart withal,²⁸ And have the money by our father lent, Than Aquitaine so gelded as it is. Dear princess, were not his requests so far From reason's yielding, your fair self should make A yielding, 'gainst some reason, in my breast, And go well satisfied to France again.

Prin. You do the king my father too much wrong And wrong the reputation of your name, In so unseemingly to confess receipt Of that which hath so faithfully been paid.

King. I do protest I never heard of it; And, if you prove it, I'll repay it back, Or yield up Aquitaine.

Prin. We arrest your word :—
Boyet. you can produce acquittances,
 For such a sum, from special officers
 Of Charles his father.

King. Satisfy me so.

Boyet. So please your grace, the packet is not
 come

Where that and other specialties are bound ;
 To-morrow you shall have a sight of them.

King. It shall suffice me : at which interview,
 All liberal reason I will yield unto.

Meantime receive such welcome at my hand
 As honour, without breach of honour, may
 Make tender of to thy true worthiness :

You may not come, fair princess, in my gates ;

But here without you shall be so receiv'd,
 As you shall deem yourself lodg'd in my heart,
 Though so deny'd fair harbour in my house.

Your own good thoughts excuse me, and farewell :
 To-morrow shall we visit you again.

Prin. Sweet health and fair desires consort your
 grace !

King. Thy own wish wish I thee in every place !

[*Exeunt KING and his Train.*]

Biron. Lady, I will commend you to my own
 heart.

Ros. 'Pray you, do my commendations ; I would
 be glad to see it.

Biron. I would you heard it groan.

Ros. Is the fool sick ?

Biron. Sick at the heart.

Ros. Alack, let it blood.

Biron. Would that do it good ?

Ros. My physic says, ay.

Biron. Will you prick 't with your eye ?

Ros. No point,²⁹ with my knife.

Biron. Now, God save thy life !

Ros. And yours from long living !

Biron. I cannot stay thanksgiving. [*Retiring.*]

Dum. Sir, I pray you a word : What lady is
 that same ?

Boyet. The heir of Alençon, Rosaline her name.

Dum. A gallant lady ! Monsieur, fare you well.

[*Exit.*]

Long. I beseech you, a word : What is she in
 the white ?

Boyet. A woman sometimes, an' you saw her in
 the light.

Long. Perchance, light in the light : I desire
 her name.

Boyet. She hath but one for herself ; to desire
 that were a shame.

Long. Pray you, sir, whose daughter ?

Boyet. Her mother's, I have heard.

Long. God's blessing on your beard !

Boyet. Good sir, be not offended :

She is an heir of Falconbridge.

Long. Nay, my choler is ended.

She is a most sweet lady.

Boyet. Not unlike, sir ; that may be.

[*Exit LONG.*]

Biron. What's her name, in the cap ?

Boyet. Katherine, by good hap.

Biron. Is she wedded, or no ?

Boyet. To her will, sir, or so.

Biron. You are welcome, sir ! adieu !

Boyet. Farewell to me, sir, and welcome to you.

[*Exit BIRON.—Ladies unmask.*]

Mar. That last is Biron, the merry madcap lord ;
 Not a word with him but a jest.

Boyet. And every jest but a word.

Prin. It was well done of you to take him at
 his word.

Boyet. I was as willing to grapple, as he was to
 board.

Mar. Two hot sheeps, marry !

Boyet. And wherefore not ships ?

No sheep, sweet lamb, unless we feed on your lips.

Mar. You sheep, and I pasture : Shall that
 finish the jest ?

Boyet. So you grant pasture for me.

[*Offering to kiss her.*]

Mar. Not so, gentle beast ;

My lips are no common, though several they be.³⁰

Boyet. Belonging to whom ?

Mar. To my fortunes and me.

Prin. Good wits will be jangling ; but, gentles,
 agree :

This civil war of wits were much better us'd
 On Navarre and his book-men ; for here 't is abus'd.

Boyet. If my observation, (which very seldom
 lies,)

By the heart's still rhetoric, disclosed with eyes,
 Deceive me not now, Navarre is infected.

Prin. With what ?

Boyet. With that which we lovers entitle,
 affected.

Prin. Your reason.

Boyet. Why, all his behaviours do make their
 retire

To the court of his eye, peeping thorough desire :
 His heart, like an agate, with your print impressed,
 Proud with his form, in his eye pride expressed :
 His tongue, all impatient to speak and not see,³¹

Did stumble with haste in his eye-sight to be;
 All senses to that sense did make their repair,
 To feel only looking on fairest of fair:
 Methought all his senses were lock'd in his eye,
 As jewels in crystal for some prince to buy;
 Who, tend'ring their own worth, from whence
 they were glass'd,

Did point out to buy them, along as you pass'd.
 His face's own margent did cote such amazes,
 That all eyes saw his eyes enchanted with gazes:—
 "I'll give you Aquitain, and all that is his,
 An you give him for my sake but one loving kiss."

Prin. Come, to our pavilion: Boyet is dispos'd.³²

Boyet. But to speak that in words, which his
 eye hath disclos'd:

I only have made a mouth of his eye,
 By adding a tongue which I know will not lie.

Ros. Thou art an old love-monger, and speakest
 skilfully.

Mar. He is Cupid's grandfather, and learns news
 of him.

Ros. Then was Venus like her mother; for her
 father is but grim.

Boyet. Do you hear, my mad wenches?

Mar. No.

Boyet. What, then, do you see?

Ros. Ay, our way to be gone.

Boyet. You are too hard for me.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Another part of the Park*

Enter ARMADO and MOTH.

Arm. Warble, child; make passionate my sense
 of hearing.

Moth. *Concolinel*— [Singing.]

Arm. Sweet air! Go, tenderness of years! take
 this key, give enlargement to the swain, bring
 him festinately hither; I must employ him in a
 letter to my love.

Moth. Master, will you win your love with a
 French brawl?³³

Arm. How meanest thou? brawling in French?

Moth. No, my complete master: but to jig off
 a tune at the tongue's end, canary to it with your
 feet, humour it with turning up your eyelids; sigh
 a note, and sing a note; sometime through the
 throat, as if you swallowed love with singing love;
 sometime through the nose, as if you snuffed up
 love by smelling love; with your hat, penthouse-
 like,³⁴ o'er the shop of your eyes; with your arras
 crossed on your thin belly-doublet, like a rabbit on
 a spit; or your hands in your pocket, like a man
 after the old painting; and keep not too long in
 one tune, but a snip and away: These are com-
 plements, these are humours; these betray nice
 wenches, that would be betrayed without these;
 and make them men of note, (do you note men?)
 that most are affected to these.

Arm. How hast thou purchased this experience?

Moth. By my penny of observation.

Arm. But O,—but O—

Moth. —the hobby-horse is forgot.³⁵

Arm. Call'st thou my love, hobby-horse?

Moth. No, master; the hobby-horse is but a
 colt,³⁶ and your love, perhaps, a hackney. But
 have you forgot your love?

Arm. Almost I had.

Moth. Negligent student! learn her by heart.

Arm. By heart, and in heart, boy.

Moth. And out of heart, master: all those three
 I will prove.

Arm. What wilt thou prove?

Moth. A man, if I live; and this, by, in, and
 without, upon the instant: By heart you love her,
 because your heart cannot come by her: in heart
 you love her, because your heart is in love with
 her: and out of heart you love her, being out of
 heart that you cannot enjoy her.

Arm. I am all these three.

Moth. And three times as much more, and yet
 nothing at all.

Arm. Fetch hither the swain; he must carry
 me a letter.

Moth. A message well sympathiz'd; a horse to
 be ambassador for an ass!

Arm. Ha, ha! what sayest thou?

Moth. Marry, sir, you must send the ass upon
 the horse, for he is very slow-gaited: But I go.

Arm. The way is but short; away.

Moth. As swift as lead, sir.

Arm. Thy meaning, pretty ingenious?

Is not lead a metal heavy, dull, and slow?

Moth. *Minimé*, honest master; or rather, master, no.

Arm. I say, lead is slow.

Moth. You are too swift, sir, to say so: Is that lead slow which is fir'd from a gun?

Arm. Sweet smoke of rhetoric!

He reputes me a cannon; and the bullet, that's he:—

I shoot thee at the swain.

Moth. Thump, then, and I flee. [*Exit.*]

Arm. A most acute juvenal; voluble and free of grace!

By thy favour, sweet welkin, I must sigh in thy face:

Most rude melancholy, valour gives thee place.

My Lerald is return'd.

Re-enter *MOTH* and *COSTARD*.

Moth. A wonder, master; here's a Costard broken in a shin.³⁷

Arm. Some enigma, some riddle: come,—thy *l'envoy*; ³⁸—begin.

Cost. No egma, no riddle, no *l'envoy*; no salve in them all, sir: O sir, plantain, a plain plantain; no *l'envoy*, no *l'envoy*; no salve, sir, but a plantain!

Arm. By virtue, thou enforcest laughter; thy silly thought, my spleen; the heaving of my lungs provokes me to ridiculous smiling: O, pardon me, my stars! Doth the inconsiderate take salve for *l'envoy*, and the word *l'envoy* for a salve?

Moth. Do the wise think them other? is not *l'envoy* a salve?

Arm. No page: it is an epilogue or discourse, to make plain

Some obscure precedence that hath tofore been sain. I will example it:

The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,

Were still at odds, being but three.

There's the moral: Now the *l'envoy*.

Moth. I will add the *l'envoy*; say the moral again.

Arm. The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,

Were still at odds, being but three.

Moth. Until the goose came out of door,

And stay'd the odds by adding four.

Now will I begin your moral, and do you follow with my *l'envoy*:

The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,

Were still at odds, being but three:

36

Arm. Until the goose came out of door,

Staying the odds by adding four.

Moth. A good *l'envoy*, ending in the goose; would you desire more?

Cost. The boy hath sold him a bargain,³⁹ a goose that's flat:—

Sir, your pennyworth is good, an your goose be fat.—

To sell a bargain well is as cunning as fast and loose:

Let me see a fat *l'envoy*; ay, that's a fat goose.

Arm. Come hither, come hither: How did this argument begin?

Moth. By saying that a Costard was broken in a shin.

Then call'd you for the *l'envoy*.

Cost. True, and I for a plantain: Thus came your argument in;

Then the boy's fat *l'envoy*, the goose that you bought;

And he ended the market.

Arm. But tell me; how was there a Costard broken in a shin?

Moth. I will tell you sensibly.

Cost. Thou hast no feeling of it, *Moth*; I will speak that *l'envoy*.

I, Costard, running out, that was safely within, Fell over the threshold, and broke my shin.

Arm. We will talk no more of this matter.

Cost. Till there be more matter in the shin.

Arm. Sirrah Costard, I will enfranchise thee.

Cost. O, marry me to one Frances;—I smell some *l'envoy*, some goose in this.

Arm. By my sweet soul, I mean, setting thee at liberty, unfreedoming thy person; thou wert immured, restrained, captivated, bound.

Cost. True, true; and now you will be my purgation, and let me loose.

Arm. I give thee thy liberty, set thee from durance; and, in lieu thereof, impose on thee nothing but this: Bear this significant to the country maid Jaquenetta: there is remuneration; [*giving him money*] for the best ward of mine honour is rewarding my dependents. *Moth*, follow

Moth. Like the sequel, I.⁴⁰—Signor Costard adieu.

Cost. My sweet ounce of man's flesh! my incony Jew!⁴¹ [*Exit* *Moth*.]

Now will I look to his remuneration. Remuneration! O, that's the Latin word for three farthings: three farthings—remuneration.—What's the price

of this inkle? a penny:—No, I'll give you a remuneration: why, it carries it.—Remuneration!—why, it is a fairer name than a French crown.⁴² I will never buy and sell out of this word.

Enter BIRON.

Biron. O, my good knave Costard! exceedingly well met.

Cost. Pray you, sir, how much carnation ribbon may a man buy for a remuneration?

Biron. What is a remuneration?

Cost. Marry, sir, halfpenny farthing.

Biron. O, why then, three-farthings-worth of silk.

Cost. I thank your worship: God be with you!

Biron. O, stay, slave; I must employ thee: As thou wilt win my favour, good my knave, Do one thing for me that I shall entreat.

Cost. When would you have it done, sir

Biron. O, this afternoon.

Cost. Well, I will do it, sir: Fare you well.

Biron. O, thou knowest not what it is.

Cost. I shall know, sir, when I have done it.

Biron. Why, villain, thou must know first.

Cost. I will come to your worship to-morrow morning.

Biron. It must be done this afternoon. Hark, slave, it is but this;—

The princess comes to hunt here in the park,
And in her train there is a gentle lady;
When tongues speak sweetly, then they name her name,

And Rosaline they call her: ask for her;

And to her white hand see thou do commend

This seal'd-up counsel. There's thy guerdon; go.

[*Gives him a shilling.*]

Cost. Guerdon,—O sweet garlon! better than
252

remuneration; eleven-pence farthing better:⁴³ Most sweet garlon!—I will do it, sir, in print.—Gardon—remuneration. [*Exit*]

Biron. O!—And I, forsooth, I love! I, that have been love's whip;

A very beadle to a humorous sigh;⁴⁴

A critic; nay, a night-watch constable;

A domineering pedant o'er the boy,

Than whom no mortal so magnificent!

This whimpled,⁴⁵ whining, purblind, wayward boy;

This senior-junior, giant-dwarf, Dan Cupid:

Regent of love-rhymes, lord of folded arms,

Th' anointed sovereign of sighs and groans,

Liege of all loiterers and malcontents,

Dread prince of plackets,⁴⁶ king of codpieces,

Sole imperator, and great general

Of trotting paritors. O my little heart!—

And I to be a corporal of his field,

And wear his colours like a tumbler's hoop.⁴⁷

What! I love! I sue! I seek a wife!

A woman, that is like a German clock,⁴⁸

Still a repairing; ever out of frame;

And never going aright, being a watch,

But being watch'd that it may still go right?

Nay, to be perjurd, which is worst of all;

And, among three, to love the worst of all;

A whitely wanton with a velvet brow,

With two pitch-balls stuck in her face for eyes;

Ay, and, by heaven, one that will do the deed,

Though Argus were her eunuch and her guard!

And I to sigh for her,—to watch for her,

To pray for her? Go to; it is a plague

That Cupid will impose for my neglect

Of his almighty dreadful little might.

Well, I will love, write, sigh, pray, sue, groan:

Some men must love my lady, and some Joan.

[*Exit*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Another part of the Park.*

Enter the PRINCESS, ROSALINE, MARIA, KATHARINE, BOYET, Lords, Attendants, and a Forester.

Prin. Was that the king, that spur'd his horse
so hard

Against the steep uprising of the hill?

Boyet. I know not; but, I think, it was not he.

Prin. Who e'er he was, he show'd a mounting
mind.

Well, lords, to-day we shall have our despatch;

On Saturday we will return to France.—

Then, forester, my friend, where is the bush

That we must stand and play the murderer in?

For. Hereby, upon the edge of yonder coppice,
A stand where you may make the fairest shoot,⁴⁹

Prin. I thank my beauty, I am fair that shoot,
And thereupon thou speak'st, the fairest shoot.

For. Pardon me, madam, for I meant not so.

Prin. What! what! first praise me, and then
again say no?

O short-liv'd pride! Not fair? alack for woe!

For. Yes, madam, fair.

Prin. Nay, never paint me now;

Where fair is not, praise cannot mend the brow.

Here, good my glass,⁵⁰ take this for telling true;

[*Giving him money.*]

Fair payment for foul words is more than due.

For. Nothing but fair is that which you inherit.

Prin. See, see, my beauty will be sav'd by merit.
O heresy, in fair, fit for these days!

A giving hand, though foul, shall have fair praise.—

But come, the bow:—Now Mercy goes to kill,

And shooting well is then accounted ill.

Thus will I save my credit in the shoot:

Not wounding, pity would not let me do 't;

If wounding, then it was to show my skill,

That more for praise, than purpose, meant to kill.

And, out of question, so it is sometimes;

Glory grows guilty of detested crimes;

When, for fame's sake, for praise, an outward part,

We bend to that the working of the heart:

As I, for praise alone, now seek to spill

The poor deer's blood, that my heart means no ill.

Boyet. Do not curst wives hold that self-
sovereignty

Only for praise' sake, when they strive to be
Lords o'er their lords?

Prin. Only for praise: and praise we may afford
To any lady that subdues a lord.

Enter COSTARD.

Boyet. Here comes a member of the common-
wealth.

Cost. God dig-you-den all! Pray you, which is
the head lady?

Prin. Thou shalt know her, fellow, by the rest
that have no heads.

Cost. Which is the greatest lady, the highest?

Prin. The thickest, and the tallest.

Cost. The thickest, and the tallest! it is so;
truth is truth.

An your waist, mistress, were as slender as my wit,
One o' these maids' girdles for your waist should
be fit.

Are not you the chief woman? you are the thickest
here.

Prin. What's your will, sir? what's your will?

Cost. I have a letter from monsieur Biron, to
one lady Rosaline.

Prin. O, thy letter, thy letter; he's a good
friend of mine:

Stand aside, good bearer.—Boyet, you can carve;
Break up this capon.⁵¹

Boyet. I am bound to serve.—

This letter is mistook, it importeth none here;
It is writ to—Jaquenetta.

Prin. We will read it, I swear:

Break the neck of the wax, and every one give ear

Boyet. [*Reads.*]

By heaven, that thou art fair is most infallible; true,
that thou art beauteous; truth itself, that thou art lovely.
More fairer than fair, beautiful than beauteous, truer than
truth itself, have commiseration on thy honour'd vassal!
The magnanimous and most illustrious king *Cyprianus* set
eye upon the pernicious and indubitate begger *Jaquenetta*,
and he it was that might rightly say, *venit, vidit, vixit*; which

to annotauze in the vulgar (O base and obscure vulgar!) *eideliect*, he came, saw, and overcame: he came, one; saw, two; over and, three. Who came? the king; Why did he come? to see; Why did he see? to overcome: To whom came he? to the beggar; What saw he? the beggar; Who overcame he? the beggar: The conclusion is victory; On whose side? the king's: the captive is enrich'd; On whose side? the beggar's: The catastrophe is a nuptial; On whose side? the king's?—no, on both in one, or one in both. I am the king; for so stands the comparison: thou the beggar; for so witnesseth thy lowliness. Shall I command thy love? I may: Shall I enforce thy love? I could: Shall I entreat thy love? I will: What shalt thou exchange for rags? robes; For titles, titles; For thyself, me. Thus, expecting thy reply, I profane my lips on thy foot, my eyes on thy picture, and my heart on thy every part.

Thine, in the dearest design of industry,

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO.

"Thus dost thou hear the Nemean lion roar
'Gainst thee, thou lamb, that standest as his prey;
Submissive fall his princely feet before,
And he from forage will incline to play:
But if thou strive, poor soul, what art thou then?
Food for his rage, repasture for his den."

Prin. What plume of feathers is he that indited
this letter?

What vane? what weather-cock? did you ever
hear better?

Boyet. I am much deceived, but I remember
the style.

Prin. Else your memory is bad, going o'er it
erewhile.

Boyet. This Armado is a Spaniard, that keeps
here in court;

A phantasm, a Monacho,⁵² and one that makes sport
To the prince, and his book-mates.

Prin. Thou, fellow, a word:

Who gave thee this letter?

Cost. I told you; my lord.

Prin. To whom shouldst thou give it?

Cost. From my lord to my lady.

Prin. From which lord, to which lady?

Cost. From my lord Biron, a good master of mine,
To a lady of France, that he call'd Rosaline.

Prin. Thou hast mistaken his letter. Come,
Lords, away.

Here, sweet, put up this; 't will be thine another
day. [*Exeunt PRINCESS and TRAIN.*]

Boyet. Who is the shooter? who is the shooter?⁵³

Ros. Shall I teach you to know?

Boyet. Ay, my continent of beauty.

Ros. Why, she that bears the bow.

4 Finely put off!

Boyet. My lady goes to kill horns; but, if thou
marry,

Hang me by the neck, if horns that year miscarry.
Finely put on!

Ros. Well, then, I am the shooter.

Boyet. And who is your deer?

Ros. If we choose by the horns, yourself: come
not near.

Finely put on, indeed!

Mar. You still wrangle with her, Boyet, and
she strikes at the brow.

Boyet. But she herself is hit lower: Have I hit
her now?

Ros. Shall I come upon thee with an old saying,
that was a man when king Pepin of France was a
little boy, as touching the hit it?

Boyet. So I may answer thee with one as old,
that was a woman when queen Guinever of Britain⁵⁴
was a little wench, as touching the hit it.

Ros. [*Singing.*]—

Thou canst not hit it, hit it, hit it,

Thou canst not hit it, my good man.

Boyet.

An I cannot, cannot, cannot,

An I cannot, another can.

[*Exeunt ROS. and KATH.*]

Cost. By my troth, most pleasant! how both
did fit it!

Mar. A mark marvellous well shot; for they
both did hit it.

Boyet. A mark! O, mark but that mark! A
mark, says my lady!

Let the mark have a prick in 't⁵⁵ to mete at, if it
may be.

Mar. Wide o' the bow hand! I' faith your hand
is out.

Cost. Indeed, a' must shoot nearer, or he 'll ne'er
hit the clout.

Boyet. An if my hand be out, then, belike your
hand is in.

Cost. Then will she get the upshot by cleaving
the pin.

Mar. Come, come, you talk greasily; your lips
grow foul.

Cost. She 's too hard for you at pricks, sir
challenge her to bowl.

Boyet. I fear too much rubbing. Good night,
my good owl. [*Exeunt BOYET and MARIA.*]

Cost. By my soul, a swain! a most simple
clown!

Lord, Lord! how the ladies and I have put him
down!

O, my troth, most sweet jests! most incony vulgar
wit!

When it comes so smoothly off, so obscenely, as it were, so fit.

Aimatho o' the one side,—O, a most dainty man! To see him walk before a lady, and to bear her fan! To see him kiss his hand! and how most sweetly a' will swear!—

And his page at other side, that handful of wit! Ah, heavens, it is a most pathological nit!

Sola, sola! [*A noise raised after shooting is heard within.*] [*Exit Cost., running.*]

SCENE II.—*Another part of the Park.*

Enter HOLOFERNES, SIR NATHANIEL, and DULL.

Nath. Very reverent sport, truly; and done in the testimony of a good conscience.

Hol. The deer was, as you know, *sanguis*,—in blood; ripe as a pomewater,⁵⁶ who now langueth like a jewel in the ear of *cælo*,—the sky, the welkin, the heaven; and anon falleth like a crab, on the face of *terra*,—the soil, the land, the earth.

Nath. True, master Holofernes, the epithets are sweetly varied, like a scholar at the least: But, sir, I assure ye, it was a buck of the first head.⁵⁷

Hol. Sir Nathaniel, *haud credo*.

Dull. 'T was not a *haud credo*; 't was a pricket.

Hol. Most barbarous intimation! yet a kind of insinuation, as it were *in via*, in way, of explication; *facere*, as it were, replication, or, rather, *ostentare*, to show, as it were, his inclination,—after his undressed, unpolished, uneducated, unpruned, untrained, or rather unlettered, or, ratherest, unconfirmed fashion,—to insert again my *haud credo* for a deer.

Dull. I said, the deer was not a *haud credo*; 't was a pricket.

Hol. Twice sod simplicity, *bis coctus*!—O thou monster Ignorance, how deformed dost thou look!

Nath. Sir, he hath never fed of the dainties that are bred in a book; he hath not eat paper, as it were; he hath not drunk ink: his intellect is not replenished; he is only an animal, only sensible in the duller parts; And such barren plants are set before us, that we thankful should be (Which we of taste and feeling are) for those parts that do fructify in us more than he.

For as it would ill become me to be vain, indiscreet, or a fool,

So, were there a patch set on learning, to see him in a school:

But, *omne bene*, say I; being of an old father's mind,

Many can brook the weather, that love not the wind.

Dull. You two are book men: Can you tell by your wit,

What was a month old at Cain's birth, that's not five weeks old as yet?

Hol. Dictynna, good man Dull; Dictynna, good man Dull.

Dull. What is Dictynna?

Nath. A title to Phœbe, to Luna, to the moon.

Hol. The moon was a month old, when Adam was no more;

And raught⁵⁸ not to five weeks, when he came to five-score.

Th' allusion holds in the exchange.

Dull. 'T is true indeed; the collusion holds in the exchange.

Hol. God comfort thy capacity! I say, th' allusion holds in the exchange.

Dull. And I say the pollution holds in the exchange; for the moon is never but a month old: and I say, beside, that 't was a pricket that the princess kill'd.

Hol. Sir Nathaniel, will you hear an extemporal epitaph on the death of the deer? and, to humour the ignorant, I have call'd the deer the princess kill'd, a pricket.

Nath. *Perge*, good master Holofernes, *perge*; so it shall please you to abrogate scurrility.

Hol. I will something effect the letter; for it argues facility.

The praiseful princess pierc'd and prick'd a pretty pleasing pricket;

Some say a sore; but not a sore, till now made sore with shooting.

The dogs did yell; put L to sore, then Sorel jumps from thicket;

Or pricket, sore, or else Sorel; the people fall a hooting. If sore be sore, then L to sore makes fifty sores; O sore L. Of one sore I an hundred make, by adding but one more L.

Nath. A rare talent!

Dull. If a talent be a claw,⁵⁹ look how he claws him with a talent.

Hol. This is a gift that I have, simple, simple: a foolish extravagant spirit, full of forms, figures, shapes, objects, ideas, apprehensions, motions, revolutions: these are begot in the ventricle of memory, nourished in the womb of *pia mater*, and delivered upon the mellowing of occasion: But the gift is good in those in whom it is acute, and I am thankful for it.

Nath. Sir, I praise the Lord for you, and so may my parishioners; for their sons are well taught by you, and their daughters profit very greatly under you: you are a good member of the commonwealth.

Hol. *M'love*, if their sons be ingenious, they shall want no instruction: if their daughters be capable, I will put it to them: But, *vir sapit qui pauca loquitur*. A soul feminine saluteth us.

Enter JARUELITA and COSTARD.

Jar. God give you good morrow, master person.⁶⁰

Hol. Master person.—*quasi* pers-on. An if one should be pier'd, whi h is the one?

Cost. Marry, master schoolmaster, he that is likest to a hogshhead.

Hol. Of piercing a hogshhead! a good lustre of moelit in a turf of earth; fire enough for a flint, earth enough for a swine: 't is pretty; it is well.

Jaq. Good master person, be so good as read me this letter; it was given me by Costard, and sent me from Don Armatho; I beseech you, read it.

Hol.

Latine, precor gelidâ quando pecus omne sub umbra
Romane—

And so forth. Ah, good old Mantuan! I may speak of thee as the traveller doth of Venice:

— *— Virgilia, Virgilia,*

Chi non te vede, non te piglia.

Old Mantuan! old Mantuan! Who understandeth thee not, loves thee not.—*Ut, re, sol, la, mi, fa.*—Under pardon, sir, what are the contents? Or rather, as Horace says in his—What, my soul, verses?

Nath. Ay, sir, and very learned.

Hol. Let me hear a staff, a stanza, a verse; *Lege, m'love.*

Nath. *Reals.*]

If love make me forsworn, how shall I swear to love?

Ah, never faith could hold, if not to beauty vow'd!

That 't is to my self I swear, to thee I'll faithful prove;

Those thoughts to me were oaks, to thee like osiers
bowed.

Study his true loves, and makes his book thine eyes;

Where all those pleasures live that art would comprehend.

If I were dead, be the mark, to know thee shall suffice;

When I hear of it that tongue that well can thee commend.

All ignorant that soul that sees thee without wonder;

When I come to me some praise that I thy parts admire;

Thy eye Jove's lightning bears, thy voice his dreadful
thunder,

Which, not to anger bent, is merris, and sweet fire.

Celestial as thou art, oh pardon, love, this wrong,

That sings heaven's praise with such an earthly tongue!

Hol. You find not the apostrophe, and so miss the accent: let me supervise the canzonet. Here are only numbers ratified; but, for the elegancy, facility and golden cadence of poesy, *carol* Ovidius Naso was the man: and why, indeed, Naso, but for smelling out the odoriferous flower of fancy, the jerks of invention? *Imitari* is nothing: so doth the hound his master, the ape his keeper, the tired⁶² horse his rider. But, damosella virgin, was this directed to you?

Jaq. Ay, sir, from one monsieur Biron, one of the strange queen's lords.

Hol. I will overglance the superscript. "To the snow-white hand of the most beauteous lady Rosaline." I will look again on the intellect of the letter, for the nomination of the party writing to the person written unto:

"Your ladyship's in all desired employment, Biron."

Sir Nathaniel, this Biron is one of the votaries with the king; and here he hath framed a letter to a sequent of the stranger queen, which, accidentally, or by the way of progression, hath miscarried.—Trip and go, my sweet; deliver this paper into the royal hand of the king; it may concern much. Stay not thy compliment; I forgive thy duty. Adieu!

Jaq. Good Costard, go with me.—Sir, God save your life.

Cost. Have with thee, my girl.

[*Exeunt* COST. and JAQ.]

Nath. Sir, you have done this in the fear of God, very religiously; and, as a certain father saith—

Hol. Sir, tell not me of the father; I do fear colourable colours. But, to return to the verses: did they please you, sir Nathaniel?

Nath. Marvellous well for the pen.

Hol. I do dine to-day at the father's of a certain pupil of mine; where if, before repast, it shall please you to gratify the table with a grace, I will, on my privilege I have with the parents of the foresaid child or pupil, undertake your *bon venuto*; where I will prove those verses to be very unlearned, neither savouring of poetry, wit, nor invention: I beseech your society.

Nath. And thank you too: for society (saith the text) is the happiness of life.

Hol. And, certes, the text most infallibly concludes it. Sir, [*to DULL*] I do invite you too; you shall not say me nay: *pauca verba*. Away; the gentles are at their game, and we will to our recreation.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*Another part of the same.**Enter Biron with a paper.*

Biron. The king he is hunting the deer; I am coursing myself: they have pitched a toil;⁴¹ I am toiling in a pitch; pitch that defiles; defile! a foul word. Well, Set thee down, sorrow! for so they say the fool said, and so say I, and I the fool. Well proved, wit! By the Lord, this love is as mad as Ajax: it kills sheep; it kills me, I a sheep: Well proved again o' my side! I will not love: if I do, hang me; i' faith, I will not. O, but her eye,—by this light, but for her eye, I would not love her; yes, for her two eyes. Well, I do nothing in the world but lie, and lie in my throat. By heaven, I do love: and it hath taught me to rhyme, and to be melancholy: and here is part of my rhyme, and here my melancholy. Well, she hath one o' my sonnets already: the clown bore it, the fool sent it, and the lady hath it: sweet clown, sweeter fool, sweetest lady! By the world,

I would not care a pin,
If the other three were in!

Here comes one with a paper: God give him grace to glean. [*Gets up into a tree.*]

*Enter the KING with a paper.**King.* Ah me!

Biron. [*Aside.*] Shot, by heaven!—Proceed, sweet Cupid; thou hast thumped him with thy oird-bolt under the left pap:⁴²—In faith, secrets.—

King. [*Reads.*]

So sweet, a kiss the golden sun gives not
To those fresh morning dews upon the rose,
As thy eye-beams, when thine fresh rays have smot
The night of dew that on my cheeks down flows:
Nor shines the silver moon one half so bright
Through the transparent bosom of the deep,
As doth thy face through tears of mine give light:
Thou shin'st in every tear that I do weep;

No drop but as a coach doth carry thee,
So ridest thou triumphing in my woe:
Do but behold the tears that swell in me,
And they thy glory through my grief will show.
But do not love thyself; then thou wilt keep
My tears for glasses, and still make me weep.
O queen of queens, how far dost thou excel!
No thought can think, nor tongue of mortal tell.—

How shall she know my griefs? I'll drop the paper,

Sweet leaves, shade folly! Who is he comes here?
[*Steps aside.*]

Enter LONGAVILLE, with a paper.

What, Longaville! and reading! listen, ear.

Biron. Now, in thy likeness, one more fool appear! [*Aside.*]

Long. Ah me! I am forsworn.

Biron. Why, he comes in like a perjurer, wearing papers.⁴³ [*Aside.*]

King. In love, I hope: Sweet fellowship in shame! [*Aside.*]

Biron. One drunkard loves another of the name. [*Aside.*]

Long. Am I the first that have been perjur'd so?

Biron. [*Aside.*] I could put thee in comfort; not by two, that I know:

Thou mak'st the triumvir,⁴⁴ the corner cap of society,

The shape of Love's Tyburn that hangs up simplicity.

Long. I fear these stubborn lines lack power to move:

O sweet Maria, empress of my love!

Those numbers will I tear and write in prose.

Biron. [*Aside.*] O, rhymes are guards⁴⁵ on wanton Cupid's hose;

Disfigure not his slop.

Long. This same shall go.—[*He reads the sonnet.*]

Did not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye
(Gainst whom the world cannot hold argument)
Persuade my heart to this false perjury?

Vows for thee but lead to no punishment.

A woman I forswore; but, I will prove,

Thou being a goddess, I forswore not thee:

My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love;

Thy grace being gain'd, cures all disgrace in me.

Vows are but breath, and breath a vapour is:

Take thou, far sun, which on my earth doth shine

Exhal'st this vapour vow; in thee it is:

If broken then, it is no fault of mine,

If by me broke. What fool is not so wise,

To lose an oath to win a paradise?

Biron. [*Aside.*] This is the liver vein, which makes flesh a deity;

A green goose, a goddess: pure, pure idolatry.

God amend us, God amend! we are much out o' the way.

Enter DUMAINE, with a paper.

Long. By whom shall I send this?—Company I stay. [*Approaching aside.*]

Biron. [*Aside.*] All-hid, all-hid,⁴⁶ an old infant play:

Like a demi god here sit I in the sky,
And wretched fools' secrets heedfully o'er-eye.

More sacks to the mill! O heavens, I have my wish;

Dumain transform'd: four woodcocks in a dish!

Dum. O most divine Kate!

Biron. O most profane cockcomb! [*Aside.*

Dum. By heaven, the wonder of a mortal eye!

Biron. By earth, she is not, corporal: there you lie. [*Aside.*

Dum. Her amber hairs for foul have amber coted.⁶⁹

Biron. An amber-colour'd raven was well noted. [*Aside.*

Dum. As upright as the cedar.

Biron. Stoop, I say;

Her shoulder is with child. [*Aside.*

Dum. As fair as day.

Biron. Ay, as some days; but then no sun must shine. [*Aside.*

Dum. O that I had my wish!

Long. And I had mine! [*Aside.*

King. And I mine too, good lord! [*Aside.*

Biron. Amen, so I had mine: Is not that a good word? [*Aside.*

Dum. I would forget her; but, a fever, she Reigns in my blood, and will remember'd be.

Biron. A fever in your blood! why, then incision Would let her out in saucers: Sweet misprision! [*Aside.*

Dum. Once more I'll read the ode that I have writ.

Biron. Once more I'll mark how love can vary wit. [*Aside.*

Dum. On a day, (alack the day!)
Love, whose month is ever May,
Spied a blossom, passing fair,
Playing in the wanton air:
Through the velvet leaves the wind,
All unseen, 'gan passage find;
That the lover, sick to death,
Wish'd himself the heaven's breath.
Air, quoth he, thy cheeks may blow;
Air, would I might triumph so!
But, alack, my hand is sworn,
Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn:
Vow, alack, for youth unmeet;
Youth so apt to pluck a sweet.
Do not call it sin in me,
That I am forsworn for thee:
Thou for whom Jove would swear
Juno but an Ethiop were;
And deny himself for Jove,
Turning mortal for thy love.

This will I send; and something else more plain,
That shall express my true love's lasting pain.

O, would the King, Biron, and Longaville,
Were lovers too! Ill, to example ill,
Would from my forehead wipe a perjur'd note:
For none offend, where all alike do dote.

Long. Dumain, [*advancing*] thy love is far
from charity,

That in love's grief desir'st society:

You may look pale, but I should blush, I know,
To be o'erheard, and taken napping so.

King. Come, sir, [*advancing*] you blush; as his
your case is such;

You chide at him, offending twice as much:

You do not love Maria; Longaville

Did never sonnet for her sake compile;

Nor never lay his wreathed arms athwart

His loving bosom, to keep down his heart.

I have been closely shrouded in this bush,

And mark'd you both and for you both did blush.

I heard your guilty rhymes, observ'd your fashion

Saw sighs reek from you, noted well your passion.

Ah me! says one; O Jove! the other cries;

One, her hairs were gold, crystal the other's eyes:

You would for paradise break faith and troth;

[*To Long.*

And Jove, for your love, would infringe an oath.

[*To Dumain.*

What will Biron say, when that he shall hear

Faith infringed which such zeal did swear?

How will he scorn! how will he spend his wit!

How will he triumph, leap, and laugh at it!

For all the wealth that ever I did see,

I would not have him know so much by me.

Biron. Now, step I forth to whip hypocrisy.—

Ah, good my liege, I pray thee pardon me:

[*Descends from the tree.*

Good heart, what grace hast thou, thus to reprove

These worms for loving, that art most in love?

Your eyes do make no coaches; in your tears

There is no certain princess that appears:

You'll not be perjur'd, 't is a hateful thing;

Tush, none but minstrels like of sonneting.

But are you not ashamed? nay, are you not,

All three of you, to be thus much o'ershot?

You found his mote; the king your mote did see;

But I a beam do find in each of three.

O, what a scene of fool'ry have I seen,

Of sighs, of groans, of sorrow, and of teen!

O me, with what strict patience have I sat,

To see a king transformed to a goat!⁷⁰

To see great Hercules whipping a gig,⁷¹

And profound Solomon tuning a jig,

And Nestor play at push-pin with the boys,⁷²

And critic Timon laugh at idle toys!
Where lies thy grief, O tell me, good Dumain?
And, gentle Longaville, where lies thy pain?
And where my liege's? all about the breast:—
A candle, ho!

King. Too bitter is thy jest.
Are we betray'd thus to thy over-view?

Biron. Not you by me, but I betray'd to you:
I, that am honest; I that hold it sin
To break the vow I am engaged in;
I am betray'd by keeping company
With men, like men,⁷³ of strange inconstancy.
When shall you see me write a thing in rhyme?
Or groan for Joan?⁷⁴ or spend a minute's time
In pruning me? When shall you hear that I
Will praise a hand, a foot, a face, an eye,
A gait, a state, a brow, a breast, a waist,
A leg, a limb?—

King. Soft; whither away so fast?
A true man, or a thief, that gallops so?

Biron. I post from love; good lover, let me go.

Enter JAQUENETTA and COSTARD.

Jaq. God bless the king!

King. What present hast thou there?

Cost. Some certain treason.

King. What makes treason here?

Cost. Nay, it makes nothing, sir.

King. If it mar nothing neither,
The treason, and you, go in peace away together.

Jaq. I beseech your grace, let this letter be read;
Our person misdoubts it; it was treason, he said.

King. Biron, read it over.

[Giving him the letter.]

Where hadst thou it?

Jaq. Of Costard.

King. Where hadst thou it?

Cost. Of dun Adramadio, dun Adramadio.

King. How now! what is in you? why dost
thou tear it?

Biron. A toy, my liege, a toy; your grace needs
not fear it.

Long. It did move him to passion, and therefore
let's hear it.

Dum. It is Biron's writing, and here is his
name.

[Picks up the pieces.]

Biron. Ah, you whoreson loggerhead, you were
born to do me shame.— *[To Cost.]*
Guilty, my lord, guilty; I confess, I confess.

King. What?

Biron. That you three fools lack'd me fool to
make up the mess;⁷⁵

He, he, and you; and you, my liege, and I,
Are pick-purses in love, and we deserve to die.
O, dismiss this audience, and I shall tell you more.

Dum. Now the number is even.

Biron. True, true; we are four —
Will these turtles be gone?

King. Hence, sirs; away.

Cost. Walk aside the true folk, and let the
traitors stay. *[Exeunt Cost. and Jaq.]*

Biron. Sweet lords, sweet lovers, O let us
embrace!

As true we are, as flesh and blood can be:
The sea will ebb and flow, heaven show his face;
Young blood doth not obey an old decree:
We cannot cross the cause why we are born;
Therefore, of all hands must we be forsworn.

King. What, did these rent lines show some
love of thine?

Biron. Did they, quoth you? Who sees the
heavenly Rosaline,

That, like a rude and savage man of Inde,
At the first opening of the gorgeous east,
Bows not his vassal head; and, stricken blind,
Kisses the base ground with obedient breast?

What peremptory eagle-sighted eye
Dares look upon the heaven of her brow,
That is not blinded by her majesty?

King. What zeal, what fury hath inspir'd thee
now?

My love, her mistress, is a gracious moon;
She, an attending star, scarce seen a light.

Biron. My eyes are then no eyes, nor I Biron:
O, but for my love, day would turn to night!

Of all complexions, the cull'd sovereignty
Do meet, as at a fair, in her fair cheek;
Where several worthies make one dignity;

Where nothing wants, that want itself doth seek.
Lend me the flourish of all gentle tongues;

Fie, painted rhetoric! O, she needs it not:

To things of sale a seller's praise belongs;
She passes praise: then praise too short doth
blot.

A wither'd hermit, five-score winters worn,
Might shake off fifty, looking in her eye:

Beauty doth varnish age, as if new-born,
And gives the crutch the cradle's infancy.

O, 'tis the sun that maketh all things shine!

King. By heaven, thy love is black as ebony.

Biron. Is ebony like her? O wood divine!

A wife of such wood were felicity.

O, who can give an oath? where is a book?

That I may swear, beauty doth beauty lack.

If that she learn not of her eye to look :

No face 's fair, that is not full so black.

King. O paradox ! Black is the badge of hell,

The hue of dungeons, and the scrol of night ;⁷⁶
And beauty's crest becomes the heavens well.

Biron. Devils soonest tempt, resembling spirits
of light.

O if in black my lady's brows be deck'd,

It mourns that painting, and usurping hair,
Should ravish doters with a false aspect ;

And therefore is she born to make black fair.

Her favour turns the fashion of the days,

For native blood is counted painting now ;

And therefore red, that would avoid dispraise,
Paints itself black to imitate her brow.

Dum. To look like her, are chimney-sweepers
black.

Long. And, since her time, are colliers counted
bright.

King. And Ethiops of their sweet complexion
crack.

Dum. Dark needs no candles now, for dark is
light.

Biron. Your mistresses dare never come in rain,
For fear their colours should be wash'd away.

King. 'T were good, yours did ; for, sir, to tell
you plain,

I'll find a fairer face not wash'd to-day.

Biron. I'll prove her fair, or talk till doomsday
here.

King. No devil will fright thee then so much
as she.

Dum. I never knew man hold vile stuff so
dear.

Long. Look, here's thy love : my foot and her
face see. [*Showing his shoe.*]

Biron. O, if the streets were paved with thine
eyes,

Her feet were much too dainty for such
tread !

Dum. O vile ! then as she goes, what upward
does

The street should see, as she walk'd overhead.

King. But what of this ? Are we not all in
love ?

Biron. O, nothing so sure ; and thereby all
forsworn.

King. Then leave this chat ; and, good Biron,
now prove

Our loving lawful, and our faith not torn.

Dum. Ay, marry, there ;—some flattery for this
evil.

299

Long. O, some authority how to proceed ;
Some tricks, some quilllets, how to cheat the devil

Dum. Some salve for perjury.

Biron. O, 'tis more than need !—

Have at you then, affection's men at arms :

Consider, what you first did swear unto ;—

To fast,—to study,—and to see no woman ;—

Flat treason against the kingly state of youth.

Say, can you fast ? your stomachs are too young,

And abstinence engenders maladies.

And where that you have vow'd to study, lords,

In that each of you hath forsworn his book :

Can you still dream, and pore, and thereon look :

For when would you, my lord, or you, or you,

Have found the ground of study's excellence,

Without the beauty of a woman's face ?

From women's eyes this doctrine I derive :

They are the ground, the books, the academes,

From whence doth spring the true Promethean
fire.

Why, universal plodding prisons up

The nimble spirits in the arteries ;

As motion, and long-during action, tires

The sinewy vigour of the traveller.

Now, for not looking on a woman's face,

You have in that forsworn the use of eyes ;

And study too, the causer of your vow :

For where is any author in the world,

Teaches such learning as a woman's eye ?

Learning is but an adjunct to ourself,

And where we are, our learning likewise is.

Then, when ourselves we see in ladies' eyes,

With ourselves

Do we not likewise see our learning there ?

O, we have made a vow to study, lords ;

And in that vow we have forsworn our books

For when would you, my liege, or you, or you,

In leaden contemplation, have found out

Such fiery numbers, as the prompting eyes

Of beauty's tutors, have enrich'd you with ?

Other slow arts entirely keep the brain ;

And therefore, finding barren practisers,

Scarce show a harvest of their heavy toil :

But love, first learned in a lady's eyes,

Lives not alone immured in the brain ;

But with the motion of all elements,

Courses as swift as thought in every power

And gives to every power a double power,

Above their functions and their offices.

It adds a precious seeing to the eye :

A lover's eyes will gaze an eagle blind ;

A lover's ear will hear the lowest sound,

When the suspicious head of theft is stopp'd :
 Love's feeling is more soft and sensible,
 Than are the tender horns of cockled snails :
 Love's tongue proves dainty Bacchus gross in taste :
 For valour, is not Love a Hercules,
 Still climbing trees in the Hesperides?⁷⁷
 Subtle as sphynx ; as sweet and musical,
 As bright Apollo's lute, strung with his hair ;
 And when Love speaks, the voice of all the gods
 Makes heaven drowsy with the harmony.⁷⁸
 Never durst poet touch a pen to write,
 Until his ink were temper'd with Love's sighs.
 O, then his lines would ravish savage ears,
 And plant in tyrants mild humility.
 From women's eyes this doctrine I derive :
 They sparkle still the right Promethean fire ;
 They are the books, the arts, the academes,
 That show, contain, and nourish all the world ;
 Else, none at all in aught proves excellent :
 Then fools you were these women to forswear ;
 Or, keeping what is sworn, you will prove fools
 For wisdom's sake, a word that all men love ;
 Or for love's sake, a word that loves all men ;⁷⁹
 Or for men's sake, the authors of these women ;
 Or women's sake, by whom we men are men ;
 Let us once lose our oaths, to find ourselves,
 Or else we lose ourselves to keep our oaths :
 It is religion to be thus forsworn,

For charity itself fulfils the law ;
 And who can sever love from charity ?

King. Saint Cupid, then ! and, soldiers, to the field !

Biron. Advance your standards, and upon them lords ;

Pell-mell, down with them ! but be first advis'd,
 In conflict that you get the sun of them.

Long. Now to plain-dealing ; lay these gloses by ;
 Shall we resolve to woo these girls of France ?

King. And win them too : herefore let us devise
 Some entertainment for them in their tents.

Biron. First from the park let us conduct them
 thither ;

Then, homeward, every man attach the hand
 Of his fair mistress : in the afternoon

We will with some strange pastime solace them,
 Such as the shortness of the time can shape ;

For revels, dances, masks, and merry hours,
 Forerun fair Love, strewing her way with flowers.

King. Away, away ! no time shall be omitted,
 That will be time, and may by us be fitted.

Biron. *Allons ! Allons !*—Sow'd cockle, reap'd
 no corn ;⁸⁰

And justice always whirls in equal measure :
 Light wenches may prove plagues to men forsworn ;
 If so, our copper buys no better treasure.

[*Exeunt*]

ACT V

SCENE I.—*Another part of the same.*

Enter HOLOFERNES, SIR NATHANIEL, and DULL.

Hol. *Satis quod sufficit.*

Nath. I praise God for you, sir : your reasons at dinner have been sharp and sententious ; pleasant without scurrility witty without affection,⁸¹ audacious without impudency, learned without opinion, and strange without heresy. I did converse this *quondam* day with a companion of the king, who is intituled, nominated, or called, don Adriano de Armado.

Hol. *Novi hominem tanquam te* : His humour is lofty, his discourse peremptory, his tongue filed, his eye ambitious, his gait majestical, and his general behaviour vain, ridiculous, and thrasonical.

He is too picked, too spruce, too affected, too odd, as it were, too peregrinate, as I may call it.

Nath. A most singular and choice epithet.

[*Takes out his table-book.*]

Hol. He draweth out the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument. I abhor such fanatical fantasies, such insociable and point-devise companions ; such rackers of orthography, as to speak, doubt, fine, when he should say, doubt ; det, when he should pronounce debt ;—d, e, b, t ; not d, e, t :—he clepeth a calf, cauf ; half, hauf ; neighbour, *vocatur*, nebour ; neigh abbreviated, ne. This is abominable (which he would call abominable) : it insinuateth me of insanie ; *Ne intelligis domine ?* to make frantic, lunatic.

Nath. *Laus Deo ! bone intelligo.*

Hol. Bone?—bone for benè: Priscian a little scratch'd; 't will serve.

Enter ARMADO, MoTH, and COSTARD.

Nath. *Vicine quis venit?*

Hol. *Valeo et gaudeo.*

Arm. Chirra! [To MoTH.

Hol. *Quare Chirra, nect sirrah?*

Arm. Men of peace, well encountered.

Hol. Most military sir, salutation.

Moth. They have been at a great feast of languages, and stol'n the scraps. [To CoST. *aside.*

Cost. O, they have liv'd long on the alms-basket of words!¹⁸² I marvel thy master hath not eaten thee for a word, for thou art not so long by the head as *honorificabilitudinitatibus*.¹⁸³ thou art easier swallowed than a flap-dragon.

Moth. Peace! the peal begins.

Arm. Monsieur, [to HoL.] are you not leiter'd?

Moth. Yes, yes; he teaches boys the horn-book;—

What is a, b, spelt backward, with the horn on his head?

Hol. Ba; *pueritia*, with a horn added.

Moth. Ba, most silly sheep, with a horn.—You hear his learning.

Hol. *Quis, quis*, thou consonant?

Moth. The third of the five vowels, if you repeat them; or the fifth, if I.

Hol. I will repeat them, a, e, i—

Moth. The sheep: the other two conclude it; o, u.

Arm. Now, by the salt wave of the Mediterranean, a sweet touch, a quick veney of wit: snip, snap, quick, and home; it rejoiceth my intellect: true wit.

Moth. Offer'd by a child to an old man; which is wit-old.

Hol. What is the figure? what is the figure?

Moth. Horns.

Hol. Thou disputest like an infant: go whip thy gig.

Moth. Lend me your horn to make one, and I will whip about your infamy *circum circa*. A gig of a cuckold's horn!

Cost. An I had but one penny in the world, thou shouldst have it to buy gingerbread: hold, there is the very remuneration I had of thy master, thou half-penny purse of wit, thou pigeon egg of discretion. O, an the heavens were so pleased that thou wert but my bastard, what a joyful father wouldst thou make me! Go to; thou hadst it *ad dunghill*, at th' fingers' ends, as they say.

Hol. O, I smell false Latin! dunghill for *unguem*.

Arm. Arts-man *præambulat*;¹⁸⁴ we will be singled from the barbarous. Do you not educate youth at the charge-house on the top of the mountain?

Hol. Or, *mons* the hill.

Arm. At your sweet pleasure, for the mountain.

Hol. I do, sans question.

Arm. Sir, it is the king's most sweet pleasure and affection, to congratulate the princess at her pavilion, in the posteriors of this day, which the rude multitude call the afternoon.

Hol. The posterior of the day, most generous sir, is liable, congruent, and measurable for the afternoon: the word is well culled, chose; sweet and apt, sir, I do assure you, sir, I do assure.

Arm. Sir, the king is a noble gentleman; and my familiar, I do assure ye, very good friend:—For what is inward between us, let it pass:—I do beseech thee, remember not thy courtesy:—I beseech thee, apparel thy head:—And among other importunate and most serious *deigns*,—and of great import indeed, too;—but let that pass:—for I must tell thee, it will please his grace (by the world) sometime to lean upon my poor shoulder: and with his royal finger, thus, dally with my excrement,¹⁸⁵ with my mustachio: but, sweet heart, let that pass. By the world, I recount no fable; some certain special honours it pleaseth his greatness to impart to Armado, a soldier, a man of travel, that hath seen the world: but let that pass.—The very all of all is,—but, sweet heart, I do implore secrecy,—that the king would have me present the princess, sweet chuck, with some delightful ostentation, or show, or pageant, or antic, or fire-work. Now, understanding that the curate and your sweet self are good at such eruptions, and sudden breaking out of mirth, as it were, I have acquainted you withal, to the end to crave your assistance.

Hol. Sir, you shall present before her the Nine Worthies.—Sir Nathaniel, as concerning some entertainment of time, some show in the posterior of this day to be rend'ed by our assistance,—the king's command, and this most gallant, illustrate, and learned gentleman,—before the princess, I say, none so fit as to present the Nine Worthies.

Nath. Where will you find men worthy enough to present them?

Hol. Joshua, yourself; myself, or this gallant gentleman, Judas Maccabæus; this swain, because of his great limb or joint, shall pass Pompey the Great; the page, Hercules.

Arm. Pardon, sir, error: he is not quantity

enough for that worthy's thumb; he is not so big as the end of his club.

Hol. Shall I have audience? he shall present Hercules in minority; his *enter* and *exit* shall be drangling a snake; and I will have an apology for that purpose.

Moth. An excellent device! so, if any of the audience hiss, you may cry, 'Well done, Hercules! now thou crushest the snake!' that is the way to make an offence gracious, though few have the grace to do it.

Arm. For the rest of the Worthies?—

Hol. I will play three myself.

Moth. Thrice worthy gentleman!

Arm. Shall I tell you a thing?

Hol. We attend.

Arm. We will have, if this fadge⁸⁶ not, an antic. I beseech you, follow.

Hol. *Via!* Goodman Dull, thou hast spoken no word all this while.

Dull. Nor understood none neither, sir.

Hol. *Allons!* we will employ thee.

Dull. I'll make one in a dance, or so; or I will play on the tabor to the Worthies, and let them dance the hay.⁸⁷

Hol. Most dull, honest Dull, to our sport, away!
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*Another part of the same. Before the Princess's Pavilion.*

Enter the PRINCESS, KATHARINE, ROSALINE, and MARIA.

Prin. Sweet hearts, we shall be rich ere we depart,

If fairings come thus plentifully in:

A lady wall'd about with diamonds!

Look you, what I have from the loving king.

Ros. Madam, came nothing else along with that?

Prin. Nothing but this? yes, as much love in rhyme,

As would be cramm'd up in a sheet of paper,

Writ on both sides the leaf, margent and all,

That he was fain to seal on Cupid's name.

Ros. That was the way to make his godhead wax;

For he hath been five thousand years a boy.

Kath. Ay, and a shrewd unhappy gallows too.

Ros. You'll ne'er be friends with him; he kill'd your sister.

Kath. He made her melancholy, sad, and heavy;
And so she died: had she been light, like you,
Of such a merry nimble stirring spirit,

She might a' been a grandam ere she died:

And so may you, for a light heart lives long.

Ros. What's your dark meaning, mouse, of this light word?

Kath. A light condition in a beauty dark.

Ros. We need more light to find your meaning out.

Kath. You'll mar the light, by taking it in snuff;

Therefore, I'll darkly end the argument.

Ros. Look, what you do, you do it still i' the dark.

Kath. So do not you, for you are a light wench.

Ros. Indeed, I weigh not you, and therefore light.

Kath. You weigh me not,—O, that's you care not for me.

Ros. Great reason; for, I past care is still past cure.

Prin. Well bandied both; a set of wit well play'd.

But, Rosaline, you have a favour too:

Who sent it? and what is it?

Ros. I would you knew:

An if my face were but as fair as yours,

My favour were as great; be witness this.

Nay, I have verses too, I thank Biron:

The numbers true; and, were the numb'ring too,

I were the fairest goddess on the ground:

I am compar'd to twenty thousand fairs.

O, he hath drawn my picture in his letter!

Prin. Anything like?

Ros. Much in the letters; nothing in the praise.

Prin. Beauteous as ink; a good conclusion.

Kath. Fair as a text B in a copy-book.

Ros. 'Ware pencils! How? let me not die your debtor,

My red dominical, my golden letter.⁸⁸

O that your face were not so full of O's!

Kath. A pox of that jest! and I beshrew all shrows!

Prin. But, Katharine, what was sent to you from fair Dumain?

Kath. Madam, this glove.

Prin. Did he not send you twain?

Kath. Yes, madam; and moreover,

Some thousand verses of a faithful lover;

A huge translation of hypocrisy,

Vildly compil'd, profound simplicity.

Mar. This, and these pearls, to me sent Longaville;

The letter is too long by half a mile.

Prin. I think no less. Dost thou not wish in heart,

The chain were longer, and the letter short?

Mar. Ay, or I would these hands might never part.

Prin. We are wise girls to mock our lovers so.

Ros. They are worse fools to purchase mocking so. That same Biron I'll torture ere I go.

O, that I knew he were but in by the week!

How I would make him fawn, and beg, and seek;

And wait the season, and observe the times,

And spend his prodigal wits in bootless rhymes;

And shape his service wholly to my behests,

And make him proud to make me proud that jests!

So potently would I o'ersway his state,

That he should be my fool, and I his fate.

Prin. None are so surely caught, when they are catch'd,

As wit turn'd fool: folly, in wisdom hatch'd,

Hath wisdom's warrant, and the help of school,

And wit's own grace to grace a learned fool.

Ros. The blood of youth burns not with such excess,

As gravity's revolt to wantonness.

Mar. Folly in fools bears not so strong a note,

As fool'ry in the wise, when wit doth dote;

Since all the power thereof it doth apply,

To prove, by wit, worth in simplicity.

Enter BOYET.

Prin. Here comes Boyet, and mirth is in his face.

Boyet. O, I am stabb'd with laughter! Where's her grace?

Prin. Thy news, Boyet?

Boyet. Prepare, madam, prepare!—

Arm, wenches, arm! encounters mounted are

Against your peace. Love doth approach disguis'd,

Armed in arguments; you'll be surpris'd:

Muster your wits; stand in your own defence;

Or hide your heads like cowards, and fly hence.

Prin. Saint Dennis to saint Cupid! What are they,

That charge their breath against us? say, scout, say.

Boyet. Under the cool shade of a sycamore,

I thought to close mine eyes some half an hour,

When, lo! to interrupt my purpos'd rest,

Toward that shade I might behold address'd

The king and his companions: warily

I stole into a neighbour thicket by,

And overheard what you shall overhear;

That, by and by, disguis'd they will be here.

Their head-dress is a pretty knavish page,

That well by heart hath conn'd his embassy:

Action, and accent, did they teach him there;

"Thus must thou speak, and thus thy body bear:"

And ever and anon they made a doubt,

Presence majestical would put him out;

"For," quoth the king, "an angel shalt thou see;

Yet fear not thou, but speak audaciously."

The boy reply'd, "An angel is not evil;

I should have fear'd her, had she been a devil."

With that all laugh'd, and clapp'd him on the shoulder;

Making the bold wag by their praises bolder.

One rubb'd his elbow, thus; and fleer'd, and swore,

A better speech was never spoke before:

Another with his finger and his thumb,

Cry'd, "Via! we will do't, come what will come:"

The third he caper'd, and cried, "All goes well;"

The fourth turn'd on the toe, and down he fell.

With that, they all did tumble on the ground,

With such a zealous laughter, so profound,

That in this spleen ridiculous appears,

To check their folly, passion's solemn tears.

Prin. But what, but what, come they to visit us?

Boyet. They do, they do; and are apparell'd thus,—

Like Muscovites, or Russians, as I guess.

Their purpose is, to parle, to court, and dance.

And every one his love-feat will advance

Unto his several mistress; which they'll know

By favours several, which they did bestow.

Prin. And will they so? the gallants shall be task'd:—

For, ladies, we will every one be mask'd;

And not a man of them shall have the grace,

Despite of suit, to see a lady's face.

Hold, Rosaline, this favour thou shalt wear,

And then the king will court thee for his dear;

Hold, take thou this, my sweet, and give me thine

So shall Biron take me for Rosaline.—

And change your favours too; so shall your loves Woo contrary, deceiv'd by these removes.

Ros. Come on then; wear the favours most in sight.

Kath. But, in this changing, what is your intent?

Prin. The effect of my intent is, to cross theirs

They do it but in mocking merriment;

And mock for mock is only my intent.

Their several counsels they unbosom shall

To loves mistook; and so be mock'd withal,

Upon the next occasion that we meet.

With visages display'd, to talk and greet.

Ros. But shall we dance, if they desire us to 't?

Prin. No: to the death we will not move a foot:
Nor to their penn'd speech render we no grace:
But, while 't is spoke, each turn away her face.

Boyet. Why, that contempt will kill the speaker's heart,

And quite divorce his memory from his part.

Prin. Therefore I do it; and, I make no doubt,
The rest will ne'er come in, if he be out.
There's no such sport as sport by sport o'erthrown;
To make theirs ours, and ours none but our own:
So shall we stay, mocking intended game;
And they, well mock'd, depart away with shame.

[*Trumpets sound within.*

Boyet. The trumpet sounds; be mask'd, the maskers come. [*The ladies mask.*

Enter the KING, BIRON, LONGAVILLE, and DUMAINE, in Russian habits and masked; MOTH, Musicians, and Attendants.

Moth. "All hail the richest beauties on the earth!"

Boyet. Beauties no richer than rich taffata.⁸⁹

Moth. "A holy parcel of the fairest dames,
[*The ladies turn their backs to him.*

That ever turn'd their"—backs—"to mortal views!"

Biron. "Their eyes," villain, "their eyes!"

Moth. "That ever turn'd their eyes to mortal views!

Out"—

Boyet. True; out, indeed.

Moth. "Out of your favours, heavenly spirits, vouchsafe

Not to behold"—

Biron. "Once to behold," rogue.

Moth. "Once to behold with your sun-beamed eyes,"—

"With your sun-beamed eyes"—

Boyet. They will not answer to that epithet,
You were best call it, daughter-beamed eyes.

Moth. They do not mark me, and that brings me out.

Biron. Is this your perfectness? begone, you rogue!

Ros. What would these strangers? know their minds, Boyet:

If they do speak our language, 't is our will
That some plain man recount their purposes:
Know what they would.

Boyet. What would you with the princess?

Biron. Nothing but peace, and gentle visitation.

Ros. What would they, say they?

Boyet. Nothing but peace, and gentle visitation.

Ros. Why, that they have; and bid them so be gone.

Boyet. She says, you have it, and you may be gone.

King. Say to her, we have measur'd many miles,

To tread a measure⁹⁰ with her on the grass.

Boyet. They say that they have measur'd many a mile,

To tread a measure with you on this grass.

Ros. It is not so: ask them how many inches
Is in one mile: if they have measur'd many,
The measure then of one is easily told.

Boyet. If, to come hither, you have measur'd miles,

And many miles, the princess bids you tell
How many inches do fill up one mile.

Biron. Tell her we measure them by weary steps.

Boyet. She hears herself.

Ros. How many weary steps,
Of many weary miles you have o'ergone,
Are number'd in the travel of one mile?

Biron. We number nothing that we spend for you;

Our duty is so rich, so infinite,
That we may do it still without accompt.
Vouchsafe to show the sunshine of your face,
That we, like savages, may worship it.

Ros. My face is but a moon, and clouded too.

King. Blessed are clouds, to do as such clouds do!
Vouchsafe, bright moon, and these thy stars, to shine

(Those clouds remov'd) upon our watery'eyne.

Ros. O vain petitioner! beg a greater matter;
Thou now request'st but moonshine in the water.

King. Then, in our measure, vouchsafe but one change:

Thou bidd'st me beg; this begging is not strange.

Ros. Play, music, then: nay, you must do it soon. [*Music plays.*

Not yet;—no dance:—thus change I like the moon.

King. Will you not dance? How come you thus estrang'd?

Ros. You took the moon at full; but now she's changed.

King. Yet still she is the moon, and I the man.

The music plays; vouchsafe some motion to it.

Ros. Our ears vouchsafe it.

King. But your legs should do it.

Ros. Since you are strangers, and come here by chance,

We'll not be nice: take hands;—we will not dance.

King. Why take we hands, then?

Ros. Only to part friends:—

Court'sy, sweet hearts; and so the measure ends.

King. More measure of this measure: be not nice.

Ros. We can afford no more at such a price.

King. Prize you yourselves: What buys your company?

Ros. Your absence only.

King. That can never be.

Ros. Then cannot we be bought: and so adieu; Twice to your visor, and half once to you!

King. If you deny to dance, let's hold more chat.

Ros. In private then.

King. I am best pleas'd with that.

[*They converse apart.*]

Biron. White-handed mistress, one sweet word with thee.

Prin. Honey, and milk, and sugar; there are three.

Biron. Nay then, two treys (an if you grow so nice),

Metheglin, wort, and malmsey.—Well run, dice! There's half a dozen sweets.

Prin. Seventh sweet, adieu!

Since you can cog,⁹¹ I'll play no more with you.

Biron. One word in secret.

Prin. Let it not be sweet.

Biron. Thou griev'st my gall.

Prin. Gall?—bitter.

Biron. Therefore meet.

[*They converse apart.*]

Dum. Will you vouchsafe with me to change a word?

Mar. Name it.

Dum. Fair lady,—

Mar. Say you so? Fair lord,—

Take you that for your fair lady.

Dum. Please it you,

As much in private, and I'll bid adieu.

[*They converse apart.*]

Kath. What, was your visor made without a tongue?

Long. I know the reason, lady, why you ask.

296

Kath. O for your reason! quickly sir; I long.

Long. You have a double tongue within your mask,

And would afford my speechless visor half.

Kath. Veal, quoth the Dutchman:⁹²—Is not veal a calf?

Long. A calf, fair lady?

Kath. No, a fair lord calf.

Long. Let's part the word.

Kath. No; I'll not be your half:

Take all, and wean it; it may prove an ox.

Long. Look, how you butt yourself in these sharp mocks!

Will you give horns, chaste lady? do not so.

Kath. Then die a calf, before your horns do grow.

Long. One word in private with you, ere I die.

Kath. Bleat softly then; the butcher hears you cry. [*They converse apart.*]

Boyet. The tongues of mocking wenches are as keen

As is the razor's edge invisible,

Cutting a smaller hair than may be seen,—

Above the sense of sense: so sensible

Seemeth their conference; their conceits have wings,

Fleeter than arrows, bullets, wind, thought, swifter things.

Ros. Not one word more, my maids; break off, break off.

Biron. By heaven, all dry-beaten with pure scoff!

King. Farewell, mad wenches; you have simple wits.

[*Exeunt KING, LORDS, MOTH, Music, and Attendants.*]

Prin. Twenty adieus, my frozen Muscovites.—Are these the breed of wits so wonder'd at?

Boyet. Tapers they are, with your sweet breaths puff'd out.

Ros. Well-liking⁹³ wits they have; gross, gross; fat, fat!

Prin. O poverty in wit, kingly-poor flout!

Will they not, think you, hang themselves to-night?

Or ever, but in visors, show their faces?

This pert Biron was out of countenance quite.

Ros. O! they were all in lamentable cases!

The king was weeping-ripe for a good word.

Prin. Biron did swear himself out of all suit.

Mar. Dumain was at my service, and his sword. No point, quoth I; my servant straight was mute.

Kath. Lord Longaville said, I came o'er his heart;

And trow you what he call'd me?

Prin. Qualm, perhaps.

Kath. Yes, in good faith.

Prin. Go, sickness as thou art!

Ros. Well, better wits have worn plain statute-caps.⁹¹

But will you hear? the king is my love sworn.

Prin. And quick Biron hath plighted faith to me.

Kath. And Longaville was for my service born.

Mar. Dumain is mine, as sure as bark on tree.

Boyet. Madam, and pretty mistresses, give ear: Immediately they will again be here In their own shapes; for it can never be, They will digest this harsh indignity.

Prin. Will they return?

Boyet. They will, they will, God knows, And leap for joy, though they are lame with blows; Therefore, change favours; and, when they repair, Blow like sweet roses in this summer air.

Prin. How blow? how blow? speak to be understood.

Boyet. Fair ladies mask'd, are roses in their bud: Dismask'd, their damask sweet commixture shown, Are angels vailing clouds,⁹² or roses blown.

Prin. Avaunt, perplexity! What shall we do, If they return in their own shapes to woo?

Ros. Good madam, if by me you'll be advised, Let's mock them still, as well, known, as disguis'd:

Let us complain to them what fools were here, Disguis'd like Muscovites, in shapeless gear; And wonder what they were; and to what end Their shallow shows, and prologue vildly penn'd, And their rough carriage so ridiculous, Should be presented at our tent to us.

Boyet. Ladies, withdraw: the gallants are at hand.

Prin. Whip to our tents, as roes run over land.

[*Exeunt PRIN., ROS., KATH., and MAR.*]

Enter the KING, BIRON, LONGAVILLE, and DUMAIN, in their proper habits.

King. Fair sir, God save you! Where's the princess?

Boyet. Gone to her tent: Please it your majesty, Command me any service to her thither?

King. That she vouchsafe me audience for one word.

Boyet. I will; and so will she, I know, my lord.

[*Exit.*]

33

Biron. This fellow picks up wit, as pigeons peas,

And utters it again when Jove doth please.

He is wit's peddler, and retails his wares

At wakes, and wassails,⁹³ meetings, markets, fairs:

And we that sell by gross, the Lord doth know Hath not the grace to grace it with such show.

This gallant pins the wenches on his sleeve;

Had he been Adam, he had tempted Eve:

He can carve too, and lisp: Why, this is he,

That kiss'd away his hand in courtesy;

This is the ape of form, Monsieur the Nice,

That, when he plays at tables, chides the dice

In honourable terms; nay, he can sing

A mean most meanly; and, in ushering,

Mend him who can: the ladies call him, *sweet*,

The stairs, as he treads on them, kiss his feet;

This is the flower that smiles on every one,

To show his teeth as white as whales' bone.⁹⁷

And consciences, that will not die in debt,

Pay him the due of honey-tongued Boyet.

King. A blister on his sweet tongue, with *no*, heart,

That put Armado's page out of his part!

Enter the PRINCESS, ushered by BOYET; ROSALINE, MARIA, KATHARINE, and Attendants.

Biron. See where it comes!—Behaviour, what wert thou,

Till this mad man show'd thee? and what art thou now?

King. All hail, sweet madam, and fair time of day!

Prin. Fair, in all hail, is foul, as I conceive.

King. Construe my speeches better, if you may.

Prin. Then wish me better, I will give you leave.

King. We came to visit you; and purpose now To lead you to our court: vouchsafe it then.

Prin. This field shall hold me; and so hold your vow:

Nor God, nor I, delight in perjur'd men.

King. Rebuke me not for that which you provoke;

The virtue of your eye must break my oath.⁹⁸

Prin. You nick-name virtue: vice you should have spoke,

For virtue's office never breaks men's troth.

Now by my maiden honour, yet as pure

As the unsullied lily, I protest,

A world of torments though I should endure,

I would not yield to be your house's guest:
So much I hate a breaking-cause to be
Of heavenly oaths, vow'd with integrity.

King. O, you have liv'd in desolation here,
Unseen, unvisited; much to our shame.

Prin. Not so, my lord; it is not so, I swear;

We have had pastimes here, and pleasant game;
A mess of Russians left us but of late.

King. How, madam? Russians?

Prin. Ay, in truth, my lord;

Trim gallants, full of courtship, and of state.

Ros. Madam, speak true:—It is not so, my
lord;

My lady (to the manner of the days),
In courtesy, gives undeserving praise.

We four, indeed, confronted were with four
In Russian habit; here they stay'd an hour,
And talk'd apace; and in that hour, my lord,
They did not bless us with one happy word.
I dare not call them fools; but this I think,
When they are thirsty, fools would fain have
drink.

Biron. This jest is dry to me. Gentle sweet,
Your wit makes wise things foolish; when we
greet,

With eyes best seeing, heaven's fiery eye,
By light we lose light: Your capacity
Is of that nature, that to your huge store
Wise things seem foolish, and rich things but
poor.

Ros. This proves you wise and rich, for in my
eye,—

Biron. I am a fool, and full of poverty.

Ros. But that you take what doth to you
belong,

It were a fault to snatch words from my tongue.

Biron. Oh, I am yours, and all that I possess.

Ros. All the fool mine?

Biron. I cannot give you less.

Ros. Which of the visors was it that you wore?

Biron. Where? when? what visor? why de-
mand you this?

Ros. There, then, that visor; that superfluous
case,

That hid the worse, and show'd the better face.

King. We are desier'd: they'll mock us now
downright.

Dun. Let us confess, and turn it to a } *Aside.*
jest.

Prin. Amaz'd, my lord? Why looks your high-
ness sad?

298

Ros. Help! hold his brows! he'll swoond. Why
look you pale?—

Sea-sick, I think, coming from Muscovy.

Biron. Thus pour the stars down plagues for
perjury.

Can any face of brass hold longer out?—

Here stand I, lady; dart thy skill at me;

Bruise me with scorn, confound me with a
flout:

Thrust thy sharp wit quite through my ignorance

Cut me to pieces with thy keen conceit;

And I will wish thee never more to dance,

Nor never more in Russian habit wait.

O! never will I trust to speeches penn'd,

Nor to the motion of a schoolboy's tongue;

Nor never come in visor to my friend;

Nor woo in rhyme, like a blind harper's song:

Taffata phrases, silken terms precise,⁹⁹

Three-pil'd hyperboles,¹⁰⁰ spruce affectation,

Figures pedantical; these summer-flies

Have blown me full of maggot ostentation:

I do forswear them: and I here protest,

By this white glove (how white the hand, God
knows!)

Henceforth my wooing mind shall be express'd

In russet yeas, and honest kersey noes:

And, to begin, wench,—so God help me, la!

My love to thee is sound, sans crack or flaw.

Ros. Sans SANS, I pray you.

Biron. Yet I have a trick

Of the old rage:—bear with me, I am sick

I'll leave it by degrees. Soft, let us see;—

Write "Lord have mercy on us,"¹⁰¹ on those
three;

They are infected, in their hearts it lies:

They have the plague, and caught it of your eyes

These lords are visited; you are not free,

For the Lord's tokens on you do I see.

Prin. No, they are free that gave those tokens
to us.

Biron. Our states are forfeit; seek not to undo
us.

Ros. It is not so. For how can this be true,
That you stand forfeit, being those that sue?

Biron. Peace! for I will not have to do with
you.

Ros. Nor shall not, if I do as I intend.

Biron. Speak for yourselves; my wit is at an
end.

King. Teach us, sweet madam, for our rude
transgression

Some fair excuse.

Prin. The fairest is confession.
 Were you not here, but even now, disguis'd?
King. Madam, I was.
Prin. And were you well advis'd?
King. I was, fair madam.
Prin. When you then were here,
 What did you whisper in your lady's ear?
King. That more than all the world I did respect her.
Prin. When she shall challenge this, you will reject her.
King. Upon mine honour, no.
Prin. Peace! peace! forbear;
 Your oath once broke, you force not to forswear.
King. Despise me, when I break this oath of mine.
Prin. I will: and therefore keep it:—Rosaline,
 What did the Russian whisper in your ear?
Ros. Madam, he swore that he did hold me dear
 As precious eye-sight: and did value me
 Above this world: adding thereto, moreover,
 That he would wed me, or else die my lover.
Prin. God give thee joy of him! the noble lord
 Most honourably doth uphold his word.
King. What mean you, madam? by my life, my troth,
 I never swore this lady such an oath.
Ros. By heaven, you did; and to confirm it plain,
 You gave me this: but take it, sir, again.
King. My faith, and this, the princess I did give;
 I knew her by this jewel on her sleeve.
Prin. Pardon me, sir, this jewel did she wear;
 And lord Biron, I thank him, is my dear:—
 What! will you have me, or your pearl again?
Biron. Neither of either: I remit both twain.
 I see the trick on't:—Here was a consent,
 (Knowing aforehand of our merriment,)
 To dash it like a Christmas comedy:
 Some carry-tale, some please-man, some slight zany,
 Some mumble news, some trencher-knight, some Dick,—
 That smiles his cheek in years, and knows the trick
 To make my lady laugh, when she's dispos'd—
 Told our intents before: which once disclos'd,
 The ladies did change favours; and then we,
 Following the signs, woo'd but the sign of she.
 Now, to our perjury to add more terror,
 We are again forsworn,—in will and error.

Much upon this it is:—and might not you
 [To Boyet]
 Forestal our sport, to make us thus untrue?
 Do not you know my lady's foot by the squire,¹⁰²
 And laugh upon the apple of her eye?
 And stand between her back, sir, and the fire,
 Holding a trencher, jesting merrily?
 You put our page out. Go, you are allow'd;
 Die when you will, a smock shall be your shroud
 You leer upon me, do you? there's an eye,
 Wounds like a leaden sword.
Boyet. Full merrily
 Hath this brave manage, this career, been run.
Biron. Lo, he is tilting straight! Peace! I
 have done.

Enter COSTARD.

Welcome, pure wit! thou partest a fair fray.
Cost. O Lord, sir, they would know
 Whether the three Worthies shall come in, or no.
Biron. What, are there but three?
Cost. No, sir; but it is vara fine,
 For every one pursents three.
Biron. And three times thrice is nine.
Cost. Not so, sir; under correction, sir, I hope
 it is not so:
 You cannot beg us,¹⁰³ sir, I can assure you, sir;
 we know what we know;
 I hope, sir, three times thrice, sir,—
Biron. Is not nine.
Cost. Under correction, sir, we know whereuntil
 it doth amount.
Biron. By Jove, I always took three threes for
 nine.
Cost. O Lord, sir, it were pity you should get
 your living by reck'ning, sir.
Biron. How much is it?
Cost. O Lord, sir, the parties themselves, the
 actors, sir, will show whereuntil it doth amount:
 for mine own part, I am, as they say, but to par-
 fect one man in one poor man; Pompion the
 Great, sir.
Biron. Art thou one of the Worthies?
Cost. It pleased them to think me worthy of
 Pompion the Great: for mine own part, I know
 not the degree of the Worthy; but I am to stand
 for him.
Biron. Go, bid them prepare.
Cost. We will turn it finely off, sir; we will
 take some care. [Exit COST.]
King. Biron, they will shame us, let them not
 approach.

Biron. We are shame-proof, my lord: and 't is some policy
To have one show worse than the king's and his company.

King. I say, they shall not come.

Prin. Nay, my good lord, let me o'er-rule you now:

That sport best pleases that doth least know how:
Where zeal strives to content, and the contents
Die in the zeal of that which it presents,
The form confounded¹⁰⁴ makes most form in mirth,
When great things labouring perish in their birth.

Biron. A right description of our sport, my lord.

Enter ARMADO.

Arm. Anointed, I implore so much expense of thy royal sweet breath, as will utter a brace of words.

[*ARMADO converses with the KING, and delivers a paper to him.*]

Prin. Doth this man serve God?

Biron. Why ask you?

Prin. He speaks not like a man of God's making.

Arm. That 's all one, my fair, sweet, honey monarch; for, I protest, the schoolmaster is exceeding fantastical; too-too vain; too-too vain; but we will put it, as they say, to *fortuna della guerra*. I wish you the peace of mind, most royal complement!

[*Exit ARM.*]

King. Here is like to be a good presence of Worthies. He presents Hector of Troy; the swain, Pompey the Great; the parish curate, Alexander; Armado's page, Hercules; the pedant, Judas Maccabeus.

And if these four Worthies in their first show thrive,
These four will change habits, and present the other five.

Biron. There is five in the first show.

King. You are deceived; 't is not so.

Biron. The pedant, the braggart, the hedge-priest,¹⁰⁵ the fool, and the boy:—

Alas! a throw at novum; and the whole world again

Cannot prick out five such, take each one in his vein.

King. The ship is under sail, and here she comes amain.

[*Seats brought for the KING, PRINCESS, &c. Pageant of the Nine Worthies.*]

Enter COSTARD, armed, for Pompey.

Cost. "I Pompey am,"—

Boyet. You lie, you are not he.

Cost. "I Pompey am,"—

Boyet. With libbard's¹⁰⁶ head on knee.

Biron. Well said, old mocker; I must needs be friends with thee.

Cost. "I Pompey am, Pompey surnam'd the big,"—

Dum. The Great.

Cost. It is Great, sir;—"Pompey surnam'd the Great;

That oft in field, with targe and shield, did make my foe to sweat:

And travelling along this coast, I here am come by chance,

And lay my arms before the legs of this sweet lass of France."

If your ladyship would say, "Thanks, Pompey, I had done.

Prin. Great thanks, great Pompey.

Cost. 'T is not so much worth; but, I hope, I was perfect. I made a little fault in "great."

Biron. My hat to a halfpenny, Pompey proves the best Worthy.

Enter NATHANIEL, armed, for Alexander.

Nath. "When in the world I liv'd, I was the world's commander;

By east, west, north, and south, I spread my conquering might;

My 'scutcheon plain declares that I am Alisander."

Boyet. Your nose says, no, you are not; for it stands too right.

Biron. Your nose smells, no, in this, most tender-smelling knight.

Prin. The conqueror is dismay'd. Proceed, good Alexander.

Nath. "When in the world I liv'd, I was the world's commander;"—

Boyet. Most true, 't is right; you were so, Alisander.

Biron. Pompey the Great,—

Cost. Your servant and Costard.

Biron. Take away the conqueror, take away Alisander.

Cost. O, sir, [*To NATH.*] you have overthrown Alisander the conqueror! You will be scrap'd out of the painted cloth¹⁰⁷ for this: your lion, that holds his poll-ax sitting on a close stool, will be given to Ajax: he will be the ninth Worthy. A conqueror, and afeared to speak! run away for shame, Alisander. [*NATH. retires.*] There, an 't shall please you; a foolish mild man; an honest man, look you, and soon dashed! He is a mar-

vellous good neighbour, in sooth; and a very good bowler: but, for Alisander, alas! you see how 't is;—a little o'erparted!¹⁰⁸—But there are Worthies a coming will speak their mind in some other sort.

Prin. Stand aside, good Pompey.

Enter HOLOFERNES, armed, for Judas, and MOTH, armed, for Hercules.

Hol. "Great Hercules is presented by this imp, Whose club kill'd Cerberus, that three-headed *canis*;

And, when he was a babe, a child, a shrimp,

Thus did he strangle serpents in his *manus*;

Quoniam, he seemeth in minority;

Ergo, I come with this apology."—

Keep some state in thy *exit*, and vanish.

[*Exit* MOTH.

"Judas, I am,"—

Dum. A Judas!

Hol. Not Iscariot, sir,—

"Judas, I am, y-cliped Maccabeus."

Dum. Judas Maccabeus clipt, is plain Judas.

Biron. A kissing traitor:—How art thou prov'd Judas?

Hol. "Judas, I am,"—

Dum. The more shame for you, Judas.

Hol. What mean you, sir?

Boyet. To make Judas hang himself.

Hol. Begin, sir; you are my elder.

Biron. Well follow'd: Judas was hang'd on an elder.¹⁰⁹

Hol. I will not be put out of countenance.

Biron. Because thou hast no face.

Hol. What is this? [*Pointing to his face.*

Boyet. A cittern-head.

Dum. The head of a bodkin.

Biron. A death's face in a ring.

Long. The face of an old Roman coin, scarce seen.

Boyet. The pummel of Cæsar's falchion.

Dum. The carv'd-bone face on a flask.

Biron. St. George's half-cheek in a brooch.

Dum. Ay, and in a brooch of lead.

Biron. Ay, and worn in the cap of a tooth-drawer.¹¹⁰

And now, forward; for we have put thee in countenance.

Hol. You have put me out of countenance.

Biron. False: we have given thee faces.

Hol. But you have out-fac'd them all.

Biron. An thou wert a lion, we would do so.

Boyet. Therefore, as he is an ass, let him go.

And so adieu, sweet Jude! nay, why dost thou stay?

Dum. For the latter end of his name.

Biron. For the ass to the Jude; give it him:—Jud-as away!

Hol. This is not generous; not gentle; not humble.

Boyet. A light for monsieur Judas! it grows dark; he may stumble.

Prin. Alas, poor Maccabeus, how hath he been baited!

Enter ARMADO, armed, for Hector.

Biron. Hide thy head, Achilles; here comes Hector in arms.

Dum. Though my mocks come home by me, I will now be merry.

King. Hector was but a Trojan in respect of this.

Boyet. But is this Hector?

King. I think Hector was not so clean timber'd.

Long. His leg is too big for Hector.

Dum. More calf, certain.

Boyet. No; he is best endued in the small.

Biron. This cannot be Hector.

Dum. He's a god or a painter; for he makes faces.

Arm. "The armipotent Mars, of lances the almighty,

Gave Hector a gift,"—

Dum. A gilt nutmeg.

Biron. A lemon.

Long. Stuck with cloves.¹¹¹

Dum. No, cloven.

Arm. Peace!

"The armipotent Mars, of lances the almighty, Gave Hector a gift, the heir of Ilion:

A man so breath'd, that certain he would fight, yea,

From morn till night, out of his pavilion.

I am that flower,"—

Dum. That mint.

Long. That columbine.

Arm. Sweet lord Longaville, reign thy tongue

Long. I must rather give it the rein, for it runs against Hector.

Dum. Ay, and Hector's a greyhound.

Arm. The sweet war-man is dead and rotten; sweet chucks, beat not the bones of the buried: when he breath'd, he was a man—but I will forward with my device: Sweet royalty [*to the*

PRINCESS] bestow on me the sense of hearing.

[BIRON *whispers* COSTARD.

Prin. Speak, brave Hector: we are much delighted.

Arm. I do adore thy sweet grace's slipper.¹¹²

Boyet. Loves her by the foot.

Dum. He may not by the yard.

Arm. "This Hector far surmounted Hannibal,"—

Cost. The party is gone; fellow Hector, she is gone; she is two months on her way.

Arm. What meanest thou?

Cost. Faith, unless you play the honest Trojan, the poor wench is cast away: she's quick; the child brags in her belly already; 't is yours.

Arm. Dost thou infamozize me among potentates? thou shalt die.

Cost. Then shall Hector be whipped, for Jaquenetta that is quick by him; and hang'd, for Pompey that is dead by him.

Dum. Most rare Pompey!

Boyet. Renowned Pompey!

Biron. Greater than great, great, great, great Pompey! Pompey the huge!

Dum. Hector trembles.

Biron. Pompey is moved;—More Ates, more Ates; stir them on! stir them on!

Dum. Hector will challenge him.

Biron. Ay, if 'a have no more man's blood in 's belly than will sup a flea.

Arm. By the north pole, I do challenge thee.

Cost. I will not fight with a pole, like a northern man; I'll slash; I'll do it by the sword.—I pray you, let me borrow my arms again.

Dum. Room for the incensed Worthies.

Cost. I'll do it in my shirt.

Dum. Most resolute Pompey!

Moth. Master, let me take you a button-hole lower.¹¹³ Do you not see, Pompey is uncasing for the combat? What mean you? you will lose your reputation.

Arm. Gentlemen, and soldiers, pardon me; I will not combat in my shirt.

Dum. You may not deny it; Pompey hath made the challenge.

Arm. Sweet bloods, I both may and will.

Biron. What reason have you for 't?

Arm. The naked truth of it is, I have no shirt; I go downward for penance.¹¹⁴

Boyet. True, and it was enjoined him in Rome for want of linen: since when, I'll be sworn, he

wore none but a dish-clout of Jaquenetta's; and that 'a wears next his heart, for a favour.

Enter MERCADE.

Mer. God save you, madam!

Prin. Welcome, Mercade;

But that thou interruptest our merriment.

Mer. I am sorry, madam; for the news I bring Is heavy in my tongue. The king, your father—

Prin. Dead, for my life!

Mer. Even so; my tale is told.

Biron. Worthies, away; the scene begins to cloud.

Arm. For mine own part, I breathe free breath: I have seen the day of wrong¹¹⁵ through the little hole of discretion, and I will right myself like a soldier. [*Exeunt* Worthies.

King. How fares your majesty?

Prin. Boyet, prepare; I will away to-night.

King. Madam, not so; I do beseech you stay.

Prin. Prepare, I say.—I thank you, gracious lords,

For all your fair endeavours; and entreat,
Out of a new-sad soul, that you vouchsafe
In your rich wisdom, to excuse, or hide,
The liberal opposition of our spirits:
If over-boldly we have borne ourselves
In the converse of breath, your gentleness
Was guilty of it.—¹¹⁶ Farewell, worthy lord,
A heavy heart bears not a humble tongue:
Excuse me so, coming too short of thanks
For my great suit so easily obtain'd.

King. The extreme parts of Time extremely
form

All causes to the purpose of his speed;
And often, at his very loose,¹¹⁷ decides
That which long process could not arbitrate:
And though the mourning brow of progeny
Forbid the smiling courtesy of love,
The holy suit which fain it would convince;
Yet, since love's argument was first on foot,
Let not the cloud of sorrow jostle it
From what it purpos'd; since, to wail friends
lost,

Is not by much so wholesome, profitable,
As to rejoice at friends but newly found.

Prin. I understand you not; my griefs are
dull.

Biron. Honest plain words best pierce the ears
of grief;—

And by these badges understand the king.
For your fair sakes have we neglected time,

Play'd foul play with our oaths. Your beauty,
ladies,

Hath much deform'd us, fashioning our humours
Even to the oppos'd end of our intents.
And what in us hath seem'd ridiculous,—
As love is full of unbefitting strains;
All wanton as a child, skipping, and vain;
Form'd by the eye, and, therefore, like the eye,
Full of strange shapes,¹¹⁷ of habits, and of forms,
Varying in subjects, as the eye doth roll
To every varied object in his glance:
Which party-coated presence of loose love,
Put on by us, if, in your heavenly eyes,
Have misbecom'd our oaths and gravities,
Those heavenly eyes, that look into these faults,
Suggested us to make. Therefore, ladies,
Our love being yours, the error that love makes
Is likewise yours: we to ourselves prove false,
By being once false for ever to be true
To those that make us both,—fair ladies, you:
And even that falsehood, in itself a sin,
Thus purifies itself, and turns to grace.

Prin. We have receiv'd your letters full of
love;

Your favours, the ambassadors of love;
And, in our maiden council, rated them
At courtship, pleasant jest, and courtesy,
As bombast,¹¹⁸ and as living to the time:
But more devout than this, in our respects,
Have we not been; and therefore met your loves
In their own fashion, like a merriment.

Dum. Our letters, madam, show'd much more
than jest.

Long. So did our looks.

Ros. We did not cote them so.

King. Now, at the latest minute of the hour,
Grant us your loves.

Prin. A time, methinks, too short
To make a world-without-end bargain in:
No, no, my lord, your grace is perjur'd much,
Full of dear guiltiness; and, therefore, this;—
If for my love (as there is no such cause)
You will do aught, this shall you do for me:
Your oath I will not trust; but go with speed
To some forlorn and naked hermitage,
Remote from all the pleasures of the world;
There stay until the twelve celestial signs
Have brought about their annual reckoning:
If this austere insociable life
Change not your offer made in heat of blood;
If frosts, and fasts, hard lodging, and thin weeds,
Nip not the gaudy blossoms of your love,

But that it bear this trial, and last love;
Then, at the expiration of the year,
Come challenge, challenge me by these deserts,
And, by this virgin palm, now kissing thine,
I will be thine; and, till that instant, shut
My woful self up in a mourning house,
Raining the tears of lamentation
For the remembrance of my father's death.
If this thou do deny, let our hands part;
Neither intitled in the other's heart.

King. If this, or more than this, I would
deny,

To flatter up these powers of mine with
rest,¹¹⁹

The sudden hand of death close up mine eye!

Hence ever then my heart is in thy breast.

Dum. But what to me, my love? but what to
me?

Kath. A wife!—A beard, fair health, and
honesty;

With three-fold love I wish you all these three.

Dum. O, shall I say, I thank you, gentle
wife?

Kath. Not so, my lord;—a twelvemonth and a
day

I'll mark no words that smooth-fac'd wooers
say:

Come when the king doth to my lady come,

Then, if I have much love, I'll give you some.

Dum. I'll serve thee true and faithfully till
then.

Kath. Yet swear not, lest ye be forsworn again.

Long. What says Maria?

Mar. At the twelvemonth's end,

I'll change my black gown for a faithful friend.

Long. I'll stay with patience; but the time is
long.

Mar. The liker you; few taller are so young.

Biron. Studies my lady? mistress, look on
me?

Behold the window of my heart, mine eye,
What humble suit attends thy answer there;
Impose some service on me for thy love.

Ros. Oft have I heard of you, my lord Biron,
Before I saw you: and the world's large tongue
Proclaims you for a man replete with mocks;
Full of comparisons and wounding flouts,
Which you on all estates will execute,
That lie within the mercy of your wit:
To weed this wormwood from your fruitful
brain,

And, therewithal, to win me if you please,

(Without the which, I am not to be won.)
 You shall this twelvemonth term, from day to day,
 Visit the speechless sick, and still converse
 With groaning wretches; and your task shall be,
 With all the fierce endeavour of your wit,
 To enforce the pained impotent to smile.

Biron. To move wild laughter in the throat of death?

It cannot be; it is impossible:

Mirth cannot move a soul in agony.

Ros. Why, that's the way to choke a gibing spirit,

Whose influence is begot of that loose grace
 Which shallow laughing hearers give to fools:
 A jest's prosperity lies in the ear
 Of him that hears it, never in the tongue
 Of him that makes it: then, if sickly ears,
 Deaf'd with the clamours of their own dear groans,

Will hear your idle scorns, continue then,
 And I will have you, and that fault withal;
 But, if they will not, throw away that spirit,
 And I shall find you empty of that fault,
 Right joyful of your reformation.

Biron. A twelvemonth? well, befall what will befall,

I'll jest a twelvemonth in an hospital.

Prin. Ay, sweet my lord; and so I take my leave. [To the KING.]

King. No, madam, we will bring you on your way.

Biron. Our wooing doth not end like an old play;

Jack hath not Jill: these ladies' courtesy
 Might well have made our sport a comedy.

King. Come, sir, it wants a twelvemonth and a day,
 And then 't will end.

Biron. That's too long for a play.

Enter ARMADO.

Arm. Sweet majesty, vouchsafe me,—

Prin. Was not that Hector?

Dum. The worthy knight of Troy.

Arm. I will kiss thy royal finger, and take leave. I am a votary: I have vow'd to Jaquenetta to hold the plough for her sweet love three years. But, most esteemed greatness, will you hear the dialogue that the two learned men have compiled in praise of the owl and the cuckoo? it should have followed in the end of our show

King. Call them forth quick'y; we will do so.

Arm. Holla! approach.

Enter HOLOFERNES, NATHANIEL, MOTH, CROCOD, and others.

This side is Hiems, winter: Ths Ver, the spring: the one maintained by the owl, the other by the cuckoo. Ver, begin.

SONG.

I.

SPRING. When daisies pied, and violets blue,
 And lady-smocks all silver white,
 And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue,¹²⁰
 Do paint the meadows with delight,
 The cuckoo then, on every tree,
 Mocks married men, for thus sings he
 Cuckoo;
 Cuckoo, cuckoo,—O word of fear,
 Unpleasing to a married ear!

II.

When shepherds pipe on oaten straws,
 And merry larks are ploughmen's clocks,
 When turtles tread, and rooks, and daws,
 And maidens bleach their summer smocks
 The cuckoo then, on every tree,
 Mocks married men, for thus sings he
 Cuckoo;
 Cuckoo, cuckoo,—O word of fear,
 Unpleasing to a married ear!

III.

WINTER. When icicles hang by the wall,
 And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
 And Tom bears logs into the hall,
 And milk comes frozen home in pail,
 When blood is nipp'd, and ways be foul,
 Then nightly sings the staring owl,
 To-who;
 Tu-whit, to-who, a merry note,
 While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.¹²¹

IV.

When all aloud the wind doth blow,
 And coughing drowns the parson's saw,
 And birds sit brooding in the snow,
 And Marian's nose looks red and raw;
 When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,¹²²
 Then nightly sings the staring owl,
 To-who;
 Tu-whit, to-who, a merry note,
 While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

Arm. The words of Mercury are harsh after the songs of Apollo. You, that way; we, this way.

[*Exeunt.*]

NOTES TO LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

¹ *In the disgrace of death.*

Disgrace seems to be here used for *obscurity*. "To disgrace, to obscure and make darke a thing," Baret's *Alvearie*, 1580.

² *Our court shall be a little academe.*

Nor hath fair Europ her vast bounds throughout
An *academe* of note I found not out.

Howell's Familiar Letters, 1650.

³ *Fat paunches have lean putes.*

This couplet was proverbial. It is quoted, with slight variations, in Head's *Protous Redivivus*, 1675, p. 55, in illustration of the remark,—"a fat belly bespeaks a little wit," because the subtle spirits are affected with gross and turbulent fumes, which darken the understanding." *Bankrupt quite*, ed. 1598; the folio reading *bankerout*.

⁴ *With all these living in philosophy.*

That is, living in philosophy, which includes all the love, wealth, and pomp, he is anxious for.

⁵ *Doth falsely blind the eyesight of his look.*

Dr. Johnson makes a curious observation on this tautological passage. "The whole sense," he says, "of this gingling declamation is only this, that a man by too close study may read himself blind; which might have been told with less obscurity in fewer words."

⁶ *An envious sneaping frost.*

Sneaping, i. e. nipping. "Snaped, checked, nipped with cold," Craven *Glos.* ii. 142. *Fil you out*, prepare for your journey.

⁷ *A dangerous law against gentility.*

Gentility here corresponds to the French *gentillesse*, politeness, urbanity. Theobald explains the passage thus,—"Such a law for banishing women from the court is dangerous, or injurious, to politeness, urbanity, and the more refined pleasures of life. For men without women would turn brutal and savage in their natures and behaviour."

⁸ *She must lie here.*

That is, she must reside here. Sir H. Wotton, perfectly innocent of any equivocation, thus defines an ambassador—"a forest man sent to *lie* abroad for the good of his country." *Affects*, loves, affections. *Suggestions*, temptations. *Quick*, lively, spirited.

⁹ *A man of complements.*

Complements are well explained by Minshew, "ceremonies, accomplishments, making that perfect which was wanting." The king means to say that Armado was a person of such exquisite accomplishments, that he was the umpire in all questions of elegant etiquette. *Light*, is called.

¹⁰ *Lost in the world's debate.*

"Our author, in my humble judgment, meant no more than that stories of chivalry were unattended to by persons who lived in the bustle of cities, but would be admirable recreations occasionally in a life of seclusion from the world, to which he and his lords were about, for a certain period, to devote themselves," *MS. note by Thomas Hull*, circa 1778.

¹¹ *I will use him for my minstrelsy.*

Douce explains this, "I will make a minstrel of him whose occupation was to relate fabulous stories."

¹² *A man of fire-new words.*

Fire-new, new from the forge, quite new. "Or fire-new fashion in a sleeve or slop," Du Bartas, p. 516. *Tharborough*, thirdborough or constable. *A high hope for a low heaven*, alluding to Armado's lofty words being far too high for the low heaven of his meaning.

¹³ *I was taken with the manner.*

A technical legal phrase for being taken in the commission of the deed, with the stolen property on the person.

¹⁴ *It is y-cliped thy park.*

Y-cliped, called; from the Anglo-Saxon *cleopian*, to call. The letter *y* or *i* was very commonly used in early English as an augment or prefix to the imperfects and participles of verbs, being merely a corruption of the Anglo-Saxon *ga* but it was an antiquated form even in Shakespeare's time.

¹⁵ *Dear imp.*

Imp is properly the shoot, cutting, or bud of a tree; but the term is frequently metaphorically applied to a child or young person. "An impe, or a yong slip of a tree," Baret's *Alvearie*, 1580. *Juvenal*, youth.

¹⁰ *Pretty and apt.*

That is, in Armado's phraseology, *pretty apt*. Moth perverts the meaning, and is humoured by Armado.

Hor. How do you feel yourself?

Cris. Pretty and well, I thank you.

Ben Jonson's Poetaster, 1602.

¹¹ *Crosses lose not him.*

An allusion to his poverty. "A cross, coin, *nummus*," Coles, 1677.

¹² *The dancing-horse will tell you.*

An allusion to a celebrated horse which was brought up by a person named Banks, who taught it to perform such extraordinary feats, that it is said he was taken and burnt for a conjurer, after he had exhibited the animal at Rome. According to Sir Kenelm Digby, the horse "would restore a glove to the due owner, after the master had whispered the man's name in his ear; would tell the just number of pence in any piece of silver coin, newly showed him by his master, &c." Decker mentions the horse, who was called Morocco, as having walked to the top of old St. Paul's in the year 1600, in a note to his *Dead Tearme*, 1608; an exploit also alluded to in the *Blacke Booke*, 1604; and the author of *Peele's Jests*, 1627, seems to imply that he had been taught to play on the lute! Banks was encouraged by Prince Henry, in whose book of payments, preserved at the Rolls House, is the following entry under Jan. 1st, 1608-9, "To Banks for teaching of a little naig to vault, be his highnes command, 2 li."

Banks narrowly escaped in France, as we learn from Bishop Morton's answer to Theophilus Higgins, 1609; "Which bringeth into my remembrance a storie which Banks told me at Frankford, from his own experience in France among the Capuchins, by whom he was brought into suspicion of magicke, because of the strange feates which his horse Morocco plaid (as I take it) at Orleance; where he, to redeem his credit, promised to manifest to the world that his horse was nothing lesse than a divell. To this end he commanded his horse to seek out one in the preasse of the people, who had a crucifixe on his hat; which done, he bad him kneele downe unto it; and not this-only, but also to rise up againe and to kisse it. And now, gentlemen, (quoth he) I think my horse hath acquitted both me and himself; and so his adversaries rested satisfied: conceiving (as it might seeme) that the divell had no power to come neare the crosse."

But 'mongst these Tiberts, who do you think there was?
Old Banks the jugler, our Pythagoras,
Grave tutor to the learned horse; both which,
Being, beyond sea, burned for one witch,
Their spirits transmigrated to a cat.

Ben Jonson's Epigrams, Works, viii. 216.

"I shall never forget my fellow humourist Banks, the vintner in Chenside, who taught his horse to dance, and shooed him with silver," *Life and Death of Mrs. Mary Frith*, 1662, p. 75.

But never yet was seen in Spaine or France
A horse like Bancks his, that to th' pipe would dance,
Tell money with his feet; a thing which you,
Good Rosamonde nor Quixot, e'r could doe.

Gayton's Pleasant Notes upon Don Quixot, 1654.

¹³ *Most maculate thoughts.*

Maculate, impure. "To maculate, *maculo, polluo*," Coles' Diet. 1677. *Owe*, own, possess. *Native she doth owe*, possesses naturally.

¹⁴ *A ballad, boy, of the King and the Beggar.*

This ballad is more particularly alluded to in Armado's letter in the fourth act; and as it is also mentioned by Shakespeare in other plays, a copy of it may appropriately find a place here:—

I read that once in Affrica
A princely wight did raine,
Who had to name Cophetua,
As poets they did faine:
From natures lawes he did decline,
For sure he was not of my mind,
He cared not for women-kinde,
But did them all disdain.
But, marke, what hapned on a day,
As he out of his window lay,
He saw a beggar all in gray,
The which did cause his paine.

The blinded boy, that shootes so trim,
From heaven downe did hie;
He drew a dart and shot at him,
In place where he did lye:
Which soone did pierse him to the quicke,
And when he felt the arrow pricke,
Which in his tender heart did sticke,
He looketh as he would dye.
What sudden chance is this, quoth he,
That I to love must subject be,
Which never thereto would agree,
But still did it defie?

Then from the window he did come,
And laid him on his bed;
A thousand heapes of care did runne
Within his troubled head:
For now he meanes to crave her love,
And now he seekes which way to proove.
How he his fancie might remooove,
And not this beggar wed.
But Cupid had him so in snare,
That this poor beggar must prepare
A salve to cure him of his care,
Or els he would be dead.

And, as he musing thus did lye,
He thought for to devise
How he might have her companye,
That so did maze his eyes.
In thee, quoth he, doth rest my life;
For surely thou shalt be my wife,
Or else this hand with bloody knife
The gods shall sure suffice.
Then from his bed he soon arose,
And to his pallace gate he goes;
Full little then this beggar knowes,
When she the king espies.

The Gods preserve your majesty,
The beggers all gan cry:
Vouchsafe to give your charity
Our childrens food to buy.
The king to them his purse did cast,
And they to part it made great haste,
This silly woman was the last
That after them did hie.
The king he cal'd her back againe,
And unto her he gave his chaine,
And said, With us you shal remaine,
Till such time as we dye:

NOTES TO LOVE'S LABOUR 'S LOST.

For thou, quoth he, shalt be my wife,
And honoured for my queene;
With thee I meane to lead my life,
As shortly shall be seene:
For wedding shall appointed be,
And everything in its degree:
Come on, quoth he, and follow me,
Thou shalt go shift thee cleane.
What is thy name, faire maide? quoth he.
Penelophon, O king, quoth she:
With that she made a lowe courtsey,
A trim one as I weene.

Thus hand in hand along they walke
Unto the king's pallace:
The king with courtiers comely talke
This begger doth imbrace;
The begger blusseth scarlet red,
And straight againe as pale as lead,
But not a word at all she said,
She was in such amaze.
At last she spake with trembling voyce,
And said, O king, I doe rejoyce
That you wil take me for your choyce,
And my degree s so base.

And when the wedding day was come,
The king commanded strait
The noblemen, both all and some,
Upon the queene to wait.
And she behaved herself that day,
As if she had never walkt the way:
She had forgot her gowne of gray,
Which she did weare of late.
The proverbe old is come to passe,
The priest, when he begins his masse,
Forgets that ever clerke he was;
He knoweth not his estate.

Here you may read, Cophetua,
Though long time fancie-fed,
Compelled by the blinded boy
The begger for to wed:
He that did lovers looks disdain,
To do the same was glad and faine,
Or else he would himselfe have slaine,
In storie as we read.
Disdain no whit, O lady deere,
But pittie now thy servant heere,
Least that it hap to thee this yeare,
As to that king it did.

And thus they led a quiet life
During their princely raigne;
And in a tombe were buried both,
As writers sheweth plaine:
The lords they tooke it grievously,
The ladies took it heavily,
The commons cried pitiously,
Their death to them was paine,
Their fame did sound so passingly
That it did pierce the starry sky,
And throughout all the world did flye
To every princes realme.

²¹ Yet a better love than my master.

That is, yet she deserves a better lover than my master Armado.

²² She is allowed for the day-woman.

A day-woman was a dairy-woman, one who had the charge of the dairy. A dairy is still called a day-house in the West of England. "*Casale*, a dey-house where cheese is made," Elyot's *Dictionarie*, 1553.

²³ With that face.

This cant phrase has oddly lasted till the present time; and is used by people who have no more meaning annexed to it, than Fielding had; who putting it into the mouth of Beau Didapper, thinks it necessary to apologize (in a note) for its want of sense, by adding—"that it was taken verbatim from very polite conversation." *Stevens*.

²⁴ Cupid's butt-shaft is too hard for Hercules' club.

The butt-shaft is explained by Nares to be a kind of arrow, used for shooting at butts, formed without a barb, so as to stick into the butts, and yet to be easily extracted.

²⁵ Utter'd by base sale of chapmen's tongues.

She means to say that beauty is not liable to the deceiving sale effected by the praises of the seller. The itinerant hawker is still called a chapman in some of the provinces. *Bold of your worthiness*, confident in it.

²⁶ And much too little of that good I saw.

This is well explained by Heath,—“And my report of that good I saw is much too little compared to his great worthiness.”

²⁷ Competitors in oath.

Competitors, confederates. *Address'd*, prepared. *Long of you*, owing to you.

²⁸ Which we much rather had depart withal.

Depart is here used for, *part with*. “I can hardly depart with ready money,” Ben Jonson. This sense of the word also occurs in Beaumont and Fletcher, but it is usually followed by the preposition.

²⁹ No point, with my knife.

No point, not in the least; a negation borrowed from the French. “*Punto punto*, never a whit; *no point*, as the Frenchmen say,” Florio, 1611.

³⁰ My lips are no common, though several they be.

A play upon the words, *several* meaning both *separate*, as in Ben Jonson's *Poetaster*, ed. Gifford, ii. 505, and, according to Mr. Hunter, a portion of common assigned for a term to a particular proprietor, the other commoners waiving for a time their right of common over it. Malone, however, explains *several* to be, in uninclosed lands, a certain portion of ground appropriated to either corn or meadow, adjoining the common field.

³¹ All impatient to speak and not see.

That is, according to an anonymous critic, his tongue envied the quickness of his eyes, and strove to be as rapid in its utterance as they in their perception. *Margent*, margin.

³² Boyet is dispos'd.

Dispos'd, inclined to be merry. See Nares's Glossary, and the examples quoted by him. Boyet pretends to accept it in its literal sense, and follows the speech of the princess. “Wend thee from mee, Venus, I am not disposed,” England's *Helicon*, 1600. Mr. Dyce says *disposed* means, in

this play, wantonly merry, inclined to wanton mirth: but surely this is exceeding the meaning intended by the poet. Boyet is merely expressing his strong opinion of the extent of the king's affection. *It is the king's eye who is supposed to say,—*

I'll give you A quiten, and all that is his,
An you give him for my sake but one loving kiss.

Adopting this view, we have the expression of a fine poetical idea completely in unison with what precedes and what follows. Why should Boyet say, "for my sake," if this were not the case? *Concolinel*, apparently is the name or commencement of a song now lost. *Festinely*, hastily.

²⁸ *Win your love with a French brawl.*

Cotgrave translates *bransle*, "a brawle or daunce, wherein many men and women, holding by the hands, sometimes in a ring, and otherwhiles at length, move altogether." It is thus described by Marston,—*"The brawl! why 'tis but two singles to the left, two on the right, three doubles forwards, a traverse of six rounds: do this twice, three singles side galliard trick of twenty coranto pace: a figure of eight, three singles broken down, come up, meet two doubles, fall back, and then honour."*

²⁹ *With your hat penthouse-like.*

The characteristics of the "complete" man, so well ridiculed in this speech, are noticed by several of our early dramatists. "I do not despair, gentlemen; you see I do not wear my hat in my eyes, crucify my arms," Shirley's Bird in a Cage, 1633.

³⁰ *The hobby-horse is forgot.*

This expression, probably borrowed from an old ballad, became proverbial. The hobby-horse consisted of a light frame of wicker-work, fastened to the body of the person who performed the character, whose legs were concealed by a housing, which, with a false head and neck, gave the appearance of a horse. Thus equipped, he performed all sorts of antics, imitating the movements of a horse, and executing juggling tricks of various kinds. A ladle was sometimes suspended from the horse's mouth for the purpose of collecting money from the spectators. The Puritans waged a violent crusade against the morris dance, and the hobby-horse, which properly belonged to it, was frequently omitted.

With hey and ho, through thick and thin,
The hobby-horse quite forgotten,
I follow'd, as I did begin,
Although the way were rotten.

Kemp's Nine Days Wonder, 1600.

³¹ *The hobby-horse is but a colt.*

A colt, says Dr. Johnson, is a hot, mad-brained, unbroken young fellow. A hackney was a cant term for a woman of bad character.

³² *A Costard broken in a shin.*

A costard was a cant term for the head, and hence the "wonder."

³³ *Come,—thy Venvoy.*

Cotgrave explains *Venvoy*, the "conclusion of a ballet or sonnet in a short stanza by itself, and serving, oftentimes, as a dedication of the whole." *No salve in them all is Tyrwhitt's emendation; but the old reading, no salve in the male*, or budget, will make sense. The meaning is the same, whichever we adopt. Costard, not understanding the word *Venvoy*, cries out against any salve but the plantain leaf which was supposed to be of great efficacy. I doubt whether the Latin *salve* is intended in Moth's next speech, the pronunciation not justifying an approach to a quibble. *Sain*, said. It is properly *say*, being the present tense; but is put here evidently for the perfect.

³⁴ *The boy hath sold him a bargain.*

That is, has made a fool of him. It was a common proverbial phrase. "*Bailler foin en corne*, to give one the boots, to sell him a bargain," Cotgrave.

³⁵ *Like the sequel, I.*

That is, says Heath, I follow you as close as the sequel does the premises.

³⁶ *My incony Jew!*

Incony is a term of endearment often met with in old plays. So, in Doctor Daddipol,—

Farewell, Doctor Doddy,
In mind and in body
An excellent noddie:
A coxcomb *incony*,
But that he wants money.

Inkle, a sort of inferior tape.

³⁷ *A fairer name than a French crown.*

There is a double meaning here, as when the same term is used in Measure for Measure, i. 2. Collier and Knight omit the article before *French*; why I know not.

³⁸ *Eleven-pence farthing better.*

The following curious extract from Markham's Health to the Gentlemanly Profession of Servingmen, 4to. 1598, shows either that the joke, such as it is, was not invented by Shakespeare, or that Markham, who was a great plagiarist, had made the tale up from what he had heard Costard say at the theatre:—

"There was, sayth he, a man, (but of what estate, degree, or calling, I will not name, least thereby I might incurre displeasure of any,) that comming to his friendes house, who was a gentleman of good reckoning, and being there kindly entertayned, and well used, as well of his friende, the gentleman, as of his servantes; one of the sayde servantes doing him some extraordinarie pleasure during his abode there, at his departure he comes unto the sayd servant, and saith unto him, Hold thee, heere is a remuneration for thy paynes; which the servant receyving, gave him utterly for it (besides his paynes) thanks, for it was but a three farthinges piece: and I holde thanks for the same a small price, howsoever the market goes. Now, another coming to the sayd gentlemen's house, it was the foresayd servant's good hap to be neare him at his going away, who, calling the servant unto him, sayd, Hold thee, heere is a

NOTES TO LOVE'S LABOUR 'S LOST.

guerdon for *lay desartes*: now the servant paid no deerer for the *guerdon*, than he did for the remuneration, though the *guerdon* was *ad. farthing* better; for it was a *skilling*, and the other but a *three-farthings*."

⁴⁴ *A very beadle to a humorous sigh.*

Humorous is here used in the sense of *fantastic*, the meaning given to the word by Minshew, or, perhaps, *peevish*, *wayward*, as Coles has it, translating it by *morosus*. Cotgrave has, "*Avertineux*, moodie, humorous." It has been suggested we should read, *an amorous sigh*; one of those emendations rendered mischievous by their ingenuity, imposing on those who prefer a meaning in modern phraseology to a more antique one in the language really employed by the poet.

⁴⁵ *This wimpled, whining.*

The wimple was properly a kind of tape or tippet covering the neck and shoulders; but was also applied to a kind of veil or hood, from which latter sense the verb here used is formed.

⁴⁶ *Dread prince of plackets.*

A placket was a pocket attached to a woman's petticoat. The term was often used metaphorically. *Paritors*, officers of the ecclesiastical court, who carried out citations, chiefly on matters of divorce, and hence the allusion. According to Blount, the word was "most commonly used for an inferior officer, that summon'd in delinquents to a spiritual court."

⁴⁷ *And wear his colours like a tumbler's hoop.*

Tumbler's hoops were and are adorned with various coloured ribbands.

⁴⁸ *A woman, that is like a German clock.*

Allusions to the cumbersome and complicated German clocks of Shakespeare's time are very numerous. "She takes herself asunder still when she goes to bed, into some twenty boxes; and about next day noon is put together again, like a great German clock; and so comes forth, and rings a tedious larum to the whole house, and then is quiet again for an hour, but for her quarters," Ben Jonson's *Silent Woman*. Compare Middleton, ii. 335,--

Being ready, she consists of hundred pieces,
Much like your German clock, and near ally'd;
Both are so nice, they cannot go for pride:
Beside a greater fault, but too well known,
They'll strike to ten, when they should stop at one.

⁴⁹ *A stand where you may make the fairest shoot.*

According to Mr. Hunter, there is here an allusion to a building with a flat roof called a stand or standing, erected in the park for the purpose of sheltering the deer-shooters. Goldingham, in a poem in MS. Harl. 6902, mentions a "standing made to shoot at stately deer." The sport of shooting at deer with a cross-bow was formerly aristocratic, and practised by ladies.

⁵⁰ *Here, good my glass.*

Referring, of course, to the forester, who, by her bantering, has been the looking-glass of her supposititious imperfections. Dr. Johnson very erroneously takes it in the

literal sense, and remarks that ladies formerly wore mirrors suspended from their girdles, by which they occasionally viewed their faces, or adjusted their hair! When so eminent a writer is detected in a blunder of such magnitude, the smaller critics may well bear the infliction of the discovery of their errors. *That my heart means no ill*, to whom my heart means no ill. *Self-sovereignty*, sovereignty in themselves. *Dig you-den*, a corruption, as Malone observes, of *give you good even*.

⁵¹ *Break up this capon.*

Break up was a technical phrase in carving. The princess humorously means to say,—"open this letter." *Illustrate*, illustrious. *Annotatize*, according to Mr. Knight, is a pedantic form of *annotate*.

⁵² *A phantasm, a Monarcho.*

Monarcho was the assumed name of an Englishman who affected Italian manners, and amused the court by his fantastic proceedings. Mr. Knight erroneously terms him a mad Italian, but Nash, in his *Have With You to Saffron Walden*, 1596, says he "quite renounst his *naturall English accents and gestures*, and wrested himself wholly to the Italian puntillios;" and it was, perhaps, for this reason that Reginald Scot (quoted by Douce) terms him an Italian. Churchyard thus describes him in his *Chance*, 4to. Lond. 1592,--

No matche for fooles, if wise men were in place;
No mate at meale to sit with common sort:
Both grave of looks and fatter like of face,
Of judgement quicke, of comely forme and port.
Moste bent to words on hye and solemne daies,
Of diet fine, and daintie diverse waies;
And well disposde, if Prince did pleasure take,
At any mirthe that he, poore man, could make.

"The actors were that Bergamasco, for his phantastick humors named *Monarcho*, and two of the Spanish embassadors retinue, who being about *finere and twentie yeres past* in Paules Church in London, contended who was sovereigne of the world: the *Monarcho* maintained himself to be he, and named their king to be but his viceroy for Spain: the other two with great fury denying it. At which myself, and some of good account, now dead, wondered in respect of the subject they handled, and that want of judgment we looked not for in the Spaniards. Yet this, moreover, we noted, that notwithstanding the weight of their controversie, they kept in their walk the Spanish turne; which is, that he which goeth at the right hand, shall at every end of the walke turne in the midst; the which place the *Monarcho* was loth to yeald but as they compelled him, though they gave him sometimes that romthe, in respect of his supposed majestic; but I would this were the worst of their ceremonies: the same keeping some decorum concerning equalitie."—*A Briefe Discourse of the Spanish State, with a Dialogue annexed, intituled Philobasilis*, 4to. 1590.

⁵³ *Who is the shooter?*

Suitor and *shooter* were pronounced alike, and some of the commentators think there is here a quibble on the word.

⁵⁴ *Queen Guinever of Britain.*

Guinever was the queen of King Arthur, and how she deceived her husband is well known to every reader of the

old romances. Dr. Forraan, the astrologer, in one of his absurd manuscripts in the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford, says, 'she was twelve foote longe, and went all in white; a longe leane visage, mixed of red and white, and a crown on her hed; a whiteish flaxen haire, a clear complexion, a brod and hie forhed, a round forhed, graie eyes, a full round eye; a lyttle shorte nose and slender; a gren jewell in her lefte eare; a straight bodied gown of whit silk, and a whit mantell; a hie collar in her gowne, and a plain faling band, brod without lace, and her gown buttoned up close before. She had noe hoope, noe fardingalle; a smalle long hand. She lived almost a hundred years.'—*MS. Ashmole*, 502.

⁶³ *Let the mark have a prick in 't.*

The prick was a small piece of wood or mark in the centre of a target. *Mele*, to measure. *Wide o' the bow hand*, left of the mark. *Clout* and *pin* are nearly synonymous with *prick*; but these terms in archery are not here used quite literally. *Rubbing*, a term at bowls, when one ball touched another.

⁶⁴ *Ripe as a pomewater.*

Gerard gives a drawing of the pomewater-tree in his account of apple-trees. The Latin name for it was *malus carbonaria*. The *pomatium* of the age of Elizabeth, according to this writer, was "an ointment made with the pulpe of apples and swines grease and rose-water, which is used to beautifie the face, and to take away the roughnes of the skin, which is called in shops *pomatium*, of the apples whereof it is made."

⁶⁵ *A buck of the first head.*

In old hunting phraseology, the name of the hart, buck, &c., changed in every year of its age. The buck in its fifth year, and the roebuck in its fourth year, was termed a *buck of the first head*. The buck, in its second year, was called a *pricket*; and, in its third year, a *sorrel*.

⁶⁶ *Raught*, i.e. reached. *Affect the letter*, use alliteration.

⁶⁷ *If a talent be a claw.*

Talon was almost always written and pronounced *talent*. The quibble is a favourite one in old plays. *Claw*, to flatter: another quibble.

⁶⁸ *Good morrow, master person.*

Person is the archaic form of *parson*. The "good old Mantuan" is Mantuanus, the Carmelite, whose Eclogues were translated into English by Turbeville, 12mo. Lond. 1567. *Ut, re*, &c., are the notes of the gamut.

⁶⁹ *If Love make me forsworn.*

This poem was printed, with some variations, in the *Passionate Pilgrime*, 1599, where the two last lines are as follow,—

Celestial as thou art, O! do not love that wrong,
To sing the heavens' praise with such an earthly tongue.

⁷⁰ *Tired*, attired. Farmer thinks this is another allusion to Banks' celebrated horse.

⁶³ *They have pitched a toil.*

The toil was an enclosure into which game was driven. *I am toiling in a pitch*, a quibble in allusion to Rosaline's dark complexion.

⁶⁴ *Under the left pap.*

"That left pap, where heart doth hop," is mentioned in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, v. 1. *Smot*, smote.

⁶⁵ *Like a perjurer, wearing papers.*

Dr. Johnson observes that the punishment of perjury was to wear a paper on the breast expressing the crime.

⁶⁶ *Thou mak'st the triumphyry.*

An allusion, says Douce, to the gallows of the time, which was occasionally triangular. The corner-cap was a cap whose top was triangular.

As there are three nooks in a *corner'd cap*,
And three corners and one in a map.

Wits Recreations, 1640

⁶⁷ *Guards, facings, trimmings.*

⁶⁸ *All-hid, all-hid.*

The game of hide-and-seek. "Whoop all hid, or hide and seek, where they hide and seek one another," *Comenii Janua Linguarum*, 1662, p. 232. "Our unshansome fac'd poet does play at bo-peeps with your grace, and cries *all hid*, as boys do," Decker's *Untrussing of the Humorous Poet*, 1602. *More sacks to the mill*, a proverbial phrase quaintly implying addition. "Who were oppress'd and overladen with heavie packs, and ought not to have laid more sacks to the mill." Gayton's *Pleasant Notes upon Don Quixot*, 1654, p. 65.

⁶⁹ *Her amber hairs for foul have amber coted.*

Coted, i.e. quoted. Her amber hairs have quoted, interpreted, or marked amber foul. "*Coter*, to quote," *Cotgrave*. *Cote* has already occurred in this play, act. ii. sc. 1, altered most inconsistently by Mr. Knight and others to *quote*; and the same variation has also been made in act v. sc. 2. If we alter *cote* to *quote* in one instance, we should of course in all; but I scarcely think it is in an editor's discretion, if fairly exercised, so to modernize an archaism.

⁷⁰ *A king transformed to a gnat.*

That is, a sovereign transformed to a most insignificant and foolish insect,—the "foolish gnat," as Shakespeare elsewhere terms it. The commentators have much unnecessary discussion on this simple passage.

⁷¹ *Whipping a gig.*

A gig was a kind of top. "*Corlo*, a top or gigge that children play with in Lent," Florio, 1611.

⁷² *And Nestor play at push-pin with the boys.*

Push-pin is translated by Miegé, *jeu d'épingles*. Ash explains it, "a child's play in which pins are pushed with an endeavour to cross them." But from the following

NOTES TO LOVE'S LABOUR 'S LOST.

passage, it would rather appear to have been merely played by aiming pins at a mark.

— Play at push-pin there, sir?
It was well aim'd; but, plague upon 't, you shot short,
And that will lose your game.

Beaumont and Fletcher, Woman Pleas'd, ii. 8.

⁷² *With men, like men, of strange inconstancy.*

That is, with men, like common men are, of inconstancy. The second folio reads *strange inconstancy*, sacrificing the sense to the metre; but, on the whole, I retain this reading, although *strange* was probably not the word used by the poet. I much prefer Tieck's suggestion, *such*.

⁷⁴ *Or groan for Joan.*

Joan was the generic name for a rustic girl. The jingle was evidently intentional, and exactly suits Biron's merry character. Mr. Collier reads *groan for love*, on the authority of a single copy of the edition of 1593.

⁷⁶ *To make up the mess.*

A mess was a set of four people, properly a party dining together, but used more generally. Compare act v. so. 2, "a mess of Russians."

⁷⁸ *And the scroll of night.*

The old editions corruptly read *school of night*, and I am not satisfied with any emendation yet proposed. In proposing *scroll*, it must be observed that it harmonizes with *badge, hue, and crest*; but I question its correctness.

⁷⁷ *Still climbing trees in the Hesperides.*

Hesperides is here used, by a licence not unusual with old writers, for *the garden of the Hesperides*. It is the fashion to light up Shakespeare's ignorance by means of this passage, but Gabriel Harvey, whose learning will not be disputed, introduces *Hesperides* in an exactly similar manner in his *Pierce's Supererogation*, 1593. Greene, also, in his *Orlando Furioso*, 1594, mentions "the plot Hesperides."

⁷⁶ *Makes heaven drowsy with the harmony.*

Heath explains this passage,—"Whenever Love speaks, all the gods join their voices with his in harmonious concert." Voice is, perhaps, the murmur of approbation.

The tongue that 's able to rock heaven asleep,
And make the music of the spheres stand still,
To listen to the happier airs it makes,
And mend their tunes by it.

Shirley's Love Tricks, act iv. sc. 2.

⁷⁹ *A word that loves all men.*

Loves is here equivalent to *pleases*. In the same manner, we have it, *it likes me*, it pleases me.

⁸⁰ *Sow'd cockle, reap'd no corn.*

The passage is elliptical, and may thus be paraphrased,—
"cockle being sown, no corn is reaped;" in other words, if we do not lay a good foundation we shall not succeed.

⁸¹ *Witty without affection.*

Affection, i.e. affectation. *Audacious*, spirited. "She that shall be my wife must be accomplished with courtly and audacious ornaments," Ben Jonson's *Silent Woman*. *Impudency*, impudence. "O unlimitable impudencie," Marston's *Malcontent*, 1604. *Filed*, polished. *Picked*, neat. *Point-devise*, most exact. So in the *Miller of Abington*,—

The wenche she was full proper and nyce,
Amonge all other she bare great price,
For she coude trike it point devise,
But fewe like her in that cuntrye.

⁸² *On the alms-basket of words.*

The alms-basket was the basket of broken meat preserved for the poor.

Thy tongue, and not unwittily perhaps,
One likened to th' alms-basket fill'd with scraps;
It feeds our ears with mix'd and broken words,
Just like the poor with bits from sev'ral boards.

Prestwick's Hippolitus, 1651, p. 75.

I know the time thou wouldst have ick'd thy chaps
From out an almes-basket to get some scraps.

Workes of Taylor the Water Poet, 1630.

⁸³ *Honorificabilitudinitatibus.*

This absurd word, described by Marston as conveying "a great deal of sound and no sense," is often mentioned as the longest word known. A flap-dragon is a small substance, such as a raisin, set afloat lighted in a cup of wine or spirits, to be snatched by the mouth in its burning state. This amusement is not quite obsolete, but is now usually termed *enap-dragon*. The horn-book, which has been out of use for about half a century, consisted of a leaf containing the alphabet, numerals, &c., and generally the Lord's Prayer, mounted on wood, and protected by a piece of transparent horn. It was headed by a large cross called the Christ-cross, and, held in the hand, was not a bad assistant in preliminary education. O, U, a double meaning, oh you! *Veney*; see note 25 to the *Merry Wives of Windsor*.

⁸⁴ *Arts-man præambulat.*

The arts-man, or mar of art, walks before, takes the precedence. I follow the old copies, but modern editors read *præambula*, an unnecessary departure from the original text.

A garment, made by cunning arts-men's skill,
Hides all defects that Nature's swerving hand
Hath done amiss.

Heywood's Fair Maid of the Exchange, 1607.

⁸⁵ *Dally with my excrement.*

The hair or beard was often so termed. Hair is called "so plentiful an excrement" in the *Comedy of Errors*, ii. 2.

⁸⁶ *If this fadge not.*

Fadge, to suit, or agree. So in the *Beggar's Ape*,—

For whoso beares simplicities true badge,
To live in Prince's courts doe seldom fadge

NOTES TO LOVE'S LABOUR 'S LOST.

⁸⁷ *Let them dance the hay.*

The hay was a round country dance. It is mentioned in England's Helicon, p. 223,—

Shall we goe daunce the hay?
Never pipe could ever play
Better shepheard's roundelay.

⁸⁸ *My red dominical, my golden letter.*

The dominical letters were printed in red ink, and the O's refer to the marks of the small-pox.

⁸⁹ *Beauties no richer than rich taffata.*

This line is improperly given to Biron in the original, which is blindly followed by Collier and Knight; as if Biron, who was impatiently anxious that Moth's address should be well spoken, would interrupt him.

⁹⁰ *To tread a measure.*

We have already had a notice of this dance in Much Ado about Nothing, but perhaps the following additional account of it by Reed may not be unacceptable to the reader.

"The measures were dances solemn and slow. They were performed at court, and at public entertainments of the societies of law and equity, at their halls, on particular occasions. It was formerly not deemed inconsistent with propriety even for the gravest persons to join in them; and accordingly at the revels which were celebrated at the inns of court, it has not been unusual for the first characters in the law to become performers in *treading the measures*. See Dugdale's *Origines Juridiciales*. Sir John Davies, in his poem called *Orchestra*, 1622, describes them in this manner:

"But, after these, as men more civil grew,
He did more *grave and solemn measures frame*:
With such fair order and proportion true,
And correspondence ev'ry way the same,
That no fault-finding eye did ever blame,
For every eye was moved at the sight,
With sober wond'ring and with sweet delight.
Not those young students of the heavenly book,
Atlas the great, Prometheus the wise,
Which on the stars did all their life-time look,
Could ever find such measure in the skies,
So full of change, and rare varieties;
Yet all the feet *wher-on these measures go,*
Are only spongers, solemn, grave, and slow."

⁹¹ *Cog, to load dice; to cheat.*

⁹² *Veal, quoth the Dutchman.*

This absurd joke may not be detected. *Veal* is the Dutchman's pronunciation of *well*.

⁹³ *Well-liking, in good condition, fat.*

⁹⁴ *Better wits have worn plain statute-caps.*

That is; better wits have been found among those who wear statute caps, i.e. citizens. It was ordered by a statute of Queen Elizabeth that citizens should wear woolen caps on Sundays and holidays, with a view of encouraging the trade of cappers. "Why, 'tis a law enacted by the Common Council of statute-caps," *Familie of Love*, 1606.

⁹⁵ *Are angels vailing clouds*

Ladies unmask'd, says Boyet, are like angels vailing clouds, or letting those clouds, which obscured their brightness, sink from before them. *Johnson*.

⁹⁶ *At wakes and wassails.*

Wassails were merry-meetings or festivities. The term is derived from the Anglo-Saxon *wæs hæþ*, be in health, which was anciently the drinking pledge-word.

⁹⁷ *As white as whale's bone.*

This is a very old simile, common in the ancient romances. The tooth of the walrus was used in the place of ivory, and some of our old writers appear to have thought it was whale's-bone. So, in the *Thornton Romances*, p. 154,—

Then come letturs to Artas,
That the worme in Rome slayn was,
A knyght then hath hym sloon.
So longe at leche-crafte can he dwelle,
A man-chylde had Crystyabelle,
As whyte as whallys boon.
The erle had made to God a vowe,
"Doghtur, in-to the see schalt thou
Yn a schypp alone;
And that bastard that to the ys dere,
Crystyndome schalle he non have here!"
Hyr maydenys wepte everychon.

⁹⁸ *The virtue of your eye must break my oath.*

That is, the virtue or power of your eye compels me to break my oath.

⁹⁹ *Taffata phrases, silken terms precise.*

Taffata was a kind of thin silk, formerly much esteemed. "*Bissines*, silken words, spruce tearmes," *Cotgrave*.

¹⁰⁰ *Three-pil'd hyperboles.*

A similar metaphor occurs in Decker's *Wonder of a Kingdom*,—"most piteously complaining against this three-pile rascal."

¹⁰¹ *Lord have mercy on us.*

This was the touching inscription placed on all houses infected with the plague. "Let him, I say, take heede leust, his flesh now falling away, his carcas be not plagued with leane ones, of whom, whilst the bill of *Lord have mercy upon us* was to be denied in no place, it was death for him to heare," Decker's *Wonderfull Yeaere*, 1603.

¹⁰² *You know my lady's foot by the squire.*

Squire, a rule or square. According to Heath, *one souse* is nearly the same as that of the proverbial expression, *he hath got the length of her foot*, i.e. he hath humoured her so long that he can persuade her to what he pleases. *Allow'd*, licensed to say what you like.

⁹³ *You cannot beg us.*

That is, we are not fools. See note 18 to the *Comedy of Errors*

¹⁰⁴ *The form confounded.*

The original reads *their*, being one of the many instances in Shakespeare where the grammar is inaccurate. I follow Mr. Knight's reading, with a slight difference in the punctuation.

¹⁰⁵ *The braggart the hedge-priest.*

Hedge, in composition, generally implied deterioration. *Hedge-priest*, an ignorant priest; a stupid fellow. "Upbraide the parson full irreverently, calling him *hedge-priest*," Brathwait's Strappado for the Divell, 1615, p. 36. *Novum* was a game at dice played by six persons. According to Douce, the two principal throws were nine and five, a circumstance which makes Biron's meaning perfectly evident.

¹⁰⁶ *With libbard's head on knee.*

Libbard, i.e. leopard. The passage in the text is illustrated by Cotgrave's translation of *Masquine*, "the representation of a lyon's head, &c. upon the elbow or knee of some old-fashioned garments."

Then owte starte a Lumbarte,
Felle he was as a *lybbarte*.

MS. Publ. Libr. Cambr. xv. cent.

¹⁰⁷ *You will be scraped out of the painted cloth.*

Painted cloth was cloth or canvas, on which paintings in oil were depicted. It often took the place of hangings or tapestry, as appears from a passage in Brathwait's Strappado for the Divell, 1615. Robert Arden, Shakespeare's maternal grandfather, had several painted cloths in his house at Wilmecote, near Stratford-on-Avon.

¹⁰⁸ *A little o'erparted.*

That is, says Malone, the part or character allotted to him in this piece is too considerable.

¹⁰⁹ *Judas was hang'd on an elder.*

It was an old tradition that Judas hung himself on an elder-tree. "Our gardens will prosper the better, when they have in them not one of these elders, whereupon so many covetous Judasses hang themselves," Nixon's Strange Foot-Post, 1618. Flecknoe, in his *Diarium*, 1658, mentioning this tree, says,—

It had, he said, such vertuous force,
Where vertue oft from Judas came,
Who hang'd himself upon the same,
For which, in sooth, he was to blame.

Gerard, in his Herbal, 1597, p. 1240, describing the *arbor Judæ*, says, "it may be called in English Judas tree, whereon Judas did hang himself, and not upon the elder tree, as it is saide."

The quibbling on the face of Holofernes requires a little explanation. The heads of citterns and bodkins (or daggers) were frequently terminated with grotesque faces. A death's face in a ring was a favourite ornament, and is often alluded to as being worn by procuresses; but there was not necessarily any disgrace or ridicule attached to the ornament. The flask here mentioned is the soldier's powder-horn.

¹¹⁰ *Worn in the cap of a tooth-drauer.*

"In Queene Elizabeth's dayes, there was a fellow that wore a brooch in his hat, like a *tooth drauer*, with a rose and crowne, and two letters," Taylor's Workes, 1630, Wit and Mirth, p. 194.

¹¹¹ *Stuck with cloves.*

It was usual to insert cloves on the surfaces of oranges or lemons. "Betraies her teeth, which stand one by another as if that they were cloves stuck in an orange," Cartwright's Siedge, 1651. The practice of gilding nutmegs is alluded to by Ben Jonson, in his Gipsies Metamorphosed,—"I have lost an enchanted nutmeg, all gilded over, was enchanted at Oxford for me, to put in my sweet-heart's ale a' mornings."

¹¹² *I do adore thy sweet grace's slipper.*

The extravagance of the language of courtship in former days is almost past belief. This is said in all seriousness. So Ben Jonson, in the Poetaster,—"Your courtier cannot kiss his mistress's slipper in quiet for them."

¹¹³ *Let me take you a button-hole lower.*

A play upon words. "Yea, and take her downe too a button-hole lower," Shoemaker's Holyday, 1681. It is equivalent to the modern phrase, taking one "down a peg."

¹¹⁴ *I go woolward for penance.*

To go woolward was to go without a shirt, with the woollen of the outer dress next the skin. "Welwarde, without any linnen nexte ones body, sans change," Palsgrave, 1530. "Wolleward and weest-shoed wente I forth after," Piers Ploughman, ed. Wright, p. 359.

Cautus, that woollward went, was wondred at;
Which he excus'd, as done through pure contrition
But who so simple, Cautus, credits that?
Tis too well known thou art of worse condition,
And therefore if no linnen thee begirt,
The naked truth will prove thou hast no shirt.

Wits Recreations, 1640

¹¹⁵ *I have seen the day of wrong.*

That is, I have seen by a little discretion or reflection the wrong I have suffered, and I will right myself like a soldier.

¹¹⁶ *At his very loose.*

Loose is the technical term for the moment the arrow is loosed by the archer. It is here metaphorically equivalent to, *onset*. The verb *decides* is, of course, governed by *Time*.

¹¹⁷ *Full of strange shapes.*

The old copies corruptly read *straying shapes*. The same misprint occurs in Promos and Cassandra, iii. 1, "O straying effectes of blinde affected love."

¹¹⁸ *As bombast and as lining to the time.*

The metaphor is sufficiently evident. The term *bombast* was originally applied to cotton, and hence to the stuffing out of dress, because usually done with that material.

NOTES TO LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

119 *To flatter up these powers of mine with rest.*

The preposition *up* is here redundant, and Johnson and Warburton would have experienced little difficulty in the explanation of this passage, had they remembered or known how usual it was in works of Shakespeare's time to employ the preposition in a similar manner. The king evidently means to say, "If I would deny this, or more than this, to flatter my soul with the hope of rest, let me immediately perish."

120 *And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue.*

There is a dispute on the exact meaning of cuckoo-buds in this passage, but I believe they refer to the beautiful wild *lychnis flosculi*, the cuckoo-flower of the East of England. Gerard, p. 480, says, "the cuckoo flower I have comprehended under the title of *sisymbrium*, Englished ladies-smocks, which plant hath been generally taken for *lvs cuckoo*."

121 *While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.*

That is, while greasy Joan doth cool the pot; some say

314

she keels the pot, by preventing the pot boiling over by means of effectively using her ladle. However this may be, *keel* certainly means *to cool*, and is constantly used in that sense by our early writers.

122 *When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl.*

A delightful rural allusion, almost causing one to regret not to have lived in former times. *Turning a crab* was roasting a crab-apple, and throwing it, when quite hot, into a bowl of nut-brown ale, into which had been previously put a toast with spice and sugar. Warner, describing a shepherd, says,—

And with the sun doth folde againe;
Then, jogging home betime,
He turnes a crab, or tunes a round,
Or sings some merrie ryme.

And, in Gammer Gurton's Needle, 1575:

I love no rost but a nut-brown toste,
And a crab layde in the tyre,

A Midsummer-Night's Dream.

Such sights as youthful poets dream
On summer eves, by haunted stream.

AS far as is at present known, the plot of the *Midsummer-Night's Dream* is one of the very few invented by Shakespeare himself. It is true that a few slight portions of the ground-work are derived from other sources, but the tale and its construction are believed to be original. The translation of Plutarch's *Life of Theseus* and Chaucer's *Knight's Tale* appear to have furnished little more than the names of the characters; but it is just possible that a passage at the close of the latter, which has been overlooked by the commentators, may have suggested the introduction of the interlude of the clowns:—

—ne how the Grekes play
The wake-plaies ne kepe I not to say:
Who wrestled best naked with oile enoint,
Ne who that bare him best in no disjoint.
I woll not tellen eke how they all gon
Hom till Athenes, whan the play is don.

Golding's translation of Ovid has better claims to the honour of having been used by Shakespeare in the construction of a part of his play, the similarities between the tale of *Pyramus* and *Thisbe* in that work and the interlude being sufficiently striking to warrant the belief of its being the original source of the latter. The following extract from Golding will probably not be uninteresting to the reader, when viewed in connexion with this subject:—

Within the towne (of whose huge walles so monstrous high and thicke,
The fame is given Semiramis for making them of bricke)
Dwelt hard together two young folke in houses joynde so nere,
That under all one rooffe well nie both twaine conveyed were.
The name of him was *Pyramus*, and *Thisbe* called was she;
So faire a man in all the East was none alive as he,
Nor nere a woman, mayde, nor wife, in beaultie like to her.
This neigh-brod bred acquaintance first; this neigh-brod first did ster
The secret sparkes: this neigh-brod first an entrance in did show
For love to come to that to which it afterward did grow.
And if that right had taken place, they had beene man and wife;
But still their parents went about to let which (for their life)
They could not let. For both their hearts with equal flame did burne;

A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

No man was privie to their thoughts. And for to serve their turne,
 Instead of talke they used signes: the closlier they supprest
 The fire of love, the fiercer still it raged in their brest.
 The wall that parted house from house had riven therein a cranie,
 Which shroonke at making of the wall: this fault not markt of anie
 Of many hundred yeeeres before (what doth not love espie?)
 These lovers first of all found out, and made a way whereby
 To talke together secretly, and through the same did go
 Their loving whisprings very light and safely to and fro.
 Now, as at one side *Pyramus*, and *Thisbe* on the tother,
 Stood often drawing one of them the pleasant breath from other:
 O thou envious wall (they sayed), why letst thou lovers thus;
 What matter were it if that thou permitted both of us
 In armes each other to embrace: or if thou think that this
 Were over-much, yet mightest thou at least make roome to kisse.
 And yet thou shalt not finde us churles: we thinke our selves in det,
 For the same piece of curtesie, in vouching safe to let
 Our sayings to our friendly eares thus freely come and go.
 Thus having where they stood in vaine complained of their wo,
 When night drew neare they bad adue, and ech gave kisses sweete,
 Unto the parget on their side the which did never meete.
 Next morning with her cheerful light had driven the starres aside,
 And *Phœbus* with his burning beames the dewie grasse had dride,
 These lovers at their wonted place by fore-appointment met,
 Where, after much complaint and mone they covenanted to get
 Away from such as watched them, and in the evening late
 To steale out of their father's house, and eke the citie gate.
 And to th' intent that in the fields they strayd not up and downe,
 They did agree at *Ninus Tombe* to meet without the towne,
 And tarry underneath a tree that by the same did grow;
 Which was a faire high mulberie with fruite as white as snow,
 Hard by a coole and trickling spring. This bargaine pleased them both
 And so day-light (which to their thought away but slowly goth)
 Did in the ocean fall to rest, and night from thence did rise.
 As soone as darkenesse once was come, straight *Thisbe* did devise
 A shift to winde her out of doores, that none that were within
 Perceivd her: and muffling her with clothes about her chin,
 That no man might discerne her face, to *Ninus Tombe* she came
 Unto the tree: and set her downe there underneath the same.
 Love made her bold. But see the chance; there comes besmerde with blood,
 About the chappes, a lyonesse all foming from the wood,
 From slaughter lately made of kine, to staunch her bloody thirst
 With water of the foresaid spring. Whom *Thisbe* spying first,
 Afarre by moone-light, thereupon with fearful steps gan fle,
 And in a darke and yrkesome cave did hide herselfe thereby.
 And as she fled away for haste she let her mantle fall,
 The which for feare she left behinde, not looking backe at all.
 Now when the cruell lyonesse her thirst had staunched well,
 In going to the wood she found the slender weede that fell
 From *Thisbe*, which with bloodie teeth in peeces he did teare;
 The night was somewhat further spent ere *Pyramus* came there,
 Who seeing in the suttile sand the print of lyon's paw,
 Waxt pale for feare. But when also the blodie cloke he saw
 All rent and torne: one night (he sayed) shall lovers two confound,
 Of which long life deserved she of all that live on ground;
 My soule deserves of this mischaunce the perill for to beare.
 I, wretch, have been the death of thee, which to this place of feare
 Did cause thee in the night to come, and came not there before.
 My wicked lims and wretched guts, with cruell teeth therefore,
 Devoure ye, O ye Lyons all that in this rocke doe dwell.
 But cowards use to wish for death. The slender weede that fell

A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

From Thisbe up he takes, and straight doth beare it to the tree,
 Which was appointed erst the place of meeting for to bee.
 And when he had bewept, and kist the garment which he knew,
 Receive thou my blood too (quoth he); and therewithall he drew
 His sword, the which among his guts he thrust, and by and by
 Did draw it from the bleeding wound, beginning for to die.
 And cast himselfe upon his backe, the blood did spinne on his
 As when a conduite pipe is crackt, the water bursting ou
 Doth shote it selfe a great way off, and pierse the ayre about;
 The leaves that were upon the tree besprinkled with his blood,
 Were died black. The roote also bestained as it stood,
 A deepe dark purple colour straight upon the berries cast.
 Anon scarce ridded of her feare with which she was agast,
 For doubt of disapoynting him comes *Thisbe* forth in hast,
 And for her lover looks about, rejoycing for to tell
 How hardly she had scapt that night the danger that befell
 And as she knew right well the place and facion of the tree,
 (As which she saw so late before): even so when she did see
 The colour of the berries turn'd, she was uncertaine whither
 It were the tree at which they both agreed to meet together.
 While in this doubtfull stound she stood, she cast her eye aside,
 And there beweltred in his blood hir lover she espide,
 Lie sprawling with his dying lims: at which she started backe,
 And looked pale as any box, a shuddring through her stracke,
 Even like the sea which suddenly with whissing noyse doth move,
 When with a little blast of wind it is but toucht above.
 But when approching nearer him she knew it was her love,
 She beate her breast, she shrieked out, she tare her golden heares,
 And taking him betweene her armes, did wash his woundes with teares,
 She meynd her weeping with his blood, and kissing all his face,
 (Which now became as cold as yse) she cryde in wofull case,
 Alas, what chaunce my *Pyramus* hath parted thee and mee?
 Make answer, O my *Pyramus*: it is thy *Thisbe*. even shee
 Whom thou doost love most hartily, that speaketh unto thee;
 Give eare and raise thy heavie head. He hearing *Thisbe's* name,
 Lift up his dying eyes, and having seene her, clood the same.
 But when she knew her mantle there, and saw his scaberd lie
 Without the sworde: Unhappy man, thy love hath made thee die.
 Thy love (she said) hath made thee slea thyselfe. This hand of mine
 Is strong enough to doe the like. My love no lesse than thine
 Shall give me force to worke my wound, I will pursue thee dead,
 And wretched woman as I am, it shall of me be sed,
 That like as of thy death I was the onely cause and blame,
 So am I thy companion eke and partner in the same.
 For death which onely could alas! asunder part us twaine,
 Shall never so dissever us but we will meete againe;
 And you the parents of us both, most wretched folke alive,
 Let this request that I shall make in both our names belive,
 Intreate you to permit, that we whom chaste and stedfast love,
 And whom even death hath joyned in one, may as it doth behove
 In one grave be together layd. And thou, unhappie tree
 Which shouldest now the corse of one, and shalt anon through mee
 Shroude two, of this same slaughter hold the sicker sinnes for ay,
 Blacke be the colour of thy fruite and mourning like alway,
 Such as the murder of us twaine may evermore bewray.
 This said, she took the sword yet warme with slaughter of her love,
 And setting it beneath her brest did to the heart it shove.
 Her prayer with the Gods and with their parents tooke effect,
 For when the fruite is thoroughly ripe, the berrie is bespect
 With colour tending to a blucke. And that which after fire
 Remained, rested in one tombe, as *Thisbe* did desire.

The faint similarities to be traced between Chaucer and Golding, and Shakespeare's play, are important as tending to the conclusion that the *Midsummer-Night's Dream* does not owe its existence to a more ancient drama, but was, properly speaking, the poet's own invention. It is mentioned by Meres in 1598, and two editions appeared in 1600; but it is generally supposed that the description of the seasons given by Titania in act ii. scene 1 refers to the winterly summer of 1594, in which the months of June and July, according to Dr. Forman,* "were very wet and wonderfull cold like winter, that the 10. dae of Julii many did syt by the fyre, yt was so cold; and soe was yt in Maye and June; and scarce too fair dais together all that tyme, but yt rayned every day more or lesse: yf yt did not raine, then was yt cold and cloudye." The coincidence is rather remarkable, and admitting the allusion, we may assign the date of the play to 1594 or 1595; but the more one examines this kind of evidence, the less real weight it possesses; and the drama is so highly finished, I am not inclined to place the date of its composition long before 1598, when the poet was in his 34th year.

The principle of the composition of *A Midsummer-Night's Dream* has exercised the ingenuity of several critics, but it seems to me that the great difficulties which surround all æsthetic commentary on this play arise in some measure from its unity of action and of purpose having been considered axiomatical. If, however, we approach the subject without any preconceived opinion formed upon the results of an examination of other plays of the great dramatist, and regard this play *sui generis*, an anomaly not regulated by ordinary laws, we shall find the discussion less intricate. In point of fact, our chief perplexity will consist in the necessity of disconnecting some particular action from the rest, and regarding it as a subsequent invention. The fairies, undoubtedly, constitute the main action. Remove them from the scene, and the play would be a mere skeleton adorned with a few narrow robes of exquisite poetry. How, or in what manner the poet formed his frame-work—and a beautiful and graceful frame it is—is a question accessible only to conjecture. The permutations of Shakespeare's fancy were infinite, and here, as elsewhere, they have resolved themselves into a systematic whole.

It must, however, be admitted that, in the discussion of questions of this kind, the social position of Shakespeare, as effecting the form of his works, has never been properly considered. It would seem, after what we have been told by a recent school, little better than heresy to doubt the perfection of the results of the poet's genius; yet who can venture to say that his plays, as they have descended to us, are the same that would have been presented to the world, had not the author been in some degree dependent on popular favour? Shakespeare's chief object in writing was to please an audience—to fill a theatre: and the fact that he accomplished so much more than this must be ascribed to his surpassing genius and to the tendency of his mind. But we cannot suppose that he disregarded the opinion of the multitude, or would have ventured to introduce a play, composed entirely of æthereal poetry, before an audience not sufficiently refined to appreciate it. May not the "clowns" be the result of these external circumstances; and can we be certain that, under other conditions, Bottom the weaver, inimicable as he is, would not have been exchanged for a more poetical character?

In adopting, or rather suggesting, this line of argument, I am not losing sight of the dramatic art of the play; neither do I dissent in the least from the opinion of its absolute harmony and congruity as a work of art. But the poet's genius could have adjusted, had it been necessary, far more discordant elements than these. All that I am venturing to suggest is the possibility of the introduction of the artisans having been occasioned by the external circumstances in which the author himself was placed. With respect to the drama itself, we are somewhat in Miranda's position when she first saw Ferdinand, and cannot believe in the existence of a lovelier object. But the hand that wrought that fairy picture, and introduced into it a company of illiterate workmen without shocking the ideal—what would he have accomplished, had he further isolated his enchantments from the external world? As it is, the reader must perforce admit that unnatural combinations have been formed to harmonize the conditions of the various actions.

The minor inconsistencies are, indeed, sufficiently numerous, but they do not affect the argument,

* In MS. diary preserved in the Ashmolean Museum, Oxford. It was first printed in Mr. Halliwell's Introduction to the essay, 8vo. 1841.

A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

and are not peculiar to this play. One mistake of time may be mentioned, as it has escaped the notice of the editors. The period of the action of the play is four days, concluding with the night of the new moon. But Hermia and Lysander receive the edict of Theseus four days before the new moon; they fly from Athens "to-morrow night;" they become the sport of the fairies, along with Helena and Demetrius, *during one night only*, for Oberon accomplishes all in one night, before "the first cock crows;" and the lovers are discovered by Theseus the morning before that which would have rendered this portion of the plot chronologically consistent. A careful perusal will convince the reader that the action of the remaining part of the play is not intended to consist of two days.

The Midsummer-Night's Dream contains the sweetest poetry ever composed in any language. It influenced the fancy of Fletcher and Milton; and its production has become an era in the history of English poetical composition. Although a finished dramatic piece, it is unquestionably better fitted for the closet than the stage; yet the portion appropriated to the hard-handed men of Athens is, in itself, an admirable farce; joined with the action of the fairies, it becomes an artistic comedy. The play is adapted to the stage by the introduction of the clowns. Deprived of the latter, it would have partaken of the character of a masque; and, like 'Comus,' would not have been appreciated by a common audience.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

THESEUS, *Duke of Athens.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 1.

EGEUS, *father to Hermia.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 1.

LYSANDER, *in love with Hermia.*

*Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 2.
Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 1.*

DEMETRIUS, *in love with Hermia.*

*Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act III. sc. 2.
Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 1.*

PHILOSTRATE, *master of the revels to Theseus.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 1.

QUINCE, *the carpenter.*

*Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 2.
Acts the Prologue in Act V. sc. 1.*

SNUG, *the joiner.*

*Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 2.
Acts the Lion in Act V. sc. 1.*

BOTTOM, *the weaver.*

*Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 2.
Acts Pyramus in Act V. sc. 1.*

FLUTE, *the bellows-mender.*

*Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 2.
Acts Thisby in Act V. sc. 1.*

SNOUT, *the tinker.*

*Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 2
Acts the Wall in Act V. sc. 1.*

STARVELING, *the tailor.*

*Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 2.
Acts Moonshine in Act V. sc. 1.*

HIPPOLYTA, *Queen of the Amazons, betrothed to Theseus.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 1.

HERMIA, *daughter to Egeus, in love with Lysander*

*Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 2.
Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 1.*

HELENA, *in love with Demetrius.*

*Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act III. sc. 2
Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 1.*

OBERON, *king of the fairies.*

*Appears, Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act III. sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 1
Act V. sc. 1.*

TITANIA, *queen of the fairies.*

*Appears, Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 1
Act V. sc. 1.*

PUCK, *or Robin Goodfellow, a fairy.*

*Appears, Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2.
Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 1.*

PEAS-BLOSSOM, COBWEB, MOTH, MUSTARD-SEED,
fairies.

Appear, Act III. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 1.

Pyramus, Thisby, Wall, Moonshine, Lion, *characters
in the Interlude performed by the Clowns.*

Appear, Act V. sc. 1.

Other Fairies attending their King and Queen.

Attendants on Theseus and Hippolyta.

SCENE,—ATHENS, AND A WOOD NEAR.

A Midsummer-Night's Dream.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Athens. *A Room in the Palace of Theseus.*

Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, PHILOSTRATE, and Attendants.

The. Now, fair Hippolyta, our nuptial hour
Draws on apace; four happy days bring in
Another moon: but, oh, methinks, how slow
This old moon wanes! she lingers my desires,
Like to a step-dame, or a dowager,
Long withering out a young man's revenue.

Hip. Four days will quickly steep themselves
in nights;
Four nights will quickly dream away the time;
And then the moon, like to a silver bow
New bent in heaven,¹ shall behold the night
Of our solemnities.

The. Go, Philostrate,
Sur up the Athenian youth to merriments;
Awake the pert and nimble spirit of mirth;
Turn melancholy forth to funerals,
The pale companion is not for our pomp.

[Exit PHIL.]

Hippolyta, I woo'd thee with my sword,
And won thy love, doing thee injuries;
But I will wed thee in another key,
With pomp, with triumph, and with revelling.

Enter EGEUS, HERMIA, LYSANDER, and DEMETRIUS.

Ege. Happy be Theseus, our renowned duke!²

41

The. Thanks, good Egeus: What's the news
with thee?

Ege. Full of vexation come I, with complaint
Against my child, my daughter Hermia.
Stand forth, Demetrius:—My noble lord,
This man hath my consent to marry her.—
Stand forth, Lysander:—and, my gracious duke,
This hath bewitch'd the bosom of my child:
Thou, thou, Lysander, thou hast given her rhymes,
And interchang'd love-tokens with my child:
Thou hast by moonlight at her window sung,
With feigning voice, verses of feigning love;
And stol'n the impression of her fantasy
With bracelets of thy hair, rings, gauds, conceits,³
Knacks, trifles, nosegays, sweetmeats,—messengers
Of strong prevailment in unhardened youth:
With cunning hast thou filch'd my daughter's
heart;

Turn'd her obedience, which is due to me,
To stubborn harshness:—And, my gracious duke,
Be it so she will not here, before your grace,
Consent to marry with Demetrius,
I beg the ancient privilege of Athens,—
As she is mine, I may dispose of her,
Which shall be either to this gentleman,
Or to her death; according to our law,
Immediately provided in that case.

The. What say you, Hermia? Be advis'd, my
maid:

To you your father should be as a god;

321

One that compos'd your beauties; yea, and one
To whom you are but as a form in wax,
By him imprinted, and within his power
To leave the figure, or disfigure it.⁴
Demetrius is a worthy gentleman.

Her. So is Lysander.

The. In himself he is:

But, in this kind, wanting your father's voice,
The other must be held the worthier.

Her. I would my father look'd but with my eyes!

The. Rather your eyes must with his judgment
look.

Her. I do entreat your grace to pardon me.
I know not by what power I am made bold,
Nor how it may concern my modesty,
In such a presence here, to plead my thoughts;
But I beseech your grace that I may know
The worst that may befall me in this case,
If I refuse to wed Demetrius.

The. Either to die the death, or to abjure
For ever the society of men.
Therefore, fair Hermia, question your desires,
Know of your youth, examine well your blood,
Whether, if you yield not to your father's choice,
You can endure the livery of a nun;
For aye to be in shady cloister mew'd,
To live a barren sister all your life,
Chanting faint hymns to the cold fruitless moon.
Thrice blessed they that master so their blood,
To undergo such maiden pilgrimage:
But earthlier happy⁵ is the rose distill'd,
Than that which, withering on the virgin thorn,
Grows, lives, and dies, in single blessedness.

Her. So will I grow, so live, so die, my lord,
Ere I will yield my virgin patent up
Unto his lordship, whose unwish'd yoke⁶
My soul consents not to give sovereignty.

The. Take time to pause; and, by the next new
moon,

(The sealing-day betwixt my love and me,
For everlasting bond of fellowship,)
Upon that day either prepare to die,
For disobedience to your father's will;
Or else, to wed Demetrius, as he would;
Or on Diana's altar to protest,
For aye, austerity and single life.

Dem. Relent, sweet Hermia:—And, Lysander,
yield

Thy crazed title to my certain right.

Lys. You have her father's love, Demetrius;
Let me have Hermia's: do you marry him!

Ege. Scornful Lysander! true, he hath my love,

And what is mine my love shall render him;
And she is mine; and all my right of her
I do estate unto Demetrius.

Lys. I am, my lord, as well deriv'd as he,—
As well possess'd; my love is more than his;
My fortunes every way as fairly rank'd,
If not with vantage, as Demetrius';
And, which is more than all these boasts can be,
I am belov'd of beauteous Hermia.
Why should not I then prosecute my right?
Demetrius, I'll avouch it to his head,
Made love to Nedar's daughter, Helena,
And won her soul; and she, sweet lady, dotes,
Devoutly dotes, dotes in idolatry,
Upon this spotted⁷ and inconstant man.

The. I must confess that I have heard so much,
And with Demetrius thought to have spoke
thereof;

But, being over-full of self-affairs,
My mind did lose it.—But, Demetrius, come.
And come, Egeus; you shall go with me;
I have some private schooling for you both.
For you, fair Hermia, look you arm yourself
To fit your fancies to your father's will;
Or else the law of Athens yields you up
(Which by no means we may extenuate)
To death, or to a vow of single life.

Come, my Hippolyta: What cheer, my love?
Demetrius, and Egeus, go along:

I must employ you in some business
Against our nuptial, and confer with you
Of something nearly that concerns yourselves.

Ege. With duty and desire we follow you.

[*Exeunt THEA, HIP., EGE., DEM., and train.*]

Lys. How now, my love? Why is your cheek
so pale?

How chance the roses there do fade so fast?

Her. Belike for want of rain; which I could
well

Beteem them from the tempest of mine eyes.⁸

Lys. Ah me! for aught that I could ever read,
Could ever hear by tale or history,
The course of true love never did run smooth:
But, either it was different in blood;—

Her. O cross! too high to be enthrall'd to
low!

Lys. Or else misgraffed, in respect of years;—

Her. O spite! too old to be engag'd to young!

Lys. Or else it stood upon the choice of
friends;—

Her. O hell! to choose love by another's eye!

Lys. Or, if there were a sympathy in choice,

War, death, or sickness did lay siege to it;
 Making it momentary as a sound,
 Swift as a shadow, short as any dream,
 Brief as the lightning in the collied night,
 That, in a spleen, unfolds both heaven and earth,
 And ere a man hath power to say,—Behold!
 The jaws of darkness do devour it up:
 So quick bright things come to confusion.

Her. If then true lovers have been ever cross'd,
 It stands as an edict in destiny:
 Then let us teach our trial patience,
 Because it is a customary cross;
 As due to love, as thoughts, and dreams, and sighs,
 Wishes, and tears, poor fancy's followers.⁹

Lys. A good persuasion; therefore, hear me,
 Hermia.

I have a widow aunt, a dowager
 Of great revenue, and she hath no child:
 From Athens is her house remote seven leagues;
 And she respects me as her only son.
 There, gentle Hermia, may I marry thee;
 And to that place the sharp Athenian law
 Cannot pursue us. If thou lov'st me, then,
 Steal forth thy father's house to-morrow-night;
 And in the wood, a league without the town,
 Where I did meet thee once with Helena,
 To do observance to a morn of May,
 There will I stay for thee.

Her. My good Lysander!
 I swear to thee by Cupid's strongest bow;
 By his best arrow with the golden head;
 By the simplicity of Venus' doves;
 By that which knitteth souls, and prospers loves;
 And by that fire which burn'd the Carthage
 queen,

When the false Trojan under sail was seen;
 By all the vows that ever men have broke,
 In number more than ever women spoke;
 In that same place thou hast appointed me,
 To-morrow truly will I meet with thee.

Lys. Keep promise, love. Look, here comes
 Helena.

Enter HELENA.

Her. God speed fair Helena! Whither away?

Hel. Call you me fair? that fair again unsay.
 Demetrius loves your fair!¹⁰ O happy fair!
 Your eyes are load-stars; and your tongues sweet
 air,
 More tunable than lark to shepherd's ear,
 When wheat is green, when hawthorn buds ap-
 pear,

Sickness is catching; O, were favour so,
 Your words I'd catch, fair Hermia, ere I go;
 My ear should catch your voice, my eye your eye,
 My tongue should catch your tongue's sweet
 melody.

Were the world mine, Demetrius being bated,
 The rest I'll give to be to you translated.
 O, teach me how to look; and with what art
 You sway the motion of Demetrius' heart.

Her. I frown upon him, yet he loves me still.

Hel. O, that your frowns would teach my
 smiles such skill!

Her. I gave him curses, yet he gives me love.

Hel. O, that my prayers could such affection
 move!

Her. The more I hate, the more he follows me

Hel. The more I love, the more he hateth me

Her. His folly, Helena, is none of mine.

Hel. None; but your beauty; would that fault
 were mine!

Her. Take comfort; he no more shall see my
 face;

Lysander and myself will fly this place.

Before the time I did Lysander see,

Seem'd Athens like a paradise to me:

O then, what graces in my love do dwell,

That he hath turn'd a heaven into hell!¹¹

Lys. Helen, to you our minds we will unfold
 To-morrow night, when Phoebe doth behold
 Her silver visage in the wat'ry glass,
 Decking with liquid pearl the bladed grass,
 (A time that lovers' flights doth still conceal,¹²)
 Through Athens' gates have we devis'd to steal.

Her. And in the wood, where often you and I
 Upon faint primrose beds were wont to lie,
 Emptying our bosoms of their counsel sweet,
 There my Lysander and myself shall meet:
 And thence, from Athens, turn away our eyes,
 To seek new friends and stranger companies.¹³
 Farewell, sweet playfellow; pray thou for us,
 And good luck grant thee thy Demetrius!—
 Keep word, Lysander: we must starve our sight
 From lovers' food, till morrow deep midnight.

[*Erit HER.*]

Lys. I will, my Hermia.—Helena, adieu:

As you on him, Demetrius dote on you! [*Ex. Lys*]

Hel. How happy some o'er othersome can be!
 Through Athens I am thought as fair as she.
 But what of that? Demetrius thinks not so;
 He will not know what a.1 but he do know.
 And as he errs, doting on Hermia's eyes,
 So I, admiring of his qualities.

Things base and vile,¹³ holding no quantity,
 Love can transpose to form and dignity;
 Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind;
 And therefore is wing'd Cupid painted blind.
 Nor hath love's mind of any judgment taste;
 Wings, and no eyes, figure unheedy haste:
 And therefore is love said to be a child,
 Because in choice he is so oft beguil'd.
 As waggish boys in game themselves forswear,
 So the boy love is perjur'd everywhere:
 For ere Demetrius look'd on Hermia's cyne,
 He hail'd down oaths that he was only mine;
 And when this hail some heat from Hermia felt,
 So he dissolv'd, and showers of oaths did melt.
 I will go tell him of fair Hermia's flight:
 Then to the wood will he, to-morrow night,
 Pursue her; and for this intelligence
 If I have thanks, it is a dear expense:¹⁴
 But herein mean I to enrich my pain,
 To have his sight thither and back again. [Exit.]

SCENE II.—A Room in a Cottage at Athens.

Enter SNUG, BOTTOM, FLUTE, QUINCE, SNOUT, and STARVELING.

Quin. Is all our company here?

Bot. You were best to call them generally,
 man by man, according to the scrip.

Quin. Here is the scroll of every man's name,
 which is thought fit, through all Athens, to play
 in our interlude before the duke and the duchess,
 on his wedding-day at night.

Bot. First, good Peter Quince, say what the
 play treats on; then read the names of the actors;
 and so grow on to a point.

Quin. Marry, our play is—The most lamentable
 comedy, and most cruel death of Pyramus and
 Thisby.

Bot. A very good piece of work, I assure you,
 and a merry.—Now, good Peter Quince, call forth
 your actors by the scroll. Masters, spread yourselves.

Quin. Answer, as I call you.—Nick Bottom,
 the weaver.

Bot. Ready. Name what part I am for, and
 proceed.

Quin. You, Nick Bottom, are set down for
 Pyramus.

Bot. What is Pyramus? a lover, or a tyrant?

Quin. A lover, that kills himself most gallantly
 for love.

Bot. That will ask some tears in the true per-
 forming of it: If I do it, let the audience look to

their eyes; I will move storms; I will condole in
 some measure. To the rest:—Yet my chief hu-
 mour is for a tyrant: I could play Ercles rarely,
 or a part to tear a cat in, to make all split.

“The raging rocks,
 And shivering shocks,
 Shall break the locks
 Of prison-gates;
 And Phibbus' car
 Shall shine from far,
 And make and mar
 The foolish fates.”

This was lofty!—Now name the rest of the
 players.—This is Ercles' vein,¹⁵ a tyrant's vein; a
 lover is more condoling.

Quin. Francis Flute, the bellows-mender.

Flu. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. You must take Thisby on you.

Flu. What is Thisby? a wand'ring knight?

Quin. It is the lady that Pyramus must love.

Flu. Nay, faith, let not me play a woman; I
 have a beard coming.

Quin. That's all one; you shall play it in a
 mask,¹⁶ and you may speak as small as you will.

Bot. An I may hide my face, let me play Thisby
 too: I'll speak in a monstrous little voice:—
 “Thisne, Thisne,—Ah, Pyramus, my lover dear;
 thy Thisby dear! and lady dear!”

Quin. No, no, you must play Pyramus; and,
 Flute, you Thisby.

Bot. Well, proceed.

Quin. Robin Starveling, the tailor.

Star. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. Robin Starveling, you must play Thisby's
 mother.—Tom Snout, the tinker.

Snout. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. You Pyramus's father; myself, Thisby's
 father; Snug, the joiner, you the lion's part:—
 and I hope here is a play fitted.

Snug. Have you the lion's part written? pray
 you, if it be, give it me, for I am slow of study.

Quin. You may do it extempore, for it is noth-
 ing but roaring.

Bot. Let me play the lion too. I will roar,
 that I will do any man's heart good to hear me; I
 will roar, that I will make the duke say, “Let
 him roar again; let him roar again.”

Quin. An you should do it too terribly, you
 would fright the duchess and the ladies, that
 they would shriek; and that were enough to hang
 us all.

All. That would hang us, every mother's son.

Bot. I grant you, friends, if that you should fright the ladies out of their wits, they would have no more discretion but to hang us; but I will aggravate my voice so, that I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove; I will roar you an 'twere any nightingale.

Quin. You can play no part but Pyramus: for Pyramus is a sweet-fac'd man; a proper man as one shall see in a summer's day; a most lovely, gentleman-like man; therefore you must needs play Pyramus.

Bot. Well, I will undertake it. What beard were I best to play it in?

Quin. Why, what you will.

Bot. I will discharge it in either your straw-colour beard, your orange-tawny beard, your purple-in-grain beard, or your French-crown-colour beard, your perfect yellow.

Quin. Some of your French crowns have no hair at all, and then you will play bare-fac'd.—But, masters, here are your parts: and I am to entreat you, request you, and desire you, to con them by to-morrow night: and I meet me in the palace wood, a mile without the town, by moonlight; there will we rehearse: for if we meet in the city, we shall be dogg'd with company, and our devices known. In the mean time, I will draw a bill of properties¹⁷ such as our play wants. I pray you fail me not.

Bot. We will meet; and there we may rehearse more obscenely and courageously. Take pains; be perfect; adieu.

Quin. At the duke's oak we meet.

Bot. Enough. Hold, or cut bow-strings.¹⁸

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—A Wood near Athens.

Enter a Fairy on one side, and PUCK on the other.

Puck. How now, spirit! whither wander you?

Fai. Over hill, over dale,

Thorough bush, thorough brier,¹⁹

Over park, over pale,

Thorough flood, thorough fire,

I do wander everywhere,

Swifter than the moon's sphere;

And I serve the fairy queen,

To dew her orbs upon the green:

The cowslips tall her pensioners be;

In their gold coats spots you see;

Those be rubies, fairy favours,

In those freckles live their savours:

I must go seek some dew-drops here,

And hang a pear. in every cowslip's ear.

Farewell, thou lob of spirits; I'll be gone;

Our queen and all her elves come here anon.

Puck. The king doth keep his revels here to-night;

Take heed the queen come not within his sight.

For Oberon is passing fell and wrath,

Because that she, as her attendant, hath

A lovely boy stol'n from an Indian king;

She never had so sweet a changeling:

And jealous Oberon would have the child

Knight of his train, to trace the forests wild:

But she, perforce, withholds the loved boy,

Crowns him with flowers, and makes him all her joy:

And now they never meet in grove, or green,

By fountain clear, or spangled starlight sheen,

But they do square;²⁰ that all their elves, for fear,

Creep into acorn-cups, and hide them there.

Fai. Either I mistake your shape and making quite,

Or else you are that shrewd and knavish sprite,

Call'd Robin Goodfellow;²¹ are you not he,

That frights the maidens of the villagere;—

Skim milk; and sometimes labour in the quern;²²

And bootless make the breathless housewife churn;

And sometime make the drink to bear no barn;²³

Mislead night-wanderers, laughing at their harm?

Those that Hobgoblin call you, and sweet Puck,

You do their work, and they shall have good luck:

Are you not he?

Puck. Thou speak'st aright;

I am that merry wanderer of the night.
 I jest to Oberon, and make him smile,
 When I a fat and bean-fed horse beguile,
 Neighing in likeness of a filly foal:
 And sometime lurk I in a gossip's bowl,
 In very likeness of a roasted crab;
 And, when she drinks, against her lips I bob,
 And on her wither'd dewlap pour the ale.
 The wisest aunt, telling the saddest tale,
 Sometime for three-foot stool mistaketh me;
 Then slip I from her bum, down topples she,
 And "Tailor" cries,²⁴ and falls into a cough;
 And then the whole quire hold their hips and
 loffe,²⁵

And waxen in their mirth, and neeze,²⁶ and swear
 A merrier hour was never wasted there.—
 But room, Fairy, here comes Oberon.

Fai. And here my mistress:—Would that he
 were gone!

Enter OBERON on one side, with his train, and TITANIA on the other, with hers.

Obe. Ill met by moonlight, proud Titania.

Tita. What, jealous Oberon? Fairy, skip hence;
 I have forsworn his bed and company.

Obe. Tarry, rash wanton. Am not I thy lord?

Tita. Then I must be thy lady: But I know
 When thou hast stol'n away from fairy land,
 And in the shape of Corin sat all day,
 Playing on pipes of corn, and versing love
 To amorous Phillida. Why art thou here,
 Come from the farthest steep of India?
 But that, forsooth, the bouncing Amazon,
 Your buskin'd mistress, and your warrior love,
 To Theseus must be wedded; and you come
 To give their bed joy and prosperity.

Obe. How canst thou thus, for shame, Titania,
 Glance at my credit with Hippolyta,
 Knowing I know thy love to Theseus?
 Didst not thou lead him through the glimmering
 night

From Perigenia, whom he ravished?
 And make him with fair Æglé break his faith,
 With Ariadne, and Antiopa?

Tita. These are the forgeries of jealousy:
 And never, since the middle-summer spring,²⁷
 Met we on hill, in dale, forest, or mead,
 By paved fountain, or by rushy brook,
 Or on the beached margent of the sea,
 To dance our ringlets to the whistling wind,
 But with thy brawls thou hast disturb'd our
 sport.

826

Therefore the winds, piping to us in vain,
 As in revenge, have suck'd up from the sea
 Contagious fogs; which, falling in the land,
 Have every pelted river made so proud,
 That they have overborne their continents:
 The ox hath therefore stretch'd his yoke in vain,
 The ploughman lost his sweat; and the green corn
 Hath rotted, ere his youth attain'd a beard:
 The fold stands empty in the drowned field,
 And crows are fatted with the murrain flock
 The nine men's morris is fill'd up with mud;²⁸
 And the quaint mazes in the wanton green,
 For lack of tread, are undistinguishable;
 The human mortals want their winter cheer;
 No night is now with hymn or carol bless'd:—
 Therefore the moon, the governess of floods,
 Pale in her anger, washes all the air,
 That rheumatic diseases do abound:
 And thorough this distemperature, we see
 The seasons alter: hoary-headed frosts
 Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson rose;
 And on old Hyems' thin and icy crown,²⁹
 An odorous chaplet of sweet summer buds
 Is, as in mock'ry, set. The spring, the summer,
 The chilling autumn, angry winter, change
 Their wonted liveries; and the mazed world,
 By their increase,³⁰ now knows not which is which
 And this same progeny of evils comes
 From our debate, from our dissension;
 We are their parents and original.

Obe. Do you amend it then: it lies in you:
 Why should Titania cross her Oberon?
 I do but beg a little changeling boy,
 To be my henchman.³¹

Tita. Set your heart at rest;
 The fairy land buys not the child of me.
 His mother was a votress of my order:
 And in the spiced Indian air, by night,
 Full often hath she gossip'd by my side,
 And sat with me on Neptune's yellow sands,
 Marking th' embarked traders on the flood;
 When we have laugh'd to see the sails conceive,
 And grow big-bellied with the wanton wind:
 Which she, with pretty and with swimming gait,
 Following, (her womb then rich with my young
 squire,)

Would imitate; and sail upon the land,
 To fetch me trifles, and return again,
 As from a voyage, rich with merchandise.
 But she, being mortal, of that boy did die;
 And, for her sake, I do rear up her boy:
 And, for her sake, I will not part with him.



Obc. How long within this wood intend you stay?

Tita. Perchance, till after Theseus' wedding-day.

If you will patiently dance in our round,
And see our moonlight revels, go with us;
If not, shun me, and I will spare your haunts.

Obc. Give me that boy, and I will go with thee.

Tita. Not for thy fairy kingdom. Fairies, away:

We shall chide downright, if I longer stay.

[*Exeunt TITANIA and her train.*]

Obc. Well, go thy way: thou shalt not from this grove,

Till I torment thee for this injury.

My gentle Puck, come hither. Thou remember'st
Since once I sat upon a promontory,
And heard a mermaid, on a dolphin's back,
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,
That the rude sea grew civil at her song;
And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,
To hear the sea-maid's music.

Puck. I remember.

Obc. That very time I saw, (but thou couldst not,)

Flying between the cold moon and the earth,
Cupid all arm'd; a certain aim he took
At a fair vestal, throned by the west;³²
And loos'd his love-shaft smartly from his bow,
As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts:
But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft
Quench'd i' the chaste beams of the wat'ry moon;
And the imperial votress passed on,
In maiden meditation, fancy-free.
Yet mark'd I where the bolt of Cupid fell:
It fell upon a little western flower,—
Before milk-white, now purple with love's
wound,—

And maidens call it love-in-idleness.

Fetch me that flower; the herb I show'd thee
once;

The juice of it on sleeping eyelids laid,
Will make or man or woman madly dote
Upon the next live creature that it sees.
Fetch me this herb: and be thou here again,
Ere the leviathan can swim a league.

Puck. I'll put a girdle round about the earth³³
In forty minutes. [*Exit Puck.*]

Obc. Having once this juice,
I'll watch Titania when she is asleep,
And drop the liquor of it in her eyes:
The next thing then she waking looks upon,

(Be it on lion, bear, or wolf, or bull,
On meddling monkey, or on busy ape.)
She shall pursue it with the soul of love.
And ere I take this charm off from her sight,
(As I can take it, with another herb,)
I'll make her render up her page to me.
But who comes here? I am invisible,
And I will overhear their conference.

Enter DEMETRIUS, HELENA following him.

Dem. I love thee not, therefore pursue me not
Where is Lysander, and fair Hermia?
The one I'll stay, the other stayeth me.³⁴
Thou told'st me they were stol'n into this wood,
And here am I, and wood within this wood,
Because I cannot meet my Hermia.
Hence! get thee gone, and follow me no more.

Hel. You draw me, you hard-hearted adamant
But yet you draw not iron, for my heart
Is true as steel: Leave you your power to draw,
And I shall have no power to follow you.

Dem. Do I entice you? Do I speak you fair?
Or, rather, do I not in plainest truth
Tell you I do not, nor I cannot love you?

Hel. And even for that do I love you the more.
I am your spaniel; and, Demetrius,
The more you beat me, I will fawn on you?
Use me but as your spaniel, spurn me, strike me,
Neglect me, lose me; only give me leave,
Unworthy as I am, to follow you.
What worsè place can I beg in your love,
(And yet a place of high respect with me,)
Than to be used as you use your dog?

Dem. Tempt not too much the hatred of my
spirit,
For I am sick when I do look on thee.

Hel. And I am sick when I look not on you.

Dem. You do impeach your modesty too much,
To leave the city, and commit yourself
Into the hands of one that loves you not;
To trust the opportunity of night,
And the ill counsel of a desert place,
With the rich worth of your virginity.

Hel. Your virtue is my privilege for that.³⁵
It is not night, when I do see your face,
Therefore I think I am not in the night:
Nor doth this wood lack worlds of company
For you, in my respect, are all the world:
Then how can it be said I am alone,
When all the world is here to look on me?

Dem. I'll run from thee, and hide me in the
brakes,

And leave thee to the mercy of wild beasts.

Hel. The wildest hath not such a heart as you.
Run when you will, the story shall be chang'd:
Apollo flies, and Daphne holds the chase;
The dove pursues the griffin; the mild hind
Makes speed to catch the tiger. Bootless speed!
When cowardice pursues, and valour flies.

Dem. I will not stay thy questions; let me go:
Or, if thou follow me, do not believe
But I shall do thee mischief in the wood.

Hel. Ay, in the temple, in the town, the field,
You do me mischief. Fie, Demetrius!
Your wrongs do set a scandal on my sex:
We cannot fight for love, as men may do:
We should be woo'd, and were not made to woo.
I'll follow thee, and make a heaven of hell,
To die upon the hand I love so well.

[*Exeunt DEM. and HEL.*]

Obe. Fare thee well, nymph: ere he do leave
this grove,
Thou shalt fly him, and he shall seek thy love.

Re-enter PUCK.

Hast thou the flower there? Welcome, wanderer.

Puck. Ay, there it is.

Obe. I pray thee, give it me.
I know a bank where the wild thyme blows,
Where ox-lips³⁶ and the nodding violet grows;
Quite over-canopied with luscious woodbine,
With sweet musk-roses, and with eglantine:
There sleeps Titania, some time of the night,
Lull'd in these flowers with dances and delight;
And there the snake throws her enamell'd skin,
Weed wide enough to wrap a fairy in:
And with the juice of this I'll streak her eyes,
And make her full of hateful fantasies.
Take thou some of it, and seek through this grove:
A sweet Athenian lady is in love
With a disdainful youth: anoint his eyes;
But do it, when the next thing he espies
May be the lady: Thou shalt know the man
By the Athenian garments he hath on. •
Effect it with some care, that he may prove
More fond on her, than she upon her love:
And look thou meet me ere the first cock crow.

Puck. Fear not, my lord; your servant shall do so.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*Another part of the Wood.*

Enter TITANIA, with her train.

Tit. Come, now a roundel, and a fairy song;³⁷
Then, for the third part of a minute, hence;

328

Some, to kill cankers in the musk-rose buds;
Some, war with rear-mice for their leathern
wings,
To make my small elves coats; and some, keep
back
The clamorous owl, that nightly hoots, and wonders
At our quaint spirits. Sing me now asleep
Then to your offices, and let me rest.

SONG

I.

1 *Fai.* You spotted snakes, with double tongue,
Thorny hedgehogs, be not seen;
Newts, and blind-worms, do no wrong;
Come not near our fairy queen:

CHORUS.

Philomel, with melody
Sing in our sweet lullaby;
Lulla, lulla, lullaby; lulla, lulla, lullaby:
Never harm, nor spell nor charm,
Come our lovely lady nigh;
So, good night, with lullaby.

II.

2 *Fai.* Weaving spiders, come not here;
Hence, you long-legg'd spinners, hence;
Beetles black, approach not near;
Worm, nor snail, do no offence.

CHORUS.

Philomel, with melody, &c.

2 *Fai.* Hence, away; now all is well:
One, aloof, stand sentinel.

[*Exeunt Fairies. TITANIA sleeps.*]

Enter OBERON.

Obe. What thou seest, when thou dost wake,
[*Squeezes the flower on TITANIA'S eyelids.*]
Do it for thy true-love take;
Love and languish for his sake:
Be it ounce, or cat, or bear,
Pard, or boar with bristled hair,
In thy eye that shall appear,
When thou wak'st, it is thy dear;
Wake when some vile thing is near. [Exit.]

Enter LYSANDER and HERMIA.

Lys. Fair love, you faint with wand'ring in the
wood;
And, to speak troth, I have forgot our way;
We'll rest us, Hermia, if you think it good,
And tarry for the comfort of the day.
Her. Be it so, Lysander; find you out a bed,
For I upon this bank will rest my head.
Lys. One turf shall serve as pillow for us both
One heart, one bed, two bosoms, and one troth.

Her. Nay, good Lysander: for my sake, my dear,
Lie further off yet; do not lie so near.

Lys. O, take the sense, sweet, of my innocence;
Love takes the meaning, in love's conference.³⁸
I mean, that my heart unto yours is knit,
So that but one heart we can make of it:
Two bosoms interchanged with an oath;
So then, two bosoms, and a single troth.
Then, by your side no bed-room me deny;
For, lying so, Hermia, I do not lie.

Her. Lysander riddles very prettily:—
Now much beshrew my manners and my pride,
If Hermia meant to say Lysander lied.
But, gentle friend, for love and courtesy
Lie further off; in human modesty,
Such separation, as may well be said
Becomes a virtuous bachelor and a maid:
So far be distant; and good night, sweet friend:
Thy love ne'er alter, till thy sweet life end!

Lys. Amen, amen, to that fair prayer, say I;
And then end life, when I end loyalty!
Here is my bed: Sleep give thee all his rest!

Her. With half that wish the wisher's eyes be
press'd! [*They sleep.*]

Enter Puck.

Puck Through the forest have I gone,
But Athenian find I none,
On whose eyes I might approve
This flower's force in stirring love.
Night and silence! who is here?
Weeds of Athens he doth wear:
This is he, my master said,
Despised the Athenian maid;
And here the maiden, sleeping sound,
On the dank and dirty ground.
Pretty soul! she durst not lie
Near this lack-love, this kill-courtesy.
Churl, upon thy eyes I throw
All the power this charm doth owe:
When thou wak'st, let love forbid
Sleep his seat on thy eyelid.
So awake, when I am gone; [*Exit.*]
For I must now to Oberon.

Enter DEMETRIUS and HELENA, running.

Hel. Stay, though thou kill me, sweet Demetrius.

Dem. I charge thee, hence, and do not haunt
me thus.

Hel. O wilt thou darkling leave me?³⁹ do not so.

Dem. Stay on thy peril; I alone will go.

[*Exit DEM.*]

Hel. O, I am out of breath in this fond chase!
The more my prayer, the lesser is my grace.
Happy is Hermia, wheresoe'er she lies,
For she hath blessed and attractive eyes.
How came her eyes so bright? Not with salt tears
If so, my eyes are oft'ner wash'd than hers.
No, no, I am as ugly as a bear;
For beasts that meet me run away for fear:
Therefore, no marvel, though Demetrius
Do, as a monster, fly my presence thus.
What wicked and dissembling glass of mine
Made me compare with Hermia's spherish eye?
But who is here?—Lysander! on the ground!
Dead, or asleep? I see no blood, no wound!
Lysander, if you live, good sir, awake.

Lys. And run through fire I will, for thy sweet
sake. [*Waking.*]

Transparent Helena! Nature shows her art,
That through thy bosom makes me see thy heart
Where is Demetrius? O, how fit a word
Is that vile name to perish on my sword!

Hel. Do not say so, Lysander; say not so:
What though he love your Hermia? Lord! what
thought?

Yet Hermia still loves you: then be content.

Lys. Content with Hermia? No: I do repent
The tedious minutes I with her have spent.
Not Hermia, but Helena now I love:
Who will not change a raven for a dove?
The will of man is by his reason sway'd,
And reason says you are the worthier maid.
Things growing are not ripe until their season;
So I, being young, till now ripe not to reason;
And touching now the point of human skill,⁴⁰
Reason becomes the marshal to my will,
And leads me to your eyes; where I o'erlook
Love's stories, written in love's richest book.

Hel. Wherefore was I to this keen mockery
born?

When, at your hands, did I deserve this scorn?
Is 't not enough, is 't not enough, young man,
That I did never, no, nor never can,
Deserve a sweet look from Demetrius' eye,
But you must flout my insufficiency?
Good troth, you do me wrong; good sooth, you do,
In such disdainful manner me to woo.
But fare you well: perforce I must confess,
I thought you lord of more true gentleness.
O, that a lady, of one man refus'd,
Should of another therefore be abus'd! [*Exit.*]

Lys. She sees not Hermia:—Hermia, sleep thou
there:

And never may'st thou come Lysander near!
 For, as a surfeit of the sweetest things
 The deepest loathing to the stomach brings;
 Or, as the heresies that men do leave
 Are hated most of those they did deceive;
 So thou, my surfeit, and my heresy,
 Of all be hated; but the most of me!
 And all my powers, address your love and might
 To honour Helen, and to be her knight. [*Exit.*]

Her. [*starting.*] Help me, Lysander, help me!
 do thy best

To pluck this crawling serpent from my breast!
 Ah me, for pity!—what a dream was here!
 Lysander, look how I do quake with fear!
 Methought a serpent ate my heart away,
 And you sat smiling at his cruel prey:
 Lysander! what, remov'd? Lysander! lord!
 What, out of hearing? gone? no sound, no word?
 Alack, where are you? speak, an if you hear;
 Speak, of all loves! I swoond almost with fear.
 No?—then I well perceive you are not nigh:
 Either death, or you, I'll find immediately. [*Exit.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The Wood. The Queen of Fairies
 lying asleep, but invisible.*

*Enter QUINCE, SNUG, BOTTOM, FLUTE, SNOUT, and
 STARVELING.*

Bot. Are we all met?

Quin. Pat, pat; and here's a marvellous convenient place for our rehearsal. This green plot shall be our stage, this hawthorn brake our tiring-house;⁴¹ and we will do it in action, as we will do it before the duke.

Bot. Peter Quince,—

Quin. What say'st thou, Bully Bottom?

Bot. There are things in this comedy of 'Pyramus and Thisby' that will never please. First, Pyramus must draw a sword to kill himself; which the ladies cannot abide. How answer you that?

Snout. By'r'lakin, a parlous fear.⁴²

Star. I believe we must leave the killing out, when all is done.

Bot. Not a whit; I have a device to make all well. Write me a prologue: and let the prologue seem to say, we will do no harm with our swords; and that Pyramus is not kill'd indeed: and, for the more better assurance, tell them, that I, Pyramus, am not Pyramus, but Bottom the weaver. This will put them out of fear.

Quin. Well, we will have such a prologue; and it shall be written in eight and six.

Bot. No, make it two more; let it be written in eight and eight.

Snout. Will not the ladies be afeard of the lion?

Star. I fear it, I promise you.

Bot. Masters, you ought to consider with yourselves: to bring in, God shield us! a lion among ladies, is a most dreadful thing: for there is not a more fearful wild-fowl than your lion, living; and we ought to look to it.

Snout. Therefore another prologue must tell he is not a lion.

Bot. Nay, you must name his name, and half his face must be seen through the lion's neck; and he himself must speak through, saying thus, or to the same defect,—Ladies, or fair ladies, I would wish you, or I would request you, or I would entreat you, not to fear, not to tremble: my life for yours. If you think I come hither as a lion, it were pity of my life: No, I am no such thing; I am a man as other men are: and there, indeed, let him name his name, and tell them plainly he is Snug the joiner.⁴³

Quin. Well, it shall be so. But there is two hard things; that is, to bring the moonlight into a chamber: for you know, Pyramus and Thisby meet by moonlight.

Snug. Doth the moon shine that night we play our play?

Bot. A calendar, a calendar! look in the almanac; find out moonshine, find out moonshine.

Quin. Yes, it doth shine that night.

Bot. Why, then may you leave a casement of the great chamber-window, where we play, open; and the moon may shine in at the casement.

Quin. Ay; or else one must come in with a bush of thorns and a lantern, and say, he comes to dis-

figure, or to present, the person of moonshine. Then there is another thing: we must have a wall in the great chamber; for Pyramus and Thisby, says the story, did talk through the chink of a wall.

Snug. You can never bring in a wall.—What say you, Bottom?

Bot. Some man or other must present wall: and let him have some plaster, or some loam, or some rough-cast about him, to signify wall: or let him hold his fingers thus, and through that cranny shall Pyramus and Thisby whisper.

Quin. If that may be, then all is well. Come, sit down, every mother's son, and rehearse your parts. Pyramus, you begin: when you have spoken your speech, enter into that brake; and so every one according to his cue.

Enter PUCK behind.

Puck. What hempen homespuns have we swag-gering here,

So near the cradle of the fairy queen?

What, a play toward?⁴⁴ I'll be an auditor;

An actor too, perhaps, if I see cause.

Quin. Speak, Pyramus:—Thisby, stand forth.

Pyr. Thisby, the flowers of odious savours sweet;

Quin. Odours, odours.

Pyr. — odours savours sweet:

So hath thy breath, my dearest Thisby dear.

But, hark, a voice! stay thou a while but here,
And by and by I will to thee appear. [*Exit.*]

Puck. A stranger Pyramus than e'er play'd here! [*Aside.—Exit.*]

Flute. Must I speak now?

Quin. Ay, marry, must you: for you must understand he goes but to see a noise that he heard, and is to come again.

This. Most radiant Pyramus, most lily-white of hue,
Of colour like the red rose on triumphant brier,
Most brisk juvenile, and eke most lovely Jew,
As true as truest horse that yet would never tire,
I'll meet thee, Pyramus, at Ninny's tomb.

Quin. Ninus' tomb, man. Why, you must not speak that yet; that you answer to Pyramus: You speak all your part at once, cues and all.⁴⁵—Pyramus, enter; your cue is past; it is, "never tire."

Re-enter PUCK, and BOTTOM with an ass's head.

This. O,—As true as truest horse, that yet would never tire.

Pyr. If I were fair Thisby, I were only thine:—

Quin. O monstrous! O strange! we are haunted. Pray, masters! fly, masters! help

[*Exeunt Clowns.*]

Puck. I'll follow you, I'll lead you about a round,

Through bog, through bush, through brake,
through brier;

Sometime a horse I'll be, sometime a hound,

A hog, a headless bear, sometime a fire;

And neigh, and bark, and grunt, and roar, and burn,

Like horse, hound, hog, bear, fire, at every turn.

[*Exit.*]

Bot. Why do they run away? this is a knavery of them to make me afraid.

Re-enter SNOUT.

Snout. O Bottom, thou art chang'd! what do I see on thee?

Bot. What do you see? you see an ass-head of your own, do you?

Re-enter QUINCE.

Quin. Bless thee, Bottom! bless thee! thou art translated. [*Exit.*]

Bot. I see their knavery: This is to make an ass of me; to fright me, if they could. But I will not stir from this place, do what they can; I will walk up and down here, and I will sing, that they shall hear I am not afraid. [*Sings.*]

The woosel cock,⁴⁶ so black of hue,

With orange-tawny bill,

The throstle with his note so true,

The wren with little quill;

Tita. What angel wakes me from my flow'ry bed? [*Waking*]

Bot. The finch, the sparrow, and the lark,

The plain-song cuckoo gray,⁴⁷

Whose note full many a man doth mark,

And dares not answer, nay—

for, indeed, who would set his wit to so foolish a bird? who would give a bird the lie, though he cry "Cuckoo" never so?

Tita. I pray thee, gentle mortal, sing again: Mine ear is much enamour'd of thy note,
So is mine eye enthralled to thy shape;
And thy fair virtue's force perforce doth move me,
On the first view, to say, to swear, I love thee.

Bot. Methinks, mistress, you should have little reason for that: and yet, to say the truth, reason and love keep little company together now-a-days: the more the pity, that some honest neighbours will not make them friends. Nay, I can gleek⁴⁸ upon occasion.

Tita. Thou art as wise as thou art beautiful.

Bot. Not so, neither: but if I had wit enough to get out of this wood, I have enough to serve mine own turn.

Tita. Out of this wood do not desire to go; Thou shalt remain here, whether thou wilt or no I am a spirit of no common rate; The summer still doth tend upon my state, And I do love thee: therefore, go with me; I'll give thee fairies to attend on thee; And they shall fetch thee jewels from the deep, And sing, while thou on pressed flowers dost sleep: And I will purge thy mortal grossness so, That thou shalt like an airy spirit go.— Peas-blossom! Cobweb! Moth! and Mustard-seed!

Enter PEAS-BLOSSOM, COBWEB, MOTH, MUSTARD-SEED, four Fairies.

1 *Fai.* Ready.

2 *Fai.* And I.

3 *Fai.* And I.

4 *Fai.* And I.

All. Where shall we go?

Tita. Be kind and courteous to this gentleman; Hop in his walks, and gambol in his eyes; Feed him with apricocks, and dewberries;⁴⁹ With purple grapes, green figs, and mulberries; The honey bags steal from the humble-bees, And, for night-tapers, crop their waxen thighs, And light them at the fiery glow-worm's eyes, To have my love to bed, and to arise; And pluck the wings from painted butterflies, To fan the moon-teams from his sleeping eyes: Nod to him, elves, and do him courtesies.

1 *Fai.* Hail, mortal!

2 *Fai.* Hail!

3 *Fai.* Hail!

4 *Fai.* Hail!

Bot. I cry your worship's mercy, heartily.—I beseech your worship's name.

Cob. Cobweb.

Bot. I shall desire you of more acquaintance, good master Cobweb. If I cut my finger, I shall make bold with you.—Your name, honest gentleman?

Peas. Peas-blossom.

Bot. I pray you, commend me to mistress Squash,⁵⁰ your mother, and to master Peas-cod, your father. Good master Peas-blossom, I shall desire you of more acquaintance too.—Your name, I beseech you, sir?

Mus. Mustard-seed.

Bot. Good master Mustard-seed, I know your

patience well: that same cowardly, giant-like ox-beef hath devoured many a gentleman of your house. I promise you, your kindred hath made my eyes water ere now. I desire you of more acquaintance, good master Mustard-seed.

Tita. Come, wait upon him; lead him to my bower.

The moon, methinks, looks with a wat'ry eye And when she weeps, weeps every little flower, Lamenting some enforced chastity.

Tie up my love's tongue, bring him silently.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*Another part of the Wood.*

Enter OBERON.

Obe. I wonder if Titania be awak'd; Then, what it was that next came in her eye, Which she must dote on in extremity.

Enter PUCK.

Here comes my messenger.—How now, mad spirit What night-rule⁵¹ now about this haunted grove?

Puck. My mistress with a monster is in love. Near to her close and consecrated bower, While she was in her dull and sleeping hour, A crew of patches, rude mechanicals, That work for bread upon Athenian stalls, Were met together to rehearse a play, Intended for great Theseus' nuptial day. The shallowest thick-skin of that barren sort, Who Pyramus presented in their sport, Forsook his scene, and enter'd in a brake, When I did him at this advantage take— An ass's now! I fixed on his head;⁵² Anon, his Thisby must be answered, And forth my mimic⁵³ comes. When they him spy As wild geese that the creeping fowler eye, Or russet-pated choughs, many in sort, Rising and cawing at the gun's report, Sever themselves, and madly sweep the sky; So, at his sight, away his fellows fly, And, at our stamp, here o'er and o'er one falls; He murder cries, and help from Athens calls. Their sense thus weak, lost with their fears thus strong,

Made senseless, things begin to do them wrong; For briers and thorns at their apparel snatch; Some, sleeves; some, hats; from yielders all things catch.

I led them on in this distracted fear, And left sweet Pyramus translated there:

When in that moment (so it came to pass)
Titania wak'd, and straightway lov'd an ass.

Obe. This falls out better than I could devise.
But hast thou yet latch'd⁵⁴ the Athenian's eyes
With the love-juice, as I did bid thee do?

Puck. I took him sleeping,—that is finish'd
too,—

And the Athenian woman by his side;
That, when he wak'd, of force she must be ey'd.

Enter DEMETRIUS and HERMIA.

Obe. Stand close; this is the same Athenian.

Puck. This is the woman, but not this the man.

Dem. O, why rebuke you him that loves you so?
Lay breath so bitter on your bitter foe.

Her. Now I but chide, but I should use thee
worse;

For thou, I fear, hast given me cause to curse.
If thou hast slain Lysander in his sleep,
Being o'er shoes in blood, plunge in the deep,
And kill me too.

The sun was not so true unto the day,
As he to me. Would he have stol'n away
From sleeping Hermia? I'll believe as soon
This whole earth may be bor'd; and that the moon
May through the centre creep, and so displease
Her brother's noontide with th' Antipodes.
It cannot be but thou hast murder'd him;
So should a murderer look; so dread, so grim.

Dem. So should the murder'd look; and so
should I,

Pierc'd through the heart with your stern cruelty;
Yet you, the murderer, look as bright, as clear,
As yonder Venus in her glimmering sphere.

Her. What 's this to my Lysander? where
is he?

Ah, good Demetrius, wilt thou give him me?

Dem. I'd rather give his carcase to my hounds.

Her. Out, dog! out, cur! thou driv'st me past
the bounds

Of maiden's patience. Hast thou slain him then?
Henceforth be never number'd among men!

Oh! once tell true; tell true, even for my sake;
Durst thou have look'd upon him, being awake,
And hast thou kill'd him sleeping? O brave touch!⁵⁵
Could not a worm, an adder, do so much?
An adder did it; for with doubler tongue
Than thine, thou serpent, never adder stung.

Dem. You spend your passion on a mispris'd
mood:

I am not guilty of Lysander's blood;
Nor is he dead, for ought that I can tell.

Her. I pray thee, tell me, then, that he is
well.

Dem. An if I could, what should I get there
fore?

Her. A privilege never to see me more.—
And from thy hated presence part I so:
See me no more, whether he be dead or no.

[*Exit.*

Dem. There is no following her in this fierce
vein:

Here, therefore, for a while I will remain.
So sorrow's heaviness doth heavier grow
For debt that bankrupt sleep doth sorrow owe:
Which now, in some slight measure, it will pay,
If for his tender here I make some stay.

[*Lies down.*

Obe. What hast thou done? thou hast mistaken
quite,

And laid the love-juice on some true-love's sight:
Of thy misprision must perforce ensue
Some true-love turn'd, and not a false turn'd true.

Puck. Then fate o'er-rules; that one man holding
troth,

A million fail, confounding oath on oath.

Obe. About the wood go swifter than the wind,
And Helena of Athens look thou find:
All fancy-sick she is, and pale of cheer
With sighs of love, that cost the fresh blood dear.
By some illusion see thou bring her here;
I'll charm his eyes against she doth appear.

Puck. I go, I go; look how I go;
Swifter than arrow from the Tartar's bow. [*Exit*

Obe. Flower of this purple die,
Hit with Cupid's archery,
Sink in apple of his eye!
When his love he doth espy,
Let her shine as gloriously
As the Venus of the sky.
When thou wak'st, if she be by,
Beg of her for remedy.

Re-enter Puck.

Puck. Captain of our fairy band,
Helena is here at hand,
And the youth, mistook by me,
Pleading for a lover's fee;
Shall we their fond pageant see?
Lord, what fools these mortals be!

Obe. Stand aside: the noise they make
Will cause Demetrius to awake.

Puck. Then will two at once woo one—
That must needs be sport alone;

And those things do best please me,
That beful preposterously.

Enter LYSANDER and HELENA.

Lys. Why should you think that I should woo
in scorn?

Scorn and derision never come in tears:

Look, when I vow, I weep; and vows so born,
In their nativity all truth appears.

How can these things in me seem scorn to you,
Bearing the badge of faith to prove them true?

Hel. You do advance your cunning more and
more.

When truth kills truth, O devilish-holy fray!

These vows are Hermia's; Will you give
her o'er?

Weigh oath with oath, and you will nothing
weigh:

Your vows to her and me, put in two scales,

Will even weigh, and both as light as tales.

Lys. I had no judgment, when to her I swore.

Hel. Nor none, in my mind, now you give
her o'er.

Lys. Demetrius loves her, and he loves not you.

Dem. [*awaking.*] O Helen, goddess, nymph,
perfect, divine!

To what, my love, shall I compare thine eyne?

Crystal is muddy. O, how ripe in show

Thy lips, those kissing cherries, tempting grow!

That pure congealed white, high Taurus' snow,

Fann'd with the eastern wind, turns to a crow,

When thou hold'st up thy hand. O, let me kiss

This princess of pure white,⁵⁶ this seal of bliss!

Hel. O, spite! O, hell! I see you all are bent
To set against me, for your merriment.

If you were civil, and knew courtesy,

You would not do me thus much injury.

Can you not hate me, as I know you do,

But you must join, in souls, to mock me too?

If you were men, as men you are in show,

You would not use a gentle lady so.

To vow, and swear, and superpraise my parts,

When, I am sure, you hate me with your hearts.

You both are rivals, and love Hermia;

And now both rivals, to mock Helena:

A trim exploit, a manly enterprise,

To conjure tears up in a poor maid's eyes

With your derision! None of noble sort

Would so offend a virgin, and extort

A poor soul's patience, all to make you sport.

Lys. You are unkind, Demetrius; be not so;

For you love Hermia: this, you know, I know:

And here, with all good will, with all my heart,
In Hermia's love I yield you up my part;
And yours of Helena to me bequeath,
Whom I do love, and will do to my death.

Hel. Never did mockers waste more idle breath.

Dem. Lysander, keep thy Hermia; I will none:
If e'er I lov'd her, all that love is gone.

My heart to her but as guest-wise sojourn'd;

And now to Helen it is home return'd,

There to remain.

Lys. Helen, it is not so.

Dem. Disparage not the faith thou dost not
know,

Lest, to thy peril, thou aby it dear.—

Look where thy love comes; yonder is thy dear

Enter HERMIA.

Her. Dark night, that from the eye his function
takes,

The ear more quick of apprehension makes;

Wherein it doth impair the seeing sense,

It pays the hearing double recompense:

Thou art not by mine eye, Lysander, found;

Mine ear, I thank it, brought me to thy sound.

But why unkindly didst thou leave me so?

Lys. Why should he stay, whom love doth press
to go?

Her. What love could press Lysander from my
side?

Lys. Lysander's love, that would not let him
bide;—

Fair Helena, who more engilds the night

Than all yon fiery oes⁵⁷ and eyes of light.

Why seek'st thou me? could not this make thee
know,

The hate I bear thee made me leave thee so?

Her. You speak not as you think; it cannot be.

Hel. Lo, she is one of this confederacy!

Now I perceive they have conjoin'd, all three,

To fashion this false sport in spite of me.

Injurious Hermia! most ungrateful maid!

Have you conspir'd, have you with these contriv'd

To bait me with this foul derision?

Is all the counsel that we two have shar'd,

The sisters' vows, the hours that we have spent,

When we have chid the hasty-footed time

For parting us,—O, and is all forgot?

All school-days' friendship, childhood innocence?

We, Hermia, like two artificial gods,

Have with our needles created both one flower,

Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion,

Both warbling of one song, both in one key

As if our hands, our sides, voices, and minds,
Had been incorporate. So we grew together,
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,
But yet an union in partition,
Two lovely berries moulded on one stem:
So, with two seeming bodies, but one heart,
Two of the first, like coats in heraldry,⁵⁸
Due but to one, and crowned with one crest.
And will you rend our ancient love asunder,
To join with men in scorning your poor friend?
It is not friendly, 't is not maidenly:
Our sex, as well as I, may chide you for it,
Though I alone do feel the injury.

Her. I am amazed at your passionate words:
I scorn you not; it seems that you scorn me.

Hel. Have you not set Lysander, as in scorn,
To follow me, and praise my eyes and face,
And made your other love, Demetrius,
(Who even but now did spurn me with his foot,)
To call me goddess, nymph, divine, and rare,
Precious, celestial? Wherefore speaks he this
To her he hates? and wherefore doth Lysander
Deny your love, so rich within his soul,
And tender me, forsooth, affection,
But by your setting on, by your consent?
What though I be not so in grace as you,
So hung upon with love, so fortunate,
But miserable most, to love unlov'd,—
This you should pity, rather than despise.

Her. I understand not what you mean by this

Hel. Ay, do, persevere, counterfeit sad looks,
Make mouths upon me when I turn my back;
Wink each at other; hold the sweet jest up:
This sport, well carried, shall be chronicled.
If you have any pity, grace, or manners,
You would not make me such an argument.
But, fare ye well: 't is partly mine own fault,
Which death, or absence, soon shall remedy.

Lys. Stay, gentle Helena; hear my excuse;
My love, my life, my soul, fair Helena!

Hel. O, excellent!

Her. Sweet, do not scorn her so.

Dem. If she cannot entreat, I can compel.

Lys. Thou canst compel no more than she
entreat;

Thy threats have no more strength than her weak
prayers.—

Helena, I love thee; by my life, I do;
I swear by that which I will lose for thee,
To prove him false that says I love thee not.

Dem. I say, I love thee more than he can do.

Lys. If thou say so, withdraw, and prove it too.

Dem. Quick, come,—

Her. Lysander, whereto tends all this?

Lys. Away, you Ethiop!

Dem. No, no, sir:—

Seem to break loose; take on, as you would follow,
But yet come not. You are a tame man, go!

Lys. Hang off, thou cat, thou burr: vile thing,
let loose; [*Hermia embraces him.*]
Or I will shake thee from me, like a serpent.

Her. Why are you grown so rude? what change
is this,

Sweet love?

Lys. Thy love? out, tawny Tartar, out!
Out, loathed medicine! O, hated poison, hence!

Her. Do you not jest?

Hel. Yes, 'sooth; and so do you.

Lys. Demetrius, I will keep my word with thee

Dem. I would I had your bond; for I perceive
A weak bond holds you; I'll not trust your word.

Lys. What, should I hurt her, strike her, kill
her dead?

Although I hate her, I'll not harm her so.

Her. What! can you do me greater harm than
hate?

Hate me! wherefore? O me! what news, my love?
Am not I Hermia? Are not you Lysander?
I am as fair now as I was erewhile.
Since night you lov'd me; yet, since night you left
me:

Why then you left me,—O, the gods forbid!
In earnest, shall I say?

Lys. Ay, by my life;
And never did desire to see thee more.
Therefore, be out of hope, of question, of doubt;
Be certain, nothing truer, 't is no jest,
That I do hate thee, and love Helena.

Her. O, me! you juggler! you canker-blossom!⁵⁹
You thief of love! what, have you come by night,
And stol'n my love's heart from him?

Hel. Fine, i' faith!

Have you no modesty, no maiden shame,
No touch of bashfulness? What, will you tear
Impatient answers from my gentle tongue?
Fie, fie! you counterfeit, you puppet, you!

Her. Puppet! why so? Ay, that way goes the
game.

Now I perceive that she hath made compare
Between our statures; she hath urg'd her height,
And with her personage, her tall personage,
Her height, forsooth, she hath prevail'd with him.
And are you grown so high in his esteem,
Because I am so dwarfish, and so low?

How low am I, thou painted maypole? speak;
How low am I? I am not yet so low,
But that my nails can reach unto thine eyes.

Hel. I pray you, though you mock me, gentlemen,

Let her not hurt me: I was never curst;
I have no gift at all in shrewishness;
I am a right maid for my cowardice;
Let her not strike me. You, perhaps, may think,
Because she's something lower than myself,
That I can match her.

Her. Lower! hark, again.

Hel. Good Hermia, do not be so bitter with me.
I evermore did love you, Hermia,
Did ever keep you counsels, never wrong'd you:
Save that, in love unto Demetrius,
I told him of your stealth unto this wood:
He follow'd you; for love, I follow'd him.
But he hath chid me hence; and threaten'd me
To strike me, spurn me, nay, to kill me too:
And now, so you will let me quiet go,
To Athens will I bear my folly back,
And follow you no further. Let me go:
You see how simple and how fond I am.

Her. Why, get you gone! Who is't that hinders you?

Hel. A foolish heart that I leave here behind.

Her. What, with Lysander?

Hel. With Demetrius.

Lys. Be not afraid; she shall not harm thee, Helena.

Dem. No, sir; she shall not, though you take her part.

Hel. O, when she's angry, she is keen and shrewd:

She was a vixen when she went to school;
And, though she be but little, she is fierce.

Her. Little again? nothing but low and little?
Why will you suffer her to flout me thus?
Let me come to her.

Lys. Get you gone, you dwarf;
You minimus, of hind'ring knot-grass⁶⁰ made;
You bead, you acorn.

Dem. You are too officious
In her behalf that scorns your services.
Let her alone; speak not of Helena;
Take not her part; for if thou dost intend
Never so little show of love to her,
Thou shalt abey it.

Lys. Now she holds me not;
Now follow, if thou dar'st, to try whose right,
Of thine or mine, is most in Helena.

Dem. Follow? nay, I'll go with thee, cheek by jowl. [*Exeunt Lys. and Dem.*]

Her. You, mistress, all this coil is long of you:
Nay, go not back.

Hel. I will not trust you, I;
Nor longer stay in your curst company.

Your hands than mine are quicker for a fray;
My legs are longer though, to run away. [*Exit.*]

Her. I am amaz'd, and know not what to say. [*Exit.*]

Obe. This is thy negligence: still thou mistak'st,
Or else committ'st thy knaveries wilfully.

Puck. Believe me, king of shadows, I mistook.
Did not you tell me I should know the man
By the Athenian garments he had on?
And so far blameless proves my enterprise,
That I have 'nointed an Athenian's eyes:
And so far am I glad it so did sort,
As this their jangling I esteem a sport.

Obe. Thou seest, these lovers seek a place to fight:

Hie therefore, Robin, overcast the night;

The starry welkin cover thou anon

With drooping fog, as black as Acheron;

And lead these testy rivals so astray,
As one come not within another's way.

Like to Lysander sometime frame thy tongue,

Then stir Demetrius up with bitter wrong;

And sometime rail thou like Demetrius;

And from each other look thou lead them thus,

Till o'er their brows death-counterfeiting sleep

With leaden legs and batty wings doth creep:

Then crush this herb into Lysander's eye,

Whose liquor hath this virtuous property,

To take from thence all error with his might,

And make his eyeballs roll with wonted sight.

When they next wake, all this derision

Shall seem a dream, and fruitless vision;

And back to Athens shall the lovers wend,

With league, whose date till death shall never end.

Whiles I in this affair do thee employ,

I'll to my queen, and beg her Indian boy;

And then I will her charmed eye release

From monster's view, and all things shall be peace.

Puck. My fairy lord, this must be done with haste,

For night's swift dragons cut the clouds full fast,

And yonder shines Aurora's harbinger;

At whose approach, ghosts, wandering here and there,

Troop home to church-yards: damned spirits all,
That in cross-ways and floods have burial,
Already to their wormy beds are gone;⁶¹
For fear lest day should look their shames upon,
They wilfully themselves exile from light,
And must for aye consort with black-brow'd night.

Obe. But we are spirits of another sort:
I with the morning's love have oft made sport;
And, like a forester, the groves may tread,
Even till the eastern gate, all fiery-red,
Opening on Neptune with fair blessed beams,
Turns into yellow gold his salt green streams.
But, notwithstanding, haste; make no delay:
We may effect this business yet ere day.

[*Exit OBE.*]

Puck. Up and down, up and down;
I will lead them up and down;
I am fear'd in field and town;
Goblin, lead them up and down.
Here comes one.

Enter LYSANDER.

Lys. Where art thou, proud Demetrius? speak
thou now.

Puck. Here, villain; drawn and ready. Where
art thou?

Lys. I will be with thee straight.

Puck. Follow me then to plainer ground.
[*Exit Lys. as following the voice.*]

Enter DEMETRIUS.

Dem. Lysander! speak again.
Thou runaway, thou coward, art thou fled?
Speak! In some bush? Where dost thou hide
thy head?

Puck. Thou coward! art thou bragging to the
stars,
Telling the bushes that thou look'st for wars,
And wilt not come? Come, recreant; come, thou
child;
I'll whip thee with a rod: he is defil'd
That draws a sword on thee.

Dem. Yea, art thou there?

Puck. Follow my voice; we'll try no manhood
here. [*Exeunt.*]

Re-enter LYSANDER.

Lys. He goes before me, and still dares me on;
When I come where he calls, then he is gone.
The villain is much lighter heel'd than I:
I follow'd fast, but faster he did fly;
That fallen am I in dark uneven way

And here will rest me. Come, thou gentle day:
[*Lies down.*]

For if but once thou show me thy grey light,
I'll find Demetrius, and revenge this spite.
[*Sleeps.*]

Re-enter PUCK and DEMETRIUS.

Puck. Ho, ho, ho! Coward, why com'st thou
not?

Dem. Abide me, if thou dar'st; for well I wot,
Thou runn'st before me, shifting every place,
And dar'st not stand, nor look me in the face.
Where art thou now?

Puck. Come hither; I am here.

Dem. Nay, then, thou mock'st me. Thou
shalt 'by this dear,⁶²
If ever I thy face by day-light see:
Now, go thy way. Faintness constraineth me
To measure out my length on this cold bed.
By day's approach look to be visited.

[*Lies down and sleeps.*]

Enter HELENA.

Hel. O, weary night! O, long and tedious night,
Abate thy hours: shine, comforts, from the
east,

That I may back to Athens by day-light,
From these that my poor company detest:—
And sleep, that sometime shuts up sorrow's eye,
Steal me a while from mine own company. [*Sleeps.*]

Puck. Yet but three! Come one more;
Two of both kinds make up four.
Here she comes, curst and sad:
Cupid is a knavish lad,
Thus to make poor females mad.

Enter HERMIA.

Her. Never so weary, never so in woe,
Bedabbled with the dew, and torn with
briers;
I can no further crawl, no further go;
My legs can keep no pace with my desires.
Here will I rest me till the break of day.
Heavens shield Lysander, if they mean a fray!

[*Lies down.*]

Puck. On the ground
Sleep sound;
I'll apply
Your eye,⁶³
Gentle lover, remedy.
[*Squeezing the juice on Lys. s eye.*]
When thou wak'st,

Thou tak'st
True delight
In the sight
Of thy former lady's eye :
And the country proverb known,
That every man should take his own,

In your waking shall be shown :
Jack shall have Jill ;⁶⁴
Nought shall go ill ;
The man shall have his mare again, and all shall
be well. [*Exit PUCK.—Scene closes*
on the sleepers.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The Wood.*

*Enter TITANIA and BOTTOM, Fairies attending ;
Oberon behind unseen.*

Tita. Come, sit thee down upon this flow'ry bed,
While I thy amiable cheeks do coy,⁶⁵
And stick musk-roses in thy sleek smooth head,
And kiss thy fair large ears, my gentle joy.

Bot. Where's Peas-blossom ?

Peas. Ready.

Bot. Scratch my head, Peas-blossom.—Where's
monsieur Cobweb ?

Cob. Ready.

Bot. Monsieur Cobweb ; good monsieur, get
your weapons in your hand, and kill me a red-
hipped humble-bee on the top of a thistle ; and,
good monsieur, bring me the honey-bag. Do not
fret yourself too much in the action, monsieur ; and,
good monsieur, have a care the honey-bag break not ;
I would be loth to have you overflown with a honey-
bag, signior.—Where's monsieur Mustard-seed ?

Must. Ready.

Bot. Give me your neif, monsieur Mustard-seed.
Pray you, leave your courtesy, good monsieur.

Must. What's your will ?

Bot. Nothing, good monsieur, but to help cava-
lery Peas-blossom to scratch. I must to the bar-
ber's, monsieur ; for, methinks, I am marvellous
hairy about the face ; and I am such a tender ass,
if my hair do but tickle me, I must scratch.

Tita. What, wilt thou hear some music, my
sweet love ?

Bot. I have a reasonable good ear in music : let
us have the tongs and the bones.

Tita. Or say, sweet love, what thou desir'st to eat.

Bot. Truly, a peck of provender : I could munch
your good dry outs. Methinks I have a great de-

sire to a bottle of hay : good hay, sweet hay, hath
no fellow.

Tita. I have a venturous fairy that shall seek
The squirrel's hoard, and fetch thee new nuts.

Bot. I had rather have a handful, or two, of
dried peas. But, I pray you, let none of your
people stir me ; I have an exposition of sleep come
upon me.

Tita. Sleep thou, and I will wind thee in my
arms.

Fairies, be gone, and be all ways away.

So doth the woodbine the sweet honeysuckle⁶⁶

Gently entwist ; the female ivy so

Enrings the barky fingers of the elm.

O, how I love thee ! how I dote on thee !

[*They sleep.*]

OBERON advances. *Enter PUCK.*

Obe. Welcome, good Robin. See'st thou this
sweet sight ?

Her dotage now I do begin to pity ;

For meeting her of late behind the wood,

Seeking sweet savours for this hateful fool,

I did upbraid her and fall out with her :

For she his hairy temples then had rounded

With coronet of fresh and fragrant flowers ;

And that same dew, which sometime on the buds

Was wont to swell like round and orient pearls,⁶⁷

Stood now within the pretty flow'rets' eyes,

Like tears that did their own disgrace bewail.

When I had, at my pleasure, taunted her,

And she, in mild terms, begg'd my patience,

I then did ask of her her changeling child,

Which straight she gave me, and her fairy sent

To bear him to my bower in fairy land.

And now I have the boy, I will undo

This hateful imperfection of her eyes.

And, gentle Puck, take this transformed scalp
From off the head of this Athenian swain;
That he, awaking when the other do,
May all to Athens back again repair,
And think no more of this night's accidents,
But as the fierce vexation of a dream.
But first I will release the fairy queen.

Be thou as thou wast wont to be;

[*Touching her eyes with an herb.*]

See as thou wast once to see:

Dian's bud o'er Cupid's flower⁶⁶

Hath such force and blessed power.

Now, my Titania! wake you, my sweet queen.

Tita. My Oberon! what visions have I seen!

Methought I was enamour'd of an ass.

Obe. There lies your love.

Tita. How came these things to pass?

O, how mine eyes do loathe his visage now!

Obe. Silence a while.—Robin, take off his head.—

Titania, music call; and strike more dead

Than common sleep of all these five the sense.

Tita. Music, ho! music, such as charmeth sleep.

Puck. Now, when thou wak'st, with thine own fool's eyes peep.

Obe. Sound, music. [*Music.*] Come, my queen, take hands with me,

And rock the ground whereon these sleepers be.

Now thou and I are new in amity,

And will, to-morrow midnight, solemnly,

Dance in duke Theseus' house triumphantly,

And bless it to all fair posterity:⁶⁷

There shall the pairs of faithful lovers be

Wedded, like Theseus, all in jollity.

Puck. Fairy king, attend, and mark;

I do hear the morning lark.

Obe. Then, my queen, in silence sad,

Trip we after the night's shade:

We the globe can compass soon,

Swifter than the wand'ring moon.

Tita. Come, my lord; and in our flight,

Tell me how it came this night,

That I sleeping here was found,

With these mortals on the ground.

[*Exeunt.* *Horns sound within.*]

Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, EGEUS, and train.

The. Go one of you, find out the forester;

For now our observation is perform'd;⁶⁸

And since we have the vaward of the day,

My love shall hear the music of my hounds.

Uncouple in the western valley; let them go:

Despatch, I say, and find the forester.

We will, fair queen, up to the mountain's top,

And mark the musical confusion

Of hounds and echo in conjunction.

Hip. I was with Hercules and Cadmus once,

When in a wood of Crete they bay'd the boar

With hounds of Sparta: never did I hear

Such gallant chiding; for, besides the groves,

The skies, the fountains, every region near

Seem'd all one mutual cry. I never heard

So musical a discord, such sweet thunder.

The. My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind,

So flew'd, so sanded;⁶⁹ and their heads are hung

With ears that sweep away the morning dew;

Crook-knee'd and dew-lapp'd like Thessalian bulls;

Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouth like bells,

Each under each. A cry more tunable

Was never halloo'd to, nor cheer'd with horn,

In Crete, in Sparta, nor in Thessaly:

Judge, when you hear.—But, soft; what nymphs are these?

Ege. My lord, this is my daughter here asleep;

And this, Lysander; this Demetrius is;

This Helena, old Nedar's Helena:

I wonder of their being here together.

The. No doubt, they rose up early, to observe

The rite of May; and, hearing our intent,

Came here in grace of our solemnity.

But speak, Egeus; is not this the day

That Hermia should give answer of her choice?

Ege. It is, my lord.

The. Go, bid the huntsmen wake them with their horns.

Horns, and shout within. DEMETRIUS, LYSANDER, HERMIA, and HELENA, wake and start up.

The. Good morrow, friends. Saint Valentine is past;

Begin these wood-birds but to couple now?

Lys. Pardon, my lord.

[*He and the rest kneel to THESEUS.*]
The. I pray you all, stand up.

I know you two are rival enemies;

How comes this gentle concord in the world,

That hatred is so far from jealousy,

To sleep by hate, and fear no enmity?

Lys. My lord, I shall reply amazedly,

Half 'sleep, half waking: but as yet, I swear,

I cannot truly say how I came here:

But, as I think, (for truly would I speak,—

And now I do bethink me, so it is)
I came with Hermia hither: our intent
Was to be gone from Athens, where we might be
Without the peril of the Athenian law.

Ege. Enough, enough, my lord; you have
enough:

I beg the law, the law, upon his head!
They would have stol'n away; they would, De-
metrius,

Thereby to have defeated you and me:
You of your wife, and me of my consent,—
Of my consent that she should be your wife.

Dem. My lord, fair Helen told me of their
stealth,

Of this their purpose hither, to this wood;
And I in fury hither follow'd them,
Fair Helena in fancy following me.
But, my good lord, I wot not by what power,
(But by some power it is,) my love to Hermia,
Melted as the snow, seems to me now
As the remembrance of an idle gaud,
Which in my childhood I did dote upon:
And all the faith, the virtue of my heart,
The object, and the pleasure of mine eye,
Is only Helena. To her, my lord,
Was I betroth'd ere I saw Hermia:
But, like in sickness, did I loathe this food:
But, as in health, come to my natural taste,
Now do I wish it, love it, long for it,
And will for evermore be true to it.

The. Fair lovers, you are fortunately met:
Of this discourse we more will hear anon.
Egeus, I will overbear your will;
For in the temple, by and by with us,
These couples shall eternally be knit.
And, for the morning now is something worn,
Our purpos'd hunting shall be set aside.
Away, with us, to Athens: Three and three;
We'll hold a feast in great solemnity.
Come, Hippolyta.

[*Exeunt THE. HIP. EGE. and train.*]

Dem. These things seem small and undistin-
guishable,
Like far-off mountains turned into clouds.

Her Methinks I see these things with parted
eye,

When everything seems double.

Hel. So methinks:
And I have found Demetrius like a jewel,
Mine own, and not mine own.⁷²

Dem. Are you sure
That we are awake? It seems to me,

That yet we sleep, we dream.—Do not you think
The duke was here, and bid us follow him?

Her. Yea, and my father.

Hel. And Hippolyta.

Lys. And he did bid us follow to the temple.

Dem. Why, then, we are awake: Let's follow
him;

And, by the way, let us recount our dreams.

[*Exeunt.*]

As they go out, BOTTOM awakes.

Bot. When my cue comes, call me, and I will
answer:—my next is, "Most fair Pyramus."—
Hey, ho!—Peter Quince! Flute, the bellows-
mender! Snout, the tinker! Starveling! God's
my life! stol'n hence, and left me asleep! I have
had a most rare vision. I have had a dream,—
past the wit of man to say what dream it was:—
Man is but an ass, if he go about to expound this
dream. Methought I was—there is no man can
tell what. Methought I was, and methought I
had,—but man is but a patch'd fool⁷³ if he will
offer to say what methought I had. The eye of
man hath not heard, the ear of man hath not seen,
man's hand is not able to taste, his tongue to con-
ceive, nor his heart to report, what my dream was.
I will get Peter Quince to write a ballad of this
dream: it shall be called Bottom's Dream, because
it hath no bottom; and I will sing it in the latter
end of a play, before the duke. Peradventure, to
make it the more gracious, I shall sing it at her
death.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—Athens. *A Room in Quince's
House.*

Enter QUINCE, FLUTE, SNOOT, and STARVELING.

Quin. Have you sent to Bottom's house? is he
come home yet?

Star. He cannot be heard of. Out of doubt, he
is transported.

Flu. If he come not, then the play is marr'd. It
goes not forward, doth it?

Quin. It is not possible: you have not a man in
all Athens able to discharge Pyramus, but he.

Flu. No: he hath simply the best wit of any
handicraft-man in Athens.

Quin. Yea, and the best person too: and he is
a very paramour for a sweet voice.

Flu. You must say paragon: a paramour is,
God bless us! a thing of naught.

Enter SNUG.

Snug. Masters, the duke is coming from the temple, and there is two or three lords and ladies more married. If our sport had gone forward, we had all been made men.⁷⁴

Flu. O sweet bully Bottom! Thus hath he lost sixpence a-day during his life; he could not have 'scaped sixpence a-day: an the duke had not given him sixpence a-day for playing Pyramus, I'll be hang'd; he would have deserved it: sixpence a-day in Pyramus, or nothing!

Enter BOTTOM.

Bot. Where are these lads? where are these hearts?

Quin. Bottom!—O most courageous day! O most happy hour!

Bot. Masters, I am to discourse wonders: but ask me not what; for if I tell you, I am no true Athenian. I will tell you everything, right as it fell out.

Quin. Let us hear, sweet Bottom.

Bot. Not a word of me. All that I will tell you is, that the duke hath dined. Get your apparel together; good strings to your beards,⁷⁵ new ribbons to your pumps; meet presently at the palace; every man look o'er his part; for, the short and the long is, our play is preferred.⁷⁶ In any case, let Thisbe have clean linen; and let not him that plays the lion pare his nails, for they shall hang out for the lion's claws. And, most dear actors, eat no onions, nor garlic, for we are to utter sweet breath; and I do not doubt but to hear them say it is a sweet comedy. No more words; away; go, away! [*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Athens. *An Apartment in the Palace of Theseus.*

Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, PHILOSTRATE, Lords, and Attendants.

Hip. 'Tis strange, my Theseus, that these lovers speak of.

The. More strange than true. I never may believe These antic fables, nor these fairy toys. Lovers and madmen have such seething brains, Such shaping fantasies, that apprehend More than cool reason ever comprehends. The lunatic, the lover, and the poet, Are of imagination all compact: One sees more devils than vast hell can hold— That is the madman: the lover, all as frantic, Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt: The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling, Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven, And, as imagination bodies forth The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing A local habitation and a name. Such tricks hath strong imagination

That, if it would but apprehend some joy, It comprehends some bringer of that joy; Or, in the night, imagining some fear, How easy is a bush suppos'd a bear!

Hip. But all the story of the night told over, And all their minds transfigur'd so together, More witnesseth than fancy's images, And grows to something of great constancy; But, howsoever, strange, and admirable.

The. Here come the lovers, full of joy and mirth.

Enter LYSANDER, DEMETRIUS, HERMIA, and HELENA.

Joy, gentle friends! joy, and fresh days of love, Accompany your hearts!

Lys. More than to us

Wait in your royal walks, your board, your bed!

The. Come now; what masks, what dances shall we have,

To wear away this long age of three hours, Between our after-supper and bed-time?

Where is our usual manager of mirth?

What revels are in hand? Is there no play, To ease the anguish of a torturing hour?

Call Philostrate.

Philost. Here, mighty Theseus.

The. Say, what abridgment⁷⁷ have you for this evening?

What mask, what music? How shall we beguile
The lazy time, if not with some delight?

Philost. There is a brief;⁷⁸ how many sports are
rife;

Make choice of which your highness will see first.

[*Giving a paper, which Theseus hands
to Lysander to read.*]

Lys. [*Reads.*] "The battle with the Centaurs,
to be sung

By an Athenian eunuch to the harp."

The. We'll none of that: that have I told my
love,

In glory of my kinsman Hercules.

Lys. "The riot of the tipsy Bacchanals,
Tearing the Thracian singer in their rage."

The. That is an old device, and it was play'd
When I from Thebes came last a conqueror.

Lys. "The thrice three Muses mourning for the
death

Of learning, late deceas'd in beggary."

The. That is some satire, keen, and critical,
Not sorting with a nuptial ceremony.

Lys. "A tedious brief scene⁷⁹ of young Pyramus,
And his love Thisbe; very tragical mirth."

The. Merry and tragical! Tedious and brief!
That is hot ice, and wond'rous seething snow.⁸⁰
How shall we find the concord of this discord?

Philost. A play there is, my lord, some ten
words long;

Which is as brief as I have known a play;
But by ten words, my lord, it is too long,
Which makes it tedious: for in all the play
There is not one word apt, one player fitted.
And tragical, my noble lord, it is,
For Pyramus therein doth kill himself.

Which when I saw rehears'd, I must confess,
Made mine eyes water; but more merry tears
The passion of loud laughter never shed.

The. What are they that do play it?

Philost. Hard-handed men, that work in Athens
here,

Which never labour'd in their minds till now;
And now have toil'd their unbreath'd memories
With this same play against your nuptial.

The. And we will hear it.

Philost. No, my noble lord,
It is not for you: I have heard it over,
And it is nothing, nothing in the world,
(Unless you can find sport in their intents,)

Extremely stretch'd and conn'd with cruel pain,
To do you service.

The. I will hear that play,

For never anything can be amiss,
When simpleness and duty tender it.

Go, bring them in: and take your places, ladies.

[*Exit PHILOSTRATE.*]

Hip. I love not to see wretchedness o'ercharg'd,
And duty in his service perishing.

The. Why, gentle sweet, you shall see no such
thing.

Hip. He says they can do nothing in this kind.

The. The kinder we, to give them thanks for
nothing.

Our sport shall be, to take what they mistake:
And what poor duty cannot do,

Noble respect takes it in might, not merit.⁸¹

Where I have come, great clerks have purposed

To greet me with premeditated welcomes;

Where I have seen them shiver and look pale,

Make periods in the midst of sentences,

Throttle their practis'd accent in their fears,

And, in conclusion, dumbly have broke off,

Not paying me a welcome. Trust me, sweet,

Out of this silence yet I pick'd a welcome;

And in the modesty of fearful duty

I read as much, as from the rattling tongue

Of saucy and audacious eloquence.

Love, therefore, and tongue-tied simplicity

In least speak most, to my capacity.

Enter PHILOSTRATE.

Philost. So please your grace, the prologue is
address'd.

The. Let him approach. [*Flourish of trumpets.*]

Enter Prologue.

Procl. If we offend, it is with our good will.⁸²

That you should think we come not to offend,

But with good will. To show our simple skill

That is the true beginning of our end.

Consider, then, we come but in despite.

We do not come as minding to content you,

Our true intent is. All for your delight,

We are not here. That you should here repent you,

The actors are at hand; and by their show,

You shall know all that you are like to know.

The. This fellow doth not stand upon points.

Lys. He hath rid his prologue like a rough colt;
he knows not the stop. A good moral, my lord;
It is not enough to speak, but to speak true.

Hip. Indeed, he hath play'd on this prologue like
a child on a recorder;⁸³ a sound, but not in govern-
ment.

The. His speech was like a tangled chain; nothing impaired, but all disordered. Who is next?

Enter PYRAMUS and THISBE, WALL, MOONSHINE, and LION, as in dumb show.

Prol. Gentles, perchance you wonder at this show;
But wonder on, till truth make all things plain.
This man is PYRAMUS, if you would know;
This beauteous lady THISBE is, certain.
This man, with lime and rough-cast, doth present
Wall, that vile Wall which did these lovers slander:
And through Wall's chink, poor souls, they are content
To whisper, at the which let no man wonder.
This man, with lantern, dog, and bush of thorn,
Presenteth MOONSHINE: for, if you will know,
By moonshine did these lovers think no scorn
To meet at Ninus' tomb, there, there to woo.
This grisly beast, which LION hight by name,
The trusty THISBE, coming first by night,
Did scare away, or rather did affright;
And, as she fled, her mantle she did fall,
Which LION vile with bloody mouth did stain:
Anon comes PYRAMUS, sweet youth and tall,
And finds his trusty THISBE's mantle slain:
Whereat with blade, with bloody blameful blade,
He bravely broach'd his boiling bloody breast;
And, THISBE tarrying in mulberry shade,
His dagger drew, and died. For all the rest,
Let LION, MOONSHINE, WALL, and lovers twain,
At large discourse, while here they do remain.

[*Exeunt Prol., THISBE, LION, and MOONSHINE.*]

The. I wonder if the lion be to speak.

Dem. No wonder, my lord; one lion may, when many asses do.

Wall. In this same interlude, it doth befall,
That I, one Snout by name, present a wall:
And such a wall as I would have you think,
That had in it a cranny'd hole, or chink,
Through which the lovers, PYRAMUS and THISBE,
Did whisper often very secretly.
This loam, this rough-cast, and this stone doth show
That I am that same wall; the truth is so:
And this the cranny is, right and sinister,
Through which the fearful lovers are to whisper.

The. Would you desire lime and hair to speak better?

Dem. It is the wittiest partition that ever I heard discourse, my lord.

The. PYRAMUS draws near the wall: silence.

Enter PYRAMUS.

Pyr. O grim-looking night! O night with hue so black!
O night, which ever art when day is not!
O night, O night! alack, alack, alack!
I fear my THISBE's promise is forgot!
And thou, O wall! thou sweet and lovely wall!
That stands between her father's ground and mine;

Thou wall, O wall! O sweet and lovely wall,
Show me thy chink, to blink through with mine *sync.*
[*Wall holds up his fingers.*]

Thanks, courteous wall: Jove shield thee well for this!
But what see I? No THISBE do I see.
O wicked wall, through whom I see no bliss;
Curs'd be thy stones for thus deceiving me!

The. The wall, methinks, being sensible, should curse again.

Bot. No, in truth, sir, he should not. "Deceiving me" is THISBE's cue: she is to enter now, and I am to spy her through the wall. You shall see, it will fall pat as I told you:—Yonder she comes.

Enter THISBE.

This. O wall, full often hast thou heard my moans,
For parting my fair PYRAMUS and me:
My cherry lips have often kiss'd thy stones;
Thy stones with lime and hair knit up in thee.

Pyr. I see a voice: now will I to the chink,
To spy an I can hear my THISBE's face.
THISBE!

This. My love! thou art my love, I think.

Pyr. Think what thou wilt, I am thy lover's grace,
And like Linander am I trusty still.

This. And I like Helen, till the fates me kill.

Pyr. Not Shafalus to Procrus was so true.⁶⁴

This. As Shafalus to Procrus, I to you.

Pyr. O, kiss me through the hole of this vile wall.

This. I kiss the wall's hole, not your lips at all.

Pyr. Wilt thou at Ninny's tomb meet me straightway

This. 'Tide life, 'tide death, I come without delay!

Wall. Thus have I, Wall, my part discharged so;
And, being done, thus Wall away doth go.

[*Exeunt WALL, PYRAMUS, and THISBE.*]

The. Now is the mural down between the two neighbours.

Dem. No remedy, my lord, when walls are so wilful to hear without warning.

Hip. This is the silliest stuff that e'er I heard.

The. The best in this kind are but shadows; and the worst are no worse, if imagination amend them.

Hip. It must be your imagination, then, and not theirs.

The. If we imagine no worse of them than they of themselves, they may pass for excellent men. Here come two noble beasts in, a man and a lion.

Enter LION and MOONSHINE.

Lion. You, ladies, you, whose gentle hearts do fear
The smallest monstrous mouse that creeps on floor,
May now, perchance, both quake and tremble here,
When lion rough in wildest rage doth roar.
Then know that I, one Snug the joiner, am
A lion fell, nor else no lion's dam:⁶⁵
For if I should as lion come in strife
Into this place, 't were pity on my life.

The. A very gentle beast, and of a good conscience.

Dem. The very best at a beast, my lord, that e'er I saw.

Lys. This lion is a very fox for his valour.

The. True; and a goose for his discretion.

Dem. Not so, my lord; for his valour cannot carry his discretion; and the fox carries the goose.

The. His discretion, I am sure, cannot carry his valour; for the goose carries not the fox. It is well: leave it to his discretion, and let us hearken to the moon.

Moon. This lantern doth the horned moon present.

Dem. He should have worn the horns on his head.

The. He is no crescent, and his horns are invisible within the circumference.

Moon. This lantern doth the horned moon present; Myself the man i' the moon do seem to be.⁸⁶

The. This is the greatest error of all the rest! The man should be put into the lantern: How is it else the man i' the moon?

Dem. He dares not come there for the candle: for, you see, it is already in snuff.⁸⁷

Hip. I am weary of this moon: Would he would change!

The. It appears, by his small light of discretion, that he is in the wane: but yet, in courtesy, in all reason, we must stay the time.

Lys. Proceed, Moon.

Moon. All that I have to say is, to tell you, that the lantern is the moon; I, the man i' the moon; this thorn-bush, my thorn-bush; and this dog, my dog.

Dem. Why, all these should be in the lantern, for they are in the moon. But, silence; here comes Thisbe.

Enter THISBE.

This. This is old Ninny's tomb: Where is my love?

Lion. Oh— [The LION roars. THISBE runs off.]

Dem. Well roared, lion.

The. Well run, Thisbe.

Hip. Well shone, moon. Truly, the moon shines with a good grace.

[The LION tears THISBE's mantle, and exit.]

The. Well moused, lion.

Dem. And then came Pyramus.

Lys. And so the lion vanished.

Enter PYRAMUS.

Py. Sweet moon, I thank thee for thy sunny beams; I thank thee, moon, for shining now so bright;

For, by thy gracious, golden, glittering gleams,
I trust to taste of truest Thisbe's sign.

But stay;—O spite!

But mark,—poor knight,

What dreadful dole is here!

Eyes, do you see?

How can it be?

O dainty duck! O dear!

Thy mantle good,

What! stain'd with blood?

Approach, ye furies fell!

O fates! come, come;

Out thread and thrum;

Quail, crush, conclude, and quell!

The. This passion, and the death of a dear friend, would go near to make a man look sad.

Hip. Beshrew my heart, but I pity the man.

Py. O, wherefore, nature, didst thou lions frame?

Since lion vild hath here defour'd my dear:

Which is—no, no—which was the fairest dame,

That liv'd, that lov'd, that lik'd, that look'd with cheer

Come, tears, confound;

Out, sword, and wound

The pap of Pyramus:

Ay, that left pap,

Where heart doth hop:—

Thus die I, thus, thus, thus!

Now am I dead,

Now am I fled;

My soul is in the sky:

Tongue, lose thy light!

Moon, take thy flight!

Now die, die, die, die, die!

[Dies.—Exit MOONSHINE.]

Dem. No die, but an ace, for him; for he is out one.

Lys. Less than an ace, man, for he is dead; he is nothing.

The. With the help of a surgeon, he might yet recover, and prove an ass.

Hip. How chance moonshine is gone, before Thisbe comes back and finds her lover?

The. She will find him by starlight.—Here she comes, and her passion ends the play.

Enter THISBE.

Hip. Methinks she should not use a long one for such a Pyramus: I hope she will be brief.

Dem. A mote will turn the balance, which Pyramus, which Thisbe, is the better: he for a man, God warrant us; she for a woman, God bless us!

Lys. She hath spied him already with those sweet eyes.

Dem. And thus she moans, *videlicet*.

This. Asleep, my love?
What, dead, my dove?
C Pyramus, arise!
Speak, speak! Quite dumb?
Dead, dead? A tomb.
Must cover thy sweet eyes.
These lily brows,⁸⁸
This cherry nose,
These yellow cowslip cheeks,
Are gone, are gone:
Lovers, make moan!
His eyes were green as leeks.
O sisters three,
Come, come to me,
With hands as pale as milk;
Lay them in gore,
Since you have shore
With shears his thread of silk.
Tongue, not a word:
Come, trusty sword;
Come, blade, my breast intrude:
And farewell, friends;
Thus Thisbe ends:
Adieu, adieu, adieu.⁸⁹

[*Dies.*]

The. Moonshine and Lion are left to bury the dead.

Dem. Ay, and Wall too.

Bot. No, I assure you; the wall is down that parted their fathers. Will it please you to see the epilogue, or to hear a Bergomask⁹⁰ dance between two of our company?

The. No epilogue, I pray you; for your play needs no excuse. Never excuse; for when the players are all dead, there need none to be blamed. Marry, if he that writ it had play'd Pyramus, and hung himself in Thisbe's garter, it would have been a fine tragedy: and so it is truly; and very notably discharg'd. But come, your Bergomask: let your epilogue alone.

[*Here a dance of Clowns.*]

The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve:—
Lovers, to bed; 't is almost fairy time.
I fear we shall outsleep the coming morn,
As much as we this night have overwatch'd.
This palpable gross play hath well beguild
The heavy gait of night.—Sweet friends, to bed.—
A fortnight hold we this solemnity,
In nightly revels, and new jollity.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter PUCK.

Puck. Now the hungry lion roars,
And the wolf howls the moon;
Whilst the heavy ploughman snores,
All with weary task fordone.

Now the wasted brands do glow,
Whilst the screech-owl, screeching loud,
Puts the wretch, that lies in woe,
In remembrance of a shroud.
Now it is the time of night,
That the graves, all gaping wide,
Every one lets forth his sprite,
In the church-way paths to glide:
And we fairies, that do run
By the triple Hecate's team,
From the presence of the sun,
Following darkness like a dream,
Now are frolic; not a mouse
Shall disturb this hallow'd house:
I am sent with broom before,
To sweep the dust behind the door.⁹¹

Enter OBERON and TITANIA, with their Train.

Obe. Through the house give glimmering light,
By the dead and drowsy fire;
Every elf, and fairy sprite,
Hop as light as bird from brier;⁹²
And this ditty, after me,
Sing and dance it trippingly.

Tita. First, rehearse your song by rote:
To each word a warbling note;
Hand in hand, with fairy grace,
Will we sing, and bless this place.

[*They dance and sing.*]

Obe. Now, until the break of day,
Through this house each fairy stray
To the best bride-bed will we,
Which by us shall blessed be:
And the issue there create
Ever shall be fortunate.
So shall all the couples three
Ever true in loving be;
And the blots of nature's hand
Shall not in their issue stand;
Never mole, hare-lip, nor scar,
Nor mark prodigious,⁹³ such as are
Despised in nativity,
Shall upon their children be.
With this field-dew consecrate,
Every fairy take his gait:⁹⁴
And each several chamber bless,
Through this palace with sweet peace
Ever shall in safety rest,
And the owner of it blest.

Trip away;
Make no stay:

Meet me all by break of day.

[*Exeunt* OBERON, TITANIA, and *Train*.]

Puck. If we shadows have offended,
Think but this, (and all is mended,)
That you have but slumber'd here,
While these visions did appear.
And this weak and idle theme,
No more yielding but a dream,
Gentles, do not reprehend ;⁹⁵

If you pardon, we will mend.
And, as I am an honest Puck,
If we have unearned luck
Now to 'scape the serpent's tongue,
We will make amends ere long :
Else the Puck a liar call.
So, good night unto you all !
Give me your hands, if we be friends,
And Robin shall restore amends. [*Exit*,

NOTES TO A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

¹ *New bent in heaven.*

The old copies read *now*, the words being frequently interchanged in old books. There is a curious instance of this in Heywood's *Rape of Lucrece*, 1630, the line, "for some but *new* departing soule" being repeated in the burden, "for some but *now* departing soule." So in Beaumont and Fletcher, v. 250, Mr. Dyce wrongly prints *now-departing*, although the second folio reads *new-departing*; but, in his Remarks, p. 44, he recollects that *now* for *new* was one of the commonest misprints.

² *Our renowned Duke.*

Duke, leader. The primitive Latin sense. So in Lydgate's *Bochas*,—

Tolde and affermed to *duc* Theseus,
With bolde chere and a plein visage.

³ *Rings, gawds, conceits.*

"A gaud or toy," Baret's *Alvearie*, 1580.

⁴ *To leave the figure, or disfigure it.*

That is, to leave the figure he has imprinted, or to disfigure it. The explanation seems unnecessary, but there has been a fierce discussion on the meaning of the line.

⁵ *Earthlier happy.*

An unusual construction, meaning, more happy in an earthly sense. Capell reads *earthly happier*, which impairs the melody.

⁶ *Whose unwished yoke.*

The sentence is elliptical, as Malone and Knight have very properly observed. Mr. Collier, however, erroneously introduces the particle from the second folio as one of his restorations.

* *Spotted, stained, guilty.*

⁷ *Beteem them from the tempest of mine eyes.*

Beteem, bestow upon. *Collied*, literally, smutted with coal; hence, black. *Spleen*, a fit of passion.

⁸ *Poor fancy's followers.*

The followers of fancy, or love

⁹ *Demetrius loves your fair.*

Fair, beauty. See note 15 to the *Comedy of Errors*. *Lead-star*, the leading or guiding star. Some discussion has arisen on the meaning of the seventh line, and Hanmer has altered it to

"Yours would I catch, fair Hermia, ere I go."

The second folio, however, gives another reading, which is doubtlessly the genuine one—

"Your words I'd catch, fair Hermia, ere I go."

For *favour* is not here used, as all editors and commentators have supposed, in the sense of *countenance*, but evidently in the common acceptation of the term—"O, were favour so," i.e., favour in the eyes of Demetrius; a particular application of a wish expressed in general terms. The reading of the second folio renders the whole passage perfectly intelligible.

¹⁰ *That he hath turn'd a heaven into hell.*

So the first folio, adopted by Mr. Collier, and I think rightly. Mr. Dyce, in defiance of metre, would read *into a hell*, observing that the context, *a heaven*, is "quite enough" to determine we should read, *a hell*. But in a subsequent act we have,

I'll follow thee, and make a heaven of hell,
To die upon the hand I love so well.

¹¹ *And stranger companies.*

The old copies read, "and strange companions," altered by Theobald, for the sake of the rhyme, to, "and stranger companies," where the comparative appears to me to be unmeaning, though certainly melodious. I am not satisfied with any alteration that has been suggested, and perhaps the ancient text is correct. *Companies*, companions. *Othersome*, some others. *Eyne*, eyes; the old plural.

¹² *Things base and vile.*

Vile for *vile*, here noticed for the last time. Mr. Knight observes on this passage, "we are scarcely justified in substituting the *vile* of the modern editors;" and yet he actually does so in this very play, act v. sc. 1. I mention this not in censure, knowing from experience how exceedingly difficult it is to obtain perfect uniformity in such matters.

NOTES TO A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

¹⁴ *It is a dear expence.*

Even thanks will be a dear or very great expence for him to give me for this service. "A man had a shrewd wife, and he one day broke her head, the cure whereof cost him *deere expence* afterward," Copley's Wits, Fits, and Fancies, 1614. *Scrap*, roll or scroll.

¹⁵ *This was Eracles' vein.*

"Ay, marry," says a character in Ben Jonson's Poetaster, "this was written like a Hercules in poetry;" and a player in Greene's Groatworth of Wit, first printed in 1592, observes,—*"the twelve labours of Hercules have I terribly thundered on the stage, and played three scenes of the devil in the Highway to Heaven."*

¹⁶ *You shall play it in a mask.*

Females were not introduced on the stage in Shakespeare's time, their places being substituted by boys.

¹⁷ *A bill of properties.*

Properties, a technical term still in use for the articles required by the actors for the business of the stage.

¹⁸ *Hold, or cut bow-strings.*

A proverbial phrase, by which Bottom means to say that they must keep their appointment. Its exact explanation has not been given, but a similar phrase occurs in Shirley's Works, ed. Gifford, iii. 29.

¹⁹ *Thorough bush, thorough brier.*

Compare Drayton's Nymphidia,—

Quoth Puck, "My liege, I'll never lin,
But I will thorough thick and thin,
Until at length I bring her in;
My dearest lord, ne'er doubt it.
Thorough brake, thorough brier,
Thorough muck, thorough mier,
Thorough water, thorough tier!"
And thus goes Puck about it.

Orbs are, of course, fairy circles. *Pensioners*; see note 97 to the Merry Wives of Windsor. *Lob*, a lubber. *Changeling*, a child got in exchange. *Sheen*, shining, bright.

²⁰ *But they do square.*

That is, quarrel. "It chaunced that hee and his taylor squared about a bill of accompt," Copley's Wits, Fits, and Fancies, 1614.

²¹ *Call'd Robin Goodfellow.*

Tarlton, in his Newes out of Purgatory, first printed in 1589, says of Robin Goodfellow, that he was "famosed in everie old wive's chronicle, for his mad merrie pranks." There is, indeed, sufficient evidence to show that there were fairy rhymes and fairy tales, of beings like those of A Midsummer-Night's Dream, in circulation if not in print before that play was written.

Mr. Collier possesses an unique black-letter ballad, entitled *The Merry Puck, or Robin Goodfellow*, which, from several passages, may be fairly concluded to have been before the public previously to the appearance of the Midsummer-Night's Dream; and as it affords the best illustration of the play that has yet been discovered, I am induced to present it to the reader at length.

The Merry Puck, or Robin Goodfellow: Describing his birth and whose sonne he was, how he run away from his Mother, how he was merry at the Bridchouse, how his Father King Oberon found him, together with all his merry Pranks. Very pleasant and witty.

CHAPTER I.—Shewing his birth, and whose sonne he was.

Here doe begin the merry jests
of Robin Good-fellow:
I'de wish you for to reade this booke,
if you his Pranks would know.

But first I will declare his birth,
and what his Mother was,
And then how Robin merrily
did bring his knacks to passe.

In time of old, when Fayries us'd
to wander in the night,
And through key-holes swiftly glide,
now marke my story right.

Among these pretty fairy Elves
was Oberon, their King,
Who us'd to keepe them company
still at their revelling.

And sundry houses they did use,
but one, above the rest,
Wherein a comely Lasse did dwell
that pleas'd King Oberon best.

This lovely Damsell, neat and faire,
so courteous, meek and mild,
As sayes my booke, by Oberon
she was begot with child.

She knew not who the father was:
but thus to all would say—
In night time he to her still came,
and went away ere day.

The midwife having better skill
than had this new made mother,—
Quoth she, Surely some fairy 't was,
for it can be no other.

And so the old wife rightly judg'd,
for it was so indeed.
This Fairy shew'd himself most kind
and helpt his love at need;

For store of linnen he provides,
and brings her for her baby;
With dainty eates and choised fare,
he serv'd her like a lady.

The Christening time then being come,
most merry they did pass;
The Gossips dramed a cheerful cup
as then provided was.

And Robin was the infant call'd,
so named the Gossips by:
What pranks he played both day and night
I'll tell you certainly.

CHAPTER II.—Shewing how Robin Good fellow carried himselfe, and how he run away from his Mother.

While yet he was a little lad
and of a tender age,
He us'd much waggish tricks to men,
as they at him would rage.

NOTES TO A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

Unto his mother they complain'd,
 • which griev'd her to heare,
 And for these Pranks she threatned him
 he should have whipping cheare,

If that he did not leave his tricks,
 his jeering mocks and mowes:
 Quoth she, thou vile, untutor'd youth,
 these pranks no breeding shewes;

I cannot to the Market goe,
 but ere I backe returne,
 Thou set'st my neighbours in such sort,
 which makes my heart to mourne.

But I will make you to repent
 these things, ere I have done:
 I will no favour have on thee,
 although thou beest my sonne.

Robin was griev'd to heare these words,
 which she to him did say,
 But to prevent his punishment,
 from her he run away.

And travelling long upon the way,
 his hunger being great,
 Unto a Taylor's house he came,
 and did intreat some meat:

The Taylor tooke compassion then
 upon this pretty youth,
 And tooke him for his Prentice straight,
 as I have heard in truth.

CHAPTER III.—How Robin Good-fellow left his Master, and
 also how Oberon told him he should be turned into what
 shape he could wish or desire.

Now Robin Good-fellow, being plac't
 with a Taylor, as you heare,
 He grew a workman in short space,
 so well he ply'd his geare.

He had a gowne which must be made,
 even with all haste and speed;
 The maid must have 't against next day
 to be her wedding weed.

The Taylor he did labour hard
 till twelve a clock at night;
 Betwene him and his servant then
 they finished aright

The gowne, but putting on the sleeves:
 quoth he unto his man,
 I'll goe to bed: whip on the sleeves
 as fast as ere you can.

So Robin straightway takes the gowne
 and hangs it on a pin,
 Then takes the sleeves and whips the gowne,
 till day he nere did lin.

His Master rising in the morne,
 and seeing what he did,
 Begun to chide; quoth Robin then,
 I doe as I was bid.

His Master then the gowne did take
 and to his worke did fall.
 By that time he had done the same
 the Maid for it did call.

Quoth he to Robin, goe thy wayes
 and fetch the remnants hither,
 That yesterday we left, said he;
 wee'll breake our fusts together.

Then Robin hies him up the staires
 and brings the remnants downe,
 Which he did know his Master sav'd
 out of the woman's gowne.

The Taylor he was vext at this,
 he meant remnants of meat,
 That this good woman, ere she went,
 might there her breakfast eate.

Quoth she, this is a breakfast good
 I tell you, friend, indeed;
 And to requite your love I will
 send for some drinke with speed:

And Robin he must goe for it
 with all the speed he may:
 He takes the pot and money too,
 and runnes from thence away.

When he had wandred all the day
 a good way from the Towne,
 Unto a forest then he came:
 to sleepe he laid him downe.

Then Oberon came, with all his Elves,
 and danc'd about his sonne,
 With musick pleasing to the eare;
 and, when that it was done,

King Oberon layes a scroule by him,
 that he might understand
 Whose sonne he was, and how he'd grant
 whate'er he did demand:

To any forme that he did please
 himselfe he would translate;
 And how one day hee'd send for him
 to see his fairy State.

Then Robin longs to know the truth
 of this mysterious skill,
 And turnes himselfe into what shape
 he thinks upon or will.

Sometimes a neighing horse was he,
 sometimes a grunting hog;
 Sometimes a bird, sometimes a crow,
 sometimes a snarling dog.

CHAPTER IV.—How Robin Good-fellow was merry at the
 Bridehouse.

Now Robin having got this art,
 he oft would make good sport,
 And hearing of a wedding day,
 he makes him ready for't.

Most like a joviall Fidler then
 he drest himselfe most gay,
 And goes unto the wedding house,
 there on his crowd (*fiddle*) to play.

Ho welcome was unto this feast,
 and merry they were all;
 He play'd and sung sweet songs all day,
 at night to sports did fall.

He first did put the candles out,
 and being in the dark,
 Some would he strike and some would pinch,
 and then sing like a lark.

The candles being light againe,
 and things well and quiet,
 A goodly posset was brought in
 to mend their former diet;

Then Robin for to have the same
 did turne him to a Beare;
 Straight at that sight the people all
 did run away for feare.

NOTES TO A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

Then Robin did the posset eate,
and having serv'd them so,
Away goes Robin with all haste,
then laughing hoe, hoe, hoe!

CHAPTER V.—Declaring how Robin Good-fellow serv'd an old man.

THERE was an old man had a Neece,
a very beauteous maid;
To wicked lust her Uncle sought
this fair one to perswade.

But she a young man lov'd too deare
to give consent thereto;
'Twas Robin's chance upon a time
to heare their grievous woe:

Content yourselfe, then Robin saies,
and I will ease your griefe;
I have found out an excellent way
that will yeeld you reliefe.

He sends them to be married straight,
and he, in her disguise,
Hid borne with all the speed he may
to blind her Uncle's eyes:

And there he plyes his worke amaine,
doing more in one houre,
Such was his skill and workmanship,
than she could doe in foure.

The old man wondred for to see
the worke go on so fast,
And there withall more worke doth he
unto good Robin cast.

Then Robin said to his old man,
good Uncle, if you please
To make me but one ten pound,
I'll yeeld your love-suit ease.

Ten pound, quoth he, I will give thee,
and Neece, with all my heart,
So thou wilt grant to me thy love,
to ease my troubled heart.

Then let me writing have, quoth he,
from your owne hand with speed,
That I may marry my sweet-heart
when I have done this deed.

The old man he did give consent
that he these things should have,
Thinking that it had bin his Neece
that did this bargaine crave;

And unto Robin then quoth he,
my gentle Neece, behold,
Goe thou into thy chamber soone,
and I'll goe bring the gold.

When he into the chamber came,
thinking indeed to play,
Straight Robin upon him doth fall,
and carries him away

Into the chamber where the two
lovers were did abide,
And gives to them their Uncle old,
I, and the gold beside.

The old man vainly Robin sought,
so true was Robin's deed;
Sometimes he was a hare or hound,
sometimes like bird he flies.

The more he strove, the less he sped,
the Lovers all did see;
And thus did Robin favour them
full kind and merrilie.

Thus Robin lived a merry life
as any could enjoy;
'Mong country farms he did resort,
and oft would folks annoy.

But if the maids doe call to him,
he still away will goe
In knavish sort, and to himselfe
he'd laugh out hoe, hoe, hoe!

He oft would beg and crave an almes,
but take nought that they'd give;
In several shapes he'd gull the world,
thus madly did he live.

Sometimes a cripple he would seeme,
sometimes a souldier brave;
Sometimes a fox, sometimes a hare:
brave pastimes would he have.

Sometimes an owle he'd seeme to be,
sometimes a skipping frog;
Sometimes a kirne, in Irish shape,
to leape o'er mine or bog:

Sometime he'd counterfeit a voyce,
and travellers call astray;
Sometimes a walking-fire he'd be,
and lead them from their way.

Some call him Robin Good-fellow,
Hobgoblin, or Mal Crisp;
And some againe doe tearme him oft
by name of Will the Wispe

But call him by what name you list,
I have studied on my pillow,
I think the best name he deserves
Is Robin the Good-fellow.

At last upon a summer's night
King Oberon found him out,
And with his Elves in dancing wise
straight circled him about.

The faeries danct, and little Tom Thunil
on his bag-pipe did play,
And thus they danct their fairy round
till almost break of day.

Then Phebus he most gloriously
begins to grace the aire,
When Oberon with his fairy traine
begins to make repaire,

With speed unto the Fairy land,
they swiftly tooke their way,
And I out of my dreame awak't,
and so 'twas perfect day.

Thus having told my dreame at full,
I'll bid you all farewell.
If you applaud mad Robin's pranks
may be ere long I'll tell

Some other stories to your eares,
which shall contentment give:
To gaine your favours I will seek
the longest day I live.

If my readers will permit me to call their attention to the following passage, spoken by Puck, after he had effected

the transformation of Bottom, its similarity with part of the foregoing ballad will be at once perceived:—

‘I’ll follow you, I’ll lead you about a round,
Through bog, through bush, through brake, through
brier;
Sometime a horse I’ll be, sometimes a hound,
A hog, a headless bear, sometimes a fire;
And neigh, and bark, and grunt, and roar, and burn,
Like horse, hound, hog, bear, fire, at every turn.”

So also in the ballad of Robin Goodfellow, printed by Percy, we have a similar account of Robin's exploits:—

“Sometimes I meete them like a man;
Sometimes an ox, sometimes an hound;
And to a horse I turn me can;
And trip and trot about them round;
But if to ride,
My backe they stride,
More swift than winde away I go,
O’er hedge and lands,
Thro’ pools and ponds,
A whirry, laughing, ho, ho, hoe!”

The name of Robin Goodfellow had, it appears, been familiar to the English as early as the thirteenth century, being mentioned in a tale preserved in a manuscript of that date in the Bodleian Library at Oxford. It does not, however, fall in with our plan to enter into any antiquarian discussion on the subject; but we take the opportunity of referring to this singular fact, because it affords one proof, and that a remarkable one, of the antiquity of fairy mythology in this country of a nature similar to that used by Shakespeare.

In the library of the Earl of Ellesmere is preserved a very curious tract, printed at London in 1628, containing a prose history of the *merry pranks* of the same mischievous spirit, intermixed with poetry. I suspect that some of the metrical portions of this book are of much earlier date, and it is possible that the following verses may be the originals of the exquisitely beautiful Anacreontic lines spoken by Puck at the end of the play. I cannot, however, discover the precise date of their composition:—

“The moone shines faire and bright,
And the owle hollows:
Mortals now take their rests
Upon their pillows:
The bats abroad likewise,
And the night raven,
Which doth use for to call
Men to death’s haven.
Now the mice peep abroad,
And the cats take them:
Now doe young wenches sleepe,
Till their dreams wake them.”

The ideas are not only similar to those of Shakespeare, but follow in precisely the same order. Some similarity may also be traced between this and the following invocation of a spirit by a very celebrated magician. It is taken from *The famous History of Frater Bacon*, edited by Mr Thomas, p. 41:—

‘Now the owle is flowne abroad,
For I heere the croaking toade,
And the bat that shuns the day,
Through the darke doth make her way.

Now the ghosts of men doe rise,
And with fearful lullies cryes,
Seek revengement from the good
On their heads that spilt their blood.
Come some spirit, quicke I say,
Night’s the Devil’s holyday:
Where’ere you be, in dennes, or lake,
In the ivy, ewe, or brake:
Quickly come and me attend,
That am Bacon’s man and friend.
But I will have you take no shape
Of a bear, a horse, or ape:
Nor will I have you terrible;
And therefore come invisible.”

²² And sometimes labour in the quern.

A quern is a hand-mill. Ancient querns, made of stone, are frequently found in Ireland. “Histories report that he was brought into such povortie, that he was fayne to serve a baker in turning a querne or handmill to get his living,” Northbrooke’s Treatise against Dicing, 1577. It should be remarked that the grammar is here defective, most of the verbs governed by “are you not he,” being in the plural instead of the singular; but the original represents most probably the author’s own text, and there is certainly something lost in melody by substituting *skins, labours, &c.*

²³ To leav no barm.

Barm, yeast. This provincial term is still in use in Warwickshire, and I have seen a card advertising “no barm” in Henley Street at Stratford-on-Avon, within a few yards of the poet’s birth-place.

²⁴ And ‘tailor’ cries.

She cries ‘tailor,’ because she falls in the position in which a tailor sits on his board. Dr. Johnson notices the custom of crying *tailor* at a sudden fall backwards.

²⁵ Hold their lions, and luffe.

Luffe, laugh, the ancient pronunciation of the word. Ben Jonson, in the Fox, makes *slaughter* rhyme with *laughter*; and in the old nursery ballad of Mother Hubbard, after she had bought her dog a coffin, she came home and found he was *luffing*!

²⁶ And neede, i.e. *sneeze*. In Langley’s Abridgement of Polydore Vergil, fol. 127, it is said: “There was a plague whereby many, as they *needed*, died sodeinly, whereof it grew into a custome that they that were present when any manne *needeed*, should say, ‘God helpe you.’ A lyke deadly plague was sometyme in yawning, wherfore men used to fence themselves wth the signe of the crosse: bothe whiche customes we reteyne styl at this day.”

²⁷ Since the middle summer’s speed.

Middle-summer is the middle of the summer, or midsummer. Midsummer is not, strictly speaking, the middle of summer; but that is what is evidently here intended. “The middle spring, or the midst of the spring,” Nomenclator, 1585. *Spring*, beginning, commencement. *Faved fountain*, alluding to the natural flow of pebbles. *Midd*

gent, an old form of the word *margin*. *Pelting*, small, valtry. *Continents*, banks.

²⁴ *The nine men's morris is fill'd up with mud.*

"In that part of Warwickshire where Shakespeare was educated, and the neighbouring parts of Northamptonshire, the shepherds and other boys dig up the turf with their knives to represent a sort of imperfect chess-board. It consists of a square, sometimes only a foot diameter, sometimes three or four yards. Within this is another square, every side of which is parallel to the external square; and these squares are joined by lines drawn from each corner of both squares and the middle of each line. One party, or player, has wooden pegs, the other stones, which they move in such a manner as to take up each other's men as they are called, and the area of the inner square is called the pound, in which the men taken up are impounded. These figures are by the country people called *Nine Men's Morris*, or *Merrils*; and are so called, because each party has nine men. These figures are always cut upon the green turf or leys, as they are called, or upon the grass at the end of ploughed lands, and in rainy seasons never fail to be *chocked up with mud*." JAMES.

²⁵ *On old Hyems' thin and icy crown.*

Old copies, *chin*.^o Corrected by Tyrwhitt. *Childing*, pregnant, productive.

³⁰ *By their increase.*

Increase, produce. "Then shall the earth yield her increase, and God, even our own God, shall bless us," Psalms, lxxvii. 6.

³¹ *To be my henchman.*

Blount says *henchman* "is used with us for one that runs on foot, attending on a person of honour;" and in the Nomenclator, 1585, "*un page d' hommes*, a page of honour or a henchman." In a letter from Mr. Allen to the Earl of Shrewsbury, dated December 11th, 1585, it is said,—"Her Highness hath of late, whereat some do much marvel, dissolved the ancient office of the henchmen."

³² *At a fair vestal throned by the west.*

This allusion to Queen Elizabeth has exercised the ingenuity of the critics. It is elegant flattery, without partaking of the humiliating character of most of the compliments paid to sovereign by the other writers of the age. *Love-in-idleness* is a very pretty rural name for the pancies or heart's-ease.

³³ *I'll put a girdle round about the earth.*

This metaphor, expressive of great distance, literally meaning, to go round the world, is not peculiar to Shakespeare. It occurs in Chapman's *Bussy d'Ambois*,—

And skills in Neptune's deep invisible paths,
In tall ships richly built and ribb'd with brass,
To put a girdle round about the world.

³⁴ *The one I'll stay, the other stayeth me.*

Stay, to hinder. *Hermia* stays *Demetrius* by causing

him an useless search in the wood; she does not kill him. Mr. Knight is unquestionably correct in restoring the old reading. *Wood within this wood*, a quibble, *wood* being an old term for *mad*.

³⁵ *Your virtue is my privilege for that.*

For that, as everybody knows, means *because* in numerous places; and Mr. Hunter proposes to receive the phrase in that sense in the present instance, and place a stop after *privilege*; a reading which, I fear, destroys the effect of a very significant line. *Brakes*, bushes.

³⁶ *Ox-lips.*

Ox-lips are the greater cowslips. "The greater sort called for the most part oxelips and paigles," Gerard, p. 637. The eglantine is the sweet-briar. *Weed*, dress.

³⁷ *A roundel and a fairy song.*

Roundel, a roundelay. *Rear-mix*, bats.

³⁸ *Love takes the meaning in love's conference.*

That is, pure love only is the meaning in the conversation of lovers.

³⁹ *Wilt thou darkling leave me.*

Darkling, in the dark. "I went darkeling, and dyd hytte agaynst a doore, je alloye sans chandelle et heurt contre ung huis," Palsgrave, 1530.

⁴⁰ *Touching now the point of human skill.*

That is, says Steevens, my senses being now at the utmost height of perfection.

⁴¹ *This hawthorn brake our tiring-house.*

The tiring-house was the dressing-room of the old theatres. Maine, in his *Amorous Warre*, 1648, mentions "the invention of your poets, who kill onely on the stage, and then revive their slaughter'd persons in the tiring-house."

⁴² *Byrlakin, a parlous fear.*

Byrlakin, by our Lady's kin. *Parlous*, perilous, dangerous. "*Parlous* wise, and yet loving to his guests," Cotgrave's *Wits Interpreter*, 1671, p. 2. *Written in eight and six*, that is, in verses of six and eight syllables

⁴³ *Tell them plainly he is Snug the joiner.*

The following anecdote, which has been frequently quoted, occurs in a collection of jests in MSS. Harl. 6395, collected by Sir Nicholas Lestrangle in the seventeenth century:—"There was a spectacle presented to Queen Elizabeth upon the water, and, amongst others, Harry Goldingham was to represent Arion upon the dolphin's back, but finding his voice to be very hoarse and unpleasant, when he came to performe it, he teares off his disguise, and swears he was none of Arion, not he, but one honest Harry Goldingham; which blunt discovery pleas'd the Quene better than if it had gone through in the

NOTES TO A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

right way; yet he could order his voice to an instrument exceeding well." Sir W. Scott has made good use of this laughable incident.

44 *A play toward?*

This is a very common expression in old plays. "Have I a pleasure toward," *Revenge's Tragedie*, 1608.

45 *Cues and all.*

A cue, or *qu*, is thus explained by Minshew, "a terme used among stage-players, a *Lat. quidus*, i. at what manner of word the actors are to beginne to speake one, after another hath done his speech."

46 *The woosel-cock, so black of hue.*

The *ouzel*, or *woosel*, was a generic term for the blackbird. Barnfield, in his *Affectionate Shepheard*, 1594, says,—
House-doves are white, and *oozels* blackbirds bee,
Yet what a difference in the taste we see.

The *throstle* is the thrush.

47 *The plain-sung cuckoo gray.*

Ah, sweetly, sweetly, doth the cuckoo sing
The cuckolds' praises in the pleasant Spring;
Familiar is her song, smooth, easie, *plaine*,
Not harsh, nor hardly wrested from her throat.

Pasquil's Night Cap, 1612.

48 *Glee*, i.e., to joke. "*Donner d'une*, to give a gudgeon, a lurch, a gleeke," Cotgrave. In the *Fairy Queen*, 1632, an alteration of this play, Bottom says, "Nay, I can break a jest on occasion."

49 *With apricocks and dewberries.*

Apricots were formerly termed *apricocks*. The dewberry is the dwarf mulberry, *rubus chamamorus*, often confused with the blackberry, being a similar fruit, but of a larger size. I have gathered many a dewberry in the lanes between Stratford-on-Avon and Ashton Cantlowe; and thought of Shakespeare and Titania.

50 *Mistress Squash, your mother.*

Squash is an unripe pease-cod.

51 *Night-rule*, i.e., night sport. *Patches*, fools, clowns. *Sort*, company.

52 *An ass's noul I fixed on his head.*

Noul, i.e., head. So, in Lilly's *Mother Bombe*,—

Wine, O wine! O juice divine!
How dost thou the *noule* refine!

The transformation of Bottom had its prototype in the ancient mysteries. Among the curious stage directions in the *Chester Mysteries*, are the following.—"Heare Adam and Eve goe out tell Cayme hath slayne Abell." "Then Noye, with all his familie, shall make a signe, as though the wroughte upon the shippe with diueres instrumentes." "Heare Abraham doth kisse his sonne Isaake, and byndes a charechatle aboute his heade: let him make a signe as though he would cut off his heade with his sorde; then let the angell come and take the sorde by the point and staie

45

it." "Then Balaham shall strike his asse, and remark. that here it is necessary for some one to be transformed into the appearance of an asse."

The scenery and other stage furniture must have been of the most primitive kind, probably inferior to that of the penny and twopenny shows that still figure occasionally in our streets. Thus, in *Noah's Flood*, "the ark muste be borden round about, and one the bordes, all the beastes and foules painted." Again, when the star appears in the east, it is made to move by a little angel carrying it away in his arms; and the kings follow it by coming down from the stage, mounting on horses in the street, and riding round for a few minutes among the spectators.

53 *Mimic*, i.e., actor, more properly, the clown. "A mimick, a jester, a vice," Minshew. "*Chough*," claws.

54 *Latch'd the Athenian's eyes.*

Latch, to catch. Hence, metaphorically, to infect. "*Latching*, catching, infecting," Ray's *English Words*, ed. 1674, p. 29. The word occurs in the first sense in *Macbeth*. I believe the usual interpretation given to it in this passage, *licked over*, is quite inadmissible.

Of force, of necessity, necessarily.

55 *Touch*, i.e., trick, exploit. *Mispris'd*, mistaken. *Cheer*, countenance. *Sport alone*, famous sport.

56 *This princess of pure white.*

Princess is, of course, metaphorically used for the chief or most excellent. Mr. Collier unnecessarily suggests *impress*.

57 *Yon fiery oes.*

Oes are anything round: the stars were small oes. In *Wits Recreations*, 1654, the heavens are called a "box of oes." *Artificial*, skilful, ingenious. "*Artificial*, artificiall skilfull, cunning, workmanly," Cotgrave.

58 *Two of the first, like coats in heraldry.*

A coat of arms quartered with another coat, but crowned with only one crest.

59 *You canker-blossom.*

Steevens explains this, "a worm that preys on the leaves or buds of flowers, always beginning in the middle." *Curst*, shrewish.

60 *Of hindring knot-grass made.*

"*Knot-grass* is a long round weed, with little round smooth leaves, and the stalks very knotty and rough, winding and wreathing one seam into another very confusedly, and groweth for the most part in very moist places," Markham's *Cheap and Good Husbandry*, 1676.

61 *Already to their wormy beds are gone.*

This line has been imitated, perhaps unconsciously, by Shelley.

62 *Thou shalt 'by this dear.*

'*By*, i.e., aby, expiate. We have also in this act, "lest, to thy peril, thou aby it dear."

NOTES TO A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

⁶² *I'll apply your eye.*

So the old copies. *Apply* did not necessarily require the addition of the preposition. We have the verb without it in the *Nice Wanton*, 1560. The versification is irregular.

⁶³ *Jack shall have Jill.*

Will is so bad a rhyme to *ill*, that Steevens proposes to read *still*. In Heywood's *Epigrammes upon Proverbs*, 1567 we have,—

"All shal be wel, Jaeke shal have Gil;
Nay, nay; Gill is wedded to Wil."

This shows that the common reading is quite correct.

⁶⁵ *Thy amiable cheeks do coy.*

Amiable, worthy to be loved. Gerard, in his *Herbal*, p. 67, mentions an "*amiable* and pleasant kind of primrose." *Coy*, to soothe or stroke. *Overflowed*, flooded. *Neif*, hand or fist.

⁶⁶ *The woodbine, the sweet honeysuckle.*

There is a passage in Ben Jonson in which the *blue bindweed* is mentioned as entwining with the honeysuckle, and Gifford thinks the former synonymous with the woodbine. He is, perhaps, right, for, in Lynacre's *Herball*, the woodbine is made synonymous with withwind, another term for the bindweed; but it is not to be denied that, in Shakespeare's time, the woodbine and the wild honeysuckle were one and the same; and in this very play the poet mentions the "*luscious woodbine*," an epithet certainly more appropriate to the honeysuckle.

⁶⁷ *Like round and orient pearls.*

Orient is generally used by our old writers in the sense of, bright, sparkling.

⁶⁸ *Dian's bud o'er Cupid's flower.*

According to Steevens, this is the bud of the *agnus castus* o'er love-in-idleness.

⁶⁹ *And bless it to all fair posterity.*

The first edition has *prosperity*, and either reading makes perfect sense.

⁷⁰ *Our observance is perform'd.*

Alluding to the observance to the morn of May. *Vaward*, vaward, the forepart. *Chiding* alludes only to *sound*.

⁷¹ *Flow'd, so sound'd.*

Flow'd, having large hanging claps, which in hounds were called *flow's*. "When a hound is fleet, faire *flow'd*, and well rang'd," Lilly's *Mela*, 1632. *Sound'd*, of a sandy colour.

⁷² *More own, and not more own.*

Two interpretations may be given to this passage; one, that Demetrius, when he would have found a lost jewel, so unexpectedly that she almost doubts whether he is her own; the other, that she has found him as she would have found a jewel, only hers till the owner claims it.

⁷³ *Man is but a patch'd fool.*

That is, a fool in a coat of variegated colours. Hence *patch*, a fool. See note 51. *At her death* alludes, probably, to the death of Thisbe. Theobald proposes to read *after death*.

⁷⁴ *Made, i.e., enriched.*

⁷⁵ *Good strings to your beards.*

The strings, as Malone observes, were to prevent the false beards, which they were to wear, from falling off.

⁷⁶ *Our play is preferred.*

That is, proffered, or offered to the duke's notice. So in Perkin Warbeck, act ii. sc. 3,—

In honour of the bride, the Scots, I know,
Will in some shew, some masque, or some device,
Prefer their duties.

⁷⁷ *What abridgment have you for this evening?*

Mr. Knight explains this,—"*what short thing* have you, of play, or mask, or music?"

⁷⁸ *There is a brief.*

That is, an abstract. "Give me the brief of your subject," Ben Jonson's *Tale of a Tub*.

Philostrate here produces a list of the various amusements which had been proffered by the people of Athens, for Theseus to wear away the "long age of three hours, between his after-supper and bed-time." The exact meaning of one of these has never been satisfactorily explained:—

"The thrice three Muses mourning for the death
Of learning, late deceased in beggary."

Theseus rejects this, and adds—

"That is some satire, keen and critical,
Not sorting with the nuptial ceremony."

Now, it will be remembered that out of the four "*sports* which are rife," three of them certainly refer to a period and action consistent with the nature of the plot. We have

"The battle with the Centaurs, to be sung,
By an Athenian eunuch, to the harp."

Next in order,

"The riot of the tipsy bacchanals,
Tearing the Thracian singer in their rage."

And lastly,

"A tedious brief scene of young Pyramus,
And his love Thisbe: very tragical mirth."

It is probable that the two lines we have given above were either inserted after the play itself was written, or that the poet merely makes a general allusion to the low state of literature at the time; and this supposition accords sufficiently with Shakespeare's usual practice. For instance, he perhaps alludes, nearly at the beginning of the play, to the state of the weather in the year 1594; but this description is not at all incompatible with the circumstances of his drama; but I think that a particular allusion

NOTES TO A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

to some real person and some real death has this difficulty. Theseus rejects one "sport,"

"In glory of my kinsman Hercules,"

and another because it was

"an old device; and it was play'd
When I from Thebes came last a conqueror."

Is it reasonable to suppose that at the same time Shakespeare wrote the above lines, he would have considered it at all consistent to introduce a personal allusion to any of his own contemporaries? For, it must be remembered, such an allusion evidently could not apply also to the period of Theseus. If any allusion be intended, it is probably general; and Daniel, in the *Cleitopatra*, printed in 1594, complains sadly of the "barbarism" of the time. Perhaps, however, the plague of 1593 may have simultaneously destroyed learning and some of its professors.

Mr. Knight conjectures that Shakespeare alludes to the death of Robert Greene, who deceased in 1592, in a condition that might truly be called beggary. There is some reason in this, although the *Midsummer Night's Dream* was not written till two years afterwards; for in the year 1594 was published *Greene's Funeralls*, in which occurs the following passage:—

"For judgement Jove, for *learning* deepe he still Apollo
scemde;
For floent tongue, for eloquence, men Mercury him
decide;
For curtesie suppose him Guy, or Guyons somewhat
lesse.
His life and manners, though I would, I cannot halfe
express:
Nor mouth, nor minde, nor Muse can halfe declare,
His life, his love, his laude, so excellent they were."

In the year 1594 was also published Greene's last work, written in conjunction with Thomas Lodge, entitled *The Looking Glass for London and England*. Chalmers has dwelt upon an animosity which is said to have existed between Lodge and Shakespeare: and, if this were the case, we may perhaps be justified in conjecturing that the "thrice three Muses" mourned, or rather were intended to mourn, on the last production of a famous writer which was wholly unworthy of his pen. The above-mentioned work is, indeed, very poor; and, as far as Greene was concerned, the productions of his learning might then be truly said to be "late deceased in beggary." This conjecture will also bear out the apprehension of Theseus:—

"That is some satire, keen and critical,
Not sorting with the nuptial ceremony."

79 *A tedious brief scene.*

In ridicule of the absurd titles of some of our ancient dramas, such as the "lamentable Tragedy, mixed ful of pleasant mirth, conteyning the Life of Cambises, king of Persia." Ben Jonson notices something of the same kind in his *Bartholomew Fair*,—"The ancient modern History of Hero and Leander," of course satirically. Lupton's *All for Money*, 1578, is called a "pitiful comedy" on the title-page, and a "pleasant tragedy" in the prologue.

80 *Hot ice, and wondrous scething snow.*

Southwell, 1590, has a similar antithesis, "winter rose, and summer ice;" and in Cartwright's *Poems*, 1651, p. 272,—

Johnson hath writ things lasting and divine,
Yet his love-scenes, Fletcher, compar'd to thine,
Are cold and frosty, and exprest love so,
As heat with ice, or warm fires mix'd with snow.

81 *Takes it in might, not merit.*

That is, accepts it as exerted in its utmost power, not according to its real merit. *Noble respect*, the respect or regard of a noble mind. *Address'd*, ready.

82 *If we offend, it is with our good will.*

This is the height of this species of humour. It is remembered by Taylor, the Water-Poet, in his *Workes*, 1630,—"If the printer hath placed any line, letter, or syllable, whereby this large volume may be made guilty to be understood by any man, I would have the reader not to impute the fault to the author; for it was farre from his purpose to write to any purpose, so ending at the beginning, I say, as it is appawsefully written and commended to posterity in the *Midsummer Night's Dreame*.—If we offend, it is with our good will: we came with no intent but to offend and shew our simple skill."

83 *Like a child on a recorder.*

The recorder, according to Hawkins, appears to have been a kind of flageolet.

84 *Not Shafalus to Procrus was so true.*

Bottom's mistake for Cephalus and Procris, a poem on whom, by Chute, appeared in 1593 or 1594.

85 *Nor else no lion's dam.*

In our old phraseology, as Dr. Johnson observes, *nor* often related to two members of a sentence, though only expressed in the latter. The meaning of the whole is this, "Then know that I, one Snug the joiner, am neither a lion fell, nor a lion's dam." An absurd conjecture to substitute a *lion's fell*, i.e., a lion's skin, in the place of the old reading, is strikingly illustrative of the mischievous tendency of "ingenuity" in these matters.

86 *Myself the man & the moon do seem to be.*

Grimm (*Deutsche Mythologie*, p. 412) informs us that there are three legends connected with the Man in the Moon; the first, that this personage was Isaac carrying a bundle of sticks for his own sacrifice; the second, that he was Cain; and the other, which is taken from the history of the sabbath-breaker, as related in the Book of Numbers. In the poem, entitled *The Testament of Creseide*, printed in Chaucer's works, there is an allusion to the same legend:—

"Next after him came lady Cynthia,
The laste of al, and swiftest in her sphere,
Of colour blake, buskid with hornis twa,
And in the night she listith best t' apere,
Have as the leed, of colour nothing clere,
For al the light she borowed at her brotner
Titan, for of herselfe she hadd non other."

"Her gite was gray and ful of spottis blake,
And on her brest a chorle painted ful even,
Bering a bushe of thornis on his bake,
Whiche for his theft might clime no ner the heven."

The Italians of the thirteenth century imagined the Man in the Moon to be Cain, who is going to sacrifice to

the Lord, horns—the most wretched production of the ground. Dante refers to this in the twentieth canto of the *Inferno*:—

“chè già tiene ’l confine
D’amenduo gli emisperi, e tocca l’onda
Sotto Sibilia, Caino e le spine.”

⁸⁷ *In snuff.*

There is here a play upon words, *in snuff* being a common old phrase for being angry. *Moused*, torn or mangled by the mouth.

⁸⁸ *These lily brows.*

Old copies read, “these lily lips,” but the whole being in rhyme, I cannot refuse to accept Theobald’s emendation.

⁸⁹ *Adieu, adieu, adieu.*

“Altho’ this piece, as it stands before us, cannot easily be contrived for representation, yet this part of it which was performed by the Athenian handicrafts was some years ago produced at Covent Garden Theatre as a burlesque opera, and repeatedly exhibited with great success. I have been present at it myself. The music, which was in great estimation, was composed by Mr. J. F. Larrope, and the character of Pyramus was presented by that celebrated singer, Mr. John Beard,” MS. note of Thomas Hull.

⁹⁰ *A Bergomask dance.*

According to Sir Thomas Hanmer, this was a dance after

the manner of the peasants of Bergomasco, a country in Italy belonging to the Venetians.

⁹¹ *To sweep the dust behind the door.*

The fairies were always famous for their love of cleanliness, and Rowlands mentions a similar employment for Robin Goodfellow in his *More Knaves Yet*,—

Amongst the rest was a Goodfellow devill,
So cal’d in kindness, cause he did no evill,
Knowne by the name of Robin, as we heare,
And that his eyes as broad as sawcers were,
Who came anights, and would make kitchins cleane,
And in the bed bepinch a lazie queane.

⁹² *Hop as light as bird from brier.*

A very common old comparison. So in the *Cobler of Canterburie*, 1608,—

This smith was a quaint sire,
As merrie as bird on brier.

• *Prodigious*, i.e., portentous.

⁹⁴ *Every fairy take his gait.*

That is, take his way. The term is still in common use in the north of England.

⁹⁵ *Gentles, do not reprehend.*

Mr. Hunter, *New Illustrations*, i. 282, amends this by reading, *do not reprobate*.

The Merchant of Venice.

In Venice towne not long agoe
A cruel Jew did dwell,
Which lived all on usurie,
As Italian writers tell.

BALLAD OF GERNUTUS.

THE Merchant of Venice is founded on two popular medieval tales, both of which are met with in several collections, and under a considerable variety of form. As might, therefore, be anticipated, few plays have been more suggestive to writers on the history of fiction; but a brief notice of these remote originals will satisfy the readers of Shakespeare, the poet having been most probably indebted for his materials to more modern versions of the above-mentioned narratives, which, for the sake of distinctness, may be designated the stories of the Bond and the Caskets.

The incident of the Bond is probably of oriental origin. It was introduced into this country at a very early period, a version of it having been discovered by Mr. Wright in a manuscript in the British Museum, written about the year 1320, (MS. Harl. 7322.) This manuscript is a collection of Latin stories for preachers, and the tale of the Bond is related of two brothers, one malicious and covetous, the other generous and extravagant. The latter, having expended all his money, was reduced to the necessity of applying to the elder brother, who, insisting upon an equivalent of some kind, the younger one was thoughtlessly induced to sell him a hand's breadth of his flesh, and made the bargain before the necessary witnesses. On the contract being insisted upon, a prince interferes to save the life of the younger brother; and he does so by ingeniously obtaining from him a grant of his blood, and then informing the elder brother that his own life will be forfeited if he spills a drop of his relative's blood.* This story is found under a different form in the well-known collection of medieval tales called the *Gesta Romanorum*, but mixed up with a love story, and concludes by the knight's mistress coming into the court disguised, and saving her lover by the same ingenuity which, in the play, is attributed to Portia. The similarity to Shakespeare is still further to be noticed in the next version of the tale, which occurs in the Pecorone of Giovanni Fiorentino, written towards the close of the fourteenth century. In this novel, the lady of Belmont is mentioned; the trial is conducted in a manner more similar to the description in Shakespeare; and the whole concludes with the stratagem respecting the ring. It is evident, therefore, that Shakespeare was indebted in some way, probably indirectly, to the Pecorone.

The second story, that of the Caskets, is found in a simple form in the Greek romance of Barlaam and Josaphat, written about the year 800. "The king commanded four chests to be made, two of which were to be covered with gold, and secured by golden locks, but filled with the rotten bones of

* Notices of other medieval tales, which include the condition of the Bond, will be found in Mr. Wright's collection of *Latin Stories*, a curious and valuable volume, published by the Percy Society.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

human carcasses. The other two were overlaid with pitch, and bound with rough cords; but replenished with pretious stones and the most exquisite gems, and with ointments of the richest odour. He called his nobles together, and placing these chests before them, asked which they thought the most valuable. They pronounced those with the golden coverings to be the most pretious, supposing they were made to contain the crowns and girdles of the king. The two chests covered with pitch they viewed with contempt. Then said the king, I presumed what would be your determination, for ye look with the eyes of sense. But to discern baseness or value, which are hid within, we must look with the eyes of the mind. He then ordered the golden chests to be opened, which exhaled an intolerable stench, and filled the beholders with horror." The incident adopted by Shakespeare is found in the *Gesta Romanorum*. A young princess is to choose one of three caskets. The first was made of gold, ornamented with precious stones, but within full of dead men's bones, with the inscription, "Who chooseth me shall find what he deserves." The second was of silver, but filled with earth, and inscribed, "Who chooseth me shall find what his nature desireth." The third was made of lead, filled with gems and precious stones, and inscribed, "Who chooseth me shall find what God hath disposed." The princess wisely chose the last, and the Emperor says: "*Bona puella, bene elegisti: ideo filium meum habebis.*" This story had appeared in English, in Robinson's translation of the *Gesta*, as early as 1577.

It appears with sufficient clearness from the above that Shakespeare was indebted for the chief incidents of his play, either directly or indirectly, to the Pecorone and the tale of the Caskets in the *Gesta Romanorum*. The origin of the episode of the loves of Lorenzo and Jessica must be looked for elsewhere, and Dunlop refers us to the fourteenth tale of Massuccio di Salerno, who flourished about the year 1470, in which novel we have an avaricious father, whose daughter elopes by the intervention of a servant, and robs her parent of his money. On discovering her flight, the father's grief is divided between the loss of his daughter and the robbery of his ducats.

Instead, however, of supposing the poet obtained his materials from three unconnected works, a very easy and probable solution of the question is suggested by the circumstance that the Merchant of Venice was originally also entitled the *Jew of Venice*. This fact, which is obtained from the entry of the play on the registers of the Stationers' Company, in 1598, is of considerable importance, when viewed in connection with another circumstance, the allusion to an old play called the "Jew," in Gosson's *Schoole of Abuse*, which contained "a pleasaunt invective against Poets, Pipers, Plaiers, Jestes, and such-like caterpillers of a Commonwealt," 16mo., 1579. A play so called, says Gosson, was one of the few which were "without rebuke." It was exhibited at the Bull, and Gosson describes it as *representing the greedinesse of worldly chusers, and bloody mindes of usurers*. The coincidence of this description with the subject of the Merchant of Venice, is so remarkable, that when we add to it the identity of title, little doubt can fairly remain that the play mentioned by Gosson, in 1579, contained similar incidents to those in Shakespeare's play, and that it was, in all probability, the rude original of the Merchant of Venice. If this be conceded, we need scarcely enter into the subject of the ballad of Gernutus as one of Shakespeare's sources. If the ballad was really anterior to the play, it might possibly have suggested a few trifling expressions: but the evidence clearly leads to the conclusion that the poet must have been indebted to some production, which was in its turn borrowed from the Pecorone.

The Merchant of Venice, as has been already remarked, was entered at Stationers' Hall in 1598, and it is mentioned by Meres in the same year. We have no other certain information respecting the date of its composition, but it was probably written before the year 1596, for in *Wily Beguiled*, an old play which contained more than one sly borrowing from Shakespeare, occurs the following palpable imitation of a well-known scene in the Merchant of Venice:—

Sophos. In such a night did Paris win his love.

Lelia. In such a night *Aeneas* prov'd unkind.

Sophos. In such a night did *Troilus* court his dear.

Lelia. In such a night fair *Phyllis* was betray'd."

The play of *Wily Beguiled* is alluded to in Nash's *Have with you to Saffron Walden*, 1596, and it was probably then a new production. And if, in addition to this, we add the circumstance of several

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

expressions which occur in the trial scene in Shakespeare being similar to others in the story of the Bond in Munday's translation of Silvanus's Orator, published in the same year, we may arrive not unreasonably at the conclusion that the Merchant of Venice was a new and favourite play in 1596. The date of its composition would thus be placed in 1595, or very early in the following year.*

The first edition of the play appeared in 1600, entitled, "The most excellent Historie of the Merchant of Venice, with the extreame crueltie of Shylocke the Jewe towards the sayd Merchant in cutting a just pound of his flesh: and the obtaining of Portia by the choyse of three chests: as it hath beene divers times acted by the Lord Chamberlaine his Servants. Written by William Shakespeare. At London, Printed by J. R. for Thomas Heyes, and are to be sold in Paules Church-yard at the signe of the Greene Dragon, 1600." The second edition was "printed by J. Roberts" in the same year, with variations which seem to me to indicate that its source was not so pure as that from which the other edition was printed. Mr. Knight says the first quarto of Heyes was also printed by Roberts, but this is surely too bold an assumption to draw merely from the initials, and it would be strange indeed had Roberts printed two different texts of the same play nearly simultaneously. The play was reprinted in the folio of 1623, with a few variations chiefly arising from the action of the statute of James I. directed against the profane use of the name of the Deity in dramatic performances. Our text is chiefly taken from the earliest quarto.

The Merchant of Venice appears to have been a popular drama. We may conclude so from the facts already mentioned, as well as from the circumstance of its having been twice acted before the Court in the year 1605 in the course of three days, which appears from the original accounts of the revels preserved at Somerset House, first edited by Mr. P. Cunningham. About a century afterwards, an alteration of it by Lord Lansdowne was produced at Lincoln's Inn Fields under the title of the "Jew of Venice," published in 1701, with a prologue by Bevil Higgons, in which the ghost of Shakespeare is represented as uttering the following remarkable lines,—

These scenes in their rough native dress were mine,
But now, improved, with nobler lustre shine;
The first rude sketches Shakespeare's pencil drew,
But all the shining master-strokes are now.

We smile now at the temerity of Mr. Higgons and Lord Lansdowne; but, although Macklin partially restored the poet's text, it is only within a very few years that the genuine play, in its full proportion, has taken the place of the mutilated copy of the old prompt-book, in which some of the most graceful and poetical parts of the drama were omitted.

The Merchant of Venice exhibits, to use the words of Gosson, "the greedinesse of worldly-chasers, and bloody mindes of usurers;" and there is more concord in the union of these subjects than might at first be imagined. Intense desire of revenge is not unfrequently found joined with the ardent love of gain, and the character of Shylock, in this respect, is strictly true to nature. Severely persecuted in every direction on account of his creed, the revenge he attempts to take is, in regard to its severe character, that of any bad man who has been deeply injured under similar circumstances, for religious intolerance and persecution have invariably produced a deeper feeling of resentment than other kinds of injustice. The form taken by his revenge is appalling, but had it been less frightful, our sympathies would have turned to the Jew. Shylock had been trampled upon till his desire for retaliation triumphed over his love of money, and resolved itself into that one feeling which it appears to have been the object of the poet to illustrate in the play. Shakespeare has almost imperceptibly so arranged the course of Shylock's arguments, that, while they appear to and do actually arise perfectly naturally out of his desire for revenge, they are made the medium of inculcating the liberal doctrine, that a man cannot justly be deprived of his rights on account of his religious belief.

* A play called by Henslowe the "Venesyan Comedy" was acted in 1594, and frequently repeated: but there are no sufficient reasons for believing it to have been Shakespeare's play.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

DUKE OF VENICE.

Appears, Act IV. sc. 1.

PRINCE OF ARRAGON, *suitor to Portia*.

Appears, Act II. sc. 9.

PRINCE OF MOROCCO, *suitor to Portia*.

Appears, Act II. sc. 1; sc. 7.

ANTONIO, *the Merchant of Venice*.

Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act II. sc. 6. Act III. sc. 3.
Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 1.

BASSANIO, *friend to Antonio*.

Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act II. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 2.
Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 1.

SOLANIO, *friend to Antonio and Bassanio*.

Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 4; sc. 8. Act III. sc. 1;
sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 1.

SALARINO, *friend to Antonio and Bassanio*.

Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 4; sc. 6; sc. 8. Act III.
sc. 1; sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 1.

GRATIANO, *friend to Antonio and Bassanio*.

Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 6. Act III.
sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act V. sc. 1.

LORENZO, *in love with Jessica*.

Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 4; sc. 6. Act III. sc. 2;
sc. 4; sc. 5. Act V. sc. 1.

SHYLOCK, *a Jew*.

Appears, Act I. sc. 3. Act II. sc. 5. Act III. sc. 1, sc. 3.
Act IV. sc. 1.

TUBAL, *a Jew, friend to Shylock*.

Appears, Act III. sc. 1.

LAUNCELOT GOBBO, *a clown, servant to Shylock*.

Appears, Act II. sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 4; sc. 5. Act III. sc. 4
Act V. sc. 1.

Old GOBBO, *father to Launcelot*.

Appears, Act II. sc. 2.

LEONARDO, *servant to Bassanio*.

Appears, Act II. sc. 2.

BALTHAZAR, *servant to Portia*.

Appears, Act III. sc. 4.

STEPHANO, *servant to Portia*.

Appears, Act V. sc. 1.

SALERIO, *a messenger from Venice*.

This character is omitted in this edition. See Note 1.

A Gaoler.

Appears, Act III. sc. 3.

PORTIA, *a rich heiress*.

Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 7; sc. 9. Act III.
sc. 2; sc. 4. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act V. sc. 1.

NERISSA, *waiting-maid to Portia*.

Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 7; sc. 9. Act III.
sc. 2; sc. 4. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act V. sc. 1.

JESSICA, *daughter to Shylock*.

Appears, Act II. sc. 3; sc. 5; sc. 6. Act III. sc. 2; sc. 4;
sc. 5. Act V. sc. 1.

*Magnificoes of Venice, Officers of the Court of
Justice, Servants, and other Attendants.*

SCENE,—PARTLY AT VENICE; AND PARTLY AT BEL-
MONT, THE SEAT OF PORTIA, ON THE CONTINENT.

The Merchant of Venice.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Venice. *A street.*

*Enter ANTONIO, SALARINO, and SOLANIO.*¹

Ant. In sooth, I know not why I am so sad.
It wearies me; you say it wearies you;
But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,
What stuff 't is made of, whereof it is born,
I am to learn;
And such a want-wit sadness makes of me,
That I have much ado to know myself.

Salar. Your mind is tossing on the ocean;
There, where your argosies with portly sail,²
Like signiors and rich burghers on the flood,
Or, as it were, the pageants of the sea,
Do overpeer the petty traffickers,
That curt'sy to them, do them reverence,
As they fly by them with their woven wings.

Solan. Believe me, sir, had I such venture forth,
The better part of my affections would
Be with my hopes abroad. I should be still
Plucking the grass, to know where sits the wind;
Peering in maps, for ports, and piers, and roads;
And every object that might make me fear
Misfortune to my ventures, out of doubt
Would make me sad.

Salar. My wind, cooling my broth,
Would blow me to an ague, when I thought
What harm a wind too great might do at sea.
I should not see the sandy hour-glass run,
But I should think of shallows and of flats,

And see my wealthy Andrew dock'd in sand,
Vailing her high-top lower than her ribs,³
To kiss her burial. Should I go to church,
And see the holy edifice of stone,
And not bethink me straight of dangerous rocks,
Which, touching but my gentle vessel's side,
Would scatter all her spices on the stream;
Enrobe the roaring waters with my silks;
And, in a word, but even now worth this,
And now worth nothing? Shall I have the thought
To think on this, and shall I lack the thought
That such a thing, bechanc'd, would make me sad?
But tell not me; I know Antonio
Is sad, to think upon his merchandise.

Ant. Believe me, no: I thank my fortune for it,
My ventures are not in one bottom trusted,
Nor to one place; nor is my whole estate
Upon the fortune of this present year:
Therefore my merchandise makes me not sad.

Salar. Why, then you are in love.

Ant. Fie, fie!

Salar. Not in love neither? Then let us say
you are sad

Because you are not merry: and 't were as easy
For you to laugh, and leap, and say you are merry,
Because you are not sad. Now, by two-headed
Janus,

Nature hath fram'd strange fellows in her time;
Some that will evermore peep through their eyes,
And laugh, like parrots, at a bagpiper;

And other of such vinegar aspect,
That they'll not show their teeth in way of smile,
Though Nestor swear the jest be laughable.

Enter BASSANIO, LORENZO, and GRATIANO.

Solan. Here comes Bassanio, your most noble
kinsman,
Gratiano, and Lorenzo. Fare ye well;
We leave you now with better company.

Salar. I would have stay'd till I had made you
merry,
If worthier friends had not prevented me.

Ant. Your worth is very dear in my regard.
I take it, your own business calls on you,
And you embrace th' occasion to depart.

Salar. Good morrow, my good lords.

Bass. Good signiors both, when shall we laugh?
Say, when?

You grow exceeding strange: Must it be so?

Salar. We'll make our leisures to attend on yours.

[*Exeunt SALARINO and SOLANIO.*]

Lor. My lord Bassanio, since you have found
Antonio,

We two will leave you; but at dinner-time
I pray you have in mind where we must meet.

Bass. I will not fail you.

Gra. You look not well, signior Antonio;
You have too much respect upon the world:
They lose it that do buy it with much care.
Believe me, you are marvellously changed.

Ant. I hold the world but as the world, Gra-
tiano;

A stage, where every man must play a part,
And mine a sad one.

Gra. Let me play the Fool:
With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come;
And let my liver rather heat with wine,
Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.
Why should a man, whose blood is warm within,
Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster?
Sleep when he wakes, and creep into the jaundice
By being peevish? I tell thee what, Antonio,—
I love thee, and it is my love that speaks;—
There are a sort of men, whose visages
Do cream and mantle like a standing pond,
And do a wilful stillness entertain,
With purpose to be dress'd in an opinion
Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit:
As who should say, "I am sir Oracle,
And when I ope my lips, let no dog bark!"
O, my Antonio, I do know of these,
That therefore only are reputed wise

For saying nothing; when, I am very sure,⁶
If they should speak, 't would almost damn those
ears,

Which, hearing them, would call their brothers
fools.

I'll tell thee more of this another time:

But fish not with this melancholy bait,

For this fool gudgeon, this opinion.

Come, good Lorenzo:—fare ye well a while;

I'll end my exhortation after dinner.

Lor. Well, we will leave you, then, till dinner-
time:

I must be one of these same dumb wise men,

For Gratiano never lets me speak

Gra. Well, keep me company but two years
more,

Thou shalt not know the sound of thine own
tongue.

Ant. Farewell: I'll grow a talker for this gear.

Gra. Thanks, i' faith; for silence is only com-
mendable

In a neat's tongue dry'd, and a maid not vendible

[*Exeunt GRATIANO and LORENZO.*]

Ant. Is that anything now?

Bass. Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of nothing,
more than any man in all Venice. His reasons are
two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff,
you shall seek all day ere you find them, and when
you have them, they are not worth the search.

Ant. Well, tell me now, what lady is the same
To whom you swore a secret pilgrimage,
That you to-day promis'd to tell me of?

Bass. 'T is not unknown to you, Antonio,
How much I have disabled mine estate,
By something showing a more swelling port
Than my faint means would grant continuance:
Nor do I now make moan to be abridg'd
From such a noble rate; but my chief care
Is to come fairly off from the great debts,
Wherein my time, something too prodigal,
Hath left me gag'd. To you, Antonio,
I owe the most in money and in love;
And from your love I have a warranty
To unburthen all my plots and purposes,
How to get clear of all the debts I owe.

Ant. I pray you, good Bassanio, let me know it:
And, if it stand, as you yourself still do,
Within the eye of honour, be assur'd
My purse, my person, my extremest means,
Lie all unlock'd to your occasions.

Bass. In my school-days, when I had lost one
shaft,

I shot his fellow of the self-same flight
 The self-same way, with more advised watch
 To find the other forth; and, by adventuring both,
 I oft found both: I urge this childhood proof,
 Because what follows is pure innocence.
 I owe you much; and, like a wilful youth,
 That which I owe is lost: but if you please
 To shoot another arrow that self-way
 Which you did shoot the first, I do not doubt,
 As I will watch the aim, or to find both,
 Or bring your latter hazard back again,
 And thankfully rest debtor for the first.

Ant. You know me well, and herein spend but time,

To wind about my love with circumstance;
 And, out of doubt, you do me now more wrong
 In making question of my uttermost,
 Than if you had made waste of all I have.
 Then do but say to me what I should do,
 That in your knowledge may by me be done,
 And I am prest^o unto it: therefore speak.

Bass. In Belmont is a lady richly left,
 And she is fair, and, fairer than that word,
 Of wond'rous virtues. Sometimes from her eyes^o
 I did receive fair speechless messages:
 Her name is Portia; nothing undervalued
 To Cato's daughter, Brutus' Portia.
 Nor is the wide world ignorant of her worth;
 For the four winds blow in from every coast
 Renowned suitors: and her sunny locks
 Hang on her temples like a golden fleece;
 Which makes her seat of Belmont, Colchos' strand,
 And many Jasons come in quest of her.
 O, my Antonio! had I but the means
 To hold a rival place with one of them,
 I have a mind presages me such thrift,
 That I should questionless be fortunate.

Ant. Thou know'st that all my fortunes are at sea;
 Neither have I money, nor commodity
 To raise a present sum: therefore, go forth;
 Try what my credit can in Venice do;
 That shall be rack'd, even to the uttermost,
 To furnish thee to Belmont, to fair Portia.
 Go, presently inquire, and so will I,
 Where money is; and I no question make,
 To have it of my trust, or for my sake. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—Belmont. *A room in Portia's House.*

Enter PORTIA and NERISSA.

Por. By my troth, Nerissa, my little body is a-weary of this great world.

Ner. You would be, sweet madam, if your miseries were in the same abundance as your good fortunes are. And yet, for aught I see, they are as sick that surfeit with too much, as they that starve with nothing. It is no small happiness, therefore, to be seated in the mean; superfluity comes sooner by white hairs, but competency lives longer.

Por. Good sentences, and well pronounc'd.

Ner. They would be better, if well followed.

Por. If to do were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages princes' palaces. It is a good divine that follows his own instructions. I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done, than be one of the twenty to follow mine own teaching. The brain may devise laws for the blood; but a hot temper leaps o'er a cold decree: such a hare is madness, the youth, to skip o'er the meshes of good counsel, the cripple. But this reasoning is not in the fashion to choose me a husband!—O me, the word choose! I may neither choose whom I would, nor refuse whom I dislike; so is the will of a living daughter curb'd by the will of a dead father. Is it not hard, Nerissa, that I cannot choose one, nor refuse none?

Ner. Your father was ever virtuous; and holy men at their death have good inspirations; therefore, the lottery that he hath devised in these three chests, of gold, silver, and lead, (whereof who chooses his meaning, chooses you,) will, no doubt, never be chosen by any rightly, but one who you shall rightly love. But what warmth is there in your affection towards any of these princely suitors that are already come?

Por. I pray thee, overname them; and as thou namest them, I will describe them; and according to my description, level at my affection.

Ner. First, there is the Neapolitan prince.

Por. Ay, that's a colt, indeed;^o for he doth nothing but talk of his horse; and he makes it a great appropriation to his own good parts that he can shoe him himself. I am much afraid my lady his mother play'd false with a smith.

Ner. Then is there the county Palatine.

Por. He doth nothing but frown; as who should say, "An you will not have me, choose." He hears merry tales, and smiles not: I fear he will prove the weeping philosopher when he grows old, being so full of unmannerly sadness in his youth. I had rather to be married to a death's head with a bone in his mouth, than to either of these. God defend me from these two!

Ner. How say you by the French lord, monsieur le Bon?

Por. God made him, and therefore let him pass for a man. In truth, I know it is a sin to be a mocker. But he! why, he hath a horse better than the Neapolitan's; a better bad habit of frowning than the count Palatine: he is every man in no man: if a throstle sing, he falls straight a cap'ring; he will fence with his own shadow. If I should marry him, I should marry twenty husbands. If he would despise me, I would forgive him! for if he love me to madness, I shall never requite him.

Ner. What say you then to Faulconbridge, the young baron of England?

Por. You know I say nothing to him; for he understands not me, nor I him: he hath neither Latin, French, nor Italian; and you will come into the court, and swear that I have a poor pennyworth in the English. He is a proper man's picture: but, alas! who can converse with a dumb show? How oddly he is suited! I think he bought his doublet in Italy, his round hose in France, his bonnet in Germany, and his behaviour everywhere.

Ner. What think you of the Scottish lord,¹¹ his neighbour?

Por. That he hath a neighbourly charity in him; for he borrowed a box of the ear of the Englishman, and swore he would pay him again when he was able. I think the Frenchman became his surety, and sealed under for another.

Ner. How like you the young German, the duke of Saxony's nephew?

Por. Very vildly in the morning, when he is sober; and most vildly in the afternoon, when he is drunk: when he is best, he is a little worse than a man; and when he is worse, he is little better than a beast. An the worst fall that ever fell, I hope I shall make shift to go without him.

Ner. If he should offer to choose, and choose the right casket, you should refuse to perform your father's will, if you should refuse to accept him.

Por. Therefore, for fear of the worst, I pray thee set a deep glass of Rhenish wine on the contrary casket: for, if the devil be within, and that temptation without, I know he will choose it. I will do anything, Nerissa, ere I will be married to a sponge.

Ner. You need not fear, lady, the having any of these lords; they have acquainted me with their

determinations: which is, indeed, to return to their home, and to trouble you with no more suit, unless you may be won by some other sort, than your father's imposition depending on the caskets.

Por. If I live to be as old as Sibylla, I will die as chaste as Diana, unless I be obtained by the manner of my father's will. I am glad this parcel of wooers are so reasonable; for there is not one among them but I dote on his very absence, and I pray God grant them a fair departure.

Ner. Do you not remember, lady, in your father's time, a Venetian, a scholar, and a soldier that came hither in company of the marquis of Montferrat?

Por. Yes, yes; it was Bassanio; as I think, so was he call'd.

Ner. True, madam; he, of all the men that ever my foolish eyes look'd upon, was the best deserving a fair lady.

Por. I remember him well; and I remember him worthy of thy praise.—How now? what news?¹²—

Enter a Servant.

Serv. The four strangers seek for you, madam, to take their leave: and there is a forerunner come from a fifth, the prince of Morocco, who brings word the prince, his master, will be here to-night.

Por. If I could bid the fifth welcome with so good heart as I can bid the other four farewell, I should be glad of his approach: if he have the condition of a saint, and the complexion of a devil, I had rather he should shrive me than wive me. Come, Nerissa. Sirrah, go before.

Whiles we shut the gate upon one wooer, another knocks at the door. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—Venice. *A public Place.*

Enter BASSANIO and SHYLOCK.¹³

Shy. Three thousand ducats,—well.

Bass. Ay, sir, for three months.

Shy. For three months,—well.

Bass. For the which, as I told you, Antonio shall be bound.

Shy. Antonio shall become bound,—well.

Bass. May you stead me? Will you pleasure me? Shall I know your answer?

Shy. Three thousand ducats, for three months, and Antonio bound.

Bass. Your answer to that.

Shy. Antonio is a good man.

Bass. Have you heard any imputation to the contrary?

Shy. Oh no, no, no, no;—my meaning in saying he is a good man⁴ is, to have you understand me, that he is sufficient; yet his means are in supposition: he hath an argosy bound to Tripolis, another to the Indies; I understand, moreover, upon the Rialto, he hath a third at Mexico, a fourth for England; and other ventures he hath, squander'd⁵ abroad. But ships are but boards, sailors but men: there be land-rats and water-rats,¹⁶ water-thieves and land-thieves; I mean, pirates; and then, there is the peril of waters, winds, and rocks: The man is, notwithstanding, sufficient;—three thousand ducats;—I think I may take his bond.

Bass. Be assured you may.

Shy. I will be assured I may; and that I may be assured, I will bethink me. May I speak with Antonio?

Bass. If it please you to dine with us.

Shy. Yes, to smell pork! to eat of the habitation which your prophet, the Nazarite, conjured the devil into! I will buy with you, sell with you, talk with you, walk with you, and so following; but I will not eat with you, drink with you, nor pray with you. What news on the Rialto?—Who is he comes here?

Enter ANTONIO.

Bass. This is signior Antonio.

Shy. [*Aside.*] How like a fawning publican he looks!

I hate him for he is a Christian:
But more, for that, in low simplicity,
He lends out money gratis, and brings down
The rate of usance here with us in Venice.
If I can catch him once upon the hip,¹⁷
I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.
He hates our sacred nation; and he rails,
Even there where merchants most do congregate,
On me, my bargains, and my well-won thrift,
Which he calls interest. Cursed be my tribe
If I forgive him!

Bass. Shylock, do you hear?

Shy. I am debating of my present store:
And, by the near guess of my memory,
I cannot instantly raise up the gross
Of full three thousand ducats. What of that?
Tubal, a wealthy Hebrew of my tribe,

Will furnish me. But, soft; how many months
Do you desire? Rest you fair, good signior:

[*To ANT.*]

Your worship was the last man in our mouths.

Ant. Shylock, albeit I neither lend nor borrow
By taking, nor by giving, of excess

Yet, to supply the ripe wants of my friend,

I'll break a custom:—Is he yet possess'd¹⁸

How much ye would?¹⁹

Shy. Ay, ay, three thousand ducats.

Bass. And for three months.

Shy. I had forgot,—three months; you told
me so.

Well then, your bond; and, let me see. But hear
you:

Methought you said, you neither lend nor borrow
Upon advantage.

Ant. I do never use it.

Shy. When Jacob graz'd his uncle Laban's
sheep,

This Jacob from our holy Abram was
(As his wise mother wrought in his behalf)

The third possessor; ay, he was the third.

Ant. And what of him? did he take interest?

Shy. No, not take interest; not, as' you would
say,

Directly interest: mark what Jacob did.

When Laban and himself were compromis'd
That all the eanlings²⁰ which were streak'd and piec
Should fall as Jacob's hire; the ewes, being rank,
In end of autumn turned to the rams:
And when the work of generation was
Between these woolly breeders in the act,
The skilful shepherd pill'd me certain wands,
And, in the doing of the deed of kind,
He stuck them up before the fulsome ewes,
Who, then conceiving, did in eaning-time
Fall particolour'd lambs,²¹ and those were Jacob's.
This was a way to thrive, and he was bless'd;
And thrift is blessing, if men steal it not.

Ant. This was a venture, sir, that Jacob serv'd
for;

A thing not in his power to bring to pass,
But sway'd and fashion'd by the hand of Heaven
Was this inserted to make interest good?

Or is your gold and silver ewes and rams?

Shy. I cannot tell; I make it breed as fast:

But note me, signior.

Ant. Mark you this, Bassanio.

The devil can cite Scripture for his purpose.

An evil soul, producing holy witness,

Is like a villain with a smiling cheek;

A goodly apple rotten at the heart ;
O, what a goodly outside falsehood hath !

Shy. Three thousand ducats,—'t is a good round sum.

Three months from twelve, then let me see the rate.

Ant. Well, Shylock, shall we be beholding to you ?

Shy. Signior Antonio, many a time and oft,²²
In the Rialto, you have rated me

About my monies, and my usances :²³

Still have I borne it with a patient shrug,

For suff'rance is the badge of all our tribe ;

You call me 'misbeliever,' 'cut-throat dog,'

And spit upon my Jewish gaberdine,

And all for use of that which is mine own.

Well, then, it now appears you need my help :

Go to, then ; you come to me, and you say,

"Shylock, we would have monies:" You say so ;

You, that did void your rheum upon my beard,

And foot me, as you spurn a stranger cur

Over your threshold ; monies is your suit.

What should I say to you ? Should I not say,

'Hath a dog money ? is it possible

A cur can lend three thousand ducats ?" or

Shall I bend low, and in a bondman's key,

With 'bated breath, and whisp'ring humbleness,

Say this,—

"Fair sir, you spet on me on Wednesday last ;

You spurn'd me such a day ; another time

You call'd me dog ; and for these courtesies

I'll lend you thus much monies ?"

Ant. I am as like to call thee so again,

To spit on thee again, to spurn thee too.

If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not

As to thy friends ; (for when did friendship take

A breed of barren metal of his friend ?)

But lend it rather to thine enemy ;

Who, if he break, thou may'st with better face

Exact the penalty.

Shy. Why, look you, how you storm !

I would be friends with you, and have your love ;

Forget the shames that you have stain'd me

with ;

Supply your present wants, and take no doit

Of usance for my monies, and you'll not hear me ;
This is kind I offer.

Bass. This were kindness.

Shy. This kindness will I show :

Go with me to a notary : seal me there

Your single bond ; and, in a merry sport,

If you repay me not on such a day,

In such a place, such sum, or sums, as are

Express'd in the condition,²⁴ let the forfeit

Be nominated for an equal pound

Of your fair flesh, to be cut off and taken

In what part of your body pleaseth me.

Ant. Content, in faith ; I'll seal to such a bond,

And say there is much kindness in the Jew.

Bass. You shall not seal to such a bond for me ;

I'll rather dwell in my necessity.

Ant. Why, fear not, man ; I will not forfeit it :

Within these two months, that's a month before

This bond expires, I do expect return

Of thrice three times the value of this bond.

Shy. O father Abram ! what these Christians are,

Whose own hard dealings teaches them suspect

The thoughts of others ! Pray you, tell me this—

If he should break his day,²⁵ what should I gain

By the exaction of the forfeiture ?

A pound of man's flesh, taken from a man,

Is not so estimable, profitable neither,

As flesh of muttons, beefs, or goats. I say,

To buy his favour I extend this friendship ;

If he will take it, so ; if not, adieu ;

And, for my love, I pray you wrong me not.

Ant. Yes, Shylock, I will seal unto this bond.

Shy. Then meet me forthwith at the notary's ;

Give him direction for this merry bond,

And I will go and purse the ducats straight ;

See to my house, left in the fearful guard²⁷

Of an unthrifty knave ; and presently

I'll be with you.

[Exit

Ant. Hie thee, gentle Jew.

This Hebrew will turn Christian ; he grows kind.

Bass. I like not fair terms, and a villain's mind.

Ant. Come on ; in this there can be no dismay

My ships come home a month before the day.

[Reënt



Le Baron de C. par le Languet de C.

ACT II

SCENE I.—Belmont. *A Room in Portia's House.*

*Flourish of Cornets.*²⁷ *Enter the PRINCE OF MORRICO, and his Train; PORTIA, NERISSA, and other of her Attendants.*

Mor. Mislike me not for my complexion,
The shadow'd livery of the burnish'd sun,
To whom I am a neighbour, and near bred.
Bring me the fairest creature northward born,
Where Phœbus' fire scarce thaws the icicles,
And let us make incision for your love,
To prove whose blood is reddest,²⁸ his, or mine.
I tell thee, lady, this aspect of mine
Hath fear'd the valiant; by my love, I swear,
The best-regarded virgins of our clime
Have lov'd it too: I would not change this hue,
Except to steal your thoughts, my gentle queen.

Por. In terms of choice I am not solely led
By nice direction of a maiden's eyes:
Besides, the lottery of my destiny
Bars me the right of voluntary choosing:
But, if my father had not scanted me,
And hedg'd me by his wit, to yield myself
His wife who wins me by that means I told you,
Yourself, renowned prince, then stood as fair
As any comer I have looked on yet,
For my affection.

Mor. Even for that I thank you;
Therefore, I pray you, lead me to the caskets,
To try my fortune. By this scimitar,
That slew the Sophy, and a Persian prince
That won three fields of sultan Solyman,
I would o'er-stare the sternest eyes that look,
Outbrave the heart most daring on the earth,
Pluck the young sucking cubs from the she-bear,
Yea, mock the lion when he roars for prey,
To win thee, lady. But, alas the while!
If Hercules and Lichas play at dice,
Which is the better man; the greater throw
May turn by fortune from the weaker hand:
So is Alcides beaten by his page;
And so may I, blind fortune leading me.

Miss that which one unworthier may attain,
And die with grieving.

Por. You must take your chance;
And either not attempt to choose at all,
Or swear, before you choose, if you choose wrong,
Never to speak to lady afterward
In way of marriage; therefore be advised.

Mor. Nor will not; come, bring me unto my chance.

Por. First, forward to the temple; after dinner
Your hazard shall be made.

Mor. Good fortune, then, [*Cornets.*
To make me bless'd, or curs'd'st among men!
[*Revolunt.*

SCENE II.—Venice. *A street.*

Enter LAUNCELOT GOBBO

Laun. Certainly my conscience will serve me to run from this Jew, my master. The fiend is at mine elbow, and tempts me; saying to me,—Gobbo, Launcelot Gobbo, good Launcelot, or good Gobbo, or good Launcelot Gobbo, use your legs, take the start, run away. My conscience says,—no; take heed, honest Launcelot; take heed, honest Gobbo; or (as aforesaid) honest Launcelot Gobbo; do not run: scorn running with thy heels.²⁹ Well, the most courageous fiend bids me pack. Via! says the fiend; away! says the fiend, for the heavens;³⁰ rouse up a brave mind, says the fiend, and run. Well, my conscience, hanging about the neck of my heart, says very wisely to me,—my honest friend, Launcelot, being an honest man's son, or rather an honest woman's son;—for, indeed, my father did something smack, something grow to, he had a kind of taste;—well, my conscience says, Launcelot, budge not: budge, says the fiend; budge not, says my conscience. Conscience, say I, you counsel well; fiend, say I, you counsel ill: to be ruled by my conscience, I should stay with the Jew my master, who (God bless the mark!) is a kind of devil; and to run away from the Jew, I should be ruled by the fiend, who, saving your reverence, is the devil himself. Certainly, the Jew is the very devil incarnation; and,

in my conscience, my conscience is a kind of hard conscience, to offer to counsel me to stay with the Jew. The fiend gives the more friendly counsel: I will run, fiend; my heels are at your commandment: I will run.

Enter Old Gobbo, with a basket.

Gob. Master, young man, you; I pray you, which is the way to master Jew's?

Laun. [*Aside.*] O Heavens, this is my true-begotten father! who, being more than sand-blind, high-gravel blind,³¹ knows me not: I will try confusions with him.

Gob. Master young gentleman, I pray you which is the way to master Jew's?

Laun. Turn upon your right hand at the next turning, but, at the next turning of all, on your left; marry, at the very next turning, turn of no hand, but turn down indirectly to the Jew's house.

Gob. By God's sonties,³² 't will be a hard way to hit. Can you tell me whether one Launcelot that dwells with him, dwell with him, or no?

Laun. Talk you of young master Launcelot?—Mark me now—[*aside*].—now will I raise the waters:—Talk you of young master Launcelot?

Gob. No master, sir, but a poor man's son: his father, though I say 't, is an honest exceeding poor man, and, God be thanked, well to live.

Laun. Well, let his father be what a will, we talk of young master Launcelot.

Gob. Your worship's friend, and Launcelot,³³ sir.

Laun. But I pray you *ergo*, old man, *ergo*, I beseech you, talk you of young master Launcelot?

Gob. Of Launcelot, an 't please your master-ship.

Laun. *Ergo*, master Launcelot; talk not of master Launcelot, father; for the young gentleman (according to fates and destinies, and such odd sayings, the sisters three, and such branches of learning) is, indeed, deceased; or, as you would say in plain terms, gone to heaven.

Gob. Marry, God forbid! the boy was the very staff of my age, my very prop.

Laun. Do I look like a cudgel, or a hovel-post, a staff, or a prop?—Do you know me, father?

Gob. Alack the day! I know you not, young gentleman: but, I pray you tell me, is my boy (God rest his soul!) alive or dead?

Laun. Do you not know me, father?

Gob. Alack, sir, I am sand-blind; I know you not.

Laun. Nay, indeed, if you had your eyes, you might fail of the knowing me: it is a wise father that knows his own child. Well, old man, I will tell you news of your son: Give me your blessing: truth will come to light; murder cannot be hid long; a man's son may; but, in the end, truth will out.

Gob. Pray you, sir, stand up; I am sure you are not Launcelot, my boy.

Laun. Pray you, let's have no more fooling about it, but give me your blessing; I am Launcelot, your boy that was, your son that is, your child that shall be.

Gob. I cannot think you are my son.

Laun. I know not what I shall think of that: but I am Launcelot, the Jew's man; and I am sure Margery, your wife, is my mother.

Gob. Her name is Margery, indeed: I'll be sworn, if thou be Launcelot, thou art mine own flesh and blood. Lord, worshipped might he be! what a beard hast thou got! thou hast got more hair on thy chin than Dobbin my phill-horse³⁴ has on his tail.

Laun. It should seem ther that Dobbin's tail grows backward; I am sure he had more hair of his tail than I have of my face, when I last saw him.

Gob. Lord, how art thou changed! How dost thou and thy master agree? I have brought him a present. How gree you now?³⁵

Laun. Well, well; but for mine own part, as I have set up my rest³⁶ to run away, so I will not rest till I have run some ground. My master's a very Jew. Give him a present? give him a halter! I am famish'd in his service: you may tell every finger I have with my ribs. Father, I am glad you are come: give me your present to one master Bassanio, who, indeed, gives rare new liveries; if I serve not him, I will run as far as God has any ground.—O rare fortune! here comes the man;—to him, father; for I am a Jew, if I serve the Jew any longer.

Enter BASSANIO, with LEONARDO, and other Followers.

Bass. You may do so:—but let it be so hasted, that supper be ready at the farthest by five of the clock. See these letters delivered; put the liveries to making; and desire Gratiano to come anon to my lodging. [*Exit a Servant*]

Laun. To him, father

Gob. God bless your worship!

Bass. Grammercy! Wouldst thou aught with me?

Gob. Here 's my son, sir, a poor boy,—

Laun. Not a poor boy, sir, but the rich Jew's man; that would, sir, as my father shall specify,—

Gob. He hath a great infection, sir, as one would say, to serve,—

Laun. Indeed, the short and the long is, I serve the Jew, and have a desire, as my father shall specify,—

Gob. His master and he (saving your worship's reverence) are scarce cater-cousins:

Laun. To be brief, the very truth is, that the Jew having done me wrong, doth cause me, as my father, being I hope an old man, shall frutify unto you,—

Gob. I have here a dish of doves, that I would bestow upon your worship; and my suit is,—

Laun. In very brief, the suit is impertinent to myself, as your worship shall know by this honest old man; and, though I say it, though old man, yet, poor man, my father.

Bass. One speak for both:—What would you?

Laun. Serve you, sir.

Gob. That is the very defect of the matter, sir.

Bass. I know thee well; thou hast obtain'd thy suit:

Shylock, thy master, spoke with me this day,
And hath prefer'd thee, if it be preferment,
To leave a rich Jew's service, to become
The follower of so poor a gentleman.

Laun. The old proverb is very well parted between my master Shylock and you, sir; you have the grace of God, sir, and he hath enough.

Bass. Thou speak'st it well. Go, father, with thy son:—

Take leave of thy old master, and inquire
My lodging out:—give him a livery

[*To his Followers.*]

More garded³⁷ than his fellows': See it done.

Laun. Father, in:—I cannot get a service? no!—I have ne'er a tongue in my head!—Well; [*looking on his palm*] if any man in Italy have a fairer table, which doth offer to swear upon a book,³⁸ I shall have good fortune,—Go to, here 's a simple line of life! here 's a small trifle of wives: Alas fifteen wives is nothing; aleven widows and nine maids,³⁹ is a simple coming in for one man: and then, to 'scape drowning thrice; and to be in peril of my life with the edge of a feather-bed; here are simple 'scapes! Well, if fortune be a

41

woman, she 's a good wench for this gear.—Father, come. I 'll take my leave of the Jew in the twinkling of an eye. [*Exeunt LAUN. and Old Gob.*]

Bass. I pray thee, good Leonardo, think on this. These things being bought, and orderly bestow'd, Return in haste, for I do feast to-night

My best-esteem'd acquaintance: hie thee, go.

Leon. My best endeavours shall be done herein

[*Enter GRATIANO.*]

Gra. Where 's your master?

Leon. Yonder, sir, he walks.

[*Exit LEONARDO*]

Gra. Signior Bassanio,—

Bass. Gratiano!

Gra. I have a suit to you.

Bass. You have obtain'd it.

Gra. You must not deny me: I must go with you to Belmont.

Bass. Why, then you must.—But hear thee, Gratiano;

Thou art too wild, too rude, and bold of voice;
Parts, that become thee happily enough,
And in such eyes as ours appear not faults,
But where they are not known, why, there they show

Something too liberal:—pray thee take pair
To allay with some cold drops of modesty
Thy skipping spirit; lest, through thy wild behaviour,

I be misconster'd in the place I go to,⁴⁰
And lose my hopes.

Gra. Signior Bassanio, hear me:

If I do not put on a sober habit,
Talk with respect, and swear but now and then,
Wear prayer-books in my pocket, look demurely;
Nay more, while grace is saying, hood mine eyes
Thus with my hat, and sigh, and say amen;
Use all the observance of civility,
Like one well studied in a sad ostent⁴¹

To please his grandam,—never trust me more.

Bass. Well, we shall see your bearing.

Gra. Nay, but I bar to-night; you shall not gage me

By what we do to-night.

Bass. No, that were pity;

I would entreat you rather to put on
Your boldest suit of mirth, for we have friends
That purpose merriment. But fare you well,
I have some business.

Gra. And I must to Lorenzo and the rest,
But we will visit you at supper-time. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—VENICE. *A Room in Shylock's House.**Enter JESSICA and LAUNCELOT.*

Jes. I am sorry thou wilt leave my father so;
Our house is hell, and thou, a merry devil,
Didst rob it of some taste of tediousness.
But fare thee well: there is a ducat for thee:
And, Launcelot, soon at supper shalt thou see
Lorenzo, who is thy new master's guest:
Give him this letter; do it secretly,
And so farewell; I would not have my father
See me in talk with thee.

Laun. Adieu!—tears exhibit my tongue. Most
beautiful pagan,—most sweet Jew! If a Christian
do not play the knave⁴² and get thee, I am much
deceived: But, adieu! these foolish drops do some-
what drown my manly spirit: adieu! [*Exit.*]

Jes. Farewell, good Launcelot.
Alack, what heinous sin is it in me,
To be asham'd to be my father's child!
But though I am a daughter to his blood,
I am not to his manners: O Lorenzo,
If thou keep promise, I shall end this strife;
Become a Christian, and thy loving wife. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.—Venice. *A street.**Enter GRATIANO, LORENZO, SALARINO, and SOLANIO.*

Lor. Nay, we will slink away in supper-time;
Disguise us at my lodging, and return
All in an hour.

Gra. We have not made good preparation.

Salar. We have not spoke us yet of torch-
bearers.⁴³

Solan. 'T is vile, unless it may be quaintly
order'd;
And better, in my mind, not undertook.

Lor. 'T is now but four of clock; we have two
hours
To furnish us.—

Enter LAUNCELOT, with a letter.

Friend Launcelot, what's the news?

Laun. An it shall please you to break up this,⁴⁴
it shall seem to signify.

Lor. I know the hand: in faith, 't is a fair
hand;
And whiter than the paper it writ on
Is the fair hand that writ.

Gra. Love-news, in faith!

Laun. By your leave, sir.

Lor. Whither goest thou?

Laun. Marry, sir, to bid my old master, the
Jew, to sup to-night with my new master, the
Christian.

Lor. Hold here, take this:—tell gentle Jessica,
I will not fail her;—speak it privately: go.

Gentlemen, [*Exit LAUN.*]
Will you prepare you for this masque to-night?
I am provided of a torchbearer.

Salar. Ay, marry, I'll be gone about it straight

Solan. And so will I.

Lor. Meet me and Gratiano
At Gratiano's lodging some hour hence.

Salar. 'T is good we do so.

[Exeunt SALAR. and SOLAN]

Gra. Was not that letter from fair Jessica?

Lor. I must needs tell thee all. She hath di-
rected

How I shall take her from her father's house;
What gold and jewels she is furnish'd with;
What page's suit she hath in readiness.
If e'er the Jew her father come to heaven,
It will be for his gentle daughter's sake:
And never dare misfortune cross her foot,
Unless she do it under this excuse,—
That she is issue to a faithless Jew.
Come, go with me; peruse this as thou goest:
Fair Jessica shall be my torchbearer. [*Exeunt*]

SCENE V.—Venice. *Before Shylock's House.**Enter SHYLOCK and LAUNCELOT.*

Shy. Well, thou shalt see; thy eyes shall be thy
judge,

The difference of old Shylock and Bassanio:
What, Jessica!—thou shalt not gormandise,
As thou hast done with me;—What, Jessica!—
And sleep and snore, and rend apparel out;—
Why, Jessica, I say!

Laun. Why, Jessica!

Shy. Who bids thee call? I do not bid thee
call.

Laun. Your worship was wont to tell me that I
could do nothing without bidding.

Enter JESSICA.

Jes. Call you? What is your will?

Shy. I am bid forth to supper, Jessica;
There are my keys.—But wherefore should I go
I am not bid for love; they flatter me:
But yet I'll go in hate, to feed upon
The prodigal Christian.—Jessica, my girl,

Look to my house;—I am right loath to go;
There is some ill a brewing towards my rest,
For I did dream of money-bags to-night.

Laun. I beseech you, sir, go; my young master
both expect your reproach.

Shy. So do I his.

Laun. And they have conspired together;—I
will not say, you shall see a masque; but if you
do, then it was not for nothing that my nose fell a
bleeding on Black-Monday⁴⁵ last, at six o'clock?
the morning, falling out that year on Ash-Wed-
nesday was four year in th' afternoon.

Shy. What! are there masques? Hear you me,
Jessica;

Look up my doors; and when you hear the drum,
And the vile squealing of the wry-neck'd fife,
Clamber not you up to the casements then,
Nor thrust your head into the public street,
To gaze on Christian fools with varnish'd faces:⁴⁶
But stop my house's ears, I mean my casements;
Let not the sound of shallow foppery enter
My sober house.—By Jacob's staff I swear,
I have no mind of feasting forth to-night:
But I will go.—Go you before me, sirrah;
Say, I will come.

Laun. I will go before, sir.—
Mistress, look out at window for all this;
There will come a Christian by,
Will be worth a Jewess' eye. [*Exit LAUN.*]

Shy. What says that fool of Hagar's offspring?
na?

Jes. His words were, Farewell, mistress; nothing
else.

Shy. The patch is kind enough; but a huge feeder,
Snail-slow in profit, and he sleeps by day
More than the wild cat: drones hive not with me;
Therefore I part with him, and part with him
To one that I would have him help to waste
His borrow'd purse.—Well, Jessica, go in;
Perhaps I will return immediately;
Do as I bid you: Shut doors after you:
Fast bind, fast find;⁴⁷

A proverb never stale in thrifty mind. [*Exit.*]

Jes. Farewell; and if my fortune be not cross'd,
I have a father, you a daughter, lost. [*Exit.*]

SCENE VI.—*The same.*

Enter GRATIANO and SALARINO, masqued.

Gra. This is the pent-house, under which Lo-
renzo
Desir'd us to make a stand.

Salar. His hour is almost past.

Gra. And it is marvel he out-dwells his hour,
For lovers ever run before the clock.

Salar. O, ten times faster Venus' pigeons fly⁴⁸
To seal love's bonds new made, than they are
wont

To keep obliged faith unforfeited!

Gra. That ever holds: who riseth from a feast,
With that keen appetite that he sits down?
Where is the horse that doth untread again
His tedious measures, with the unabated fire
That he did pace them first? All things that
are,

Are with more spirit chased than enjoy'd.
How like a younker, or a prodigal,
The scarfed bark puts from her native bay,⁴⁹
Hugg'd and embraced by the strumpet wind!
How like a prodigal doth she return;
With over-weather'd ribs, and ragged sails,
Lean, rent, and beggar'd by the strumpet wind!

Enter LORENZO.

Salar. Here comes Lorenzo;—more of this here-
after.

Lor. Sweet friends, your patience for my long
abode:
Not I, but my affairs, have made you wait.
When you shall please to play the thieves for
wives,

I'll watch as long for you then.—Approach;
Here dwells my father Jew:—Ho! who 's within?

Enter JESSICA above, in boy's clothes.

Jes. Who are you? Tell me, for more certainty,
Albeit I'll swear that I do know your tongue.

Lor. Lorenzo, and thy love.

Jes. Lorenzo, certain; and my love, indeed;
For who love I so much? and now who knows
But you, Lorenzo, whether I am yours?

Lor. Heaven, and thy thoughts, are witness that
thou art!

Jes. Here, catch this casket; it is worth the
pains.

I am glad 't is night, you do not look on me,
For I am much asham'd of my exchange:
But love is blind, and lovers cannot see
The pretty follies that themselves commit;
For if they could, Cupid himself would blush
To see me thus transformed to a boy.

Lor. Descend, for you must be my torchbearer.

Jes. What! must I hold a candle to my shames!
They in themselves, good sooth are too-too light.

Why, 't is an office of discovery, love,
And I should be obscur'd.

Lor. So you are, sweet,
Even in the lovely garnish of a boy.
But come at once;
For the close night doth play the runaway,
And we are stay'd for at Bassanio's feast.

Jes. I will make fast the doors, and gild myself
With some more ducats, and be with you straight.
[*Exit from above.*]

Gra. Now, by my hood, a Gentile and no
Jew.⁵⁰

Lor. Beshrew me, but I love her heartily
For she is wise, if I can judge of her;
And fair she is, if that mine eyes be true;
And true she is, as she hath prov'd herself;
And therefore, like herself, wise, fair, and true,
Shall she be placed in my constant soul.

Enter JESSICA, below.

What, art thou come?—On, gentlemen; away!
Our masquing mates by this time for us stay.

[*Exit, with JESSICA and SALAR.*]

Enter ANTONIO.

Ant. Who's there?

Gra. Signior Antonio?

Ant. Fie, fie, Gratiano! where are all the rest?
'T is nine o'clock: our friends all stay for you.
No masque to-night; the wind is come about;
Bassanio presently will go aboard;
I have sent twenty out to seek for you.

Gra. I am glad on 't; I desire no more delight
Than to be under sail and gone to-night. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.—Belmont. *A Room in Portia's
House.*

*Flourish of Cornets. Enter PORTIA, with the
PRINCE OF MOROCCO, and both their Trains.*

Por. Go draw aside the curtains, and discover
The several caskets to this noble prince:—
Now make your choice.

Mor. The first, of gold, who this inscription
beats,—

"Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire."
The second, silver, which this promise carries:

"Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves."
This third, dull lead, with warning all as blunt:

"Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath."
How shall I know if I do choose the right?

Por. The one of them contains my picture,
prince;

If you choose that, then I am yours withal.

Mor. Some god direct my judgment! Let me see.
I will survey the inscriptions back again:

What says this leaden casket?

"Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath."

Must give—For what? for lead? hazard for lead?
This casket threatens: Men that hazard all
Do it in hope of fair advantages:

A golden mind stoops not to shows of dross;
I'll then nor give, nor hazard, ought for lead.

What says the silver, with her virgin hue?

"Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves."

As much as he deserves?—Pause there, Morocco,
And weigh thy value with an even hand:

If thou be'st rated by thy estimation,
Thou dost deserve enough; and yet enough
May not extend so far as to the lady:

And yet to be afraid of my deserving
Were but a weak disabling of myself.

As much as I deserve!—Why, that's the lady:

I do in birth deserve her, and in fortunes,

In graces, and in qualities of breeding;

But more than these in love I do deserve.

What if I stray'd no further, but chose here?—

Let's see once more this saying grav'd in gold:

"Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire."

Why, that's the lady: all the world desires her:

From the four corners of the earth they come,

To kiss this shrine, this mortal breathing saint.

The Hyrcanian deserts, and the vasty wilds

Of wide Arabia, are as through-fares now,

For princes to come view fair Portia:

The watery kingdom, whose ambitious head

Spits in the face of heaven, is no bar

To stop the foreign spirits; but they come,

As o'er a brook, to see fair Portia.

One of these three contains her heavenly picture.

Is't like that lead contains her? 'T were damna-
tion

To think so base a thought: it were too gross

To rib her cerecloth in the obscure grave.⁵¹

Or shall I think in silver she's immur'd,

Being ten times undervalued to tried gold

O sinful thought! Never so rich a gem

Was set in worse than gold. They have in En-
gland

A coin that bears the figure of an angel

Stamped in gold; but that's insculp'd upon;

But here an angel in a golden bed

Lies all within.—Deliver me the key;
Here do I choose, and thrive I as I may!

Por. There, take it, prince; and if my form lie there,

Then I am yours. [*He unlocks the golden casket.*]

Mor. O hell! what have we here?

A carrion death, within whose empty eye
There is a written scroll? I'll read the writing.

"All that glisters is not gold;
Often have you heard that told:
Many a man his life hath sold
But my outside to behold:
Gilded tombs do worms infold.⁵²
Had you been as wise as bold,
Young in limbs, in judgment old,
Your answer had not been inscroll'd:
Fare you well; your suit is cold."

Cold, indeed, and labour lost:

Then, farewell, heat; and, welcome, frost.—

Portia, adieu! I have too griev'd a heart

To take a tedious leave: thus losers part. [*Exit.*]

Por. A gentle riddance:—Draw the curtains;
go;—

Let all of his complexion choose me so. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VIII.—Venice. *A Street.*

Enter Salarino and Solanio.

Salar. Why, man, I saw Bassanio under sail;
With him is Gratiano gone along;
And in their ship, I am sure, Lorenzo is not.

Solan. The villain Jew with outcries rais'd the duke,
Who went with him to search Bassanio's ship.

Salar. He came too late, the ship was under
sail:

But there the duke was given to understand,
That in a gondola were seen together
Lorenzo and his amorous Jessica;
Besides, Antonio certified the duke,
They were not with Bassanio in his ship.

Solan. I never heard a passion so confus'd,
So strange, outrageous and so variable,
As the dog Jew did utter in the streets:
"My daughter!—O my ducats!—O my daughter!
Fled with a Christian?—O my Christian ducats!—
Justice! the law! my ducats, and my daughter!
A sealed bag, two sealed bags of ducats,
Of double ducats, stol'n from me by my daughter!
And jewels! two stones, two rich and precious
stones,

Stol'n by my daughter!—Justice! find the girl!
She hath the stones upon her, and the ducats!"

Salar. Why, all the boys in Venice follow him,
Crying,—his stones, his daughter, and his ducats.

Solan. Let good Antonio look he keep his day
Or he shall pay for this.

Salar. "Marry, well remember'd:
I reason'd with a Frenchman yesterday,⁵³
Who told me,—in the narrow seas that part
The French and English, there miscarried
A vessel of our country, richly fraught:
I thought upon Antonio when he told me,
And wish'd in silence that it were not his.

Solan. You were best to tell Antonio what you
hear;

Yet do not suddenly, for it may grieve him.

Salar. A kinder gentleman treads not the earth
I saw Bassanio and Antonio part:

Bassanio told him, he would make some speed

Of his return; he answer'd—"Do not so;

Slubber not business for my sake, Bassanio,

But stay the very riping of the time;

And for the Jew's bond, which he hath of me,

Let it not enter in your mind of love."⁵⁴

Be merry; and employ your chiefest thoughts

To courtship, and such fair ostents of love

As shall conveniently become you there:"

And even there, his eye being big with tears,

Turning his face, he put his hand behind him,

And with affection wondrous sensible

He wrung Bassanio's hand, and so they parted.

Solan. I think he only loves the world for him

I pray thee, let us go and find him out,

And quicken his embraced heaviness

With some delight or other.

Salar. Do we so. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IX.—Belmont. *A Room in Portia's House.*

Enter NERISSA, with a Servant.

Ner. Quick, quick, I pray thee; draw the cur-
tain straight;

The prince of Arragon hath ta'en his oath,
And comes to his election presently.

*Flourish of Cornets. Enter the PRINCE OF ARRA-
GON, PORTIA, and their Trains.*

Por. Behold, there stand the caskets, noble
prince.

If you choose that wherein I am contain'd,
Straight shall our nuptial rites be solemniz'd;
But if you fail, without more speech, my lord,
You must be gone from hence immediately

Ar. I am enjoin'd by oath to observe three things:

First, never to unfold to any one
Which casket t was I chose; next, if I fail
Of the right casket, never in my life
To woo a maid in way of marriage; lastly,
If I do fail in fortune of my choice,
Immediately to leave you and be gone.

Por. To these injunctions every one doth swear
That comes to hazard for my worthless self.

Ar. And so have I address'd me: Fortune now
To my heart's hope!—Gold, silver, and base lead.

"Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath:"
You shall look fairer, ere I give, or hazard.
What says the golden chest? ha! let me see:

"Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire."
What many men desire.—That many may be
meant

By the fool multitude,⁵⁵ that choose by show,
Not learning more than the fond eye doth teach,
Which pries not to th' interior, but, like the
martlet,

Builds in the weather on the outward wall,
Even in the force and road of casualty.

I will not choose what many men desire,
Because I will not jump with common spirits,
And rank me with the barbarous multitudes.
Why, then to thee, thou silver treasure-house;
Tell me once more what title thou dost bear:

"Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves:"

And well said too: for who shall go about
To cozen fortune, and be honourable
Without the stamp of merit? Let none presume
To wear an undeserved dignity.
O, that estates, degrees, and offices,
Were not deriv'd corruptly! and that clear honour
Were purchas'd by the merit of the wearer!
How many then should cover that stand bare!
How many be commanded that command!
How much low peasantry would then be glean'd
From the true seed of honour! and how much
honour

Pick'd from the chaff and ruin of the times,
To be new varnish'd! Well, but to my choice:

"Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves:"

I will assume desert:—Give me a key for this,
And instantly unlock my fortunes here.

Por. Too long a pause for that which you find
there.

Ar. What's here? the portrait of a blinking
idiot,

Presenting me a schedule? I will read it.

How much unlike art thou to Portia!

How much unlike my hopes and my deservings

"Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves."

Did I deserve no more than a fool's head?

Is that my prize? are my deserts no better?

Por. To offend, and judge, are distinct offices,
And of opposed natures.

Ar. What is here?

"The fire seven times tried this,
Seven times tried that judgment is,
That did never choose amiss.
Some there be that shadows kiss
Such have but a shadow's bliss:
There be fools alive, I wis,⁵⁶
Silver'd o'er; and so was this.
Take what wife you will to bed,
I will ever be your head;
So begone; you are sped."

Still more fool I shall appear,

By the time I linger here:

With one fool's head I came to woo,

But I go away with two.

Sweet, adieu! I'll keep my oath,

Patiently to bear my wroth.

[*Exeunt ARRAGON and trait.*]

Por. Thus hath the candle sing'd the moth.
O these deliberate fools! when they do choose,
They have the wisdom by their wit to lose.

Ner. The ancient saying is no heresy;—
Hanging and wiving go by destiny.⁵⁷

Por. Come, draw the curtain, Nerissa.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Where is my lady?

Por. Here; what would my lord?

Mess. Madam, there is alighted at your gate
A young Venetian, one that comes before
To signify th' approaching of his lord:
From whom he bringeth sensible regrets,⁵⁸
To wit, besides commends and courteous breath,
Gifts of rich value; yet I have not seen
So likely an ambassador of love:

A day in April never came so sweet,
To show how costly summer was at hand,
As this fore-spurrer comes before his lord.

Por. No more, I pray thee; I am half afraid,
Thou wilt say anon he is some kin to thee,
Thou spend'st such high-day wit in praising him.
Come, come, Nerissa; for I long to see
Quick Cupid's post, that comes so mannerly.

Ner. Bassanio, lord Love, if thy will it be!

[*Exeunt.*]



ACT III.

SCENE I.—Venice. *A Street.**Enter SOLANIO and SALARINO.**Solan.* Now, what news on the Rialto?*Salar.* Why, yet it lives there unchecked, that Antonio hath a ship of rich lading wrecked on the narrow seas,—the Goodwins, I think they call the place: a very dangerous flat and fatal, where the carcasses of many a tall ship lie buried, as they say, if my gossip Report be an honest woman of her word.*Solan.* I would she were as lying a gossip in that, as ever knapped ginger,⁵⁹ or made her neighbours believe she wept for the death of a third husband. But it is true,—without any slips of prolixity, or crossing the plain highway of talk,—that the good Antonio, the honest Antonio,—O that I had a title good enough to keep his name company!—*Salar.* Come, the full stop.*Solan.* Ha,—what sayest thou?—Why, the end is, he hath lost a ship.*Salar.* I would it might prove the end of his losses!*Solan.* Let me say amen betimes, lest the devil cross my prayer; for here he comes in the likeness of a Jew.*Enter SHYLOCK.*

How now, Shylock? what news among the merchants?

Shy. You knew, none so well, none so well as you, of my daughter's flight.*Salar.* That's certain. I, for my part, knew the tailor that made the wings she flew withal.*Solan.* And Shylock, for his own part, knew the bird was fledg'd; and then it is the complexion of them all to leave the dam.*Shy.* She is damn'd for it.*Salar.* That's certain, if the devil may be her judge.*Shy.* My own flesh and blood to rebel!*Solan.* Out upon it, old carrion! rebels it at these years?*Shy.* I say, my daughter is my flesh and blood.*Salar.* There is more difference between thy flesh and hers, than between jet and ivory; more between your bloods, than there is between red wine and Rhenish.—But tell us, do you hear whether Antonio have had any loss at sea or no?*Shy.* There I have another bad match: a bankrupt, a prodigal, who dare scarce show his head on the Rialto; a beggar, that was us'd to come so smug upon the mart.—Let him look to his bond! he was wont to call me usurer;—let him look to his bond: he was wont to lend money for a Christian courtesy;—let him look to his bond!*Salar.* Why, I am sure, if he forfeit, thou wilt not take his flesh? What's that good for?*Shy.* To bait fish withal! if it will feed nothing else, it will feed my revenge. He hath disgrac'd me, and hindered me half a million; laughed at my losses, mocked at my gains, scorned my nation, thwarted my bargains, cooled my friends, heated mine enemies; and what's his reason? I am a Jew. Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is? If you prick us, do we not bleed? if you tickle us, do we not laugh? if you poison us, do we not die? and if you wrong us, shall we not revenge? If we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility? revenge. If a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his sufferance be by Christian example? why, revenge. The villainy you teach me I will execute; and it shall go hard but I will better the instruction.*Enter a Servant.**Serv.* Gentlemen, my master Antonio is at his house, and desires to speak with you both.

Salar. We have been up and down to seek him.

Solan. Here comes another of the tribe: a third cannot be matched, unless the devil himself turn Jew.

[*Exeunt SOLANIO, SALARINO, and Servant.*]

Enter TUBAL.

Shy. How now, Tubal? what news from Genoa? hast thou found my daughter?

Tub. I often came where I did hear of her, but cannot find her.

Shy. Why there, there, there, there! a diamond gone, cost me two thousand ducats in Frankfort! The curse never fell upon our nation till now; I never felt it till now:—two thousand ducats in that; and other precious, precious jewels.—I would my daughter were dead at my foot, and the jewels in her ear! would she were hearsed at my foot, and the ducats in her coffin! No news of them?—Why, so:—and I know not how much is spent in the search. Why, then, loss upon loss!⁶⁰ the thief gone with so much, and so much to find the thief; and no satisfaction, no revenge: nor no ill luck stirring but what lights o' my shoulders; no sighs, but o' my breathing; no tears, but o' my shedding.

Tub. Yes, other men have ill luck too. Antonio, as I heard in Genoa,—

Shy. What, what, what? ill luck, ill luck?

Tub.—hath an argosy cast away, coming from Tripolis.

Shy. I thank God! I thank God!—Is it true? is it true?

Tub. I spoke with some of the sailors that escaped the wreck.

Shy. I thank thee, good Tubal;—Good news, good news! ha! ha! Where? in Genoa?

Tub. Your daughter spent in Genoa, as I heard, one night, fourscore ducats!

Shy. Thou stick'st a dagger in me!—I shall never see my gold again. Fourscore ducats at a sitting! fourscore ducats!

Tub. There came divers of Antonio's creditors in my company to Venice, that swear he cannot choose but break.

Shy. I am very glad of it. I'll plague him; I'll torture him. I am glad of it.

Tub. One of them showed me a ring, that he had of your daughter for a monkey.

Shy. Out upon her! Thou torturest me, Tubal: it was my turquoise;⁶¹ I had it of Leah, when I was a bachelor: I would not have given it for a wilderness of monkeys.

Tub. But Antonio is certainly undone.

Shy. Nay, that's true, that's very true. Go, Tubal, fee me an officer; bespeak him a fortnight before: I will have the heart of him, if he forfeit for were he out of Venice, I can make what merchandize I will. Go, Tubal, and meet me at our synagogue; go, good Tubal; at our synagogue, Tubal.

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE II.—Belmont. *A Room in Portia's House.*

Enter BASSANIO, PORTIA, GRATIANO, NERISSA, and Attendants. The caskets are set out.

Por. I pray you, tarry; pause a day or two, Before you hazard; for, in choosing wrong, I lose your company; therefore, forbear a while: There's something tells me, (but it is not love,) I would not lose you; and you know yourself, Hate counsels not in such a quality: But lest you should not understand me well, (And yet a maiden hath no tongue but thought,) I would detain you here some month or two, Before you venture for me. I could teach you How to choose right, but then I am forsworn; So will I never be: so may you miss me; But if you do, you'll make me wish a sin, That I had been forsworn. Beshrew your eyes, They have o'erlook'd⁶² me, and divided me; One half of me is yours, the other half yours,— Mine own, I would say; but if mine, then yours, And so all yours! O! these naughty times Put bars between the owners and their rights; And so, though yours, not yours.—Prove it so, Let fortune go to hell for it, not I!⁶³ I speak too long; but 't is to peize the time, To eke it,⁶⁴ and to draw it out in length, To stay you from election.

Bass. Let me choose; For, as I am, I live upon the rack.

Por. Upon the rack, Bassanio? then confess What treason there is mingled with your love.

Bass. None, but that ugly treason of mistrust, Which makes me fear the enjoying of my love: There may as well be amity and life 'Tween snow and fire, as treason and my love.

Por. Ay, but I fear you speak upon the rack, Where men enforced do speak anything.

Bass. Promise me life, and I'll confess the truth.

Por. Well, then, confess, and live.

Bass. Confess, and love, Had been the very sum of my confession.

O happy torment, when my torturer
Doth teach me answers for deliverance!
But let me to my fortune and the caskets.

Por. Away thez. I am lock'd in one of them;
If you do love me, you will find me out.
Nerissa, and the rest, stand all aloof.

Let music sound, while he doth make his choice;
Then, if he lose, he makes a swan-like end,
Fading in music: that the comparison
May stand more proper, my eye shall be the stream,
And watery death-bed for him. He may win;
And what is music then? then music is
Even as the flourish when true subjects bow
To a new-crowned monarch: such it is,
As are those dulcet sounds in break of day,
That creep into the dreaming bridegroom's ear,
And summon him to marriage. Now he goes,
With no less presence,⁶⁵ but with much more love,
Than young Alcides, when he did redeem
The virgin tribute, paid by howling Troy
To the sea-monster: I stand for sacrifice;
The rest aloof are the Dardanian wives,
With bleared visages, come forth to view
The issue of th' exploit. Go, Hercules!
Live thou, I live:—With much, much more dismay
I view the fight, than thou that mak'st the fray.

*Music, whilst BASSANIO comments on the caskets
to himself.*

SONG.

1. Tell me where is fancy bred,
Or in the heart, or in the head?
How begot, how nourished?
Reply, reply.
2. It is engender'd in the eyes,
With gazing fed; and fancy dies
In the cradle where it lies:
Let us all ring fancy's knell;
I'll begin it,—Ding, dong, bell.

All.

Ding, dong, bell.

Bass. So may the outward shows be least themselves;

The world is still deceiv'd with ornament.
In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt,
But, being season'd with a gracious voice,
Obscures the show of evil? In religion,
What damned error, but some sober brow
Will bless it, and approve it with a text,
Hiding the grossness with fair ornament?
There is no vice so simple, but assumes
Some mark of virtue on his outward parts.
How many cowards, whose hearts are all as false
As stairs of sand,⁶⁶ wear yet upon their chins

The beards of Hercules and frowning Mars,
Who, inward search'd, have livers white as milk;
And these assume but valour's excrement,
To render them redoubt'd! Look on beauty,⁶⁷
And you shall see 't is purchas'd by the weight;
Which therein works a miracle in nature,
Making them lightest that wear most of it:
So are those crisped snaky golden locks,
Which make such wanton gambols with the wind
Upon supposed fairness, often known
To be the dowry of a second head,
The skull that bred them in the sepulchre
Thus ornament is but the guiled shore⁶⁸
To a most dangerous sea; the beauteous scarf
Veiling an Indian beauty; in a word,
The seeming truth which cunning times put on
To entrap the wisest. Therefore, thou gaudy gold,
Hard food for Midas, I will none of thee:
Nor none of thee, thou pale and common drudge
'Tween man and man. But thou, thou meagre lead,
Which rather threat'nest than dost promise aught,
Thy paleness moves me more than eloquence,
And here choose I. Joy be the consequence!

Por. How all the other passions fleet to air,
As doubtful thoughts, and rash-embrac'd despair
And shudd'ring fear, and green-ey'd jealousy!
O love, be moderate, allay thy ecstasy;
In measure rain thy joy, scant this excess;
I feel too much thy blessing; make it less,
For fear I surfeit!

Bass. What find I here?

[*Opening the leaden casket.*]

Fair Portia's counterfeit?⁶⁹ What demi-god
Hath come so near creation? Move these eyes!
Or whether, riding on the balls of mine,
Seem they in motion? Here are sever'd lips,
Parted with sugar breath; so sweet a bar
Should sunder such sweet friends. Here, in her hairs,
The painter plays the spider; and hath woven
A golden mesh t' entrap the hearts of men,
Faster than gnats in cobwebs: But her eyes,—
How could he see to do them? having made one,
Methinks it should have power to steal both his,
And leave itself unfurnish'd:⁷⁰ Yet look, how far
The substance of my praise doth wrong this shadow
In underprizing it, so far this shadow
Doth limp behind the substance.—Here's the scroll,
The continent and summary of my fortune.

"You that choose not by the view,
Chance as fair, and choose as true:
Since this fortune falls to you,
Be content, and seek no new.

If you be well pleased with this,
And hold your fortune for your bliss,
Turn you where your lady is,
And claim her with a loving kiss."

A gentle scroll.—Fair lady, by your leave:

[*Kissing her.*]

I come by note, to give and to receive.
Like one of two contending in a prize,
That thinks he hath done well in people's eyes,
Hearing applause and universal shout,
Giddy in spirit, still gazing, in a doubt
Whether those peals of praise be his or no;
So, thrice fair lady, stand I, even so,
As doubtful whether what I see be true,
Until confirm'd, sign'd, ratified by you.

Por. You see me, lord Bassanio, where I stand,
Such as I am: though, for myself alone,
I would not be ambitious in my wish,
To wish myself much better; yet, for you,
I would be trebled twenty times myself;
A thousand times more fair, ten thousand times
more rich;

That only to stand high in your account,
I might in virtues, beauties, livings, friends,
Exceed account: but the full sum of me
Is sum of nothing; which, to term in gross,
Is an unlesson'd girl, unschool'd, unpractis'd:
Happy in this, she is not yet so old
But she may learn; happier than this,
She is not bred so dull but she can learn;
Happiest of all, in that her gentle spirit
Commits itself to yours to be directed,
As from her lord, her governor, her king.
Myself, and what is mine, to you and yours
Is now converted: but now, I was the lord
Of this fair mansion, master of my servants,
Queen o'er myself; and even now, but now,
This house, these servants, and this same myself,
Are yours, my lord:—I give them with this ring;
Which when you part from, lose, or give away,
Let it presage the ruin of your love,
And be my vantage to exclaim on you.

Bass. Madam, you have bereft me of all
words;
Only my blood speaks to you in my veins;
And there is such confusion in my powers,
As, after some oration fairly spoke
By a beloved prince, there doth appear
Among the buzzing pleased multitude,
Where every something, being blent together,
Turns to a wild of nothing, save of joy,
Express'd, and not express'd. But when this ring

Parts from this finger, then parts life from hence
O, then be bold to say, Bassanio's dead.

Ner. My lord and lady, it is now our time,
That have stood by and seen our wishes prosper,
To cry, good joy! Good joy, my lord and lady!

Gra. My lord Bassanio, and my gentle lady,
I wish you all the joy that you can wish,
For I am sure you can wish none from me;
And, when your honours mean to solemnize
The bargain of your faith, I do beseech you,
Even at that time I may be married too.

Bass. With all my heart, so thou canst get a wife.

Gra. I thank your lordship; you have got me
one.

My eyes, my lord, can look as swift as yours
You saw the mistress, I beheld the maid;
You lov'd, I lov'd; for intermission"
No more pertains to me, my lord, than you.
Your fortune stood upon the caskets there;
And so did mine too, as the matter falls:
For wooing here, until I sweat again,
And swearing, till my very roof was dry
With oaths of love, at last,—if promise last,—
I got a promise of this fair one here,
To have her love, provided that your fortune
Achiev'd her mistress.

Por. Is this true, Nerissa?

Ner. Madam, it is, so you stand pleas'd withal.

Bass. And do you, Gratiano, mean good faith?

Gra. Yes, 'faith, my lord.

Bass. Our feast shall be much honour'd in your
marriage.

Gra. We'll play with them, the first boy for a
thousand ducats!

Ner. What, and stake down?

Gra. No; we shall ne'er win at that sport, and
stake down.

But who comes here? Lorenzo, and his infidel?
What! and my old Venetian friend, Solanio?

Enter LORENZO, JESSICA, and SOLANIO.

Bass. Lorenzo, and Solanio, welcome hither,
If that the youth of my new interest here
Have power to bid you welcome:—By your leave
I bid my very friends and countrymen,
Sweet Portia, welcome.

Por. So do I, my lord;
They are entirely welcome.

Lor. I thank your honour:—For my part, my
lord,

My purpose was not to have seen you here;
But meeting with Solanio by the way.

He did entreat me, past all saying nay,
To come with him along.

Solan. I did, my lord,
And I have reason for it. Signior Antonio
Commends him to you. [*Gives BASSANIO a letter.*]

Bass. Ere I ope his letter,
I pray you tell me how my good friend doth.

Solan. Not sick, my lord, unless it be in mind;
Nor well, unless in mind: his letter there
Will show you his estate.

Gra. Nerissa, cheer yon stranger; bid her welcome.
Your hand, Solanio. What's the news from Venice?
How doth that royal merchant,⁷² good Antonio?
I know he will be glad of our success;
We are the Jasons; we have won the fleece.⁷³

Solan. I would you had won the fleece that he
hath lost!

Por. There are some shrewd contents in yon
same paper,
That steal the colour from Bassanio's cheek;
Some dear friend dead; else nothing in the world
Could turn so much the constitution
Of any constant man. What, worse and worse?
With leave, Bassanio; I am half yourself,
And I must freely have the half of anything
That this same paper brings you.

Bass. O sweet Portia,
Here are a few of the unpleasant'st words
That ever blotted paper! Gentle lady,
When I did first impart my love to you,
I freely told you, all the wealth I had
Ran in my veins,—I was a gentleman;
And then I told you true: and yet, dear lady,
Rating myself at nothing, you shall see
How much I was a braggart. When I told you
My state was nothing, I should then have told you
That I was worse than nothing; for, indeed,
I have engag'd myself to a dear friend,
Engag'd my friend to his mere enemy,
To feed my means. Here is a letter, lady;
The paper as the body of my friend,
And every word in it a gaping wound,
Issuing life-blood. But is it true, Solanio?
Have all his ventures fail'd? What, not one hit?
From Tripolis, from Mexico, and England,
From Lisbon, Barbary, and India?
And not one vessel 'scape the dreadful touch
Of merchant-marring rocks?

Solan. Not one, my lord.
Besides, it should appear, that if he had
The present money to discharge the Jew,
He would not take it. Never did I know

A creature that did bear the shape of man,
So keen and greedy to confound a man.
He plies the duke at morning, and at night,
And doth impeach the freedom of the state,
If they deny him justice: twenty merchants,
The duke himself, and the magnificoes
Of greatest port, have all persuaded with him,
But none can drive him from the envious plea
Of forfeiture, of justice, and his bond.

Jes. When I was with him, I have heard him
swear

To Tubal, and to Chus, his countrymen,
That he would rather have Antonio's flesh,
Than twenty times the value of the sum
That he did owe him; and I know, my lord,
If law, authority, and power deny not,
It will go hard with poor Antonio.

Por. Is it your dear friend that is thus in
trouble?

Bass. The dearest friend to me, the kindest man,
The best condition'd and unwearied'st spirit
In doing courtesies; and one in whom
The ancient Roman honour more appears,
Than any that draws breath in Italy.

Por. What sum owes he the Jew?

Bass. For me, three thousand ducats.

Por. What, no more?

Pay him six thousand, and deface the bond;
Double six thousand, and then treble that,
Before a friend of this description
Shall lose a hair through Bassanio's fault.
First, go with me to church, and call me wife.
And then away to Venice to your friend;
For never shall you lie by Portia's side
With an unquiet soul. You shall have gold
To pay the petty debt twenty times over;
When it is paid, bring your true friend along:
My maid Nerissa, and myself, meantime,
Will live as maids and widows. Come, away,
For you shall hence upon your wedding-day:
Bid your friends welcome, show a merry cheer:
Since you are dear bought, I will love you dear.
But let me hear the letter of your friend.

Bass. [*Reads.*]

"Sweet Bassanio, my ships have all miscarried, my
creditors grow cruel, my estate is very low, my bond to
the Jew is forfeit; and since, in paying it, it is impossible
I should live, all debts are clear'd between you and I, if I
might but see you at my death: notwithstanding, use your
pleasure: if your love do not persuade you to come, let not
my letter."

Por. O love, despatch all business, and be gone.

Bass. Since I have your good leave to go away,
I will make haste: but, till I come again,
No bed shall ere be guilty of my stay,
Nor rest be interposer 'twixt us twain.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—Venice. *A Street.*

Enter SHYLOCK, SALARINO, ANTONIO, and Gaoler.

Shy. Gaoler, look to him. Tell not me of mercy;—
This is the fool that lent out money gratis;—
Gaoler, look to him.

Ant. Hear me yet, good Shylock.

Shy. I'll have my bond; speak not against my
bond;

I have sworn an oath that I will have my bond:
Thou call'dst me dog, before thou hadst a cause:
But, since I am a dog, beware my fangs:
The duke shall grant me justice.—I do wonder,
Thou naughty gaoler, that thou art so fond
To come abroad with him at his request.

Ant. I pray thee, hear me speak.

Shy. I'll have my bond; I will not hear thee
speak:

I'll have my bond; and, therefore, speak no more.
I'll not be made a soft and dull-ey'd fool,
To shake the head, relent, and sigh, and yield
To Christian intercessors. Follow not;
I'll have no speaking; I will have my bond.

[*Exit SHY.*]

Salar. It is the most impenetrable cur,
That ever kept with men.

Ant. Let him alone;
I'll follow him no more with bootless prayers.
He seeks my life; his reason well I know:
I oft deliver'd from his forfeitures
Many that have at times made moan to me;
Therefore he hates me.

Salar. I am sure the duke
Will never grant this forfeiture to hold.

Ant. The duke cannot deny the course of law;
For the commodity that strangers have
With us in Venice, if it be denied,⁷⁴
Will much impeach the justice of the state;
Since that the trade and profit of the city
Consisteth of all nations. Therefore, go:
These griefs and losses have so 'bated me,
That I shall hardly spare a pound of flesh
To-morrow to my bloody creditor.

Well, gaoler, on:—Pray God, Bassanio come
To see me pay his debt, and then I care not!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—Belmont. *A Room in Portia's
House.*

*Enter PORTIA, NERISSA, LORENZO, JESSICA, and
BALTHAZAR.*

Lor. Madam, although I speak it in your pre-
sence,

You have a noble and a true conceit
Of godlike amity; which appears most strongly
In bearing thus the absence of your lord.
But if you knew to whom you show this honour,
How true a gentleman you send relief,
How dear a lover of my lord, your husband,
I know you would be prouder of the work,
Than customary bounty can enforce you.

Por. I never did repent for doing good,
Nor shall not now: for in companions
That do converse and waste the time together,
Whose souls do bear an equal yoke of love,
There must be needs a like proportion
Of lineaments, of manners, and of spirit:
Which makes me think, that this Antonio,
Being the bosom lover of my lord,⁷⁵
Must needs be like my lord. If it be so,
How little is the cost I have bestow'd
In purchasing the semblance of my soul
From out the state of hellish cruelty!
This comes too near the praising of myself;
Therefore, no more of it: hear other things.

Lorenzo, I commit into your hands
The husbandry and manage of my house,
Until my lord's return: for mine own part,
I have toward heaven breath'd a secret vow
To live in prayer and contemplation,
Only attended by Nerissa here,
Until her husband and my lord's return:
There is a monastery two miles off,
And there we will abide. I do desire you
Not to deny this imposition,
The which my love, and some necessity,
Now lay upon you.

Lor. Madam, with all my heart,
I shall obey you in all fair commands.

Por. My people do already know my mind,
And will acknowledge you and Jessica
In place of lord Bassanio and myself:
So fare you well, till we shall meet again.

Lor. Fair thoughts and happy hours attend on
you!

Jes. I wish your ladyship all heart's content.

Por. I thank you for your wish, and am well
pleas'd

To wish it back on you : fare you well, Jessica.

[*Exeunt* *JES. and* *LOR.*]

Now, Balthazar,

As I have ever found thee honest, true,
So let me find thee still. Take this same letter,
And use thou all the endeavour of a man
In speed to Padua ; see thou render this
Into my cousin's hand, doctor Bellario ;
And, look, what notes and garments he doth give thee,
Bring them, I pray thee, with imagin'd speed⁷⁶
Unto the trajet,⁷⁷ to the common ferry
Which trades to Venice :—Waste no time in words,
But get thee gone ; I shall be there before thee.

Balth. Madam, I go with all convenient speed.

[*Exit.*]

Por. Come on, Nerissa ; I have work in hand,
That you yet know not of : we 'll see our husbands
Before they think of us.

Ner. Shall they see us ?

Por. They shall, Nerissa ; but in such a habit,
That they shall think we are accomplished
With that we lack. I 'll hold thee any wager,
When we are both accoutred like young men,
I 'll prove the prettier fellow of the two,
And wear my dagger with the braver grace ;
And speak, between the change of man and boy,
With a reed voice ; and turn two mincing steps
Into a manly stride ; and speak of frays,
Like a fine bragging youth : and tell quaint lies,
How honourable ladies sought my love,
Which I denying, they fell sick and died ;—
I could not do withal :⁷⁸ then I 'll repent,
And wish, for all that, that I had not kill'd them :
And twenty of these puny lies I 'll tell,
That men shall swear I have discontinued school
Above a twelvemonth :—I have within my mind
A thousand raw tricks of these bragging Jacks,
Which I will practise.

Ner. Why, shall we turn to men ?

Por. Fie ! what a question 's that,
If thou wert near a lewd interpreter !
But come ; I 'll tell thee all my whole device
Where I am in my coach, which stays for us
At the park gate ; and therefore haste away,
For we must measure twenty miles to-day.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*The same. A garden.*

Enter *LAUNCELOT and* *JESSICA.*

Laun. Yes, truly ;—for, look you, the sins of
the father are to be laid upon the children ; there-

fore, I promise you I fear you.⁷⁹ I was always plain
with you, and so now I speak my agitation of the
matter. Therefore, be of good cheer ; for, truly,
I think, you are damn'd. There is but one hope
in it that can do you any good : and that is but
a kind of bastard hope neither.

Jes. And what hope is that, I pray thee ?

Laun. Marry, you may partly hope that your
father got you not, that you are not the Jew's
daughter.

Jes. That were a kind of bastard hope, indeed ;
so the sins of my mother should be visited upon
me.

Laun. Truly then I fear you are damned both
by father and mother : thus when I shun Scylla,⁸⁰
your father, I fall into Charybdis, your mother ;
well, you are gone both ways !

Jes. I shall be sav'd by my husband ; he hath
made me a Christian.

Laun. Truly, the more to blame he : we were
Christians enow before ; e'en as many as could well
live, one by another. This making of Christians
will raise the price of hogs ; if we grow all to be
pork-eaters, we shall not shortly have a rasher on
the coals for money.

Enter *LORENZO.*

Jes. I 'll tell my husband, Launcelot, what you
say ; here he comes.

Lor. I shall grow jealous of you, shortly, Laun-
celot, if you thus get my wife into corners.

Jes. Nay, you need not fear us, Lorenzo. Laun-
celot and I are out : he tells me flatly, there is
no mercy for me in heaven, because I am a Jew's
daughter : and he says, you are no good member
of the commonwealth ; for, in converting Jews to
Christians, you raise the price of pork.

Lor. I shall answer that better to the com-
monwealth, than you can the getting up of the
negro's belly ; the Moor is with child by you,
Launcelot.

Laun. It is much, that the Moor should be more
than reason : but if she be less than an honest
woman, she is, indeed, more than I took her for.

Lor. How every fool can play upon the word !
I think the best grace of wit will shortly turn into
silence, and discourse grow commendable in none
only but parrots.—Go in, sirrah ; bid them prepare
for dinner.

Laun. That is done, sir ; they have all stomachs.

Lor. Goodly Lord, what a wit-snapper are you
then bid them prepare dinner.

Laun. That is done, too, sir: only, cover is the word.

Lor. Will you cover then, sir?

Laun. Not so, sir, neither; I know my duty.

Lor. Yet more quarrelling with occasion! Wilt thou show the whole wealth of thy wit in an instant? I pray thee, understand a plain man in his plain meaning; go to thy fellows; bid them cover the table, serve in the meat, and we will come in to dinner.

Laun. For the table, sir, it shall be serv'd in; for the meat, sir, it shall be covered; for your coming in to dinner, sir, why, let it be as humours and conceits shall govern. [*Exit LAUN.*]

Lor. O dear discretion, how his words are suited!⁸¹

The fool hath planted in his memory
An army of good words; and I do know
A many fools, that stand in better place,
Garnish'd like him, that for a tricky word
Defy the matter. How cheer'st thou, Jessica?
And now, good sweet, say thy opinion;—
How dost thou like the lord Bassanio's wife?

Jes. Past all expressing! It is very meet
The lord Bassanio live an upright life;
For, having such a blessing in his lady,
He finds the joys of heaven here on earth;
And, if on earth he do not mean it, then,
In reason he should never come to heaven.
Why, if two gods should play some heavenly
match,

And on the wager lay two earthly women,
And Portia one, there must be something else
Pawnd with the other; for the poor rude world
Hath not her fellow.

Lor. Even such a husband
Hast thou of me, as she is for a wife.

Jes. Nay, but ask my opinion too of that.

Lor. I will anon; first, let us go to dinner.

Jes. Nay, let me praise you, while I have a
stomach.

Lor. No, pray thee, let it serve for table-talk;
Then, howsoe'er thou speak'st, 'mong other things
I shall digest it.

Jes. Well, I'll set you forth. [*Exeunt*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Venice. *A Court of Justice.*

Enter the DUKE, the Magnificoes,⁸² ANTONIO, BASSANIO, GRATIANO, SALARINO, SOLANIO, and others.

Duke. What, is Antonio here?

Ant. Ready, so please your grace.

Duke. I am sorry for thee; thou art come to answer
A stony adversary, an inhuman wretch
Uncapable of pity, void and empty
From any dram of mercy.

Ant. I have heard
Your grace hath ta'en great pains to qualify
His rigorous course; but since he stands obdurate,
And that no lawful means can carry me
Out of his envy's reach,⁸³ I do oppose
My patience to his fury; and am arm'd
To suffer, with a quietness of spirit,
The very tyranny and rage of his.

Duke. Go one, and call the Jew into the court.

Solan. He's ready at the door: he comes, my lord.

Enter SHYLOCK.

Duke. Make room, and let him stand before our
face.

Shylock, the world thinks, and I think so too,
That thou but lead'st this fashion of thy malice
To the last hour of act; and then, 't is thought
Thou 'lt show thy mercy and remorse, more strange
Than is thy strange apparent cruelty:
And where thou now exact'st the penalty,
(Which is a pound of this poor merchant's flesh,)
Thou wilt not only lose the forfeiture,
But, touch'd with human gentleness and love,
Forgive a moiety of the principal;
Glancing an eye of pity on his losses,
That have of late so huddled on his back,
Enow to press a royal merchant down,
And pluck commiseration of his state
From brassy bosoms, and rough hearts of flint,
From stubborn Turks and Tartars, never train'd

To offices of tender courtesy.

We all expect a gentle answer, Jew.

Shy. I have possess'd your grace of what I purpose;

And by our holy Sabbath have I sworn
To have the ducat and forfeit of my bond:

If you deny it, let the danger light

Upon your charter, and your city's freedom.

You'll ask me, why I rather choose to have

A weight of carrion flesh, than to receive

Three thousand ducats. I'll not answer that:

But, say, it is my humour: Is it answer'd?

What if my house be troubled with a rat,

And I be pleas'd to give ten thousand ducats

To have it ban'd? What, are you answer'd yet?

Some men there are love not a gaping pig;⁸⁴

Some, that are mad if they behold a cat;

And others, when the bagpipe sings i' the nose

Cannot contain their urine: for affection,

Master of passion, sways it to the mood

Of what it likes, or loathes. Now, for your answer:

As there is no firm reason to be render'd,

Why he cannot abide a gaping pig;

Why he, a harmless necessary cat;

Why he, a woollen bagpipe,⁸⁵—but of force

Must yield to such inevitable shame,

As to offend, himself being offended;

So can I give no reason, nor I will not,

More than a lodg'd hate, and a certain loathing,

I bear Antonio, that I follow thus

A losing suit against him. Are you answer'd?

Bass. This is no answer, thou unfeeling man,
To excuse the current of thy cruelty.

Shy. I am not bound to please thee with my answer.

Bass. Do all men kill the things they do not love?

Shy. Hates any man the thing he would not kill?

Bass. Every offence is not a hate at first.

Shy. What, wouldst thou have a serpent sting thee twice?

Ant. I pray you, think you question with the Jew,

You may as well go stand upon the beach,
And bid the main flood bate his usual height;

You may as well use question with the wolf,

Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb;

You may as well forbid the mountain pines

To wag their high tops, and to make no noise,

When they are fretten with the gusts of heaven;

You may as well do anything most hard,

As seek to soften that (than which what's harder?)

His Jewish heart:—Therefore, I do beseech you,

Make no more offers, use no further means,

But, with all brief and plain conveniency,

Let me have judgment, and the Jew his will.

Bass. For thy three thousand ducats here is six

Shy. If every ducat in six thousand ducats

Were in six parts, and every part a ducat,

I would not draw them,—I would have my bond.

Duke. How shalt thou hope for mercy, rendering none?

Shy. What judgment shall I dread, doing no wrong?

You have among you many a purchas'd slave,

Which, like your asses, and your dogs, and mules,

You use in abject and in slavish parts,

Because you bought them:—Shall I say to you,

Let them be free, marry them to your heirs?

Why sweat they under burthens? let their beds

Be made as soft as yours, and let their palates

Be season'd with such viands? You will answer.

The slaves are ours:—So do I answer you.

The pound of flesh, which I demand of him,

Is dearly bought; 't is mine, and I will have it:

If you deny me, fie upon your law!

There is no force in the decrees of Venice:

I stand for judgment: answer, shall I have it?

Duke. Upon my power, I may dismiss this court,
Unless Bellario, a learned doctor,
Whom I have sent for to determine this,
Come here to-day.

Solan. My lord, here stays without
A messenger with letters from the doctor,
New come from Padua.

Duke. Bring us the letters; call the messenger.

Bass. Good cheer, Antonio! What, man! courage yet!

The Jew shall have my flesh, blood, bones, and all,
Ere thou shalt lose for me one drop of blood.

Ant. I am a tainted wether of the flock,
Meetest for death; the weakest kind of fruit
Drops earliest to the ground, and so let me:

You cannot better be employ'd, Bassanio,
Than to live still, and write mine epitaph.

Enter NERISSA, dressed like a lawyer's clerk.

Duke. Came you from Padua, from Bellario?

Ner. From both, my lord: Bellario greets your grace. [*Presents a letter.*]

Bass. Why dost thou whet thy knife so earnestly?

Shy. To cut the forfeiture from that bankrupt there.

Gra. Not on thy sole, but on thy soul, harsh Jew

Thou mak'st thy knife keen; but no metal can,
No, not the hangman's axe, bear half the keenness
Of thy sharp envy. Can no prayers pierce thee?

Shy. No, none that thou hast wit enough to
make.

Gra. O, be thou damn'd, inexorable dog
And for thy life let justice be accus'd.
Thou almost mak'st me waver in my faith,
To hold opinion with Pythagoras,
That souls of animals infuse themselves
Into the trunks of men: thy currish spirit
Govern'd a wolf, who, hang'd for human slaughter,
Even from the gallows did his fell soul fleet,
And, whilst thou lay'st in thy unhallow'd dam,
Infus'd itself in thee; for thy desires
Are wolfish, bloody, starv'd, and ravenous.

Shy. Till thou canst rail the seal from off my
bond,

Thou but offend'st thy lungs to speak so loud:
Repair thy wit, good youth, or it will fall
To endless ruin.—I stand here for law.

Duke. This letter from Bellario doth commend
A young and learned doctor to our court:—
Where is he?

Ner. He attendeth here hard by,
To know your answer, whether you'll admit him.

Duke. With all my heart:—some three or four
of you

Go give him courteous conduct to this place.—
Meantime, the court shall hear Bellario's letter.

[*Clerk reads.*]

"Your grace shall understand that, at the receipt of
your letter, I am very sick: but in the instant that your
messenger came, in loving visitation was with me a young
doctor of Rome; his name is Balthazar: I acquainted him
with the cause in controversy between the Jew and Antonio
the merchant: we turn'd o'er many books together: he is
furnished with my opinion; which, bettered with his own
learning (the greatness whereof I cannot enough commend),
comes with him, at my importunity, to fill up your grace's
request in my stead. I beseech you, let his lack of years
be no impediment to let him lack a reverend estimation;
for I never knew so young a body with so old a head. I
leave him to your gracious acceptance, whose trial shall
better publish his commendation."

Duke. You hear the learn'd Bellario, what he
writes:
And here, I take it, is the doctor come.—

Enter PORTIA, dressed like a doctor of laws.

Give me your hand: Came you from old Bellario?

Por. I did, my lord.

Duke. You are welcome: take your
place.

384

Are you acquainted with the difference
That holds this present question in the court?

Por. I am informed thoroughly of the cause.

Which is the merchant here, and which the Jew?

Duke. Antonio and old Shylock, both stand
forth.

Por. Is your name Shylock?

Shy. Shylock is my name.

Por. Of a strange nature is the suit you follow;
Yet in such rule that the Venetian law
Cannot impugn you, as you do proceed.—

You stand within his danger,⁸⁶ do you not? [*To ANT.*]

Ant. Ay, so he says.

Por. Do you confess the bond?

Ant. I do.

Por. Then must the Jew be merciful.

Shy. On what compulsion must I? tell me that.

Por. The quality of mercy is not strain'd;
It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath: it is twice bless'd;
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes:
'T is mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown;
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above this sceptred sway,
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's,
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this—
That in the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy;
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy. I have spoke thus much,
To mitigate the justice of thy plea;
Which if thou follow, this strict court of Venice
Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant
there.

Shy. My deeds upon my head! I crave the
law,

The penalty and forfeit of my bond.

Por. Is he not able to discharge the money?

Bass. Yes, here I tender it for him in the court
Yea, thrice the sum: if that will not suffice,
I will be bound to pay it ten times o'er,
On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart:
If this will not suffice, it must appear
That malice bears down truth.⁸⁷ And I beseech you,
Wrest once the law to your authority:
To do a great right, do a little wrong,

And curb this cruel devil of his will.

Por. It must not be. There is no power in Venice
Can alter a decree established :

'T will be recorded for a precedent ;

And many an error, by the same example,
Will rush into the state :—it cannot be.

Shy. A Daniel come to judgment ! yea, a Daniel !
O wise young judge, how I do honour thee !

Por. I pray you, let me look upon the bond.

Shy. Here 't is, most reverend doctor ; here it is.

Por. Shylock, there 's thrice thy money offer'd
thee.

Shy. An oath, an oath, I have an oath in
heaven :

Shall I lay perjury upon my soul ?

No, not for Venice.

Por. Why, this bond is forfeit ;
And lawfully by this the Jew may claim
A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off
Nearest the merchant's heart :—Be merciful ;
Take thrice thy money ; bid me tear the bond.

Shy. When it is paid according to the tenor.
It doth appear you are a worthy judge ;
You know the law ; your exposition
Hath been most sound : I charge you by the law,
Whereof you are a well-deserving pillar,
Proceed to judgment : by my soul I swear,
There is no power in the tongue of man
To alter me : I stay here on my bond.

Ant. Most heartily I do beseech the court
To give the judgment.

Por. Why, then, thus it is :
You must prepare your bosom for his knife.

Shy. O noble judge ! O excellent young man !

Por. For the intent and purpose of the law
Hath full relation to the penalty,
Which here appeareth due upon the bond.

Shy. 'T is very true : O wise and upright judge !
How much more elder art thou than thy looks !

Por. Therefore, lay bare your bosom.

Shy. Ay, his breast :
So says the bond ;—Doth it not, noble judge ?—
Nearest his heart,—those are the very words.

Por. It is so. Are there balance here to weigh
the flesh ?⁹⁸

Shy. I have them ready.

Por. Have by some surgeon, Shylock, on your
charge,

To stop his wounds, lest he do bleed to death.

Shy. Is it so nominated in the bond ?

Por. It is not so express'd ; But what of that ?

'T were good you do so much for charity.

Shy. I cannot find it ; 't is not in the bond.

Por. Come, merchant, have you anything to
say ?

Ant. But little ; I am arm'd, and well pre-
par'd.—

Give me your hand, Bassanio ; fare you well !

Grieve not that I am fall'n to this for you,
For herein Fortune shows herself more kind
Than is her custom : it is still her use,
To let the wretched man outlive his wealth,
To view with hollow eye, and wrinkled brow,
An age of poverty ; from which ling'ring penance
Of such misery doth she cut me off.

Commend me to your honourable wife :

Tell her the process of Antonio's end ;
Say how I lov'd you, speak me fair in death ;
And, when the tale is told, bid her be judge
Whether Bassanio had not once a love.

Repent not you that you shall lose your friend,
And he repents not that he pays your debt ;
For, if the Jew do cut but deep enough,
I'll pay it instantly with all my heart.

Bass. Antonio, I am married to a wife,
Which is as dear to me as life itself ;
But life itself, my wife, and all the world,
Are not with me esteem'd above thy life ;
I would lose all, ay, sacrifice them all
Here to this devil, to deliver you.

Por. Your wife would give you little thanks
for that,

If she were by, to hear you make the offer.

Gra. I have a wife, whom I protest I love ;
I would she were in heaven, so she could
Entreat some power to change this curish Jew.

Ner. 'T is well you offer it behind her back ;
The wish would make else an unquiet house.

Shy. These be the Christian husbands ! I have
a daughter ;

Would any of the stock of Barrabas⁹⁹
Had been her husband, rather than a Christian !

[*Aside.*

We trifle time ; I pray thee pursue sentence.

Por. A pound of that same merchant's flesh is
thine ;

The court awards it, and the law doth give it.

Shy. Most rightful judge !

Por. And you must cut this flesh from off his
breast ;

The law allows it, and the court awards it.

Shy. Most learned judge !—A sentence ! come,
prepare.

Por. Tarry a little ;—there is something else.—

This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood;
The words expressly are, a pound of flesh:
Then take thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh;
But, in the cutting it, if thou dost shed
One drop⁹⁰ of Christian blood, thy lands and goods
Are, by the laws of Venice, confiscate
Unto the state of Venice.

Gra. O upright judge!—Mark, Jew!—O learned judge!

Shy. Is that the law?

Por. Thyself shalt see the act:

For, as thou urgest justice, be assur'd

Thou shalt have justice, more than thou desirest.

Gra. O learned judge!—Mark, Jew;—a learned judge!

Shy. I take this offer, then,—pay the bond thrice,

And let the Christian go.

Bass. Here is the money.

Por. Soft!

The Jew shall have all justice;—soft;—no haste;—
He shall have nothing but the penalty.

Gra. O Jew! an upright judge, a learned judge!

Por. Therefore, prepare thee to cut off the flesh.
Shed thou no blood; nor cut thou less, nor more,
But just a pound of flesh: if thou tak'st more,
Or less, than a just pound,—be it but so much
As makes it light, or heavy, in the substance,
Or the division of the twentieth part
Of one poor scruple,—nay, if the scale do turn
But in the estimation of a hair,—

Thou diest, and all thy goods are confiscate.

Gra. A second Daniel; a Daniel, Jew!

Now, infidel, I have thee on the hip.

Por. Why doth the Jew pause? take thy forfeiture.

Shy. Give me my principal, and let me go.

Bass. I have it ready for thee; here it is.

Por. He hath refus'd it in the open court;
He shall have merely justice, and his bond.

Gra. A Daniel, still say I; a second Daniel!
I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.

Shy. Shall I not have barely my principal?

Por. Thou shalt have nothing but the forfeiture,
To be so taken at thy peril, Jew.

Shy. Why, then the devil give him good of it!
I'll stay no longer question.

Por. Tarry, Jew;

The law hath yet another hold on you.

It is enacted in the laws of Venice,—

If it be prov'd against an alien,

That by direct, or indirect attempts,

He seek the life of any citizen,

The party 'gainst the which he doth contrive
Shall seize one half his goods; the other half

Comes to the privy coffer of the state;

And the offender's life lies in the mercy

Of the duke only, 'gainst all other voice.

In which predicament, I say, thou stand'st:

For it appears by manifest proceeding,

That, indirectly, and directly too,

Thou hast contriv'd against the very life

Of the defendant; and thou hast incur'd

The danger formerly by me rehears'd.

Down, therefore, and beg mercy of the duke.

Gra. Beg that thou may'st have leave to hang
thyself:

And yet, thy wealth being forfeit to the state,

Thou hast not left the value of a cord;

Therefore, thou must be hang'd at the state's
charge.

Duke. That thou shalt see the difference of our
spirit,

I pardon thee thy life before thou ask it:

For half thy wealth, it is Antonio's;

The other half comes to the general state,

Which humbleness may drive unto a fine.

Por. Ay, for the state; not for Antonio.

Shy. Nay, take my life and all; pardon not that
You take my house, when you do take the prop
That doth sustain my house; you take my life,
When you do take the means whereby I live.

Por. What mercy can you render him, Antonio?

Gra. A halter gratis; nothing else, for God's
sake!

Ant. So please my lord the duke, and all the
court,

To quit the fine for one half of his goods,

I am content, so he will let me have

The other half in use, to render it,

Upon his death, unto the gentleman

That lately stole his daughter;

Two things provided more,—That, for this favour,

He presently become a Christian;

The other, that he do record a gift,

Here in the court, of all he dies possess'd,

Unto his son Lorenzo and his daughter.

Duke. He shall do this; or else I do recant

The pardon that I late pronounced here.

Por. Art thou contented, Jew? what dost thou
say?

Shy. I am content.⁹¹

Por. Clerk, draw a deed of gift.

Shy. I pray you give me leave to go from hence:

I am not well. Send the deed after me,
And I will sign it.

Duke. Get thee gone, but do it.

Gra. In christ'ning, thou shalt have two god-fathers;

Had I been judge, thou shouldst have had ten more,⁹²

To bring thee to the gallows, not the font. [*Ex. SHY.*]

Duke. Sir, I entreat you home with me to dinner.

Por. I humbly do desire your grace of pardon.
I must away this night toward Padua,
And it is meet I presently set forth.

Duke. I am sorry that your leisure serves you not.
Antonio, gratify this gentleman;
For, in my mind, you are much bound to him.

[*Exeunt DUKE, Magnificoes, and Train.*]

Bass. Most worthy gentleman, I and my friend
Have by your wisdom been this day acquitted
Of grievous penalties; in lieu whereof,
Three thousand ducats, due unto the Jew,
We freely cope your courteous pains withal.

Ant. And stand indebted, over and above,
In love and service to you evermore.

Por. He is well paid that is well satisfied:
And I, delivering you, am satisfied,
And therein do account myself well paid;
My mind was never yet more mercenary.
I pray you know me, when we meet again;
I wish you well, and so I take my leave.

Bass. Dear sir, of force I must attempt you
further;

Take some remembrance of us, as a tribute,
Not as a fee: grant me two things, I pray you,
Not to deny me, and to pardon me.

Por. You press me far, and therefore I will yield.
Give me your gloves, I'll wear them for your
sake;

And, for your love, I'll take this ring from you:—
Do not draw back your hand; I'll take no more,
And you in love shall not deny me this.

Bass. This ring, good sir,—alas, it is a trifle;
I will not shame myself to give you this.

Por. I will have nothing else but only this;
And now, methinks, I have a mind to it.

Bass. There's more depends on this than on
the value.

The dearest ring in Venice will I give you,
And find it out by proclamation;
Only for this I pray you pardon me.

Por. I see, sir, you are liberal in offers:
You taught me first to beg; and now, methinks,
You teach me how a beggar should be answer'd.

Bass. Good sir, this ring was given me by my
wife;

And, when she put it on, she made me vow
That I should neither sell, nor give, nor lose it.

Por. That 'scuse serves many men to save their
gifts.

An if your wife be not a mad woman,
And know how well I have deserv'd this ring,
She would not hold out enemy for ever,
For giving it to me. Well, peace be with you!

[*Exeunt POR. and NER.*]

Ant. My lord Bassanio, let him have the ring,
Let his deservings, and my love withal,
Be valued against your wife's commandment.

Bass. Go, Gratiano; run and overtake him;
Give him the ring; and bring him, if thou canst,
Unto Antonio's house:—away, make haste.

[*Exit GRATIANO.*]

Come, you and I will thither presently,
And in the morning early will we both
Fly toward Belmont. Come, Antonio. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—Venice. A Street.

Enter PORTIA, and NERISSA.

Por. Inquire the Jew's house out, give him
this deed,
And let him sign it; we'll away to night,
And be a day before our husbands home:
This deed will be well welcome to Lorenzo.

Enter GRATIANO.

Gra. Fair sir, you are well o'erta'en:
My lord Bassanio, upon more advice,⁹³
Hath sent you here this ring, and doth entreat
Your company at dinner.

Por. That cannot be:
His ring I do accept most thankfully,
And so, I pray you, tell him: Furthermore,
I pray you, show my youth old Shylock's house.

Gra. That will I do.

Ner. Sir, I would speak with you:—
I'll see if I can get my husband's ring,

[*To PORTIA.*]

Which I did make him swear to keep for ever.

Por. Thou mayst, I warrant. We shall have
old swearing,⁹⁴

That they did give the rings away to men;
But we'll outface them, and outswear them to.
Away, make haste; thou know'st where I will tarry.

Ner. Come, good sir, will you show me to this
house? [*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Belmont. *The Garden of Portia's House.*

Enter LORENZO and JESSICA.

Lor. The moon shines bright:—In such a night
as this,

When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees,
And they did make no noise,—in such a night,
Troilus, methinks, mounted the Trojan walls,
And sigh'd his soul toward the Grecian tents,
Where Cressid lay that night.

Jes. In such a night,
Did Thisbe fearfully o'ertrip the dew;
And saw the lion's shadow ere himself,
And ran dismay'd away.

Lor. In such a night,
Stood Dido with a willow in her hand⁹⁵
Upon the wild sea-banks, and wav'd her love
To come again to Carthage.

Jes. In such a night,⁹⁶
Medea gather'd the enchanted herbs
That did renew old Æson.

Lor. In such a night,
Did Jessica steal from the wealthy Jew;
And with an unthrift love did run from Venice,
As far as Belmont.

Jes. In such a night,
Did young Lorenzo swear he lov'd her well;
Stealing her soul with many vows of faith,
And ne'er a true one.

Lor. In such a night,
Did pretty Jessica, like a little shrew,
Slander her love, and he forgave it her.

Jes. I would out-night you, did no body come:
But, hark, I hear the footing of a man.

Enter STEPHANO.

Lor. Who comes so fast in silence of the
night?

Steph. A friend.

Lor. A friend? what friend? your name, I pray
you, friend.

Steph. Stephano is my name; and I bring word,

My mistress will before the break of day
Be here at Belmont; she doth stray about
By holy crosses, where she kneels and prays
For happy wedlock hours.

Lor. Who comes with her?

Steph. None, but a holy hermit, and her maid.
I pray you, is my master yet return'd?

Lor. He is not, nor we have not heard from
him.—

But go we in, I pray thee, Jessica,
And ceremoniously let us prepare
Some welcome for the mistress of the house.

Enter LAUNCELOT.

Laun. Sola, sola! wo ha, ho! sola, sola!

Lor. Who calls?

Laun. Sola! Did you see master Lorenzo, and
mistress Lorenzo? sola, sola!

Lor. Leave hallooing, man; here.

Laun. Sola! Where? where?

Lor. Here.

Laun. Tell him there's a post come from my
master, with his horn full of good news;⁹⁷ my
master will be here ere morning. [*Exit.*]

Lor. Sweet soul, let's in, and there expect their
coming.

And yet no matter;—Why should we go in?
My friend Stephano, signify, I pray you,
Within the house, your mistress is at hand:
And bring your music forth into the air.

[*Exit STEPHANO.*]

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!
Here we will sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears; soft stillness, and the night,
Become the touches of sweet harmony.
Sit, Jessica. Look, how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patens of bright gold.⁹⁸
There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-ey'd cherubin:
Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.—

Enter Musicians.

Come, ho! and wake Diana with a hymn;
With sweetest touches pierce your mistress' ear,
And draw her home with music. [*Music.*]

Jes. I am never merry when I hear sweet music.

Lor. The reason is, your spirits are attentive:
For do but note a wild and wanton herd,
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing, and neighing loud,

Which is the hot condition of their blood;
If they but hear perchance a trumpet sound,
Or any air of music touch their ears,
You shall perceive them make a mutual stand,
Their savage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze,
By the sweet power of music: Therefore, the poet

Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones, and floods,—

Since nought so stockish, hard, and full of rage,
But music for the time doth change his nature;
The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus:
Let no such man be trusted.—Mark the music.

Enter PORTIA and NERISSA at a distance.

Por. That light we see is burning in my hall.
How far that little candle throws his beams!
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

Ner. When the moon shone, we did not see the candle.

Por. So doth the greater glory dim the less:
A substitute shines brightly as a king,
Until a king be by; and then his state
Empties itself, as doth an inland brook
Into the main of waters. Music! hark!

Ner. It is your music, madam, of the house.

Por. Nothing is good, I see, without respect;⁹⁹
Methinks it sounds much sweeter than by day.

Ner. Silence bestows that virtue on it, madam.

Por. The crow doth sing as sweetly as the lark,
When neither is attended; and, I think
The nightingale, if she should sing by day,
When every goose is cackling, would be thought
No better a musician than the wren.

How many things by season season'd are
To their right praise, and true perfection!—

Peace! How the moon sleeps with Endymion,¹⁰⁰
And would not be awak'd! [*Music ceases*]

Lor. That is the voice,
Or I am much deceiv'd, of Portia.

Por. He knows me, as the blind man knows
the cuckoo,

By the bad voice.

Lor. Dear lady, welcome home.

Por. We have been praying for our husbands'
welfare,

Which speed, we hope, the better for our words.
Are they return'd?

Lor. Madam, they are not yet;
But there is come a messenger before,
To signify their coming.

Por. Go in, Nerissa;
Give order to my servants, that they take
No note at all of our being absent hence;
Nor you, Lorenzo:—Jessica, nor you.

[*A tucket sounds.*]¹⁰¹

Lor. Your husband is at hand; I hear his
trumpet:

We are no tell-tales, madam; fear you not.

Por. This night, methinks, is but the daylight
sick.

It looks a little paler; 't is a day,
Such as the day is when the sun is hid.

Enter BASSANIO, ANTONIO, GRATIANO, and their Followers.

Bass. We should hold day with the Antipodes,
If you would walk in absence of the sun.

Por. Let me give light, but let me not be light;
For a light wife doth make a heavy husband,
And never be Bassanio so for me;
But God sort all!—You are welcome home, my lord.

Bass. I thank you, madam: give welcome to
my friend.—

This is the man, this is Antonio,
To whom I am so infinitely bound.

Por. You should in all sense be much bound
to him,

For, as I hear, he was much bound for you.

Ant. No more than I am well acquitted of.

Por. Sir, you are very welcome to our house:
It must appear in other ways than words;
Therefore, I scant this breathing courtesy.

[*GRA. and NER. talk apart*]

Gra. By yonder moon, I swear you do me wrong
In faith, I gave it to the judge's clerk:
Would he were gelt that had it, for my part,

Since you do take it, love, so much at heart.

Por. A quarrel, ho, already! what's the matter?

Gra. About a hoop of gold, a paltry ring
That she did give me; whose poesy was,
For all the world, like cutler's poetry
Upon a knife, "Love me, and leave me not."

Ner. What talk you of the poesy, or the value?
You swore to me, when I did give it you,
That you would wear it till the hour of death;
And that it should lie with you in your grave:
Though not for me, yet for your vehement oaths,
You should have been respective,¹⁰² and have kept
it.

Gave it a judge's clerk!—no, God's my judge
The clerk will ne'er wear hair on's face that had it!

Gra. He will, an if he live to be a man.

Ner. Ay, if a woman live to be a man.

Gra. Now, by this hand, I gave it to a youth,—
A kind of boy; a little scrubbed boy,¹⁰³
No higher than thyself, the judge's clerk;
A prating boy, that begg'd it as a fee;
I could not for my heart deny it him.

Por. You were to blame, I must be plain with
you,

To part so slightly with your wife's first gift;
A thing stuck on with oaths upon your finger,
And so riveted with faith unto your flesh.
I gave my love a ring, and made him swear
Never to part with it; and here he stands—
I dare be sworn for him, he would not leave it,
Nor pluck it from his finger, for the wealth
That the world masters. Now, in faith, Gratiano,
You give your wife too unkind a cause of grief;
An't were to me, I should be mad at it.

Bass. Why, I were best to cut my left hand off,
And swear I lost the ring defending it. [*Aside.*]

Gra. My lord Bassanio gave his ring away
Unto the judge that begg'd it, and, indeed,
Deserv'd it too; and then the boy, his clerk,
That took some pains in writing, he begg'd mine:
And neither man, nor master, would take aught
But the two rings.

Por. What ring gave you, my lord?
Not that, I hope, which you receiv'd of me.

Bass. If I could add a lie unto a fault,
I would deny it; but you see, my finger
Hath not the ring upon it; it is gone.

Por. Even so void is your false heart of truth.
By heaven, I will ne'er come in your bed
Until I see the ring.

Ner. Nor I in yours,
Till I again see mine.

Bass. Sweet Portia,

If you did know to whom I gave the ring,¹⁰⁴

If you did know for whom I gave the ring,
And would conceive for what I gave the ring,
And how unwillingly I left the ring,
When nought would be accepted but the ring,
You would abate the strength of your displeasure

Por. If you had known the virtue of the ring,
Or half her worthiness that gave the ring,
Or your own honour to contain¹⁰⁵ the ring,
You would not then have parted with the ring.
What man is there so much unreasonable,
If you had pleas'd to have defended it
With any terms of zeal, wanted the modesty
To urge the thing held as a ceremony?
Nerissa teaches me what to believe;
I'll die for't, but some woman had the ring.

Bass. No, by mine honour, madam, by my soul,
No woman had it, but a civil doctor,
Which did refuse three thousand ducats of me,
And begg'd the ring; the which I did deny him,
And suffer'd him to go displeas'd away;
Even he that had held up the very life
Of my dear friend. What should I say sweet
lady?

I was enforc'd to send it after him;
I was beset with shame and courtesy;
My honour would not let ingratitude
So much besmear it. Pardon me, good lady;
For, by these blessed candles of the night,
Had you been there, I think, you would have
begg'd

The ring of me to give the worthy doctor.

Por. Let not that doctor e'er come near my
house:

Since he hath got the jewel that I lov'd,
And that which you did swear to keep for me,
I will become as liberal as you;
I'll not deny him anything I have,
No, not my body, nor my husband's bed:
Know him I shall, I am well sure of it:
Lie not a night from home; watch me, like
Argus;

If you do not, if I be left alone,
Now, by mine honour, which is yet mine own,
I'll have that doctor for my bedfellow.

Ner. And I his clerk; therefore be well advis'd,
How you do leave me to mine own protection.

Gra. Well, do you so: let not me take him
then:

For, if I do, I'll mar the young clerk's pen.

Ant. I am th' unhappy subject of these quarrels

Por. Sir, grieve not you; you are welcome notwithstanding.

Bass. Portia, forgive me this enforced wrong;
And, in the hearing of these many friends,
I swear to thee, even by thine own fair eyes,
Wherein I see myself,—

Por. Mark you but that!
In both my eyes he doubly sees himself:
In each eye one:—swear by your double self,¹⁰⁸
And there's an oath of credit.

Bass. Nay, but hear me;
Pardon this fault, and by my soul I swear,
I never more will break an oath with thee.

Ant. I once did lend my body for his wealth,
Which, but for him that had your husband's ring,
[To PORTIA.

Had quite miscarried: I dare be bound again,
My soul upon the forfeit, that your lord
Will never more break faith advisedly.

Por. Then you shall be his surety. Give him
this,

And bid him keep it better than the other.

Ant. Here, lord Bassanio; swear to keep this
ring.

Bass. By Heaven, it is the same I gave the
doctor!

Por. I had it of him: pardon me, Bassanio;
For by this ring the doctor lay with me.

Ner. And pardon me, my gentle Gratiano;
For that same scrubbed boy, the doctor's clerk,
In lieu of this last night did lie with me.

Gra. Why, this is like the mending of highways
In summer, when the ways are fair enough:
What! are we cuckolds, ere we have deserv'd it?

Por. Speak not so grossly.—You are all amaz'd:
Here is a letter, read it at your leisure;
It comes from Padua, from Bellario:
There you shall find that Portia was the doctor;
Nerissa there, her clerk: Lorenzo here
Shall witness, I set forth as soon as you,
And but e'en now return'd; I have not yet
Enter'd my house.—Antonio, you are welcome;

And I have better news in store for you
Than you expect: unseal this letter soon;
There you shall find, three of your argosies
Are richly come to harbour suddenly:
You shall not know by what strange accident
I chanced on this letter.

Ant. I am dumb.

Bass. Were you the doctor, and I knew you
not?

Gra. Were you the clerk, that is to make me
cuckold?

Ner. Ay; but the clerk that never means to do it,
Unless he live until he be a man.

Bass. Sweet doctor, you shall be my bedfellow;
When I am absent, then lie with my wife.

Ant. Sweet lady, you have given me life, and
living;

For here I read for certain, that my ships
Are safely come to road.

Por. How now, Lorenzo?

My clerk hath some good comforts, too, for you.

Ner. Ay, and I'll give them him without a
fee.—

There do I give to you and Jessica,
From the rich Jew, a special deed of gift,
After his death, of all he dies possess'd of.

Lor. Fair ladies, you drop manna in the way
Of starved people.

Por. It is almost morning,
And yet, I am sure, you are not satisfied
Of these events at full. Let us go in;
And charge us there upon inter'gatories,
And we will answer all things faithfully.

Gra. Let it be so: The first inter'gatory,
That my Nerissa shall be sworn on, is,
Whether till the next night she had rather stay,
Or go to bed now, being two hours to day?
But were the day come, I should wish it dark,
Till I were couching with the doctor's clerk.
Well, while I live, I'll fear no other thing
So sore,¹⁰⁷ as keeping safe Nerissa's ring

[*Exeunt.*

NOTES TO THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

¹ *Enter Antonio, Salarino, and Solanio.*

"Nothing can be more confused," observes Mr. Knight, "than the manner in which the names of *Salarino* and *Solanio* are indicated in the folio of 1623." I have followed Mr. Knight's edition in his distribution of the speeches to these characters; and also in substituting *Solanio* for *Salarino* in Act iii. I see no occasion, observes Lord Chedworth, for the insertion of the latter name. Gratiano calls the bringer of his letter his old Venetian friend, which exactly suits *Solanio*, who had appeared before to be the friend both of Gratiano and Lorenzo. Seymour's Remarks, 1805, i. 110.

² *Four argosies with portly sail.*

Argosies were ships of great burthen, used both for merchandize and war. In the next line, Steevens proposes to read *of the flood*; but compare the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, ii. 2,—

Marking the embarked traders *on the flood*.

"The Venetians, in those times, sent their Argosies, or Argosers, yearly to Southampton, laden with Turkey, Persian, and Indian Merchandize. The last Argoser that came thus from Venice was in the Year 1587, and was unfortunately lost near the Isle of Wight with a rich cargo and many passengers." *Anderson's Origin of Commerce*, i. 423.

³ *Vailing her high top lower than her ribs.*

Vailing, bending, bowing, lowering. "I do vail to it with reverence," Every Man out of his Humour. The *Andrew* was the name of the vessel, perhaps a favourite Italian appellation of ships, from the celebrated *Andrew Doria*.

⁴ *Let no dog bark.*

A proverbial expression. Steevens quotes the following from *Palsgrave's Acolastus*, 1540,—"*nor there shall no dogge barke at mine ententes.*"

⁵ *When, I am very sure.*

Altered by Rowe to *who*, but without necessity. As Mr. Collier justly observes, the original reading is in Shakespeare's manner, and it was not unusual for him to leave the nominative case of the verb to be understood. Mr. Collier's next restoration,—"*It is that;—any thing now!*"—destroys, I fear, the sense of the conversation.

392

⁶ *For this gear.*

That is, literally, for this matter or business.

⁷ *A more swelling port.*

Port, show, appearance, demeanour. "*Port*, behaviour *gestus*," Coles, 1677.

⁸ *Prest unto it.*

That is, ready for it. So, in an old ballad,—

When they had fared of the best,
With bred and ale and weyne,
To the bottys they made them *prest*,
With bowes and boltys foll feyne.

And, in the *Herrings Tayle*, 4to. Lond. 1598,—

The ruine threatning point bent to his enemye,
As planted canon gainst a wall *prest* to begin.

⁹ *Sometimes from her eyes.*

Mr. Knight explains *sometimes*, formerly; a sense I suspect the word never bore, but *soms time* was used as equivalent to, *at one time*. Why will not the ordinary meaning of the term be permitted to serve in the present passage?

To Cato's daughter, that is, compared to Cato's daughter. So, in a subsequent scene, "ten times undervalued to try'd gold."

¹⁰ *Ay, that's a colt, indeed.*

Colt, a wild youth. A play upon words. See notes to *Love's Labour's Lost*, No. 86.

¹¹ *What think you of the Scottish lord.*

So the quartos. The folio reads *other lord*, and the change was probably made for fear of giving offence to King James and his countrymen.

¹² *How now! what news?*

These words are omitted in the first folio, most probably accidentally. *Condition*, temper, disposition.

¹³ *Enter Bassanio and Shylock.*

Shylock, as Upton remarks in his *Critical Observations*, 1748, p. 299, is merely a corruption of the Jewish name of *Sciulac*. It is worthy, however, of remark that *Shylock* was an English family name, and Mr. Lower notices a power of attorney from John Pesemershe to *Richard Shylock* of Hoo, co. Sussex, and others, to deliver seizon of all

NOTES TO THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

his lands in that county to certain persons therein named. This document is dated in July, 1435. Bindley possessed an old pamphlet, entitled, "Caleb Shillocke his Prophecie, or the Jewes Prediction," 1607. Shylock was represented on the stage with red hair, as appears from a MS. elegy on Burbage,—

—with the red-haired Jew,
Which sought the bankrupt merchants pound of flesh,
By woman-lawyer caught in his own mesh.

This peculiarity in the "dressing" of the Jew is also alluded to by Jordan, in a curious ballad in his *Royal Arbor of Loyal Poesie*, 1664, founded on the story of the play; and Mr. Collier thinks the other particulars of his dress and appearance, mentioned in the ballad, are faithful representations of the custom of the stage in Shakespeare's time. For this reason I annex a copy of the ballad, which is entitled, "*The Forfeiture, a Romance; Tune, Dear, let me now this evening die.*"—

You that do look with Christian hue,
Attend unto my sonnet,
I'll tell you of as vile a Jew,
As ever wore a bonnet.
No Jew of Scotland I intend,
My story not so mean is:
This Jew in wealth did much transcend
Under the states of Venice.

Where he by usury and trade,
Did much exceed in riches;
His beard was red; his face was made
Not much unlike a witch's.
His habit was a Jewish gown,
That would defend all weather;
His chin turn'd up, his nose hung down,
And both ends met together.

Yet this deformed father had
A daughter and a wise one,
So sweet a virgin never lad
Did ever set his eyes on.
He that could call this lady foul
Must be a purblind noddy;
But yet she had a Christian soul
Lodg'd in a Jewish body.

Within the city there did live,
The truth if you will search on't,
One whose ill fate will make you grieve,
A gallant Christian Merchant;
Who did abound in wealth and wit,
In youth and comely feature,
Whose love unto a friend was knit
As strong as bonds of nature.

A gentleman of good renown,
But of a sinking fortune,
Who having no estate of 's own,
Doth thus his friend importune:
Friend, lend me but one thousand pound;
It shall again be paid ye,
For I have very lately found
A fair and wealthy lady.

The Merchant then makes this reply;
Friend, I am out of treasure,
But I will make my credit fly,
To do my friend a pleasure.
There is a Jew in Town (quoth he),
Who though he deadly hate me,
Yet cause my wealth is strong at sea,
This favour will not bate me.

When they were come unto the Jew,
He did demand their pleasure;
The merchant answers, I of you
Would borrow so much treasure.
The Jew replies, you shall not ha't,
If such a sum would save ye,
Unless in three months you will pay 't,
Or forfeit what I'd have ye.

If at the three months end you do,
As you shall seal and sign to 't,
Not pay the money which is due,
Where'er I have a mind to 't,
I'll cut a pound out of your flesh.
The merchant is contented,
Because he knew in half that time,
His shipping would prevent it.

Ill news by every ship comes in,
His ships are drown'd and fired;
The Jew his forfeiture doth win
For three months are expired.
He is arrested for the debt;
The Court must now decide it:
The flesh is due, and now the Jew
Is ready to divide it.

The Merchant's friend that had the gold
Now being richly married,
Offered the sum down three times told
To have his friend's life spared.
'T would not be took, but straight steps in
One in Doctor's apparel,
Who, though but young, doth now begin
Thus to decide the quarrel.

Jew, we do grant that by the law,
A pound of flesh your due is,
But if one drop of blood you draw,
We'll show you what a Jew is;
Take but a pound, as 't was agreed,
Be sure you cut no further,
And cut no less, lest for the deed,
You be arraign'd for murder.

The Jew enrag'd doth tear the bond,
And dares not do the slaughter.
He quits the Court, and then 't was found
The Doctor proves his daughter.
Who for the love she long time bore,
From a true heart derived,
To be his wife, and save his life,
This subtle slight contrived.

The court consent and they are wed:
For hatching of this slaughter
The Jew's estate is forfeited,
And given to his daughter.
She is baptiz'd in Christendom,
The Jew cries out he 's undone;
I wish such Jews may never come
To England, nor to London.

William Thomas, in his "*Historye of Italye, a booke exceeding profitable to be red, because it intreateth of the estate of many of dyvers commonwealthes, how they have bene and now be governed,*" 4to. Lond. 1561, in treating of the "*Venetian astate,*" gives the following curious notice of the Jews:—"It is almoste incredyble what gaine the Venetians receive by the usury of the Jewes, both pryvately and in common; for in everye citee, the Jewes kepe open shops of usurie, taking gaiges of ordinarie for xv. in the hundred by the yere, and if, at the yeres ende, the gaige be not redemed, it is forfeite, or at the least dooen away to a great disadvantage; by reason wherof the Jewes are out of

NOTES TO THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

measure wealthie in those parties." According to Coryat's Crudities, 1611, p. 234, "all their goodes are confiscated as soone as they embrace Christianity: and this I heard is the reason, because, whereas many of them doe raise their fortunes by usury, in so much that they doe sometimes not only sheare, but also flea many a poore Christian's estate by their griping extortion, it is therefore decreed by the Pope, and other free princes in whose territories they live, that they shall make a restitution of all their ill-gotten goods, and so dislogge their soules and consciences, when they are admitted by holy baptisme into the bosome of Christ's church." It is just possible there may be some connexion between this regulation, and the termination of the trial by Shylock's compelled recantation of his faith in Act iv.

¹⁴ *In saying he is a good man.*

Good, a technical phrase in the colloquial language of merchants, equivalent to *substantial*. Compare Massinger's Fatal Dowry, 1632,—

— To these I turne,
To these soft-hearted men, that wisely know
They are onely good men, that pay what they owe.

In an old novel, called the Adventures of David Simple, 1744, a character applies the term to a wealthy rogue. "David seemed surprized at that epithet, and asked how it was possible a fellow whom he had just catched in such a piece of villany could be called a good man? At which words, the other, with a sneer at his folly, told him he meant that he was worth a plumb. Perhaps he might not understand that neither, for he began to take him for a fool, but he meant by a plumb £100,000."

¹⁵ *Squander'd*, scattered, dispersed. Still used in Warwickshire. "His family are all grown up, and squandered about the country," i.e., settled in different places. According to Wilbraham, p. 80, it is still in use in Cheshire. Howell mentions, "many thousand islands, that lie *squandered* in the vast ocean."

¹⁶ *There be land-rats, and water-rats.*

Water-rats, a jocular term for pirates, is not peculiar to Shakespeare. Compare a rare tract, the Abortive of an Idle Houre, 1620,—

Some theeves are *water-ratts*, some way-purs-takers;
Some canters are, and othersome house-breakers.

¹⁷ *If I can catch him once upon the hip.*

That is, at an advantage. The phrase occurs three times in Shakespeare. "*Être au dessus du vent encontre*, to have the wind, advantage, or upper hand of; to have on the hip." Cotgrave.

¹⁸ *Possess'd*, i.e., informed.

¹⁹ *How much ye would.*

So the first quarto, printed for Heyes, 1600; at least, such is the reading in my copy of that edition. Mr. Collier, however, says it reads, "How much you would?" The second quarto has, "How much he would have?" A little further on, I think we should follow the old editions in reading *Abram*, instead of *Abraham*, which spoils the metre.

394

²⁰ *Eanlings*, lambe just born. From the Anglo-Saxon *eanian*, to bring forth. *Pill*, to peel, to take the pill or bark off. "A pill, rind," Coles. *Kind*, nature. *Fall*, let fall.

²¹ *Full party-colour'd lombs.*

Party-colour'd, variegated, variously coloured. "Item, he is also verily perswaded that if women could but governe one little peece of flesh, the tongue I meane, so many of them would not goe with *party-coulerd* faces."—Harry White's Humour, 1660.

²² *Many a time and oft.*

"Many a time and oft" is a conventional tautology, still in provincial use. It occurs in that very early poem on the Deposition of Richard II., published by the Camden Society, ed. Wright, p. 2,—"This made me to muse many tyme and ofte." Kemble erroneously read, "many a time, and oft on the Rialto."

The Rialto here alluded to was not the bridge of the Rialto, but the Exchange. Coryat, writing in Shakespeare's time, says, "The Rialto, which is at the farther side of the bridge, as you come from St. Marks, is a most stately building, being the Exchange of Venice, where the Venetian gentlemen and the merchants doe meete twice a day, betwixt eleven and twelve of the clocke in the morning, and betwixt five and sixe of the clocke in the afternoon. This Rialto is of a goodly height, built all with bricke, as the palaces are, adorned with many faire walkes or open galleries that I have before mentioned, and hath a pretty quadrangular court adjoining to it. But it is inferior to our Exchange in London, though, indeede, there is a farre greater quantity of building in this then in ours." Coryat's Crudities, 1611, p. 169. Compare Thomas's Historie of Italye, 1561, f. 74.

²³ *About my monies, and my usances.*

Usance is *interest of money*. The "rate of usance" has been already mentioned. "And spit upon, &c." *Spit* for *spit* is not unusual in old English, but it appears to be an unnecessary antiquarian refinement to retain it here. Mr. Knight writes *spet* in this speech, and *spits* in act ii. sc. 7. In the passage quoted by Mr. Knight from Milton, the author's own MS. has *spits*. See Seymour's Remarks, i. 115.

²⁴ *Express'd in the condition.*

In old legal phraseology, a condition was nearly synonymous with a bond, so called because usually commencing with the words, "The condition of this obligation is such." *Dwell*, abide, continue.

²⁵ *If he should break his day.*

That is, not keep his appointment for paying the money So in the Fayre Mayde of the Exchange, 1607,—

If you do *break your day*, assure yourself
That I will take the forfeit of your bond.

²⁶ *In the fearful guard of an unworthy knave.*

Fearful had formerly two significations, giving cause of fear, and being apt to fear. It is here used in the former sense. Compare Notes to the Tempest, No. 60.

NOTES TO THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

²¹ *Flourish of cornets.*

The following stage direction is in the first edition:—"Enter Morochus, a tawnie Moore, all in white, and three or foure followers accordingly, with Portia, Nerissa, and their traine."

²² *To prove whose blood is reddest.*

Redness of blood was formerly considered a sign of courage. "It appereth, in the time of the Saxons, that the manner over their dead was a red cloath, as we now use a black. The Pagans refused blacke, because it representeth darknesse, termed the infernal colour: and so did the olde English. The red of valiaunce, and that was over kings, lords, knights, and valyaunt souldiours: white over cleargie men, in token of their profession and honest life, and over virgins and matrons," Batman upon Bartholome, 1582, f. 29.

Fear'd, frightened, terrified. *Wit*, sagacity, power of mind.

²³ *Scorn running with thy heels.*

A pleonasm quite in unison with Launcelot's phraseology. Pistol has something of the same kind, when he says, "he hears with ears."

²⁴ *Away! says the fiend, for the heavens!*

For is several times used in the sense of *by* in these plays. *For the heavens*, i.e., by the heavens, is merely, as Gifford observes, a petty oath.

"It is not improbable," says Douce, "that this curious struggle between Launcelot's conscience and the fiend might have been suggested by some well-known story in Shakespeare's time, grafted on the following Monkish fable." It occurs in a manuscript collection of apologues ascribed to Odo de Ceriton, an English Cistercian Monk of the 12th century. "Multi sunt sicut mulier delicata et pigra. Talis vero mulier dum jacet mane in lecto, et audit pulsari ad missam, cogitat secum quod vadat ad missam. Et cum caro, quæ pigra est, timet frigus, respondet et dicit,—Quare ires ita mane, nonne scis quod clerici pulsant campanas propter oblationes? dormi adhuc; et sic transit pars diei. Postea iterum conscientia pungit eam quod vadat ad missam. Sed caro respondet, et dicit,—Quare ires tu tam cito ad ecclesiam? certe tu destrueres corpus tuum, si ita manè surrexeris, et hoc Deus non vult ut homo destruat seipsum; ergo quiesce et dormi. Et transit alia pars diei. Iterum conscientia pungit eam quod vadat ad ecclesiam; sed caro dicit, Ut quid ires tam cito? Ego bene scio quod talis vicina tua nondum vadit ad ecclesiam; dormi parum adhuc. Et sic transit alia pars diei. Postea pungit eam conscientia, sed caro dicit, Non oportet quod adhuc vadas, quia sacerdos est curialis et bene expectabit te; attende et dormi. Et sic dormiendo transit tempus. Et tamen ad ultimum verecundia tacita atque coacta, surgit et vadit ad ecclesiam, et invenit portas clausas." Two MSS. of this work are in the Bodleian Library, and one in the British Museum, MS. Arundel 292.

²⁵ *More than sand-blind, high-gravel blind.*

The last epithet is Launcelot's humorous exaggeration of sand-blind. *Try confusions*, is another piece of quaintness, for *try conclusions*, i.e., experiments; though the

error seems rather too broad for Launcelot's character, who is not, strictly speaking, a "mistaking clown." One of the quartos reads *conclusions*.

²⁶ *By God's sonties.*

It is difficult to give a certain explanation of these old oaths. *Sonties* is probably a corruption of *saints*.

²⁷ *Your worship's friend, and Launcelot.*

The conjunction is here redundant. There is a difficulty in the line, but Capell observes that from the son being termed *young Launcelot*, it is probable that the father had the same Christian name.

²⁸ *Dolbin, my phill-horse.*

Phill-horse is the same as *thill-horse*, the shaft-horse. The form is said to be still in use in the Midland counties.

²⁹ *How gree you now.*

Literally, How agree you now? So, in the play of *Wit and Science*, p. 89,—

Nay, nor yet nether hence ye shall gad!
We wyll *gre* better or ye pas hence.

³⁰ *I have set up my rest.*

That is, I have determined, set all my hopes upon. "*Coucher tout à bender et à racher*, To venture all on desperat tearmes, to set all on sixes and sevens."—*Outgrave*.

³¹ *Garded*, ornamented with gards or trimmings, edgings of lace, &c. See Fairholt's *Costume in England*, p. 518.

³² *Which doth offer to swear upon a book.*

The break seems more properly to be placed after *fortune* than after *book*, the latter punctuation being usually adopted. The sentence ends abruptly. "If any man in Italy have a fairer table, which says I shall have good fortune as certainly as if it took an oath,"—I am deceived. The table, in palmistry, was a space between certain lines on the skin within the hand, not the palm itself. The line of life extended from the wrist to the thumb. Lilly, the astrologer, gives the following particulars of the latter in his *Book of Fortune*, p. 36,—

"First then, of the Line of Life, the which, whenever inspection is made, ought to be observ'd with a curiosity as nice as admirable.

"Now this little line extends itself clear from the wrist to the Mount of Jupiter; which, if well-colour'd, placed, and proportion'd, denotes a serene and calm life of tranquillity: Otherwise, if a star reach the Mount of Venus, Mars, or Jupiter, sundry mischiefs and calamities will follow.

"Now if a double line happens, then it promises the man long life, the favour of kings and nobles, with success in war, and business of what sort soever."

³³ *Aleven widows and nine maids.*

So the original, *aleven*, in Shakespeare's time, being a common vulgarism. It is also archaic. "I have had therto lechys *aleven*," MS. Cantab. Ff. i. 6, xv cent.

Liberal, free, licentious.

NOTES TO THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

⁴⁰ *I be misconstr'd in the place I go to.*

Misconster, to misconstrue, the old word used by Shakespeare. "Theodorus, the atheist, complained that his scholars were wont, how plaine soever hee spake, to *misconster* him," Gosson's *Schoole of Abuse*, 1579.

⁴¹ *Well studied in a sad ostent.*

Ostent, show, appearance. The term again occurs in this act, "such fair ostents of love." So Chapman,—

I see almighty Æther in the smoke
Of all his clouds descending, and the sky
Hid in the dim ostents of tragedy.

Bearing, behaviour, deportment.

⁴² *If a Christian do not play the knave.*

The three old copies, printed before the second folio, read, *do not play*. The last named authority has *did*, a reading generally adopted, but, I think, erroneously. Shakespeare frequently uses the present for the past tense. Thus, in *King John*, we have *waft* for *wafted*, *heat* for *heated*; in *Richard III.*, *expiate* for *expiated*; in *Macbeth*, *exasperate* for *exasperated*, &c. In the same manner, *do* seems to be here used for *did*. In the *Tempest*, *have* occurs for *had*. See note, no. 29, where I have probably given an incorrect reason for the use of the present tense.

⁴³ *We have not spoke us yet of torchbearers.*

That is, we have not yet bespoke our torchbearers. The preposition *us* was often added to the verb in this mode of construction.

⁴⁴ *An it shall please you to break up this.*

Break up, equivalent to *break*. It here means, to open the letter. In Elizabethan phraseology, the preposition *up* was added to certain verbs, scarcely, in most cases, conveying even a slight intensative power.

⁴⁵ *My nose fell a-bleeding on Black-Monday.*

According to Stowe, as quoted by Grey, Easter Monday was called Black Monday, on account of unusually severe weather which destroyed many men in the army of Edward III. on that day, when he was encamped near Paris. Bleeding at the nose was formerly considered a bad omen. *Squealing*, squeaking, shrieking.

⁴⁶ *To gaze on Christian fools with varnish'd faces.*

For *varnisht faces*, and gay and painted cloths, Are but to tempt fooles; every man this knowes.

The New Metamorphosis, 1600, MS.

Patch, a fool, so called from his costume.

⁴⁷ *Fast bind, fast find.*

"*Abandon fait larron*, Prov., Things carelessly left, layd up, or looked unto, make them thieves that otherwise would be honest: we say, *fast bind, fast find*," Cotgrave. The arrangement of these lines differs slightly from that adopted by my predecessors, but the termination of a speech by one short and one long line is not uncommon in Shakespeare.

⁴⁸ *Ten times faster Venus' pigeons fly.*

The pigeons are, of course, the birds drawing the chariot of the goddess. It is Venus herself who is supposed to seal love's bonds. Dr. Johnson gives an erroneous interpretation of the passage.

⁴⁹ *The scarfed bark puts from her native bay*

Scarfed, decorated with flags.

⁵⁰ *A Gentle, and no Jew.*

A play upon words, *gentle*, i.e., *gentleman*, being frequently written *gentile*. "The day drew on, and the *gentiles* were come, and all was in aredinesse, and still Jack forgot not the pie, but stood faintly sicke, and refused his meate," Armin's *Nest of Ninnies*, 1608.

⁵¹ *To rib her cerecloth in the obscure grave.*

Rib, to enclose as with ribs.

⁵² *Gilded tombs do worms infold.*

All the old copies read, *gilded timber*. Dr. Johnson made the correction, which is supported by a passage in the 101st sonnet. There is a similar thought in Sylvester's *De Burtas*,—

—stately tombs, externally gilt and garnisht,
With dust and bones inwardly filled and furnisht.

⁵³ *I reason'd with a Frenchman yesterday.*

Reason'd, discoursed. Florio translates, *raisonné*, 'to reason, to discourse, to speake, to talke, to parlie.' *New World of Words*, 1611.

⁵⁴ *Let it not enter in your mind of love.*

Your mind of love, in the phraseology of the time, is equivalent to, *your loving mind*. So, in *Measure for Measure*, p. 156,—

Yet hath he in him such a *mind of honour*.

⁵⁵ *By the fool multitude.*

By, in old writers, is frequently, as in this place, synonymous with *of*. "Any simple judgement might easily perceive *by* whom it was meant, that is, *by* lady Elizabeth, Queene of England," Puttenham's *Arte of English Poesie*, 1589. *Force*, power. *Jump with*, agree with, act the same with.

⁵⁶ *There be fools alive, I wis.*

I wis, in medieval English, is an adverb, meaning, certainly, undoubtedly, from the Anglo-Saxon *ge-wis*; but this sense of the word was lost in Shakespeare's time, when it had come to be regarded as a pronoun and verb, *I know*. Mr. Dyce prints the medieval form *i-wis* in his edition of Middleton's *Michaelmas Terme*, 1607 but, I think, quite erroneously.

⁵⁷ *Hanging and wiring go by destiny.*

In the first folio Shakespeare, the present and plural tenses are often wrongly employed, though no doubt faithfully copied from the poet's manuscript, the grammatical usage of the time admitting such license. But the editor

have, by general consent, ventured to alter a phraseology which would offend modern ears. The old editions here read, "goes by destiny." This proverb is alluded to in *Udibrus*,—

If matrimony and hanging go
By destiny, why not whipping too?
What medicine else can cure the fits
Of lovers, when they lose their wits?
Love is a boy by poets styl'd;
Then spare the rod, and spoil the child.

⁵⁸ *He bringeth sensible regrets.*

Regrets, fresh salutations, greetings.

Yet ere myself could reach Virginia's chamber,
One was before me with *regrets* from him.

Webster's Works, ed. Dyce, ii. 186.

⁵⁹ *As ever knapp'd ginger.*

Knap, to break off short. Cotgrave has "*Breusté* for *brousté*, broused, or knapp'd off."

Knap the thread, and thou art free;
But 't is otherwise with me.

Herrick's Works, i. 179.

⁶⁰ *Why, then, loss upon loss.*

Mr. Collier seems to have felt the improbability of the ordinary reading, but neither he, nor any of the editors, observes that the second folio supplies the above plausible correction.

⁶¹ *It was my turquoise.*

The turquoise was formerly much valued, it being supposed to change colour when its owner was in bad health. "Turcois," says Swan, 1695, "is a compassionate stone: if the wearer of it be not well, it changeth colour, and looketh pale and dim; but increaseth to his perfectnesse, as the wearer recovereth to his health." Compare, also, Cartwright,—

Or faithful turquoises, which heaven sent
For a discovery, not a punishment;
To shew the ill, not make it, and to tell,
By their pale looks, the bearer was not well.

It is a fine trait in Shylock's character when, in the midst of his feelings of avarice and revenge, he exhibits himself susceptible of the power of a love reminiscence.

⁶² *They have overlooked me.*

Overlooked, as by a witch. See note 193 on the *Merry Wives of Windsor*.

⁶³ *Let fortune go to hell for it,—not I.*

The meaning is, says Heath, "If the worst I fear should happen, and it should prove in the event, that I, who am justly yours by the free donation I have made you of myself, should yet not be yours in consequence of an unlucky choice, let fortune go to hell for robbing you of your just due, not I for violating my oath."

Peize, to weigh. See *Minsheu*, in v.

⁶⁴ *To eke it.*

The editors have not remarked that the folio reads *ich*, and the quarto *ech*, which though possibly misprints here, are genuine archaic forms. *Eke*, from the A.S. *ēcan*, is found in medieval English; and *ich*, to eke out, is given by Kennett in *MS. Lansd.* 1055, as a provincialism.

⁶⁵ *With no less presence.*

Meaning, as Dr. Johnson observes, "with the same dignity of mien."

Fancy, love. *Gracious*, pleasing. *Approve*, justify, to approve of.

⁶⁶ *As stairs of sand.*

The orthography, or, rather, cacography of the first folio, is not very puzzling even to those quite unaccustomed to the perusal of old books; but occasionally a word occurs which may create a doubt to this class of readers. The original here reads *stayers*, a very common old spelling of the modern word *stairs*, but adopted by Mr. Knight, with an extraordinary specimen of criticism, which scarcely required the lengthened refutation of Mr. Dyce. See his *Remarks*, p. 56.

Excrement, hair or beard.

⁶⁷ *Look on beauty.*

Beauty here alludes to artificial beauty, the result of painting, and the comparison is afterwards carried on with the "supposed fairness" of false hair. Those are "lightest" of character that "wear most of it," i.e., the painting or ceruse.

The lines which follow contain a happy satire on the custom of wearing periwigs, which had become so extremely fashionable about the year 1595, both with ladies and gentlemen, that children were often decoyed away and deprived of their hair for the purposes of the manufacture. Rich, in his *Honestie of this Age*, 1614, complains of women going to church, "so be-paynted, so be-periwiged, so be-poudred, so be-perfumed, so be-starched, so be-laced, and so bee-imbroidered." It appears from the English Ape, 1588, that periwigs were to be had of all colours.

⁶⁸ *Thus ornament is but a guiled shore.*

Guiled, deceiving, deceitful. It is merely one instance amidst the many in Elizabethan writers, of the passive participle being used for the active. It is, by a facile license, rendered, in many cases, equivalent to the adjective from the same root. We have had a similar instance in *Measure for Measure*. See Notes, No. 99.

The reader's attention to this and other grammatical idioms of Shakespeare's time is earnestly requested. An acquaintance with them will enable him to understand the full signification of numerous passages, which appear at first sight to be harsh and difficult. It must be recollected that these variations, which would now be considered grammatically incorrect, are found in the best writers contemporary with the poet; yet so little are they generally understood, that a fierce controversy has lately raged in a literary periodical on the meaning of one of them, in which the depths of philosophy have been searched for the illustration of a passage, an explanation of which a very slight

NOTES TO THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

knowledge of Elizabethan grammar would have immediately furnished.

⁶⁹ *Fair Portia's counterfeit.*

Counterfeit, portrait. "If a painter were to drawe anie of their *counterfets* on a table, he needes no more but wet his pencill and dab it on their cheekes," Nash's *Pierce Penilesse*, 1592.

⁷⁰ *And leave itself unfurnish'd.*

That is, says Malone, leave itself incomplete, unaccompanied with the other usual component parts of a portrait.

The hint for this passage, observes Steevens, appears to have been taken from Greene's History of Faire Bellora, afterwards published under the title of A Paire of Turtle Doves, or the Tragical History of Bellora and Fidelio, "If Apelles had bene tasked to have drawne her *counterfeit*, her two bright-burning lampes would have so dazled his quicke-seeing sences, that quite despairing to expresse with his cunning pensill so admirable a worke of nature, he had been infored to have staid his hand, and *left* this earthly Venus *unfurnished*."

⁷¹ *For intermission.*

Intermission, delay, dilatoriness.

⁷² *How doth that royal merchant.*

A royal merchant was, properly, one who was employed by a sovereign in any mercantile transactions. Beaumont and Fletcher's *Beggars' Bush* was altered under the title of the *Royal Merchant*, 4to. n. d., but printed about the year 1706.

⁷³ *We are the Jasons, we have won the fleece.*

Douce says the meaning is, "Antonio, with his *argosie*, is not the successful Jason; we are the persons who have won the fleece." *Constant*, serious; a sense of the word which again occurs in *Twelfth Night*.

⁷⁴ *If it be denied.*

If *it* refers to *commodity*, the sense will be as Mr. Collier gives it:—"if the commodity, or advantage, which strangers enjoy in Venice be denied, that denial will much impeach the justice of the state, which derives its profits from all nations." The repetition, however, of the verb *deny* would almost prove that *it* refers to the *course of law*; and Capell proposes to read, 'T will much impeach.

⁷⁵ *The bosom lover of my lord.*

Lover is here, as in several other places, used in the sense of *friend*.

⁷⁶ *With imagin'd speed.*

That is, speed swift as imagination.

⁷⁷ *Unto the traject.*

The old copies read *tranect*, which is probably a corrup-

tion. "There are in Venice thirteen ferries or passages, which they commonly call *traghetti*, where passengers may be transported in a gondola to what place of the city they will," Coryat's *Crudities*, 1611, p. 163. It must, however be admitted that the original reading may be supported by the Italian *tranàre*.

⁷⁸ *I could not do withall.*

A phrase equivalent to, I could not help it. "If tu beare displeasure agaynst me, I can nat do withall, *Sû indigne contre moy je nen puis may*," Palsgrave, 1530.

⁷⁹ *I fear you.*

That is, I fear for you. The particle *for* was ofte omitted after the verb. "What doth her beauty serve, *Romeo and Juliet*."

⁸⁰ *When I shun Scylla.*

In the fifth book of the heroic poem of Alexandreis, by Philip Gaultier, Darius (who escaping from Alexander, fell into the hands of Bessus,) is thus apostrophized:

Nactus equum Darius, rorantia cæde suorum
Retrogrado fugit arva gradu. Quo tendis inertem
Rex periture fugam? nescis, heu! perditæ, nescia
Quem fugias, hostes incurris dum fugis hostem:
Incedes in Scyllam, cupiens vitare Charibdem.
Bessus, Narzabanes, rerum pars magna tuarum,
Quos inter proceres humili de plebe locasti,
Non veriti temerare fidem, capitique verendi
Perdere canicem, spreto moderamine juris,
Proh dolor! in domini conjurant fata clientes.

⁸¹ *How his words are suited!*

Suited, fitted, arranged. Perhaps this is also the better explanation of the term in *Much Ado about Nothing*, v. 1, though more is implied. See Notes to that play, No. 98.

⁸² *Enter the Duke, the Magnificoes.*

Magnificoes was a term applied to the grandees of Venice. "*Magnifico*, nobly-minded; magnificent; also, a magnifico of Venice," Florio's *New World of Words*, 1611, p. 295.

⁸³ *Out of his envy's reach.*

Envy, malice; ill will. So, in an early MS. in the Cambridge Public Library,—

There he had grete chyvalry;
He slewe his enemyis with grete *envy*.

Remorse, pity. *Where*, whereas.

⁸⁴ *Some men there are, love not a gaping pig.*

A great deal has been written on this enumeration of antipathies, and many parallel passages may be adduced from old writers. The following occurs in a curious manuscript, the *Neue Metamorphosis*, 1600.

I knewe the like by one that nould endure
To see a goose come to the table sure;
Some cannot brooke to se a custarde there,
Some of a cheese doe ever stand in feare;
And I knowe one if she tobacco see,
Or smells the same, she swoones immediatly:

NOTES TO THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

The like of roses I have heard some tell,
Touch but the skyn and presently 't will swell,
And growe to blisters; the reason it is this,
Twixt them and these there 's such antithesis.

Scaliger mentions an antipathy like that noticed of the bagpipe, and a similar one is alluded to in Braithwait's *Strappado* for the Divell, 1615, p. 94. I find it also at a much earlier period, 1530, in Palsgrave, *Table of Verbes*, f. 270. Compare Ben Jonson's *Every Man in his Humour*, Works, i. 102. I follow Mr. Knight's excellent punctuation of this speech, which had, however, been long ago suggested by Malone. Supplement, 1780, i. 124. Mr. Collier places a colon at *affection*, and reads,—

Masters of passion sway it to the mood,

where the meaning of the passage would be, not as Mr. Collier interprets it, but that even those who are masters of their inclination find it expedient to "sway" it in some degree to its natural bent.

⁶⁵ *Why he, a woollen bagpipe.*

According to Dr. Leyden, the Lowland bagpipe commonly had the bag or sack covered with woollen cloth of a green colour, a practice which also prevailed in the North of England.

⁶⁶ *You stand within his danger.*

That is, in his debt; and hence the proverb, "Out of debt, out of danger." The expression occurs in Massinger's *Fatal Dowry*, 4to. 1632,—

That to be in your danger, with more care
Should be avoyded then infectious ayre.

And in an old ballad,—

Gentle wife, I tell thee
My very heart is done;
The world's great calamitie
No way can I shunne,
For still in debt and danger
More and more I runne.

⁶⁷ *Malice bears down truth.*

Truth, honesty. As Dr. Johnson observes, a *true man*, in old language, is an *honest man*. The jury are still called *good men and true*.

⁶⁸ *Are there balance here.*

We should now say *balances*, but the text is right. "When al trades perish, he may turne shop-keeper, and deal with *balance*, for in weights and measures none is more deceitful." Stephens' *Essayes and Characters*, 1615.

⁶⁹ *The stock of Barrabas.*

The Barabbas of the Scriptures is altered to Barrabas by Marlowe and Shakespeare, and the error cannot be corrected without injury to the metre.

⁷⁰ *If thou dost shed one drop.*

This incident continued popular to a very recent period, and is introduced in the street ballad of the Northern Lord, which is evidently of considerable antiquity. I believe this ballad is still circulated in the broadsides and chap-

books of the North, and in my own collection of such "unconsidered trifles," are preserved one printed within the last twenty years, and another about a century old, the latter being the earliest copy that has been yet discovered. The story of the Northern Lord consists of the bond incident of this play, and the wager incident of *Cymbeline*, amalgamated into one tale; and, as the reader may be amused at the form the *MERCHANT OF VENICE* has taken in the hands of the balladist, an extract from that portion of it which relates to the Jew may not be unacceptable:—

A noble lord of high renown,
Two daughters had,—the eldest brown,
The youngest, beautiful and fair,
By chance a noble knight came there.

Her father said, kind sir, I have
Two daughters; which do you crave?
One that is beautiful, he cry'd,
The noble knight he then reply'd.

She's young, she's beautiful and gay,
And is not to be given away,
But as jewels are bought and sold,
She shall bring me her weight in gold.

The price I think I need not grudge,
Since I will freely give as much
With her one sister, if I can
Find out some other nobleman.

With that bespoke the noble knight,
I'd sooner have the beauty bright,
At that vast rate, renowned lord,
Than the other with a vast reward.

So then the bargain it was made,
But ere the money could be paid,
He had it off a wealthy Jew,
The sum so large, they writings drew

That if he fail'd, or miss'd the day,
So many ounces he must pay,
Of his own flesh, instead of gold;
All was agreed, the sum was told.

So he return'd immediately,
Unto the lord, where he did buy
His daughter fine, I do declare,
And paid him down the money there.

He bought her too, it was well known,
Unto mankind she was his own;
By her a son he did enjoy,
A sweet and comely handsome boy.

At length the time of pay drew near,
When the knight did begin to fear,
He dreaded much the cruel Jew,
Because the money it was due.

His lady ask'd him why he griev'd,
He said, my jewel, I receiv'd
Such a sum of money of a Jew,
And now the money it is due.

And now the day of payment 's come,
I'm sure I cannot raise the sum,
He'll have my flesh, weight for weight,
Which makes my grief and sorrow great.

Hush! never fear him, she reply'd,
We'll cross the raging ocean wide,
And so secure you from the fate;
To her request he yielded straight.

* * * *

The Dutch lord to revenge his spite,
Upon our noble English knight,
Did send a letter out of hand,
And so the Jew did understand

NOTES TO THE MERCHANT OF VENICE

How he was in the German court,
So here upon this good report;
The Jew he cross'd the ocean wide,
Resolving to be satisfy'd.

Soon as e'er he fix'd his eyes
Upon the knight, in wrath he cries,
Your hand and seal I pray behold,
Your flesh I'll have instead of gold.

Then said the noble knight in green,
Sir, may your articles be seen?
Yes, dat they may, reply'd the Jew,
And I resolve to have my due.

Lo! then the knight began to read,
At length she said, I find indeed,
Nothing but flesh you are to have;
Answers the Jew, that's all I crave.

The poor distressed knight was brought,
The bloody-minded Jew he thought,
That day to be revenged on him,
And part his flesh from ev'ry limb.

The knight in green, said, Mr. Jew,
There's nothing else but flesh your due,
But see no drop of blood you shed,
For if you do, off goes your head!

Pray take your due, with all my heart,
But with his blood we will not part;
With that the Jew he sneak'd away,
And had not one more word to say.

* * * *

⁹¹ *I am content.*

Antonio means to say that if the duke will remit the fine of half Shylock's goods coming to the state, he will only retain a life interest in the other half.

⁹² *Thou should'st have had ten more.*

This was an old joke, alluding to a jury. A character in Bulleyn's Dialogue, 1564, says, "Maistres, it is merie when knaves are mette; I did see hym ones aske a blessing to xij. godfathers at once." Compare, also, Randolph's Muses Looking-glasse, 1638,—"I had rather see him remitted to the jail, and have his twelve godvathers, good men and true, contemn him to the gallows, and there see him fairly prosecuted."

⁹³ *My lord Bassanio, upon more advice.*

Advice, consideration, reflection. See notes to the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, no. 57.

⁹⁴ *We shall have old swearing.*

Old, as a common augmentative, has been already noticed in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, notes no. 55.

⁹⁵ *Stood Dido with a willow in her hand.*

This passage has been produced to exhibit the poet's want of classical knowledge; but the image may be merely fanciful, or, if not, taken from some old play or ballad on the subject of Dido.

⁹⁶ *In such a night Medea, &c.*

Thus it befell upon a night
Whann there was nought but sterre light,

400

She was vanished right as hir list,
That no wight but herself wist:
And that was at midnight tide,
The world was still on every side, &c.
Confessio Amantis, 1554. (STEEVENS.)

⁹⁷ *With his horn full of good news.*

An early allusion to the letter-carrier's horn, a representation of which may be occasionally seen in paper-marks of the seventeenth century.

⁹⁸ *With patens of bright gold.*

The paten was, properly, a small plate used in the celebration of the Sacrament. The term is here used in a more general sense for a plate. *Cherubins* is of course incorrect, but is so written in the original, and occurs in that form in the works of other poets.

⁹⁹ *Nothing is good, I see, without respect.*

Not absolutely good, but relatively good, as it is modified by circumstances. *Johnson*.

¹⁰⁰ *How the moon sleeps with Endymion.*

How, as Dr. Johnson observes, is here used as a mere affirmation.

¹⁰¹ *A tucket sounds.*

A tucket is a slight flourish on the trumpet. Compare the Spanish Tragedy, ap. Hawkins, ii. 11.

¹⁰² *You should have been respective.*

Respective, respectful, regardful. "If any true courtly dame had had but this new fashioned sute, why you should have had her more *respective* by far," Sir Gyles Goosecappe, 1606.

¹⁰³ *A little scrubbed boy.*

Scrubbed, stunted. Coles translates it by *squalidus*, but I scarcely think that is the meaning here.

¹⁰⁴ *If you did know to whom I gave the ring.*

Jingling lines similar to those in this and the next speech, no fewer than nine lines ending with the same word, are met with in other dramatists. Compare the following in the *Fayre Mayde of the Exchange*, 1607,—

Ferd. I have a brother, rival in my love;
I have a brother hates me for my love;
I have a brother vows to win my love;
That brother, too, he hath incest my love,
To gain the beauty of my dearest love;
What hope remains, then, to enjoy my love?
Anth. I am that brother rival in his love;
I am that brother hates him for his love;
Not his, but mine; and I will have that love,
Or never live to see him kiss my love.

¹⁰⁵ *Contain*, to keep in, to retain. See Coles. *It is a ceremony*, says Dr. Johnson, "kept on an account in some sort religious."

¹⁰⁶ *Swear by your double self.*

Double, deceitful, full of duplicity.

NOTES TO THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

107 *I'll fear no other thing so sore.*

Sore, much, greatly. Obsolete in this sense, but occurring frequently in the Scriptures. See Mark, xiv. 33, &c.

THE BALLAD OF GERNUTUS.

Our annotations on the *MERCHANT OF VENICE* will scarcely be complete without a copy of this ballad, which is founded on the story of the Bond, and is generally supposed to have been written previously to the appearance of Shakespeare's drama. Our great poet was so familiar with the ballad literature of the time, that, if this is the case, it is by no means improbable that one or two circumstances in the play were suggested by the ballad. Percy mentions the incident of the Jew's *whetting his knife*, as one of these.

A new Song, shewing the Crueltie of Gernutus a Jewe, who, tending to a merchant an hundred crownes, would have a pound of his fleshe, because he could not pay him at the time appointed. To the tune of 'Black and Yellow.'

The first Part.

In Venice towne not long agoe
A cruel Jew did dwell,
Which lived all on usurie,
As Italian writers tell.

Gernutus called was the Jew,
Which never thought to dye,
Nor ever yet did any good
To them in streets that lie.

His life was like a barrow-hoggo,
That liveth many a day,
Yet never once doth any good,
Until men will him say:

Or like a filthy heap of dung,
That lyeth in a whord,
Which never can do any good,
Till it be spread abroad.

So fares it with the usurer,
He cannot sleep in rest,
For feare the thiefe will him pursue
To plucke him from his nest.

His heart doth thinke on many a wile
How to deceive the poore;
His mouth is almost full of mucke,
Yet still he gapes for more.

His wife must lend a shilling,
For every weeke a penny,
Yet bring a pledge that is double worth,
If that you will have any.

And see, likewise, you keepe your day,
Or else you loose it all;
This was the living of the wife,
Her cow she did it call.

Within that citie dwelt that time
A marchant of great fame,
Which being distressed in his need,
Unto Gernutus came:

Desiring him to stand his friend
For twelvemonth and a day,
To lend to him an hundred crownes,
And he for it would pay

Whatsoever he would demand of him,
And pledges he should have:
No, (quoth the Jew with flearing lookes),
Sir, ask what you will have.

51

No penny for the loane of it
For one year you shall pay:
You may doe me as good a turne
Before my dying day.

But we will have a merry feast,
For to be talked long:
You shall make me a bond, quoth he,
That shall be large and strong:

And this shall be the forfeiture.—
Of your owne fleshe a pound:
If you agree, make you the bond,
And here is a hundred crownes.

With right goodwill! the marchant says,
And so the bond was made:
When twelvemonth and a day drew on,
That backe it should be pay'd,

The marchants ships were all at sea.
And money came not in;
Which way to take, or what to doe.
To thinke he doth begin:

And to Gernutus strait he comes.
With cap and bended knee,
And sayde to him, of cutesie,
I pray you beare with mee.

My day is come and I have not
The money for to pay:
And little good the forfeiture
Will doe you I dare say.

With all my heart, Gernutus sayd.
Command it to your minde:
In thinges of bigger waight than this,
You shall me ready finde.

He goes his way; the day once past.
Gernutus doth not slacke
To get a serfant presently,
And clapt him on the backe:

And layd him into prison strong,
And sued his bond withall,
And when the judgement day was come,
For judgement he did call.

The marchant's friends came thither fast
With many a weeping eye,
For other means they could not find,
But he that daye must dye.

The second Part

Of the Jewes crueltie; setting forth the mercie-kinnesse of the Judge towards the Marchant. To the tune of 'Black and Yellow.'

Some offered for his hundred crownes
Five hundred for to pay;
And some a thousand, two or three,
Yet still he did deny.

And at the last ten thousand crownes
They offered, him to save.
Gernutus sayd, I will no gold:
My forfeyte I will have.

A pounce of fleshe is my demand,
And that shall be my hire;
Then sayd the judge, yet, good my friend,
Let me of you desire

To take the flesh from such a place,
As yet you let him live:
Do so, and so. an hundred crownes
To thee here will I give.

No: no: quoth he; no: judgement here
For this it shall be tride,
For I will have my pound of fleshe
From under his right side.

401

NOTES TO THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

It grieved all the companie
His crueltie to see,
For neither friend nor foe could helpe
But he must spoyled bee.

The bloudie Jew now ready is
With whetted blade in hand,
To spoyle the bloud of innocent
By forfeit of his bond.

And as he was about to strike
In him the deadly blow;
Stay (quoth the judge) thy crueltie;
I charge thee to do so.

Sith needs thou wilt thy forfeit have,
Which is of flesh a pound:
See that thou shed no drop of bloud,
Nor yet the man confound.

For if thou do, like murderer
Thou here shalt hanged be;
Likewise of flesh see that thou cut
No more than longes to thee:

For if thou take either more or lesse
To the value of a mite,
Thou shalt be hanged presently,
As is both law and right.

Gernutus now waxt franticke mad,
And wotes not what to say;
Quoth he at last, 'Ten thousand' crownes
I will that he shall pay;

And so I graunt to set him free.
The judge doth answer make,
You shall not have a penny given;
Your forfeiture now take.

At the last he doth demand
But for to have his owne.
No, quoth the judge, doe as you list,
Thy judgement shall be showne.

Either take your pound of flesh, quoth he,
Or cancell me your bond.
O cruell judge, then quoth the Jew,
That doth against me stand.

And so with griping, grieved mind,
He biddeth them farewell.
Then all the people pray'd the Lord,
That ever this heard tell.

Good people that doe heare this song,
For trueth I dare well say
That many a wretch as ill as hee
Doth live now at this day;

That seeketh nothing but the spoyle
Of many a wealthy man,
And for to trap the innocent
Deviseth what they can.

From whome the Lord deliver me,
And every Christian too,
And send to them like sentence eke
That meaneth so to do.

As You Like It.

A FANCIFUL novel by Thomas Lodge, disfigured by the universal faults of old English novelists printed in the year 1590, under the title of, "Rosalynde; Euphues Golden Legacie, found after his death in his cell at Silixedra," has the honour of being the original of Shakespeare's delightful and popular comedy, "As You Like It." In applying the term "fanciful" to this early romance, the reader must understand I allude only to the incidents of the tale. The manner in which the story is related is tedious and pedantic; and the style is insufferably affected. Ladies quote Latin, and all the speeches are erected on stilts.

The faults, however, of Lodge's novel tend but to exhibit in brighter colours the genius of the great author, who has adopted, in such a marvellous manner, every romantic touch that was worth preservation, destroying all recollection of the prosy original by the brilliant exuberance of his own imagination. The only redeeming features I can trace in Lodge are contained in some of the verses, and a poem entitled "Rosalynd's Madrigall" is distinguished by great poetic sweetness. It commences with the following lines:—

Love in my bosom like a bee
Doth suck his sweet;
Now with his wings he plays with me,
Now with his feet:
Within mine eyes he makes his nest,
His bed amidst my tender breast.
My kisses are his daily feast,
And yet he robs me of my rest.
Ah, wanton, will ye?

The reader will find some extracts from the prose of Lodge in the notes to this play, and it will not be necessary to quote more from the novel in this place. Suffice it to say that Gerismond and Torismond, the kings of France, answer to Shakespeare's exiled duke, and the duke Frederick. Rosalind is transferred by name from the novel, but Celia was originally Alinda. They adopt, however, the same names when they are in the forest. Oliver, Jaques, and Orlando, are named Saladyne, Fernandyne, and Rosader, in the novel. The distribution of the property is different. In the novel, the father bequeaths to his eldest son, fourteen ploughlands, with all his manors, houses, and richest plate; to his second son, twelve ploughlands; and to his youngest born, Rosader, he gives his horse, his armour, and his lance, with sixteen ploughlands, "for," as he says in his will, "if the inward thoughts be discovered by outward shadows, Rosader will exceed you all in bounty and honour." The elder brother resolves to defraud the younger, and afterwards seeking his life, the latter takes

AS YOU LIKE IT.

refuge in Arden. Shakespeare has deviated from the novel in many minor particulars, but the broad incidents of the tale are the same in both the romance and the drama.

Lodge found the leading circumstances of his novel in the "Cokes Tale of Gamelyn," a poem composed in the fifteenth century, erroneously attributed to Chaucer. Although this production had not appeared in print in Shakespeare's time, there seems no improbability in the supposition that he was acquainted with it, and Mr. Knight thinks he can trace some slight resemblances between that poem and "As You Like It," not to be found in Lodge's novel. The best edition of the tale of Gamelyn is contained in Mr. Wright's excellent edition of Chaucer, recently printed by the Percy Society.

The date of "As You Like It," may be assigned to 1600, or the following year. It is not mentioned by Meres in 1598, and Marlowe's *Hero and Leander*, which is quoted in the third act, was not published till that year, although written, of course, long before. An entry of the play occurs on the Registers of the Stationers' Company among some books "to be staied." No date is given, but it was between the years 1600 and 1603, and probably in 1600 or 1601, all the plays mentioned with it having been printed in those years. There is an allusion in the play itself, which would seem to prove that it was written before 1603. When Rosalind says, "I will weep for nothing, like Diana in the fountain," she is supposed to allude to an image of that goddess which was set up at a conduit in Cheap in 1596, and "water conveyd from the Thames prilling from her naked breas. for a time, *but now decayed.*" This extract is taken from the edition of Stowe's Survey of London, which appeared at London in 1603, p. 269, 4to.

There was a tradition current at the commencement of the last century, that Shakespeare performed the character of Adam in the following comedy. "One of Shakespeare's younger brothers," says Oldys, "who lived to a good old age, even some years, as I compute, after the restoration of King Charles II., would in his younger days come to London to visit his brother Will, as he called him, and be a spectator of him as an actor in some of his own plays. This custom, as his brother's fame enlarged, and his dramatick entertainments grew the greatest support of our principal, if not of all our theatres, he continued, it seems, so long after his brother's death, as even to the latter end of his own life. The curiosity at this time of the most noted actors to learn something from him of his brother, &c., they justly held him in the highest veneration. And it may be well believed, as there was besides a kinsman and descendant of the family, who was then a celebrated actor among them, this opportunity made them greedily inquisitive into every little circumstance, more especially in his dramatick character, which his brother could relate of him. But he, it seems, was so stricken in years, and possibly his memory so weakened with infirmities (which might make him the easier pass for a man of weak intellects), that he could give them but little light into their enquiries; and all that could be recollected from him of his brother Will in that station was, the faint, general, and almost lost ideas he had of having once seen him act a part in one of his own comedies, wherein being to personate a decrepit old man, he wore a long beard, and appeared so weak and drooping and unable to walk, that he was forced to be supported and carried by another person to a table, at which he was seated among some company who were eating, and one of them sung a song." This account contains several discrepancies, but there may be a glimmering of truth in it, and, at all events, it must be recollected that Oldys wrote before the era of Shakespearian forgeries had commenced.

Rosalind, in the Epilogue, charges the women, "for the love you bear to men, to like as much of this play as please you." This appears to be the only clue to the title adopted by Shakespeare. "As You Like It" was formerly a sort of proverb, and is mentioned as a motto by Braithwaite,—

A shop neighbouring near Iacco,
Where Young vends his old tobacco;
As you like it sometimes sealed,
Which impression is since repealed.

The proverbial title of the play implies in itself that freedom of thought and indifference to censure which characterizes the sayings and doings of most of the actors in this comedy of human nature

AS YOU LIKE IT

in a forest. Though said to be oftener read than any other of Shakespeare's plays, "As You Like It" is certainly less fascinating than several of his other comedies. The dramatist has presented us with a pastoral comedy, the characters of which, instead of belonging to an ideal pastoral age, are true copies of what nature would produce under similar conditions. The character of Jaques has been erroneously considered by all the critics. I regard him as a severe type of a dissipated man, naturally amiable, removed from the sphere of vicious attractions, and, left to his own reflections, of course dissatisfied with the world and with himself. It must, however, be admitted there is an ascetic impression induced, and notwithstanding the nice varieties of character, most readers will probably admit that the vanity of active life has been the chief object of illustration. The poet has relieved the development of a melancholy subject and an insignificant story, by the introduction of a more than usual number of really individual subordinate characters. Even Rosalind, that beautiful but wilful representation of woman's passion, is not an important accessory to the moral purpose of the comedy; and the other characters, however gracefully delineated, are not amalgamated into an artistic action with that full power, which overwhelms us with astonishment in the grander efforts of Shakespeare's genius.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

DUKE, living in exile.

Appears, Act II. sc. 1; sc. 7. Act V. sc. 4.

FREDERICK, brother to the Duke, and usurper of his dominions.

Appears, Act I. sc. 2; sc. 8. Act II. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1.

AMIENS, a lord attending upon the Duke in his banishment.

Appears, Act II. sc. 1; sc. 5; sc. 7. Act V. sc. 4.

JAQUES, a lord attending upon the Duke in his banishment.

Appears, Act II. sc. 5; sc. 7. Act III. sc. 2; sc. 8. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act V. sc. 4.

LE BEAU, a courtier attending upon Frederick.

Appears, Act I. sc. 2.

CHARLES, wrestler to Frederick.

Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2.

OLIVER, son of Sir Rowland de Bois.

Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 8. Act V. sc. 2; sc. 4.

JAQUES, son of Sir Rowland de Bois.

Appears, Act V. sc. 4.

ORLANDO, son of Sir Rowland de Bois.

Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act II. sc. 8; sc. 6; sc. 7. Act III. sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 2; sc. 4.

ADAM, servant to Oliver.

Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 8; sc. 6; sc. 7.

DENNIS, servant to Oliver.

Appears, Act I. sc. 1.

TOUCHSTONE, a clown.

Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 4. Act III. sc. 2; sc. 8. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 3; sc. 4.

SIR OLIVER MARTEXT, a vicar.

Appears, Act III. sc. 8.

CORIN, a shepherd.

Appears, Act II. sc. 4. Act III. sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 5. Act V. sc. 1.

SILVIUS, a shepherd.

Appears, Act II. sc. 4. Act III. sc. 5. Act IV. sc. 2. Act V. sc. 2; sc. 4.

WILLIAM, a country fellow, in love with Audrey.

Appears, Act V. sc. 1.

Two Pages attendant on the exiled Duke.

Appear, Act V. sc. 3.

A person representing Hymen.

Appears, Act V. sc. 4.

ROSALIND, daughter to the banished Duke.

Appears, Act I. sc. 2; sc. 8. Act II. sc. 4. Act III. sc. 2. sc. 4; sc. 5. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 8. Act V. sc. 2; sc. 4.

CELIA, daughter to Frederick.

Appears, Act I. sc. 2; sc. 8. Act II. sc. 4. Act III. sc. 2. sc. 4; sc. 5. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 8. Act V. sc. 4.

PHEBE, a shepherdess.

Appears, Act III. sc. 5. Act V. sc. 2; sc. 4.

AUDREY, a country wench.

Appears, Act III. sc. 3. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 3; sc. 4.

SCENE,—FIRST, NEAR OLIVER'S HOUSE; AFTERWARDS, PARTLY IN THE USURPER'S COURT, AND PARTLY IN THE FOREST OF ARDEN.

As You Like It.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*An orchard near Oliver's house.*

Enter ORLANDO and ADAM.

Orl. As I remember, Adam, it was upon this fashion bequeathed me by will, but a poor thousand crowns;¹ and, as thou say'st, charged my brother, on his blessing, to breed me well: and there begins my sadness. My brother Jaques he keeps at school, and report speaks goldenly of his profit: for my part, he keeps me rustically at home, or, to speak more properly, stays me here at home unkept. For call you that keeping for a gentleman of my birth, that differs not from the stalling of an ox? His horses are bred better; for, besides that they are fair with their feeding, they are taught their manage, and to that end riders dearly hir'd; but I, his brother, gain nothing under him but growth; for the which his animals on his dunghills are as much bound to him as I. Besides this nothing that he so plentifully gives me, the something that nature gave me his countenance seems to take from me:² he lets me feed with his hinds, bars me the place of a brother, and, as much as in him lies, mines my gentility with my education. This is it, Adam, that grieves me; and the spirit of my father, which I think is within me, begins to mutiny against this servitude. I will no longer endure it, though yet I know no wise remedy how to avoid it.

Adam. Yonder comes my master, your brother.

Orl. Go apart, Adam, and thou shalt hear how he will shake me up.

Enter OLIVER.

Oli. Now, sir! what make you here?

Orl. Nothing: I am not taught to make anything.

Oli. What mar you then, sir?

Orl. Marry, sir, I am helping you to mar that which God made, a poor unworthy brother of yours, with idleness.

Oli. Marry, sir, be better employed, and be naught awhile!³

Orl. Shall I keep your hogs, and eat husks with them? What prodigal portion have I spent, that I should come to such penury?

Oli. Know you where you are, sir?

Orl. O, sir, very well: here, in your orchard.

Oli. Know you before whom, sir?

Orl. Ay, better than him I am before knows me. I know you are my eldest brother; and, in the gentle condition of blood, you should so know me. The courtesy of nations allows you my better, in that you are the first-born; but the same tradition takes not away my blood, were there twenty brothers betwixt us. I have as much of my father in me, as you; albeit, I confess, your coming before me is nearer to his reverence.

Oli. What, boy!

Orl. Come, come, elder brother, you are too young in this.

Oli. Wilt thou lay hands on me, villain?

Orl. I am no villain: I am the youngest son of sir Rowland de Bois; he was my father, and he is thrice a villain that says such a father begot villains! Wert thou not my brother, I would not take this hand from thy throat, till this other had pulled out thy tongue for saying so; thou hast rail'd on thyself.

Adam. Sweet masters, be patient; for your father's remembrance, be at accord.

Oli. Let me go, I say.

Orl. I will not, till I please; you shall hear me. My father charg'd you in his will to give me good education: you have train'd me like a peasant, obscuring and hiding from me all gentleman-like qualities: the spirit of my father grows strong in me, and I will no longer endure it: therefore, allow me such exercises as may become a gentleman, or give me the poor allottery my father left me by testament; with that I will go buy my fortunes.

Oli. And what wilt thou do? beg, when that is spent? Well, sir, get you in: I will not long be troubled with you: you shall have some part of your will; I pray you, leave me.

Orl. I will no further offend you than becomes me for my good.

Oli. Get you with him, you old dog.

Adam. Is old dog my reward? Most true, I have lost my teeth in your service.—God be with my old master! he would not have spoke such a word.

[*Exeunt ORLANDO and ADAM.*]

Oli. Is it even so? begin you to grow upon me? I will physic your rankness, and yet give no thousand crowns neither. Holla Dennis!

Enter DENNIS.

Den. Calls your worship?

Oli. Was not Charles, the duke's wrestler, here to speak with me?

Den. So please you, he is here at the door, and importunes access to you.

Oli. Call him in. [*Exit DENNIS.*]—'T will be a good way; and to-morrow the wrestling is.

Enter CHARLES.

Cha. Good morrow to your worship.

Oli. Good monsieur Charles!—what's the new news at the new court?

Cha. There's no news at the court, sir, but the old news: that is, the old duke is banished by his younger brother, the new duke; and three or four loving lords have put themselves into voluntary

exile with him, whose lands and revenues enrich the new duke; therefore he gives them good leave to wander.

Oli. Can you tell if Rosalind, the duke's daughter, be banished with her father?

Cha. O, no; for the duke's daughter, her cousin, so loves her, being ever from their cradles bred together, that she would have followed her exile, or have died to stay behind her. She is at the court, and no less beloved of her uncle than his own daughter; and never two ladies loved as they do.

Oli. Where will the old duke live?

Cha. They say he is already in the forest of Arden, and a many merry men with him; and there they live like the old Robin Hood of England. They say many young gentlemen flock to him every day, and fleet the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world.

Oli. What, you wrestle to-morrow before the new duke?

Cha. Marry, do I, sir; and I came to acquaint you with a matter. I am given, sir, secretly to understand that your younger brother, Orlando, hath a disposition to come in disguis'd against me to try a fall. To-morrow, sir, I wrestle for my credit; and he that escapes me without some broken limb, shall acquit him well. Your brother is but young, and tender; and, for your love, I would be loth to foil him, as I must, for my own honour, if he come in: therefore, out of my love to you, I came hither to acquaint you withal; that either you might stay him from his intentment, or brook such disgrace well as he shall run into; in that it is a thing of his own search, and altogether against my will.

Oli. Charles, I thank thee for thy love to me, which thou shalt find I will most kindly requite. I had myself notice of my brother's purpose herein, and have by underhand means laboured to dissuade him from it; but he is resolute. I'll tell thee, Charles, it is the stubbornest young fellow of France; full of ambition, an envious emulator of every man's good parts, a secret and villanous contriver against me, his natural brother; therefore use thy discretion; I had as lief thou didst break his neck as his finger; and thou wert best look to't; for if thou dost him any slight disgrace, or if he do not mightily grace himself on thee, he will practise against thee by poison, entrap thee by some treacherous device, and never leave thee, till he hath taken thy life by some indirect means or other; for, I assure thee, and almost with tears I

speak it, there is not one so young and so villainous this day living. I speak but brotherly of him; but should I anatomize him to thee as he is, I must blush and weep, and thou must look pale and wonder.

Cha. I am heartily glad I came hither to you. If he come to-morrow, I'll give him his payment. If ever he go alone again, I'll never wrestle for prize more: and so, God keep your worship.

[*Exit.*]

Oli. Farewell, good Charles.—Now will I stir this gamester:^a I hope I shall see an end of him; for my soul, yet I know not why, hates nothing more than he. Yet he's gentle; never school'd, and yet learned; full of noble device; of all sorts enchantingly beloved; and, indeed, so much in the heart of the world, and especially of my own people who best know him, that I am altogether misprised. But it shall not be so long; this wrestler shall clear all: nothing remains but that I kindle the boy thither, which now I'll go about.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—*A Lawn before the Duke's Palace.*

Enter ROSALIND and CELIA.

Cel. I pray thee, Rosalind, sweet my coz, be merry.

Ros. Dear Celia, I show more mirth than I am mistress of; and would you yet I were merrier? Unless you could teach me to forget a banished father, you must not learn me how to remember any extraordinary pleasure.

Cel. Herein I see thou lov'st me not with the full weight that I love thee: if my uncle, thy banished father, had banished thy uncle, the duke, my father, so thou hadst been still with me, I could have taught my love to take thy father for mine; so wouldst thou, if the truth of thy love to me were so righteously temper'd as mine is to thee.

Ros. Well, I will forget the condition of my estate, to rejoice in yours.

Cel. You know my father hath no child but I, nor none is like to have; and, truly, when he dies, thou shalt be his heir: for what he hath taken away from thy father perforce, I will render thee again in affection; by mine honour, I will; and when I break that oath, let me turn monster! Therefore, my sweet Rose, my dear Rose, be merry.

Ros. From henceforth I will, coz, and devise sports: let me see;—what think you of falling in love?

Cel. Marry, I prithee do, to make sport withal but love no man in good earnest; nor no further in sport neither, than with safety of a pure blush thou mayst in honour come off again.

Ros. What shall be our sport then?

Cel. Let us sit and mock the good housewife, Fortune, from her wheel, that her gifts may henceforth be bestowed equally.

Ros. I would we could do so; for her benefits are mightily misplaced: and the bountiful blind woman doth most mistake in her gifts to women.

Cel. 'Tis true: for those that she makes fair she scarce makes honest; and those that she makes honest, she makes very ill-favouredly.

Ros. Nay, now thou goest from Fortune's office to Nature's: Fortune reigns in gifts of the world, not in the lineaments of Nature.

Enter TOUCHSTONE.

Cel. No? When Nature hath made a fair creature, may she not by Fortune fall into the fire? Though Nature hath given us wit to flout at Fortune, hath not Fortune sent in this fool to cut off the argument?

Ros. Indeed, there is a Fortune too hard for Nature, when Fortune makes Nature's natural the cutter off of Nature's wit.

Cel. Peradventure, this is not Fortune's work neither, but Nature's; who, perceiving our natural wits too dull to reason of such goddesses, hath sent this natural for our whetstone: for always the dulness of the fool is the whetstone of the wits.—How now, wit, whither wander you?

Touch. Mistress, you must come away to your father.

Cel. Were you made the messenger?

Touch. No, by mine honour; but I was bid to come for you.

Ros. Where learned you that oath, fool?

Touch. Of a certain knight, that swore by his honour they were good pancakes, and swore by his honour the mustard was naught: now, I'll stand to it, the pancakes were naught, and the mustard was good; and yet was not the knight forsworn.

Cel. How prove you that, in this great heap of your knowledge?

Ros. Ay, marry; now unmaizzle your wisdom.

Touch. Stand you both forth now: stroke your chins, and swear by your beards that I am a knave.

Cel. By our beards, if we had them, thou art.

Touch. By my knavery, if I had it, then I were: but if you swear by that that is not, you are not

forsworn : no more was this knight, swearing by his honour, for he never had any ;⁷ or, if he had, he had sworn it away before ever he saw those pancakes or that mustard.

Cel. Prithee, who is 't that thou mean'st?

Touch. One that old Frederick, your father, loves.

Cel. My father's love is enough to honour him enough : speak no more of him ; you 'll be whipped for taxation,⁸ one of these days.

Touch. The more pity, that fools may not speak wisely, what wise men do foolishly.

Cel. By my troth, thou say'st true ; for since the little wit that fools have was silenced, the little foolery that wise men have makes a great show. Here comes monsieur le Beau.

Enter LE BEAU.

Ros. With his mouth full of news.

Cel. Which he will put on us, as pigeons feed their young.

Ros. Then shall we be news-cramm'd.

Cel. All the better ; we shall be the more marketable. *Bon jour*, monsieur le Beau : What's the news?

Le Beau. Fair princess, you have lost much good sport.

Cel. Sport? Of what colour?

Le Beau. What colour, madam? How shall I answer you?

Ros. As wit and fortune will.

Touch. Or as the destinies decree.

Cel. Well said ; that was laid on with a trowel.⁹

Touch. Nay, if I keep not my rank,—

Ros. Thou lovest thy old smell.

Le Beau. You amaze me, ladies : I would have told you of good wrestling, which you have lost the sight of.

Ros. Yet tell us the manner of the wrestling.

Le Beau. I will tell you the beginning, and, if it please your ladyships, you may see the end ; for the best is yet to do ; and here, where you are, they are coming to perform it.

Cel. Well,—the beginning, that is dead and buried.

Le Beau. There comes an old man, and his three sons,—

Cel. I could match this beginning with an old tale.

Le Beau. Three proper young men, of excellent growth and presence ;—

Ros. With bills on their necks,¹⁰—"Be it known unto all men by these presents,"—

Le Beau. The eldest of the three wrestled with Charles, the duke's wrestler ; which Charles in a moment threw him, and broke three of his ribs, that there is little hope of life in him : so he serv'd the second, and so the third. Yonder they lie ; the poor old man, their father, making such pitiful dole over them, that all the beholders take his part with weeping.

Ros. Alas!

Touch. But what is the sport, monsieur, that the ladies have lost?

Le Beau. Why, this that I speak of.

Touch. Thus men may grow wiser every day it is the first time that ever I heard breaking of ribs was sport for ladies.

Cel. Or I, I promise thee.

Ros. But is there any else longs to see this broken music in his sides? is there yet another dotes upon rib-breaking?—Shall we see this wrestling, cousin?

Le Beau. You must, if you stay here : for here is the place appointed for the wrestling, and they are ready to perform it.

Cel. Yonder, sure, they are coming : Let us now stay and see it.

Flourish. Enter DUKE FREDERICK, LORDS, ORLANDO, CHARLES and Attendants.

Duke F. Come on ; since the youth will not be entreated, his own peril on his forwardness.

Ros. Is yonder the man?

Le Beau. Even he, madam.

Cel. Alas, he is too young : yet he looks successfully.

Duke F. How now, daughter and cousin? are you crept hither to see the wrestling?

Ros. Ay, my liege ; so please you give us leave.

Duke F. You will take little delight in it, I can tell you, there is such odds in the man. In pity of the challenger's youth, I would fain dissuade him, but he will not be entreated. Speak to him ladies ; see if you can move him.

Cel. Call him hither, good monsieur le Beau.

Duke F. Do so ; I 'll not be by.

[DUKE goes apart.]

Le Beau. Monsieur the challenger, the princess calls for you.

Orl. I attend them, with all respect and duty.

Ros. Young man, have you challeng'd Charles the wrestler?

Orl. No, fair princess ; he is the general chal-

lenger: I come but in, as others do, to try with him the strength of my youth.

Cel. Young gentleman, your spirits are too bold for your years. You have seen cruel proof of this man's strength: if you saw yourself with your eyes,¹ or knew yourself with your judgment, the fear of your adventure would counsel you to a more equal enterprise. We pray you, for your own sake, to embrace your own safety, and give over this attempt.

Ros. Do, young sir; your reputation shall not be therefore misprised: we will make it our suit to the duke that the wrestling might not go forward.

Orl. I beseech you, punish me not with your hard thoughts, wherein I confess me much guilty to deny so fair and excellent ladies anything. But let your fair eyes and gentle wishes go with me to my trial: wherein if I be foil'd, there is but one sham'd that was never gracious;¹² if kill'd, but one dead that is willing to be so. I shall do my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me; the world no injury, for in it I have nothing; only in the world I fill up a place, which may be better supplied when I have made it empty.

Ros. The little strength that I have, I would it were with you.

Cel. And mine, to eke out hers.

Ros. Fare you well. Pray Heaven, I be deceiv'd in you!

Cel. Your heart's desires be with you.

Cha. Come, where is this young gallant, that is so desirous to lie with his mother earth?

Orl. Ready, sir; but his will hath in it a more modest working.

Duke F. You shall try but one fall.

Cha. No, I warrant your grace; you shall not entreat him to a second, that have so mightily persuaded him from a first.

Orl. You mean to mock me after; you should not have mocked me before: but come, your ways.

Ros. Now, Hercules be thy speed, young man!

Cel. I would I were invisible, to catch the strong fellow by the leg.

[CHARLES and ORLANDO wrestle.

Ros. O excellent young man!

Cel. If I had a thunderbolt in mine eye, I can tell who should down.

[CHARLES is thrown. Shout.

Duke F. No more, no more.

Orl. Yes, I beseech your grace; I am not yet well breath'd.

Duke F. How dost thou, Charles?

Le Beau. He cannot speak, my lord.

Duke F. Bear him away.

[CHARLES is borne out

What is thy name, young man?

Orl. Orlando, my liege; the youngest son of sir Rowland de Bois.

Duke F. I would thou hadst been son to some man else.

The world esteem'd thy father honourable,

But I did find him still mine enemy:

Thou shouldst have better pleas'd me with this deed,

Hadst thou descended from another house.

But fare thee well; thou art a gallant youth;

I would thou hadst told me of another father.

[Exit DUKE FRED., TRAIN, and LE BEAU.

Cel. Were I my father, coz, would I do this?

Orl. I am more proud to be sir Rowland's son, His youngest son;—and would not change the calling;¹³

To be adopted heir to Fred'rick.

Ros. My father lov'd sir Rowland as his soul

And all the world was of my father's mind:

Had I before known this young man his son,

I should have given him tears unto entreaties,

Ere he should thus have ventur'd.

Cel. Gentle cousin,

Let us go thank him, and encourage him:

My father's rough and envious disposition

Sticks me at heart.—Sir, you have well deserv'd;

If you do keep your promises in love

But justly as you have exceeded all in promise,¹⁴

Your mistress shall be happy.

Ros. Gentleman,

[Giving him a chain from her neck,

Wear this for me,—one out of suits with fortune,

That could give more but that her hand lacks means.

Shall we go, coz?

Cel. Ay:—Fare you well, fair gentle man.

Orl. Can I not say I thank you? My better parts

Are all thrown down; and that which here stands up

Is but a quintain,¹⁵ a mere lifeless block.

Ros. He calls us back: My pride fell with my fortunes:

I'll ask him what he would:—Did you call, sir?—

Sir, you have wrestled well, and overthrown

More than your enemies.

Cel. Will you go, coz?

Ros. I have with you:—Fare you well.

[*Exeunt ROSALIND and CELIA.*]

Orl. What passion hangs these weights upon
my tongue?
cannot speak to her, yet she urg'd conference.

Re-enter LE BEAU.

O poor Orlando! thou art overthrown;
Or Charles, or something weaker, masters thee.

Le Beau. Good sir, I do in friendship counsel
you

To leave this place. Albeit you have deserv'd
High commendation, true applause, and love;
Yet such is now the duke's condition,
That he misconsters all¹⁶ that you have done.
The duke is humorous; what he is, indeed,
More suits you to conceive, than I to speak of.

Orl. I thank you, sir; and, pray you tell me this:
Which of the two was daughter of the duke,
That here was at the wrestling?

Le Beau. Neither his daughter, if we judge by
manners;

But yet, indeed, the smaller is his daughter:
The other is daughter to the banish'd duke,
And here detain'd by her usurping uncle,
To keep his daughter company; whose loves
Are dearer than the natural bond of sisters.
But I can tell you, that of late this duke
Hath ta'en displeasure 'gainst his gentle niece;
Grounded upon no other argument
But that the people praise her for her virtues,
And pity her for her good father's sake;
And, on my life, his malice 'gainst the lady
Will suddenly break forth.—Sir, fare you well;
Hereafter, in a better world than this,
I shall desire more love and knowledge of you.

Orl. I rest much bounden to you: fare you well.

[*Exit LE BEAU.*]

Thus must I from the smoke into the smother;
From tyrant duke unto a tyrant brother:—
But heavenly Rosalind!

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—*A Room in the Palace.*

Enter CELIA and ROSALIND.

Cel. Why, cousin; why, Rosalind!—Cupid have
mercy!—not a word?

Ros. Not one to throw at a dog.

Cel. No, thy words are too precious to be cast
away upon curs; throw some of them at me: come,
laune me with reasons.

412

Ros. Then there were two cousins laid up
when the one should be lam'd with reasons, and
the other mad without any.

Cel. But is all this for your father?

Ros. No, some of it is for my child's father:¹⁷
O, how full of briars is this working-day world!

Cel. They are but burs, cousin, thrown upon
thee in holiday foolery; if we walk not in the
trodden paths, our very petticoats will catch them.

Ros. I could shake them off my coat; these
burs are in my heart.

Cel. Hem them away.

Ros. I would try; if I could cry "hem," and
have him.¹⁸

Cel. Come, come, wrestle with thy affections.

Ros. O, they take the part of a better wrestler
than myself!

Cel. O, a good wish upon you! you will try in
time, in despite of a fall.—But, turning these jests
out of service, let us talk in good earnest. Is it
possible, on such a sudden, you should fall into so
strong a liking with old sir Rowland's youngest
son?

Ros. The duke my father lov'd his father dearly.

Cel. Doth it therefore ensue that you should
love his son dearly? By this kind of chase,¹⁹ I
should hate him, for my father hated his father
dearly; yet I hate not Orlando.

Ros. No, 'faith, hate him not, for my sake.

Cel. Why should I not? doth he not deserve
well?²⁰

Ros. Let me love him for that; and do you love
him, because I do:—Look, here comes the duke.

Cel. With his eyes full of anger

Enter DUKE FREDERICK, with Lords.

Duke F. Mistress, despatch you with your safest
haste,

And get you from our court.

Ros. Me, uncle?

Duke F. You, cousin;

Within these ten days if that thou be'st found
So near our public court as twenty miles,
Thou diest for it.

Ros. I do beseech your grace,
Let me the knowledge of my fault bear with me:
If with myself I hold intelligence,
Or have acquaintance with mine own desires,
If that I do not dream, or be not frantic,
(As I do trust I am not), then, dear uncle,
Never, so much as in a thought unborn,
Did I offend your highness.

Duke F. Thus do all traitors
if their purgation did consist in words,
They are as innocent as grace itself:
Let it suffice thee, that I trust thee not.

Ros. Yet your mistrust cannot make me a
traitor:

Tell me, whereon the likelihood depends.

Duke F. Thou art thy father's daughter; there's
enough.

Ros. So was I when your highness took his
dukedom;
So was I when your highness banish'd him:
Treason is not inherited, my lord;
Or, if we did derive it from our friends,
What's that to me? my father was no traitor:
Then, good my liege, mistake me not so much
To think my poverty is treacherous.

Cel. Dear sovereign, hear me speak.

Duke F. Ay, Celia; we stay'd her for your sake,
Else had she with her father rang'd along.

Cel. I did not then entreat to have her stay;
It was your pleasure, and your own remorse;²¹
I was too young that time to value her,
But now I know her: if she be a traitor,
Why, so am I; we still have slept together,
Rose at an instant, learn'd, play'd, eat together;
And wheresoe'er we went, like Juno's swans,
Still we went coupled, and inseparable.

Duke F. She is too subtle for thee; and her
smoothness,
Her very silence, and her patience,
Speak to the people, and they pity her.
Thou art a fool: she robs thee of thy name;
And thou wilt show more bright, and seem more
virtuous,

When she is gone. Then open not thy lips;
Firm and irrevocable is my doom
Which I have pass'd upon her: she is banish'd.

Cel. Pronounce that sentence then on me, my
liege;
I cannot live out of her company.

Duke F. You are a fool:—You, niece, provide
yourself;
If you outstay the time, upon mine honour,
And in the greatness of my word, you die.

[*Exeunt* DUKE FRED. and Lords.]

Cel. O, my poor Rosalind! whither wilt thou go?
Wilt thou change fathers? I will give thee
mine.

I charge thee, be not thou more griev'd than I am.

Ros. I have more cause.

Cel. Thou hast not, cousin;

Prithee, be cheerful; know'st thou not the duke
Hath banish'd me, his daughter?

Ros. That he hath not.

Cel. No? hath not? Rosalind lacks then the
love,

Which teacheth thee that thou and I am one;
Shall we be sunder'd? shall we part, sweet girl?
No; let my father seek another heir.

Therefore devise with me how we may fly,
Whither to go, and what to bear with us:
And do not seek to take your charge upon you,
To bear your griefs yourself, and leave me out;
For, by this heaven, now at our sorrows pale,
Say what thou canst, I'll go along with thee.

Ros. Why, whither shall we go?

Cel. To seek my uncle in the forest of Arden

Ros. Alas, what danger will it be to us,
Maids as we are, to travel forth so far!
Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold.

Cel. I'll put myself in poor and mean attire,
And with a kind of umber²² smirch my face:
The like do you; so shall we pass along,
And never stir assailants.

Ros. Were it not better,
Because that I am more than common tall,
That I did suit me all points like a man?
A gallant curtle-axe upon my thigh,
A boar-spear in my hand; and, in my heart,
Lie there what hidden woman's fear there will,
We'll have a swashing and a martial outside,²³
As many other mannish cowards have,
That do outface it with their semblances.

Cel. What shall I call thee, when thou art a
man?

Ros. I'll have no worse a name than Jove's own
page,
And therefore look you call me Ganymede.
But what will you be called?

Cel. Something that hath a reference to my
state;
No longer Celia, but Aliena.

Ros. But, cousin, what if we assay'd to steal
The clownish fool out of your father's court?
Would he not be a comfort to our travel?

Cel. He'll go along o'er the wide world with
me;

Leave me alone to woo him. Let's away,
And get our jewels and our wealth together.
Devise the fittest time, and safest way
To hide us from pursuit that will be made
After my flight. Now go we in content,
To liberty, and not to banishment.

[*Exeunt*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The Forest of Arden.*

Enter DUKE senior, AMIENS, and other Lords, in the dress of Foresters.

Duke S. Now, my co-mates, and brothers in exile,
Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
Than that of painted pomp? Are not these
woods

More free from peril than the envious court?
Here feel we but the penalty of Adam:
The seasons' difference,—as, the icy fang,
And churlish chiding of the winter's wind,
(Which when it bites and blows upon my body,
Even till I shrink with cold, I smile, and say
This is no flattery.)—these are counsellors
That feelingly persuade me what I am.
Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head;²⁴
And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running
brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.

Ami. I would not change it. Happy is your
grace,
That can translate the stubbornness of fortune
Into so quiet and so sweet a style.

Duke S. Come, shall we go and kill us venison?
And yet it irks me the poor dappled fools,—
Being native burghers of this desert city,—
Should, in their own confines, with forked heads
Have their round haunches gor'd.

1 Lord. Indeed, my lord,
The melancholy Jaques grieves at that;
And, in that kind, swears you do more usurp
Than doth your brother that hath banish'd you.
To-day, my lord of Amiens and myself
Did steal behind him, as he lay along
Under an oak, whose antique root peeps out
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood:
To the which place a poor sequester'd stag,
That from the hunter's aim had ta'en a hurt,

Did come to languish; and, indeed, my lord,
The wretched animal heav'd forth such groans,
That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat
Almost to bursting; and the big round tears
Cours'd one another down his innocent nose
In piteous chase: and thus the hairy fool,²⁵
Much marked of the melancholy Jaques,
Stood on th' extremest verge of the swift brook,
Augmenting it with tears.

Duke S. But what said Jaques?
Did he not moralize this spectacle?

1 Lord. O yes, into a thousand similes.
First, for his weeping in the needless stream;
"Poor deer," quoth he, "thou mak'st a testa-
ment

As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more
To that which had too much." Then being there
alone,

Left and abandon'd of his velvet friends;
"T is right," quoth he; "thus misery doth part
The flux of company." Anon, a careless herd,
Full of the pasture, jumps along by him,
And never stays to greet him. "Ay," quoth
Jaques,

"Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens;
'T is just the fashion: Wherefore do you look
Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there?"
Thus most invectively he pierceth through

The body of the county, city, court,
Yea, and of this our life: swearing, that we
Are mere usurpers, tyrants, and what's worse,
To fright the animals, and to kill them up²⁶
In their assign'd and native dwelling-place.

Duke S. And did you leave him in this con-
templation?

2 Lord. We did, my lord, weeping and com-
menting
Upon the sobbing deer.

Duke S. Show me the place:
I love to cope him in these sullen fits,
For then he's full of matter.

1 Lord. I'll bring you to him straight.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*A Room in the Palace.**Enter DUKE FREDERICK, Lords, and Attendants.**Duke F.* Can it be possible that no man saw them?It cannot be: some villains of my court
Are of consent and sufferance in this.*1 Lord.* I cannot hear of any that did see her.
The ladies, her attendants of her chamber,
Saw her a bed; and, in the morning early,
They found the bed untreasur'd of their mistress.*2 Lord.* My lord, the roinish²⁷ clown, at whom
so oftYour grace was wont to laugh, is also missing.
Hesperia, the princess' gentlewoman,
Confesses that she secretly o'erheard
Your daughter and her cousin much commend
The parts and graces of the wrestler,
That did but lately foil the sinewy Charles;
And she believes, wherever they are gone,
That youth is surely in their company.*Duke F.* Send to his brother; fetch that gallant
hither;If he be absent, bring his brother to me;
I'll make him find him: do this suddenly;
And let not search and inquisition quail²⁸
To bring again these foolish runaways. [*Exeunt.*]SCENE III.—*Before Oliver's House.**Enter ORLANDO and ADAM, meeting.**Orl.* Who's there?*Adam.* What! my young master!—O, my gentle
master!O, my sweet master, O you memory
Of old sir Rowland! why, what make you here!
• Why are you virtuous? Why do people love you?
And wherefore are you gentle, strong, and valiant?
Why would you be so fond to overcome
The bonny priser²⁹ of the humorous duke?
Your praise is come too swiftly home before you.
Know you not, master, to some kind of men
Their graces serve them but as enemies?
No more do yours; your virtues, gentle master,
Are sanctified and holy traitors to you.
O, what a world is this, when what is comely
Envenoms him that bears it!*Orl.* Why, what's the matter?*Adam.* O unhappy youth,
Come not within these doors; within this roof
The enemy of all your graces lives:
Your brother—(no, no brother; yet the son—Yet not the son; I will not call him son
Of him I was about to call his father)—
Hath heard your praises; and this night he means
To burn the lodging where you use to lie,
And you within it: if he fail of that,
He will have other means to cut you off:
I overheard him and his practices.
This is no place,³⁰ this house is but a butchery
Abhor it, fear it, do not enter it.*Orl.* Why, whither, Adam, wouldst thou have
me go?*Adam.* No matter whither, so you come not here*Orl.* What, wouldst thou have me go and beg
my food?Or, with a base and boist'rous sword, enforce
A thievish living on the common road?

This I must do, or know not what to do:

Yet this I will not do, do how I can;

I rather will subject me to the malice

Of a diverted blood, and bloody brother.

Adam. But do not so: I have five hundred
crowns,The thrifty hire I sav'd under your father,
Which I did store to be my foster-nurse,
When service should in my old limbs lie lame,
And unregarded age in corners thrown.Take that: and He that doth the ravens feed,
Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,

Be comfort to my age! Here is the gold;

All this I give you. Let me be your servant,

Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty:

For in my youth I never did apply

Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood,

Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo

The means of weakness and debility;

Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,

Frosty, but kindly. Let me go with you;

I'll do the service of a younger man

In all your business and necessities.

Orl. O good old man! how well in thee appears

The constant service of the antique world,

When service sweat for duty, not for meed!

Thou art not for the fashion of these times,

Where none will sweat, but for promotion;

And having that, do choke their service up

Even with the having: it is not so with thee.

But, poor old man, thou prun'st a rotten tree,

That cannot so much as a blossom yield,

In lieu of all thy pains and husbandry:

But come thy ways, we'll go along together:

And ere we have thy youthful wages spent,

We'll light upon some settled low content.

Adam. Master, go on: and I will follow thee,
To the last gasp, with truth and loyalty.—
From seventeen years till now almost fourscore
Here lived I, but now live here no more.
At seventeen years many their fortunes seek,
But at fourscore, it is too late a week:²¹
Yet fortune cannot recompense me better,
Than to die well, and not my master's debtor.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*The Forest of Arden.*

Enter ROSALIND in boy's clothes, CELIA dressed like a Shepherdess, and TOUCHSTONE.

Ros. O Jupiter! how weary²² are my spirits!

Touch. I care not for my spirits, if my legs were not weary.

Ros. I could find in my heart to disgrace my man's apparel, and to cry like a woman: but I must comfort the weaker vessel, as doublet and hose ought to show itself courageous to petticoat: therefore, courage, good Aliena!

Cel. I pray you, bear with me; I cannot go no further.

Touch. For my part, I had rather bear with you, than bear you: yet I should bear no cross,²³ if I did bear you; for, I think, you have no money in your purse.

Ros. Well, this is the forest of Arden.

Touch. Ay, now am I in Arden; the more fool I! when I was at home, I was in a better place; but travellers must be content.

Ros. Ay, be so, good Touchstone:—Look you, who comes here? a young man, and an old, in solemn talk.

Enter CORIN and SILVIUS.

Cor. That is the way to make her scorn you still.

Sil. O Corin, that thou knew'st how I do love her!

Cor. I partly guess; for I have lov'd ere now.

Sil. No, Corin, being old, thou canst not guess; Though in thy youth thou wast as true a lover As ever sigh'd upon a midnight pillow: But if thy love were ever like to mine, (As sure I think did never man love so,) How many actions most ridiculous Hast thou been drawn to by thy fantasy?

Cor. Into a thousand that I have forgotten.

Sil. O, thou didst then never love so heartily: If thou remember'st not the slightest folly

That ever love did make thee run into.

Thou hast not lov'd:

Or if thou hast not sat as I do now,
Wearying thy hearer in thy mistress' praise,
Thou hast not lov'd:

Or if thou hast not broke from company
Abruptly, as my passion now makes me,
Thou hast not lov'd:

O Phebe, Phebe, Phebe!

[*Exit SILVIUS.*]

Ros. Alas, poor shepherd! searching of thy wound,

I have by hard adventure found mine own.

Touch. And I mine: I remember, when I was in love, I broke my sword upon a stone, and bid him take that for coming anight to Jane Smile: and I remember the kissing of her tatter,²⁴ and the cow's dugs that her pretty chopped hands had milk'd: and I remember the wooing of a peasecod instead of her; from whom I took two cods, and giving her them again, said, with weeping tears,²⁵ "Wear these for my sake." We, that are true lovers, run into strange capers; but as all is mortal in nature, so is all nature in love mortal in folly.²⁶

Ros. Thou speak'st wiser than thou art 'ware of.

Touch. Nay, I shall ne'er be 'ware of mine own wit, till I break my shins against it.

Ros. Jove! Jove! this shepherd's passion is much upon my fashion.

Touch. And mine; but it grows something stale with me.

Cel. I pray you, one of you question yond man If he for gold will give us any food; I faint almost to death.

Touch. Holla; you clown!

Ros. Peace, fool; he's not thy kinsman.

Cor. Who calls?

Touch. Your betters, sir.

Cor. Else are they very wretched.

Ros. Peace, I say:—Good even to you, friend.

Cor. And to you, gentle sir, and to you all.

Ros. I prithee, shepherd, if that love, or gold, Can in this desert place buy entertainment, Bring us where we may rest ourselves, and feed: Here 's a young maid with travel much oppress'd, And fain for succour.

Cor. Fair sir, I pity her, And wish for her sake, more than for mine own, My fortunes were more able to relieve her: But I am shepherd to another man, And do not shear the fleeces that I graze; My master is of churlish disposition,

And little reck's to find the way to heaven
By doing deeds of hospitality:
Besides, his cote, his flocks, and bounds of feed,
Are now on sale, and at our sheepecote now,
By reason of his absence, there is nothing
That you will feed on; but what is, come see,
And in my voice most welcome shall you be.

Ros. What is he that shall buy his flock and
pasture?

Cor. That young swain that you saw here but
erewhile,

That little cares for buying anything.

Ros. I pray thee, if it stand with honesty,
Buy thou the cottage, pasture, and the flock,
And thou shalt have to pay for it of us.

Cel. And we will mend thy wages: I like this
place,
And willingly could waste my time in it.

Cor. Assuredly, the thing is to be sold:
Go with me; if you like, upon report,
The soil, the profit, and this kind of life,
I will your very faithful feeder be,³⁷
And buy it with your gold right suddenly.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*The same.*

Enter AMIENS, JAKUES, and others.

SONG.

Ami. Under the greenwood tree,
Who loves to lie with me,
And turn³⁸ his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither!
Here shall he see
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather.

Jaq. More, more! I prithee, more.

Ami. It will make you melancholy, monsieur
Jaques.

Jaq. I thank it. More! I prithee, more. I can
suck melancholy out of a song, as a weazel sucks
eggs. More! I prithee, more!

Ami. My voice is ragged;³⁹ I know I cannot
please you.

Jaq. I do not desire you to please me; I do
desire you to sing. Come, more; another stanza;
Call you 'em stanzas?

Ami. What you will, monsieur Jaques.

Jaq. Nay, I care not for their names; they owe
me nothing. Will you sing?

Ami. More at your request than to please
myself.

Jaq. Well, then, if ever I thank any man, I'll
thank you: but that they call compliment is like
the encounter of two dog-apes; and when a man
thanks me heartily, methinks I have given him a
penny, and he renders me the beggarly thanks.
Come, sing; and you that will not, hold your
tongues.

Ami. Well, I'll end the song.—Sirs, cover the
while; the duke will drink under this tree:—he
hath been all this day to look you.

Jaq. And I have been all this day to avoid him.
He is too disputable for my company: I think of
as many matters as he; but I give Heaven thanks,
and make no boast of them. Come, warble; come.

SONG.

Who doth ambition shun, [*All together here*]
And loves to live i' the sun,
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleas'd with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither;
Here shall he see
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather.

Jaq. I'll give you a verse to this note, that I
made yesterday in despite of my invention.

Ami. And I'll sing it.

Jaq. Thus it goes:—

If it do come to pass,
That any man turn ass,
Leaving his wealth and ease,
A stubborn will to please,
Ducdamé, ducdamé, ducdamé;⁴⁰
Here shall he see
Gross fools as he,
An if he will come to me.

Ami. What's that *ducdamé*?

Jaq. 'T is a Greek invocation, to call fools into
a circle. I'll go sleep if I can; if I cannot, I'll
rail against all the first-born of Egypt.

Ami. And I'll go seek the duke; his banquet
is prepar'd. [*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE VI.—*The same.*

Enter ORLANDO and ADAM.

Adam. Dear master, I can go no further. O, I
die for food! Here lie I down, and measure out
my grave. Farewell, kind master!

Orl. Why, how now, Adam! no greater heart
in thee? Live a little; comfort a little; cheer
thyself a little. If this uncouth⁴¹ forest yield
anything savage, I will either be food for it, or
bring it for food to thee. Thy conceit is nearer
death than thy powers. For my sake, be com-

fortable; hold death awhile at the arm's end. I will here be with thee presently; and if I bring thee not something to eat, I will give thee leave to die: But if thou diest before I come, thou art a mocker of my labour. Well said! thou look'st cheerly: and I'll be with thee quickly.—Yet thou liest in the bleak air: Come, I will bear thee to some shelter; and thou shalt not die for lack of a dinner, if there live anything in this desert. Cheerly, good Adam!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.—*The same.*

A table set out. Enter DUKE senior, AMIENS, Lords, and others.

Duke S. I think he be transform'd into a beast; For I can nowhere find him like a man.

1 *Lord.* My lord, he is but even now gone hence;

Here was he merry, hearing of a song.

Duke S. If he, compact of jars, grows musical, We shall have shortly discord in the spheres:—Go, seek him; tell him I would speak with him.

Enter JAQUES.

1 *Lord.* He saves my labour by his own approach.

Duke S. Why, how now, monsieur! what a life is this,

That your poor friends must woo your company! What! you look merrily.

Jaq. A fool, a fool! I met a fool i' the forest, A motley fool; (a miserable world!) As I do live by food, I met a fool, Who laid him down and bask'd him in the sun, And rail'd on lady Fortune in good terms, In good set terms,—and yet a motley fool.

“Good morrow, fool,” quoth I. “No, sir,” quoth he,

“Call me not fool, till Heaven hath sent me fortune:”

And then he drew a dial⁴² from his poke, And, looking on it with lack-lustre eye, Says, very wisely, “It is ten o'clock: Thus we may see,” quoth he, “how the world wags:

’T is but an hour ago, since it was nine; And after one hour more, ’t will be eleven; And so, from hour to hour, we ripe and ripe, And then, from hour to hour, we rot and rot; And thereby hangs a tale.” When I did hear The motley fool thus moral on the time, My lungs began to crow like chanticleer,

41.

That fools should be so deep-contemplative, And I did laugh, sans intermission, An hour by his dial.—O noble fool!

A worthy fool! Motley ’s the only wear.

Duke S. What fool is this?

Jaq. O worthy fool!—One that hath been a courtier,

And says, if ladies be but young and fair, They have the gift to know it: and in his brain,—

Which is as dry as the remainder biscuit After a voyage,—he hath strange places cramm’d With observation, the which he vents In mangled forms:—O, that I were a fool! I am ambitious for a motley coat.

Duke S. Thou shalt have one.

Jaq. It is my only suit:

Provided that you weed your better judgments Of all opinion that grows rank in them, That I am wise. I must have liberty Withal, as large a charter as the wind, To blow on whom I please; for so fools have: And they that are most galled with my folly, They most must laugh. And why, sir, must they so? The why is plain as way to parish church: He that a fool doth very wisely hit, Doth very foolishly,⁴³ although he smart, [Not to] seem senseless of the bob: if not, The wise man’s folly is anatomiz’d Even by the squandering glances of the fool. Invest me in my motley; give me leave To speak my mind, and I will through and through Cleanse the foul body of th’ infected world, If they will patiently receive my medicine.

Duke S. Fie on thee! I can tell what thou wouldst do.

Jaq. What, for a counter, would I do but good

Duke S. Most mischievous foul sin, in chiding sin:

For thou thyself hast been a libertine, As sensual as the brutish sting itself; And all th’ embossed sores, and headed evils, That thou with licence of free foot hast caught, Wouldst thou disgorge into the general world.

Jaq. Why, who cries out on pride, That can therein tax any private party? Doth it not flow as hugely as the sea, Till that the wearer’s very means⁴⁴ do ebb? What woman in the city do I name, When that I say, The city-woman bears The cost of princes on unworthy shoulders? Who can come in, and say that I mean her

When such a one as she, such is her neighbour?
Or what is he of basest function,
That says, his bravery is not on my cost,
(Thinking that I mean him,) but therein suits
His folly to the mettle of my speech?
There then; How then? what then? Let me see
wherein

My tongue hath wrong'd him: if it do him right,
Then he hath wrong'd himself; if he be free,
Why, then my taxing like a wild goose flies,
Unclaim'd of any man.—But who comes here?

Enter ORLANDO, with his sword drawn.

Orl. Forbear, and eat no more.

Jaq. Why, I have eat none yet.

Orl. Nor shalt not, till necessity be serv'd.

Jaq. Of what kind should this cock come of?

Duke S. Art thou thus bolden'd, man, by thy
distress;

Or else a rude despiser of good manners,
That in civility thou seem'st so empty?

Orl. You touch'd my vein at first; the thorny
point

Of bare distress hath ta'en from me the show
Of smooth civility: yet am I inland bred,
And know some nurture. But, forbear, I say:
He dies that touches any of this fruit,
Till I and my affairs are answered!

Jaq. An you will not be answer'd with reason,
I must die.

Duke S. What would you have? Your gentle-
ness shall force,

More than your force move us to gentleness.

Orl. I almost die for food, and let me have it.

Duke S. Sit down and feed, and welcome to
our table.

Orl. Speak you so gently? Pardon me, I pray
you:

I thought that all things had been savage here,
And therefore put I on the countenance
Of stern commandment. But whate'er you are,
That in this desert inaccessible,⁴⁵
Under the shade of melancholy boughs,
Lose and neglect the creeping hours of time;
If ever you have look'd on better days;
If ever been where bells have knoll'd to church;
If ever sat at any good man's feast;
If ever from your eyelids wip'd a tear,
And know what 't is to pity and be pitied;
Let gentleness my strong enforcement be,—
In the which hope, I blush, and hide my sword.

Duke S. True is it that we have seen better days;

And have with holy bell been knoll'd to church;
And sat at good men's feasts; and wip'd our
eyes

Of drops that sacred pity hath engender'd:
And therefore sit you down in gentleness,
And take upon command⁴⁶ what help we have,
That to your wanting may be minister'd.

Orl. Then, but forbear your food a little while
Whiles, like a doe, I go to find my fawn,
And give it food. There is an old poor man,
Who after me hath many a weary step
Limp'd in pure love; till he be first suffic'd,
Oppress'd with two weak evils,⁴⁷ age and hunger,
I will not touch a bit.

Duke S. Go, find him out,

And we will nothing waste till you return.

Orl. I thank ye: and be bless'd for your good
comfort! [*Exit*

Duke S. Thou seest, we are not all alone un-
happy:

This wide and universal theatre
Presents more woeful pageants than the scene
Wherein we play in.⁴⁸

Jaq. All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players:
They have their exits, and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts,—
His acts being seven ages. At first, the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms:
Then the whining schoolboy, with his satchel,
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school: and then the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow: Then a soldier,
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honour, sudden, and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble Reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth: and then the justice,
In fair round belly, with good capon lin'd,
With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances,⁴⁹
And so he plays his part: The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloons;⁵⁰
With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side
His youthful hose well sav'd, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound: Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness, and mere oblivion;
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans—every
thing.

Re-enter ORLANDO, with ADAM.

Duke S. Welcome; Set down your venerable burthen,
And let him feed.

Orl. I thank you most for him.

Adam. So had you need;
I scarce can speak to thank you for myself.

Duke S. Welcome; fall to: I will not trouble you
As yet, to question you about your fortunes:—
Give us some music; and, good cousin, sing.

AMIEUS sings.

I.

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,⁵¹
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.
Heigh ho! sing, heigh ho! unto the green holly;
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly;
Then, heigh ho! the holly!
This life is most jolly!

II.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot:
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remember'd not.
Heigh ho! sing, heigh ho! &c.

Duke S. If that you were the good sir Row-
land's son,—
As you have whisper'd faithfully you were;
And as mine eye doth his effigies witness
Most truly him'd, and living in your face,
Be truly welcome hither: I am the duke
That lov'd your father: The residue of your
fortune,
Go to my cave and tell me.—Good old man,
Thou art right welcome as thy master is;
Support him by the arm.—Give me your hand,
And let me all your fortunes understand. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Room in the Palace.*

Enter DUKE FREDERICK, OLIVER, Lords, and Attendants.

Duke F. Not see him since? Sir, sir, that cannot be:

But were I not the better part made mercy,
I should not seek an absent argument
Of my revenge, thou present. But look to it;
Find out thy brother, wheresoe'er he is;
Seek him with candle; bring him dead or living
Within this twelvemonth, or turn thou no more
To seek a living in our territory.
Thy lands, and all things that thou dost call thine,
Worth seizure, do we seize into our hands,
Till thou canst quit thee by thy brother's mouth,
Of what we think against thee.

Oli. O, that your highness knew my heart in this!

I never lov'd my brother in my life.

Duke F. More villain thou.—Well, push him out of doors;

And let my officers of such a nature

Make an extent⁵² upon his house and lands
Do this expediently, and turn him going. [*Exeunt*]

SCENE II.—*The Forest.*

Enter ORLANDO, with a paper.

Orl. Hang there, my verse, in witness of my love:

And, thou, thrice-crowned queen of night,⁵³
survey

With thy chaste eye, from thy pale sphere above.

Thy huntress' name, that my full life doth sway
O Rosalind! these trees shall be my books,

And in their barks my thoughts I'll character
That every eye, which in this forest looks,

Shall see thy virtue witness'd everywhere.

Run, run, Orlando; carve on every tree

The fair, the chaste, and unexpressive⁵⁴ she. [*Exit.*]

Enter CORIN and TOUCHSTONE.

Cor. And how like you this shepherd's life,
master Touchstone?

Touch. Truly, shepherd, in respect of itself, it is a good life; but in respect that it is a shepherd's life, it is naught. In respect that it is solitary, I like it very well; but in respect that it is private, it is a very vild life. Now, in respect it is in the fields, it pleaseth me well; but in respect it is not in the court, it is tedious. As it is a spare life, look you, it fits my humour well; but as there is no more plenty in it, it goes much against my stomach. Hast any philosophy in thee, shepherd?

Cor. No more, but that I know, the more one sickens, the worse at ease he is; and that he that wants money, means, and content, is without three good friends: That the property of rain is to wet, and fire to burn: That good pasture makes fat sheep, and that a great cause of the night is lack of the sun: That he that hath learned no wit by nature nor art, may complain of good breeding;⁵⁵ or comes of a very dull kindred.

Touch. Such a one is a natural philosopher. Wast ever in court, shepherd?

Cor. No, truly.

Touch. Then thou art damn'd.

Cor. Nay, I hope,—

Touch. Truly thou art damn'd; like an ill-roasted egg;⁵⁶ all on one side.

Cor. For not being at court? Your reason.

Touch. Why, if thou never wast at court, thou never saw'st good manners; if thou never saw'st good manners, then thy manners must be wicked; and wickedness is sin, and sin is damnation. Thou art in a parlous state, shepherd!

Cor. Not a whit, Touchstone: those that are good manners at the court are as ridiculous in the country, as the behaviour of the country is most mockable at the court. You told me, you salute not at the court, but you kiss your hands; that courtesy would be uncleanly, if courtiers were shepherds.

Touch. Instance, briefly; come, instance.

Cor. Why, we are still handling our ewes; and their fells, you know, are greasy.

Touch. Why, do not your courtier's hands sweat? and is not the grease of a mutton as wholesome as the sweat of a man? Shallow, shallow! A better instance, I say; come.

Cor. Besides, our hands are hard.

Touch. Your lips will feel them the sooner. Shallow again! A more sounder instance; come.

Cor. And they are often tarr'd over with the surgery of our sheep; and would you have us kiss tar? The courtier's hands are perfum'd with civet.

Touch. Most shallow man! Thou worms-meat, in respect of a good piece of flesh, indeed! Learn of the wise, and perpend: Civet is of a baser birth than tar; the very uncleanly flux of a cat. Mend the instance, shepherd.

Cor. You have too courtly a wit for me; I'll rest.

Touch. Wilt thou rest damn'd? God help thee, shallow man! God make incision in thee!⁵⁷ thou art raw.

Cor. Sir, I am a true labourer; I earn that I eat, get that I wear; owe no man hate, envy no man's happiness; glad of other men's good, content with my harm: and the greatest of my pride is, to see my ewes graze, and my lambs suck.

Touch. That is another simple sin in you; to bring the ewes and the rams together, and to offer to get your living by the copulation of cattle: to be bawd to a bell-wether, and to betray a she-lamb of a twelvemonth, to a crooked-pated, old, cuckoldy ram, out of all reasonable match. If thou be'st not damn'd for this, the devil himself will have no shepherds; I cannot see else how thou shouldst 'scape.

Cor. Here comes young master Ganymede, my new mistress' brother.

Enter ROSALIND, reading a paper.

Ros. "From the east to western Ind,
No jewel is like Rosalind.
Her worth, being mounted on the wind,
Through all the world bears Rosalind.
All the pictures, fairest lin'd,
Are but black to Rosalind.
Let no face be kept in mind,
But the fair of Rosalind."

Touch. I'll rhyme you so, eight years together, dinners, and suppers, and sleeping hours excepted: it is the right butter-woman's rank to market.⁵⁸

Ros. Out, fool!

Touch. For a taste:

If a hart do lack a hind,
Let him seek out Rosalind.
If the cat will after kind,
So, be sure, will Rosalind.
Wintred garments must be lin'd,
So must slender Rosalind.
They that reap must sheaf and bind,
Then to cart with Rosalind.
Sweetest nut hath sourest rind,
Such a nut is Rosalind.
He that sweetest rose will find,
Must find love's prick and Rosalind.

This is the very false gallop of verses! Why do you infect yourself with them?

Ros. Peace, you dull fool ; I found them on a tree.

Touch. Truly, the tree yields bad fruit.

Ros. I'll graff it with you, and then I shall grad it with a medlar : then it will be the earliest fruit i' the country : for you 'll be rotten ere you be half ripe, and that 's the right virtue of the medlar.

Touch. You have said ; but whether wisely or no, let the forest judge.

Enter CELIA, reading a paper.

Ros. Peace !
Here comes my sister, reading ; stand aside.

Cel. " Why should this a desert be ?
For it is unpeopled ? No ;
Tongues I'll hang on every tree,
That shall civil sayings show.⁵⁹
Some, how brief the life of man
Runs his erring pilgrimage ;
That the stretching of a span
Buckles in his sum of age.
Some, of violated vows
'Twixt the souls of friend and friend ;
But upon the fairest boughs,
Or at every sentence' end,
Will I Rosalinda write ;
Teaching all that read, to know
The quintessence of every sprite
Heaven would in little show.
Therefore Heaven nature charg'd
That one body should be fill'd
With all graces wide enlarg'd :
Nature presently distill'd
Helen's cheek, but not her heart,
Cleopatra's majesty,
Atalanta's better part,⁶⁰
Sad Lucretia's modesty.
Thus Rosalind of many parts
By heavenly synod was devis'd ;
Of many faces, eyes, and hearts,
To have the touches dearest priz'd.
Heaven would that she these gifts should have,
And I to live and die her slave."

Ros. O most gentle Jupiter ! what a tedious homily of love have you wearied your parishioners withal, and never cry'd, " Have patience, good people !"

Cel. How now ! back, friends ;—Shepherd, go off a little : go with him, sirrah.

Touch. Come, shepherd, let us make an honourable retreat ; though not with bag and baggage, yet with scrip and scrippage.

[*Exeunt CORIN and TOUCHSTONE.*]

Cel. Didst thou here these verses ?

Ros. O, yes, I heard them all, and more too ;

for some of them had in them more feet than the verses would bear.

Cel. That 's no matter ; the feet might bear the verses.

Ros. Ay, but the feet were lame, and could not bear themselves without the verse, and therefore stood lamely in the verse.

Cel. But didst thou hear, without wondering, how thy name should be hang'd and carved upon these trees ?

Ros. I was seven of the nine days out of the wonder before you came ; for look here what I found on a palm-tree : I was never so be-rhymed since Pythagoras' time, that I was an Irish rat,⁶ which I can hardly remember.

Cel. Trow you who hath done this ?

Ros. Is it a man ?

Cel. And a chain, that you once wore, about his neck : Change you colour ?

Ros. I prithee, who ?

Cel. O Lord, Lord ! it is a hard matter for friends to meet ; but mountains may be remov'd⁶³ with earthquakes, and so encounter.

Ros. Nay, but who is it ?

Cel. Is it possible ?

Ros. Nay, I pr'y'three now, with most petitionary vehemence, tell me who it is.

Cel. O wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful wonderful ! and yet again wonderful, and after that out of all whooping !

Ros. Good my complexion ! dost thou think, though I am caparison'd like a man, I have a doublet and hose in my disposition ? One inch of delay more is a South-sea of discovery. I prithee, tell me, who is it quickly, and speak apace : I would thou couldst stammer, that thou mightst pour this conceal'd man out of thy mouth, as wine comes out of a narrow-mouth'd bottle ; either too much at once, or none at all. I prithee take the cork out of thy mouth, that I may drink thy tidings.

Cel. So you may put a man in your belly.

Ros. Is he of God's making ? What manner of man ? Is his head worth a hat, or his chin worth a beard ?

Cel. Nay, he hath but a little beard.

Ros. Why, God will send more, if the man will be thankful : let me stay the growth of his beard,⁶⁴ if thou delay me not the knowledge of his chin.

Cel. It is young Orlando, that tripped up the wrestler's heels, and your heart, both in an instant.

Ros. Nay, but the devil take mocking; speak, sad brow, and true maid.

Cel. I faith, coz, 't is he.

Ros. Orlando?

Cel. Orlando.

Ros. Alas the day! what shall I do with my doublet and hose?—What did he when thou saw'st him? What said he? How look'd he? Wherein went he? What makes he here? Did he ask for me? Where remains he? How parted he with thee, and when shalt thou see him again? Answer me in one word.

Cel. You must borrow me Gargantua's mouth⁶⁴ first: 't is a word too great for any mouth of this age's size. To say ay, and no, to these particulars, is more than to answer in a catechism.

Ros. But doth he know that I am in this forest, and in man's apparel? Looks he as freshly as he did the day he wrestled?

Cel. It is as easy to count atomies,⁶⁵ as to resolve the propositions of a lover: but take a taste of my finding him, and relish it with good observance. I found him under a tree, like a dropp'd acorn.

Ros. It may well be call'd Jove's tree, when it drops forth such fruit.

Cel. Give me audience, good madam.

Ros. Proceed.

Cel. There lay he, stretch'd along, like a wounded knight.

Ros. Though it be pity to see such a sight, it well becomes the ground.

Cel. Cry, holla! to the tongue, I prithee; it carvets unseasonably. He was furnish'd like a hunter.

Ros. O ominous! he comes to kill my heart!

Cel. I would sing my song without a burthen; thou bring'st me out of tune.

Ros. Do you not know I am a woman? when I think, I must speak. Sweet, say on.

Enter ORLANDO and JAKES.

Cel. You bring me out:⁶⁶—Soft! comes he not here?

Ros. 'T is he; sink by, and note him.

[CELIA and ROSALIND retire.]

Jaq. I thank you for your company: but, good faith, I had as lief have been myself alone.

Orl. And so had I; but yet, for fashion's sake, I thank you too for your society.

Jaq. God be wi' you; let's meet as little as we can.

Orl. I do desire we may be better strangers.

Jaq. I pray you, mar no more trees with writing love-songs in their barks.

Orl. I pray you, mar no more of my verses with reading them ill-favourably.

Jaq. Rosalind is your love's name?

Orl. Yes, just.

Jaq. I do not like her name.

Orl. There was no thought of pleasing you, when she was christen'd.

Jaq. What stature is she of?

Orl. Just as high as my heart.

Jaq. You are full of pretty answers! Have you not been acquainted with goldsmiths' wives, and conned them out of rings?

Orl. Not so; but I answer you right painted cloth,⁶⁷ from whence you have studied your questions.

Jaq. You have a nimble wit; I think 't was made of Atalanta's heels. Will you sit down with me? and we two will rail against our mistress the world, and all our misery.

Orl. I will chide no breather in the world but myself, against whom I know most faults.

Jaq. The worst fault you have, is to be in love.

Orl. 'T is a fault I will not change for your best virtue. I am weary of you.

Jaq. By my troth, I was seeking for a fool when I found you.

Orl. He is drown'd in the brook; look but in, and you shall see him.

Jaq. There I shall see mine own figure.

Orl. Which I take to be either a fool or a cypher.

Jaq. I'll tarry no longer with you: farewell, good signior Love.

Orl. I am glad of your departure; adieu, good monsieur Melancholy.

[Exit JAQ.—CELIA and ROS. come forward.]

Ros. I will speak to him like a saucy lacquey and under that habit play the knave with him.—Do you hear, forester?

Orl. Very well; What would you?

Ros. I pray you, what is 't a clock?

Orl. You should ask me what time o' day there 's no clock in the forest.

Ros. Then there is no true lover in the forest; else sighing every minute, and groaning every hour, would detect the lazy foot of time as well as a clock.

Orl. And why not the swift foot of time? had not that been as proper?

Ros. By no means, sir. Time travels in divers paces with divers persons. I'll tell you who Time

ambles withal, who Time trots withal, who Time gallops withal, and who he stands still withal.

Orl. I prithee who doth he trot withal?

Ros. Marry, he trots hard with a young maid,⁶⁸ between the contract of her marriage and the day it is solemniz'd: if the interim be but a se'nnight, Time's pace is so hard that it seems the length of seven year.

Orl. Who ambles Time withal?

Ros. With a priest that lacks Latin, and a rich man that hath not the gout: for the one sleeps easily, because he cannot study; the other lives merrily, because he feels no pain: the one lacking the burthen of lean and wasteful learning; the other knowing no burthen of heavy tedious penury: These Time ambles withal.

Orl. Who doth he gallop withal?

Ros. With a thief to the gallows: for though he go as softly as foot can fall, he thinks himself too soon there.

Orl. Who stays it still withal?

Ros. With lawyers in the vacation: for they sleep between term and term, and then they perceive not how time moves.

Orl. Where dwell you, pretty youth?

Ros. With this shepherdess, my sister; here, in the skirts of the forest, like fringe upon a petticoat.

Orl. Are you native of this place?

Ros. As the coney, that you see dwell where she is kindled.

Orl. Your accent is something finer than you could purchase in so removed a dwelling.

Ros. I have been told so of many: but, indeed, an old religious uncle of mine taught me to speak, who was in his youth an inland man; one that knew courtship⁶⁹ too well, for there he fell in love. I have heard him read many lectures against it; and I thank God I am not a woman, to be touch'd with so many giddy offences as he hath generally tax'd their whole sex withal.

Orl. Can you remember any of the principal evils that he laid to the charge of women?

Ros. There were none principal; they were all like one another, as halfpence are: every one fault seeming monstrous, till his fellow fault came to match it.

Orl. I prithee recount some of them.

Ros. No; I will not cast away my physick but on those that are sick. There is a man haunts the forest, that abuses our young plants with carving Rosalind on their barks; hangs odes upon hawthorns, and elegies on brambles; all, forsooth,

deifying the name of Rosalind: if I could meet that fancy-monger,⁷⁰ I would give him some good counsel, for he seems to have the quotidian of love upon him.

Orl. I am he that is so love-shak'd; I pray you, tell me your remedy.

Ros. There is none of my uncle's marks upon you: he taught me how to know a man in love; in which cage of rushes, I am sure, you are not prisoner.

Orl. What were his marks?

Ros. A lean cheek, which you have not: a blue eye, and sunken, which you have not: an unquestionable⁷¹ spirit, which you have not: a beard neglected, which you have not: (but I pardon you for that; for, simply, your having in beard is a younger brother's revenue:) Then your hose should be ungarter'd, your bonnet unbanded, your sleeve unbutton'd, your shoe untid'd, and everything about you demonstrating a careless desolation. But you are no such man; you are rather point-device in your accoutrements; as loving yourself, than seeming the lover of any other.

Orl. Fair youth, I would I could make thee believe I love.

Ros. Me believe it? you may as soon make her that you love believe it; which, I warrant, she is apter to do than to confess she does: that is one of the points in the which women still give the lie to their consciences. But in good sooth, are you he that hangs the verses on the trees, wherein Rosalind is so admired?

Orl. I swear to thee, youth, by the white hand of Rosalind, I am that he, that unfortunate he.

Ros. But are you so much in love as your rhymes speak?

Orl. Neither rhyme nor reason can express how much.

Ros. Love is merely a madness; and, I tell you, deserves as well a dark house and a whip as madmen do: and the reason why they are not so punish'd and cured is, that the lunacy is so ordinary that the whippers are in love too: Yet I profess curing it by counsel.

Orl. Did you ever cure any so?

Ros. Yes, one; and in this manner. He was to imagine me his love, his mistress; and I set him every day to woo me: At which time would I, being but a moonish⁷² youth, grieve, be effeminate, changeable, longing, and liking; proud, fantastical, apish, shallow, inconstant, full of tears,

full of smiles; for every passion something, and for no passion truly anything, as boys and women are, for the most part, cattle of this colour: would now like him, now loathe him; then entertain him, then forswear him; now weep for him, then spit at him; that I drave my suitor from his mad humour of love, to a living humour of madness;⁷³ which was, to forswear the full stream of the world, and to live in a nook merely monastic. And thus I cur'd him; and this way will I take upon me to wash your liver as clean as a sound sheep's heart, that there shall not be one spot of love in 't.

Orl. I would not be cured, youth.

Ros. I would cure you, if you would but call me Rosalind, and come every day to my cote, and woo me.

Orl. Now, by the faith of my love, I will: tell me where it is.

Ros. Go with me to it, and I'll show it you: and, by the way, you shall tell me where in the forest you live. Will you go?

Orl. With all my heart, good youth.

Ros. Nay, you must call me Rosalind. Come, sister, will you go? [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY; JACQUES at a distance, observing them.

Touch. Come apace, good Audrey; I will fetch up your goats, Audrey. And how, Audrey? am I the man yet? Doth my simple feature content you?

Aud. Your features! Lord warrant us! what features?⁷⁴

Touch. I am here with thee and thy goats, as the most capricious poet, honest Ovid, was among the Goths.

Jacq. O knowledge ill-inhabited! worse than Jove in a thatch'd house! [*Aside.*]

Touch. When a man's verses cannot be understood, nor a man's good wit seconded with the forward child, Understanding, it strikes a man more dead than a great reckoning in a little room. Truly, I would the gods had made thee poetical.

Aud. I do not know what poetical is: is it honest in deed and word? Is it a true thing?

Touch. No, truly; for the truest poetry is the most feigning; and lovers are given to poetry; and what they swear in poetry, may be said, as lovers, they do feign.

Aud. Do you wish, then, that the gods had made me poetical?

Touch. I do, truly: for thou swear'st to me thou art honest; now, if thou wert a poet, I might have some hope thou didst feign.

Aud. Would you not have me honest?

Touch. No, truly, unless thou wert hard-favour'd: for honesty coupled to beauty, is to have honey a sauce to sugar.

Jacq. A material fool!⁷⁵ [*Aside.*]

Aud. Well, I am not fair; and therefore I pray the gods make me honest!

Touch. Truly, and to cast away honesty upon a foul slut were to put good meat into an unclean dish.

Aud. I am not a slut, though I thank the gods I am foul.⁷⁶

Touch. Well, praised be the gods for thy foulness! sluttishness may come hereafter. But be it as it may be, I will marry thee: and to that end, I have been with Sir Oliver Mar-text, the vicar of the next village, who hath promis'd to meet me in this place of the forest, and to couple us.

Jacq. I would fain see this meeting. [*Aside.*]

Aud. Well, the gods give us joy!

Touch. Amen! A man may, if he were of a fearful heart, stagger in this attempt; for here we have no temple but the wood, no assembly but horn-beasts. But what though? Courage! As horns are odious, they are necessary. It is said, Many a man knows no end of his goods: right! many a man has good horns, and knows no end of them. Well, that is the dowry of his wife; 't is none of his own getting. Horns? Even so: are horns given to poor men alone? No, no; the noblest deer hath them as huge as the rascal.⁷⁷ Is the single man therefore blessed? No: as a wall'd town is more worthier than a village, so is the forehead of a married man more honourable than the bare brow of a bachelor: and by how much defence⁷⁸ is better than no skill, by so much is a horn more precious than to want.

Enter Sir OLIVER MAR-TEXT.

Here comes Sir Oliver:—Sir Oliver Mar-text, you are well met: Will you despatch us here under this tree, or shall we go with you to your chapel?

Sir Oli. Is there none here to give the woman?

Touch. I will not take her on gift of any man.

Sir Oli. Truly, she must be given, or the marriage is not lawful.

Jaq. [*discovering himself.*] Proceed, proceed; I'll give her.

Touch. Good even, good master What ye call 't: How do you, Sir? You are very well met: God 'ild you for your last company: I am very glad to see you:—Even a toy in hand here, sir:—Nay; pray be cover'd.

Jaq. Will you be married, Motley?

Touch. As the ox hath his bow, sir, the horse his curb, and the falcon her bells, so man hath his desires; and as pigeons bill, so wedlock would be nibbling.

Jaq. And will you, being a man of your breeding, be married under a bush, like a beggar? Get you to church, and have a good priest that can tell you what marriage is: this fellow will but join you together as they join wainscot; then one of you will prove a shrunk panel, and, like green timber, warp, warp.

Touch. I am not in the mind but I were better to be married of him than of another: for he is not like to marry me well; and not being well married, it will be a good excuse for me hereafter to leave my wife.

Jaq. Go thou with me, and let me counsel thee.

Touch. Come, sweet Audrey: We must be married, or we must live in bawdry. Farewell, good master Oliver!

Not—"O sweet Oliver,
O brave Oliver,
Leave me not behind thee:"
But—"Wind away,
Begone I say,
I will not to wedding with thee."

[*Exeunt JAQ., TOUCH., and AUD.*]

Sir Oli. 'T is no matter; ne'er a fantastical knave of them all shall flout me out of my calling.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.—*The same. Before a Cottage.*

Enter ROSALIND and CELIA.

Ros. Never talk to me, I will weep.

Cel. Do, I prithee; but yet have the grace to consider that tears do not become a man.

Ros. But have I not cause to weep?

Cel. As good cause as one would desire; therefore weep.

Ros. His very hair is of the dissembling colour.

Cel. Something browner than Judas's:⁷⁹ marry, his kisses are Judas's own children.

Ros. I' faith, his hair is of a good colour.

Cel. An excellent colour: your chesnut was ever the only colour.

Ros. And his kissing is as full of sanctity as the touch of holy bread.⁸⁰

Cel. He hath bought a pair of chaste lips of Diana: a nun of Winter's sisterhood kisses not more religiously; the very ice of chastity is in them.

Ros. But why did he swear he would come this morning, and comes not?

Cel. Nay, certainly, there is no truth in him.

Ros. Do you think so?

Cel. Yes; I think he is not a pick-purse, nor a horse-stealer; but for his verity in love, I do think him as concave as a covered goblet, or a worm-eaten nut.

Ros. Not true in love?

Cel. Yes, when he is in; but, I think he is not in

Ros. You have heard him swear downright he was.

Cel. Was is not is: besides, the oath of a lover is no stronger than the word of a tapster; they are both the confirmers of false reckonings. He attends here in the forest on the duke your father.

Ros. I met the duke yesterday, and had much question with him. He asked me of what parentage I was; I told him, of as good as he; so he laugh'd, and let me go. But what talk we of fathers, when there is such a man as Orlando?

Cel. O, that's a brave man! he writes brave verses, speaks brave words, swears brave oaths, and breaks them bravely, quite traverse, athwart the heart of his lover; as a puisne tilter, that spurs his horse but on one side, breaks his staff like a noble goose; but all's brave that youth mounts, and folly guides:—Who comes here?

Enter CORIN.

Cor. Mistress, and master, you have oft inquir'd After the shepherd that complain'd of love, Who you saw sitting by me on the turf, Praising the proud disdainful shepherdess That was his mistress.

Cel. Well, and what of him?

Cor. If you will see a pageant truly play'd, Between the pale complexion of true love And the red glow of scorn and proud disdain, Go hence a little, and I shall conduct you, If you will mark it.

Ros. O, come, let us remove; The sight of lovers feedeth those in love; . Bring us to this sight, and you shall say I'll prove a busy actor in their play. [*Exeunt*

SCENE V. — *Another part of the Forest.**Enter SILVIUS and PHEBE.*

Sil. Sweet Phebe, do not scorn me; do not,
Phebe:

Say, that you love me not; but say not so
In bitterness. The common executioner,
Whose heart th' accustom'd sight of death makes
hard,
Falls not the axe upon the humbled neck,
But first begs pardon. Will you sterner be
Than he that dies and lives by bloody drops?

Enter ROSALIND, CELIA, and CORIN, at a distance.

Phe. I would not be thy executioner;
I fly thee, for I would not injure thee.
Thou tell'st me, there is murder in mine eye;
'T is pretty sure, and very probable,
That eyes, that are the frail'st and softest things,
Who shut their coward gates on atomies,
Should be call'd tyrants, butchers, murderers!
Now I do frown on thee with all my heart;
And, if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill
thee;
Now counterfeit to swoond; why, now fall down;
Or, if thou canst not, O, for shame, for shame!
Lie not, to say mine eyes are murderers.
Now show the wound mine eye hath made in
thee:

Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains
Some scar of it; lean upon a rush,
The cicatrice and capable⁸¹ impressure
Thy palm some moment keeps: but now mine eyes,
Which I have darted at thee, hurt thee not;
Nor, I am sure, there is no force in eyes
That can do hurt.

Sil. O dear Phebe,
If ever (as that ever may be near)
You meet in some fresh cheek the power of fancy,
Then shall you know the wounds invisible
That love's keen arrows make.

Phe. But, till that time,
Come not thou near me: and, when that time
comes,

Afflict me with my mocks, pity me not;
As, till that time, I shall not pity thee.

Ros. And why, I pray you? [*Advancing*] Who
might be your mother,
That you insult, exult, and all at once,
Over the wretched? What though you have no
beauty,
(As, by my faith, I see no more in you

Than without candle may go dark to bed),
Must you be therefore proud and pitiless?
Why, what means this? Why do you look on me!
I see no more in you than in the ordinary
Of nature's sale-work.—Od's my little life!
I think she means to tangle my eyes too:—
No, 'faith, proud mistress, hope not after it;
'T is not your inky brows, your black silk hair,
Your bugle eyeballs, nor your cheek of cream,
That can entame my spirits to your worship.
You foolish shepherd, wherefore do you follow her,
Like foggy south, puffing with wind and rain?
You are a thousand times a properer man,
Than she a woman. 'T is such fools as you
That make the world full of ill-favour'd children:
'T is not her glass, but you, that flatters her;
And out of you she sees herself more proper
Than any of her lineaments can show her.
But, mistress, know yourself; down on your knees,
And thank Heaven, fasting, for a good man's love:
For I must tell you friendly in your ear,
Sell when you can; you are not for all markets:
Cry the man mercy; love him; take his offer;
Foul is most foul, being foul to be a scoffer.⁸²
So, take her to thee, shepherd; fare you well.

Phe. Sweet youth, I pray you chide a year
together;

I had rather hear you chide than this man woo.

Ros. He 's fall'n in love with your foulness, and
she 'll fall in love with my anger. If it be so, as
fast as she answers thee with frowning looks, I 'll
saunce her with bitter words.—Why look you so
upon me?

Phe. For no ill will I bear you.

Ros. I pray you, do not fall in love with me,
For I am falsier than vows made in wine:
Besides, I like you not. If you will know my
house,

'T is at the tuft of olives, here hard by:—
Will you go, sister? Shepherd, ply her hard;
Come, sister: Shepherdess, look on him better,
And be not proud: though all the world could see,
None could be so abus'd in sight as he.

Come, to our flock. [*Exeunt ROS., CEL., and COR.*]

Phe. Dead shepherd! now I find thy saw o.
might;

"Who ever lov'd, that lov'd not at first sight?"⁸³

Sil. Sweet Phebe,—

Phe. Ha! what say'st thou, Silvius?

Sil. Sweet Phebe, pity me.

Phe. Why, I am sorry for thee, gentle Silvius

Sil. Wherever sorrow is, relief would be;

If you do sorrow at my grief in love,
By giving love, your sorrow and my grief
Were both exterrin'd.

Phe. Thou hast my love; is not that neighbourly?

Sil. I would have you.

Phe. Why, that were covetousness.
Silvius, the time was that I hated thee;
And yet it is not that I bear thee love:
But since that thou canst talk of love so well,
Thy company, which erst was irksome to me,
I will endure; and I'll employ thee too:
But do not look for further recompense
Than thine own gladness that thou art employ'd.

Sil. So holy and so perfect is my love,
And I in such a poverty of grace,
That I shall think it a most plenteous crop
To glean the broken ears after the man
That the main harvest reaps: loose now and then
A scatter'd smile, and that I'll live upon.

Phe. Know'st thou the youth that spoke to me
erewhile?

Sil. Not very well, but I have met him oft;
And he hath bought the cottage, and the bounds,
That the old carlet²⁴ once was master of.

Phe. Think not I love him, though I ask for him;
'T is but a peevish boy:—yet he talks well;—
But what care I for words? yet words do well,
When he that speaks them pleases those that hear.
It is a pretty youth:—not very pretty:—

But, sure, he's proud; and yet his pride becomes
him:

He'll make a proper man. The best thing in him
Is his complexion; and faster than his tongue
Did make offence, his eye did heal it up.
He is not very tall; yet for his years he's tall:
His leg is but so so; and yet 't is well:
There was a pretty redness in his lip;
A little riper and more lusty red
Than that mix'd in his cheek; 't was just the difference

Between the constant red, and mingled damask.
There be some women, Silvius, had they mark'd
him

In parcels, as I did, would have gone near
To fall in love with him: but, for my part,
I love him not, nor hate him not; and yet
Have more cause to hate him than to love him:
For what hath he to do to chide at me?
He said mine eyes were black, and my hair black;
And now I am remember'd, scorn'd at me:
I marvel why I answer'd not again:
But that's all one: omittance is no quittance.

I'll write him a very taunting letter,
And thou shalt bear it; Wilt thou, Silvius?

Sil. Pheebe, with all my heart.

Phe. I'll write it straight:
The matter's in my head, and in my heart:
I will be bitter with him, and passing short:
Go with me, Silvius. [Exeunt.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The Forest.*

Enter ROSALIND, CELIA, and JACQUES.

Jaq. I prithee, pretty youth, let me be better
acquainted with thee.

Ros. They say you are a melancholy fellow.

Jaq. I am so: I do love it better than laughing.

Ros. Those that are in extremity of either are
abominable fellows, and betray themselves to every
modern censure, worse than drunkards.

Jaq. Why, 't is good to be sad and say nothing.

Ros. Why, then, 't is good to be a post.

Jaq. I have neither the scholar's melancholy,
which is emulation; nor the musician's, which is

fantastical; nor the courtier's, which is proud
nor the soldier's, which is ambitious; nor the
lawyer's, which is politic; nor the lady's, which
is nice; nor the lover's, which is all these: but
it is a melancholy of mine own, compounded of
many simples, extracted from many objects, and,
indeed, the sundry contemplation of my travels,
in which my often rumination wraps me in a most
humorous sadness.

Ros. A traveller! By my faith, you have great
reason to be sad: I fear you have sold your own
lands, to see other men's; then, to have seen
much, and to have nothing, is to have rich eyes
and poor hands.

Jaq. Yes, I have gain'd by experience.

Enter ORLANDO.

Ros. And your experience makes you sad : I had rather have a fool to make me merry, than experience to make me sad ; and to travel for it too !

Orl. Good day, and happiness, dear Rosalind !

Jaq. Nay, then, God be wi' you, an you talk in blank verse.

Ros. Farewell, monsieur traveller. Look you lip, and wear strange suits : disable all the benefits of your own country ; be out of love with your nativity, and almost chide God for making you that countenance you are ; or I will scarce think you have swam in a gondola. [*Exit JAKES.*] Why, how now, Orlando ! where have you been all this while ? You a lover ?—An you serve me such another trick, never come in my sight more.

Orl. My fair Rosalind, I come within an hour of my promise.

Ros. Break an hour's promise in love ? He that will divide a minute into a thousand parts, and break but a part of the thousandth part of a minute in the affairs of love, it may be said of him that Cupid hath clapped him o' the shoulder, but I'll warrant him heart-whole.

Orl. Pardon me, dear Rosalind.

Ros. Nay, an you be so tardy, come no more in my sight ; I had as lief be woo'd of a snail.

Orl. Of a snail ?

Ros. Ay, of a snail ; for though he comes slowly, he carries his house on his head ;^{ss} a better jointure, I think, than you make a woman : Besides, he brings his destiny with him.

Orl. What's that ?

Ros. Why, horns ; which such as you are fain to be beholden to your wives for : but he comes armed in his fortune, and prevents the slander of his wife.

Orl. Virtue is no horn-maker, and my Rosalind is virtuous.

Ros. And I am your Rosalind.

Cel. It pleases him to call you so ; but he hath a Rosalind of a better leer than you.

Ros. Come, woo me, woo me ; for now I am in a holiday humour, and like enough to consent :—What would you say to me now, an I were your very Rosalind ?

Orl. I would kiss before I spoke.

Ros. Nay, you were better speak first ; and when you were gravell'd for lack of matter, you might take occasion to kiss. Very good orators,

when they are out, they will spit ; and for lovers, lacking (God warn us !) matter, the cleanliest shift is to kiss.

Orl. How if the kiss be denied ?

Ros. Then she puts you to entreaty, and there begins new matter.

Orl. Who could be out, being before his beloved mistress ?

Ros. Marry, that should you, if I were your mistress ; or I should think my honesty ranker than my wit.

Orl. What, of my suit ?

Ros. Not out of your apparel, and yet out of your suit. Am not I your Rosalind ?

Orl. I take some joy to say you are, because I would be talking of her.

Ros. Well, in her person, I say—I will not have you.

Orl. Then, in mine own person, I die.

Ros. No, faith, die by attorney. The poor world is almost six thousand years old, and in all this time there was not any man died in his own person, *videlicet*, in a love-cause. Troilus had his brains dash'd out with a Grecian club : yet he did what he could to die before ; and he is one of the patterns of love. Leander, he would have liv'd many a fair year, though Hero had turn'd nun, if it had not been for a hot midsummer night : for, good youth, he went but forth to wash him in the Hellespont, and, being taken with the cramp, was drown'd ; and the foolish coroners of that age found it was—Hero of Sestos. But these are all lies ; men have died from time to time, and worms have eaten them, but not for love.

Orl. I would not have my right Rosalind of this mind ; for, I protest, her frown might kill me.

Ros. By this hand, it will not kill a fly. But, come, now I will be your Rosalind in a more coming-on disposition ; and ask me what you will, I will grant it.

Orl. Then love me, Rosalind.

Ros. Yes, faith will I, Fridays, and Saturdays, and all.

Orl. And wilt thou have me ?

Ros. Ay, and twenty such !

Orl. What say'st thou ?

Ros. Are you not good ?

Orl. I hope so.

Ros. Why, then, can one desire too much of a good thing ?—Come, sister, you shall be the priest, and marry us.—Give me your hand, Orlando. What do you say, sister ?

Orl. Pray thee, marry us.

Cel. I cannot say the words.

Ros. You must begin,—“Will you, Orlando,”—

Cel. Go to:—Will you, Orlando, have to wife this Rosalind?

Orl. I will.

Ros. Ay, but when?

Orl. Why, now; as fast as she can marry us.

Ros. Then you must say,—“I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.”

Orl. I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.

Ros. I might ask you for your commission; but,—I do take thee, Orlando, for my husband. There's a girl goes before the priest: and, certainly, a woman's thought runs before her actions.

Orl. So do all thoughts; they are wing'd.

Ros. Now tell me, how long you would have her, after you have possessed her.

Orl. For ever, and a day.

Ros. Say a day, without the ever! No, no, Orlando; men are April when they woo, December when they wed: maids are May when they are maids, but the sky changes when they are wives. I will be more jealous of thee than a Barbary cock-pigeon over his hen; more clamorous than a parrot against rain; more new-fangled than an ape; more giddy in my desires than a monkey: I will weep for nothing, like Diana in the fountain, and I will do that when you are dispos'd to be merry; I will laugh like a hyen,⁸⁶ and that when thou art inclin'd to sleep.

Orl. But will my Rosalind do so?

Ros. By my life, she will do as I do.

Orl. O, but she is wise.

Ros. Or else she could not have the wit to do this: the wiser, the waywarder. Make the doors upon a woman's wit, and it will out at the casement; shut that, and 't will out at the key-hole; stop that, 't will fly with the smoke out at the chimney.

Orl. A man that had a wife with such a wit, he might say,—“Wit, whither wilt?”⁸⁷

Ros. Nay, you might keep that check for it, till you meet your wife's wit going to your neighbour's bed.

Orl. And what wit could wit have to excuse that?

Ros. Marry, to say—she came to seek you there. You shall never take her without her answer, unless you take her without her tongue. O, that woman that cannot make her fault her husband's occasion,⁸⁸ let her never nurse her child herself, for she will breed it like a fool.

Orl. For these two hours, Rosalind, I will leave thee.

Ros. Alas, dear love, I cannot lack thee two hours.

Orl. I must attend the duke at dinner; by two o'clock I will be with thee again.

Ros. Ay, go your ways, go your ways:—I knew what you would prove; my friends told me as much, and I thought no less:—that flattering tongue of yours won me:—'t is but one cast away, and so,—come, death!—Two o'clock is your hour?

Orl. Ay, sweet Rosalind.

Ros. By my troth, and in good earnest, and so God mend me, and by all pretty oaths that are not dangerous, if you break one jot of your promise, or come one minute behind your hour, I will think you the most pathetic break-promise,⁸⁹ and the most hollow lover, and the most unworthy of her you call Rosalind, that may be chosen out of the gross band of the unfaithful: therefore beware my censure, and keep your promise.

Orl. With no less religion than if thou wert indeed my Rosalind: So, adieu.

Ros. Well, Time is the old justice that examines all such offenders, and let Time try. Adieu!

[Exit ORLANDO.]

Cel. You have simply misus'd our sex in your love prate: we must have your doublet and hose plucked over your head, and show the world what the bird hath done to her own nest.

Ros. O coz, coz, coz, my pretty little coz, that thou didst know how many fathom deep I am in love! But it cannot be sounded; my affection hath an unknown bottom, like the bay of Portugal.

Cel. Or rather, bottomless; that as fast as you pour affection in, it runs out.

Ros. No; that same wicked bastard of Venus, that was begot of thought, conceiv'd of spleen, and born of madness; that blind rascally boy, that abuses every one's eyes, because his own are out, let him be judge how deep I am in love:—I'll tell thee, Aliena, I cannot be out of the sight of Orlando. I'll go find a shadow, and sigh till he come.

Cel. And I'll sleep.

SCENE II.—Another part of the Forest.

Enter JACQUES and Lords, in the habit of Foresters

Jaq. Which is he that killed the deer?

1 *Lord.* Sir, it was I.

Jaq. Let's present him to the duke, like a Roman conqueror; and it would do well to set the deer's horns upon his head, for a branch of victory:—Have you no song, forester, for this purpose?

2 *Lord.* Yes, sir.

Jaq. Sing it; 't is no matter how it be in tune, so it make noise enough.

SONG.

1. What shall he have that kill'd the deer?
2. His leather skin, and horns to wear.

Jaq. Then sing him home.

[*They carry away the deer singing.*]

All. Take thou no scorn, to wear the horn;
It was a crest ere thou wast born.

1. Thy father's father wore it;
2. And thy father bore it;

All. The horn, the horn, the lusty horn,
Is not a thing to laugh to scorn. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The Forest.*

Enter ROSALIND and CELIA.

Ros. How say you now? Is it not past two o'clock? and here much Orlando!¹⁵⁰

Cel. I warrant you, with pure love, and troubled brain, he hath ta'en his bow and arrows, and is gone forth—to sleep: Look, who comes here.

Enter SILVIUS.

Sil. My errand is to you, fair youth;—
My gentle Phebe did bid me give you this.

[*Giving a letter.*]

I know not the contents; but, as I guess,
By the stern brow, and waspish action
Which she did use as she was writing of it,
It bears an angry tenor: pardon me,
I am but as a guiltless messenger.

Ros. Patience herself would startle at this letter,
And play the swaggerer; bear this, bear all:
She says, I am not fair; that I lack manners;
She calls me proud; and, that she could not love
me

Were man as rare as phoenix. O'd's my will!
Her love is not the hare that I do hunt.
Why writes she so to me?—Well, shepherd, well;
This is a letter of your own device.

Sil. No, I protest, I know not the contents;
Phebe did write it.

Ros. Come, come, you are a fool,
And turn'd into the extremity of love.
I saw her hand: she has a leathern hand,
A freestone-colour'd hand; I verily did think

That her old gloves were on, but 't was her hands:
She has a housewife's hand: but that's no matter:
I say, she never did invent this letter;
This is a man's invention, and his hand.

Sil. Sure, it is hers.

Ros. Why, 't is a boisterous and a cruel style.
A style for challengers; why, she defies me,
Like Turk to Christian: woman's gentle brain
Could not drop forth such giant rude invention,
Such Ethiop words, blacker in their effect
Than in their countenance:—Will you hear the
letter?

Sil. So please you, for I never heard it yet;
Yet heard too much of Phebe's cruelty.

Ros. She Phebes me: Mark how the tyrant
writes.

"Art thou god to shepherd turn'd, [*Reads*
That a maiden's heart hath burn'd?"—

Can a woman rail thus?

Sil. Call you this railing?

Ros. "Why, thy godhead laid apart,
Warr'st thou with a woman's heart?"

Did you ever hear such railing?

"Whiles the eye of man did woo me,
That could do no vengeance to me—"

Meaning me a beast.—

"If the scorn of your bright eyne
Have power to raise such love in mine,
Alack! in me what strange effect
Would they work in mild aspect?
Whiles you chid me, I did love;
How then might your prayers move?
He that brings this love to thee,
Little knows this love in me:
And by him seal up thy mind;
Whether that thy youth and kind
Will the faithful offer take
Of me, and all that I can make;
Or else by him my love deny,
And then I'll study how to die."

Sil. Call you this chiding?

Cel. Alas, poor shepherd!

Ros. Do you pity him? no, he deserves no pity.
—Wilt thou love such a woman?—What, to make
thee an instrument, and play false strains upon
thee! not to be endur'd!—Well, go your way to
her, (for I see love hath made thee a tame snake,)
and say this to her;—That if she love me, I charge
her to love thee: If she will not, I will never
have her, unless thou entreat for her.—If you be a
true lover, hence, and not a word; for here comes
more company.

Exit SILVIUS

Enter OLIVER.

Oli. Good morrow, fair ones: Pray you, if you know

Where, in the purlieus of this forest, stands
A sheep-cote, fenc'd about with olive-trees?

Cel. West of this place, down in the neighbour
bottom,

The rank of osiers, by the murmuring stream,
Left on your right hand, brings you to the place:
But at this hour the house doth keep itself;
There's none within.

Oli. If that an eye may profit by a tongue,
Then should I know you by description;
Such garments, and such years: "The boy is fair,
Of female favour, and bestows himself
Like a ripe sister: the woman low,
And browner than her brother." Are not you
The owner of the house I did inquire for?

Cel. It is no boast, being ask'd, to say, we are.

Oli. Orlando doth commend him to you both;
And to that youth, he calls his Rosalind,
He sends this bloody napkin; are you he?

Ros. I am: what must we understand by this?

Oli. Some of my shame; if you will know of
me

What man I am, and how, and why, and where
This handkercher was stain'd.

Cel. I pray you, tell it.

Oli. When last the young Orlando parted from
you,

He left a promise to return again
Within an hour; and, pacing through the forest,
Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancy,
Lo, what befel! he threw his eye aside,
And, mark, what object did present itself!
Under an old oak,⁹¹ whose boughs were moss'd
with age,

And high top bald with dry antiquity,
A wretched ragged man, o'ergrown with hair,
Lay sleeping on his back: about his neck
A green and gilded snake had wreath'd itself,
Who with her head, nimble in threats, approach'd
The opening of his mouth; but suddenly,
Seeing Orlando, it unlink'd itself,
And with indented glides did slip away
Into a bush: under which bush's shade
A lioness, with udders all drawn dry,
Lay couching, head on ground, with catlike watch,
When that the sleeping man should stir; for 't is
The royal disposition of that beast,
To prey on nothing that doth seem as dead;

This seen, Orlando did approach the man,
And found it was his brother, his elder brother.

Cel. O, I have heard him speak of that same
brother;

And he did render⁹² him the most unnatural
That liv'd 'mongst men.

Oli. And well he might so do,
For well I know he was unnatural.

Ros. But, to Orlando;—Did he leave him
there,

Food to the suck'd and hungry lioness?

Oli. Twice did he turn his back, and purpos'd
so:

But kindness, nobler ever than revenge,
And nature, stronger than his just occasion,
Made him give battle to the lioness,
Who quickly fell before him; in which hurtling,
From miserable slumber I awak'd.

Cel. Are you his brother?

Ros. Was 't you he rescu'd?

Cel. Was 't you that did so oft contrive to kill
him?

Oli. 'T was I; but 't is not I: I do not
shame

To tell you what I was, since my conversion
So sweetly tastes, being the thing I am.

Ros. But, for the bloody napkin?—

Oli. By and by.

When from the first to last, betwixt us two,
Tears our recountments had most kindly bath'd,
As,⁹³ how I came into that desert place;—
In brief, he led me to the gentle duke,
Who gave me fresh array and entertainment,
Committing me unto my brother's love;
Who led me instantly unto his cave,
There stripp'd himself, and here upon his arm
The lioness had torn some flesh away,
Which all this while had bled; and now he
fainted,

And cried, in fainting, upon Rosalind.

Brief, I recover'd him; bound up his wound;
And, after some small space, being strong at
heart,

He sent me hither, stranger as I am,
To tell this story, that you might excuse
His broken promise, and to give this napkin,
Dyed in this blood, unto the shepherd youth
That he in sport doth call his Rosalind.

Cel. Why, how now, Ganymede? sweet Gany-
mede?

[*Ros. faints.*]

Oli. Many will swoon when they do look on
blood.

Cel. There is more in it:—Cousin—Ganymede!

Oli. Look, he recovers.

Ros. I would I were at home.

Cel. We 'll lead you thither:—

I pray you, will you take him by the arm?

Oli. Be of good cheer, youth:—You a man?—
You lack a man's heart.

Ros. I do so, I confess it. Ah, sirra, a body
would think this was well counterfeited. I pray
you, tell your brother how well I counterfeited.—
Heigh ho!

Oli. This was not counterfeit; there is too great
testimony in your complexion, that it was a pas-
sion of earnest.

Ros. Counterfeit, I assure you.

Oli. Well, then, take a good heart, and coun-
terfeit to be a man.

Ros. So I do: but, i' faith, I should have been
a woman by right.

Cel. Come, you look paler and paler; pray you,
draw homewards:—Good sir, go with us.

Oli. That will I, for I must bear answer back
How you excuse my brother, Rosalind.

Ros. I shall devise something: But, I pray you,
commend my counterfeiting to him:—Will you
go?

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The Forest of Arden.*

Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY.

Touch. We shall find a time, Audrey; patience,
gentle Audrey.

Aud. 'Faith, the priest was good enough, for all
the old gentleman's saying.

Touch. A most wicked sir Oliver, Audrey; a
most vile Mar-text. But, Audrey, there is a youth
here in the forest lays claim to you.

Aud. Ay, I know who 't is; he hath no inter-
est in me in the world: here comes the man you
mean.

Enter WILLIAM.

Touch. It is meat and drink to me to see a
clown. By my troth, we that have good wits have
much to answer for; we shall be flouting; we can-
not hold.

Will. Good ev'n, Audrey.

Aud. God ye good ev'n, William.

Will. And good ev'n to you, sir.

Touch. Good ev'n, gentle friend. Cover thy
head, cover thy head; nay, prithee, be cover'd.
How old are you, friend?

Will. Five-and-twenty, sir.

Touch. A ripe age! Is thy name William?

Will. William, sir.

Touch. A fair name. Wast born i' the forest
here?

Will. Ay, sir, I thank God.

Touch. Thank God!—a good answer. Art rich?

Will. Faith, sir, so so.

Touch. So so is good, very good, very excellent
good: and yet it is not; it is but so so. Art thou
wise?

Will. Ay, sir, I have a pretty wit.

Touch. Why, thou say'st well. I do now remem-
ber a saying; "The fool doth think he is wise,
but the wise man knows himself to be a fool." The
heathen philosopher, when he had a desire
to eat a grape, would open his lips when he put
it into his mouth; meaning thereby, that grapes
were made to eat, and lips to open. You do love
this maid?

Will. I do, sir.

Touch. Give me your hand: Art thou learned?

Will. No, sir.

Touch. Then learn this of me; To have, is to
have: For it is a figure in rhetoric, that drink,
being pour'd out of a cup into a glass, by filling
the one, doth empty the other: for all your writ-
ters do consent, that *ipse* is he; now, you are not
ipse, for I am he.

Will. Which he, sir?

Touch. He, sir, that must marry this woman!
Therefore, you, clown, abandon, which is in the
vulgar, leave, the society, which in the boorish is,
company, of this female, which in the common is,
woman, which together is, abandon the society of
this female; or, clown, thou perishest; or, to thy
better understanding, diest; or to wit, I kill thee,

make thee away, translate thy life into death, thy liberty into bondage: I will deal in poison with thee, or in bastinado, or in steel; I will bandy with thee in faction; I will o'errun thee with policy; I will kill thee a hundred and fifty ways; therefore, tremble, and depart.

Aud. Do, good William.

Will. God rest you merry, sir.

[*Exit.*]

Enter CORIN.

Cor. Our master and mistress seek you; come, away, away!

Touch. Trip, Audrey, trip, Audrey;—I attend, I attend.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The same.*

Enter ORLANDO and OLIVER.

Orl. Is 't possible, that on so little acquaintance you should like her? that, but seeing, you should love her? and, loving, woo? and, wooing, she should grant? and will you persevere to enjoy her?

Oli. Neither call the giddiness of it in question, the poverty of her, the small acquaintance, my sudden wooing, nor her sudden consenting; but say with me, I love Aliena; say with her, that she loves me; consent with both, that we may enjoy each other: it shall be to your good; for my father's house, and all the revenue that was old sir Rowland's, will I estate upon you, and here live and die a shepherd.

Orl. You have my consent. Let your wedding be to-morrow: thither will I invite the duke, and all his contented followers. Go you, and prepare Aliena; for, look you, here comes my Rosalind.

Enter ROSALIND.

Ros. God save you, brother.

Oli. And you, fair sister.

[*Exit.*]

Ros. O, my dear Orlando, how it grieves me to see thee wear thy heart in a scarf!

Orl. It is my arm.

Ros. I thought thy heart had been wounded with the claws of a lion.

Orl. Wounded it is, but with the eyes of a lady.

Ros. Did your brother tell you how I counterfeited to wound, when he show'd me your handkercher?

Orl. Ay, and greater wonders than that.

Ros. O, I know where you are:—Nay, 't is true:

there was never anything so sudden, but the fight of two rams, and Cæsar's thrasonical brag of—"I came, saw, and overcame." For your brother and my sister no sooner met, but they look'd; no sooner look'd, but they lov'd; no sooner lov'd, but they sigh'd; no sooner sigh'd, but they ask'd one another the reason; no sooner knew the reason, but they sought the remedy: and in these degrees have they made a pair of stairs to marriage, which they will climb incontinent, or else be incontinent before marriage: they are in the very wrath or love, and they will together; clubs cannot part them.

Orl. They shall be married to-morrow, and I will bid the duke to the nuptial. But, O, how bitter a thing it is to look into happiness through another man's eyes! By so much the more shall I to-morrow be at the height of heart-heaviness, by how much I shall think my brother happy, in having what he wishes for.

Ros. Why, then, to-morrow I cannot serve your turn for Rosalind?

Orl. I can live no longer by thinking.

Ros. I will weary you then no longer with idle talking. Know of me then, (for now I speak to some purpose,) that I know you are a gentleman of good conceit: I speak not this, that you should bear a good opinion of my knowledge, insomuch, I say, I know you are; neither do I labour for a greater esteem than may in some little measure draw a belief from you, to do yourself good, and not to grace me. Believe, then, if you please, that I can do strange things: I have, since I was three year old, conversed with a magician, most profound in his art, and yet not damnable. If you do love Rosalind so near the heart as your gesture cries it out, when your brother marries Aliena, shall you marry her. I know into what straits of fortune she is driven; and it is not impossible to me, if it appear not inconvenient to you, to set her before your eyes to-morrow, human as she is,⁹⁴ and without any danger.

Orl. Speak'st thou in sober meanings?

Ros. By my life I do; which I tender dearly though I say I am a magician. Therefore, put you in your best array, bid your friends; for if you will be married to-morrow, you shall; and to Rosalind, if you will.

Enter SILVIUS and PHEBE.

Look, here comes a lover of mine, and a lover of hers.

Phe. Youth, you have done me much ungentleness,

To show the letter that I writ to you.

Ros. I care not if I have: it is my study
To seem spiteful and ungentle to you:
You are there follow'd by a faithful shepherd;
Look upon him, love him; he worships you.

Phe. Good shepherd, tell this youth what 't is
to love.

Sil. It is to be all made of sighs and tears;—
And so am I for Phebe.

Phe. And I for Ganymede.

Orl. And I for Rosalind.

Ros. And I for no woman!

Sil. It is to be all made of faith and service;—
And so am I for Phebe.

Phe. And I for Ganymede.

Orl. And I for Rosalind.

Ros. And I for no woman!

Sil. It is to be all made of fantasy,
All made of passion, and all made of wishes;
All adoration, duty, and obedience;
All humbleness, all patience, and impatience;
All purity, all trial, all observance;
And so am I for Phebe.

Phe. And so am I for Ganymede.

Orl. And so am I for Rosalind.

Ros. And so am I for no woman!

Phe. If this be so, why blame you me to love
you?⁹⁵ [To ROSALIND.]

Sil. If this be so, why blame you me to love
you? [To PHEBE.]

Orl. If this be so, why blame you me to love
you?

Ros. Who do you speak to, "why blame you
me to love you?"

Orl. To her, that is not here, nor doth not
hear.

Ros. Pray you, no more of this; 't is like the
howling of Irish wolves against the moon.—I
will help you, [to SILVIUS] if I can:—I would
love you, [to PHEBE] if I could.—To-morrow meet
me all together.—I will marry you, [to PHEBE] if
ever I marry woman, and I'll be married to-mor-
row:—I will satisfy you, [to ORLANDO] if ever I
satisfy man, and you shall be married to-morrow:
—I will content you, [to SILVIUS] if what pleases
you contents you, and you shall be married to-
morrow.—As you [to ORLANDO] love Rosalind,
meet;—as you [to SILVIUS] love Phebe, meet; and
as I love no woman, I'll meet.—So, fare you well;
I have left you commands.

Sil. I'll not fail, if I live.

Phe. Nor I.

Orl. Nor I. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—*The same.*

Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY.

Touch. To-morrow is the joyful day, Audrey
to-morrow will we be married.

Aud. I do desire it with all my heart: and I
hope it is no dishonest desire, to desire to be a
woman of the world. Here come two of the
banish'd duke's pages.

Enter two Pages.

1 Page. Well met, honest gentleman.

Touch. By my troth, well met. Come, sit, sit,
and a song.

2 Page. We are for you: sit i' the middle.

1 Page. Shall we clap into 't roundly, without
hawking, or spitting, or saying we are hoarse;
which are the only prologues to a bad voice?

2 Page. I' faith, i' faith; and both in a tune,
like two gipsies on a horse.

SONG.

I.

It was a lover, and his lass,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
That o'er the green corn-field did pass,
In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,*
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding;
Sweet lovers love the spring.

II.

Between the acres of the rye,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
These pretty country folks would lie,
In spring time, &c.

III.

This carol they began that hour,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
How that a life was but a flower
In spring time, &c.

IV.

And therefore take the present time,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
For love is crowned with the prime
In spring time, &c.

Touch. Truly, young gentlemen, though there
was no great matter in the ditty, yet the note was
very untuneable.

1 Page. You are deceiv'd, sir; we kept time
we lost not our time.

Touch. By my troth, yes; I count it but time lost to hear such a foolish song. God be wi' you, and God mend your voices! Come, Audrey. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*Another part of the Forest.*

Enter DUKE senior, AMIENS, JAKES, ORLANDO, OLIVER, and CELIA.

Duke S. Dost thou believe, Orlando, that the boy Can do all this that he hath promised?

Orl. I sometimes do believe, and sometimes do not;
As those that fear they hope, and know they fear.⁹⁷

Enter ROSALIND, SILVIUS, and PHEBE.

Ros. Patience once more, whiles our compact is urg'd:—
You say, if I bring in your Rosalind,

[*To the DUKE.*]

You will bestow her on Orlando here?

Duke S. That would I, had I kingdoms to give with her.

Ros. And you say, you will have her, when I bring her? [*To ORLANDO.*]

Orl. That would I, were I of all kingdoms king.

Ros. You say, you 'll marry me, if I be willing?

[*To PHEBE.*]

Phe. That will I, should I die the hour after.

Ros. But, if you do refuse to marry me,
You 'll give yourself to this most faithful shepherd?

Phe. So is the bargain.

Ros. You say, that you 'll have Phebe, if she will? [*To SILVIUS.*]

Sil. Though to have her and death were both one thing.

Ros. I have promis'd to make all this matter even.

Keep you your word, O duke, to give your daughter;—

You yours, Orlando, to receive his daughter:—

Keep you your word, Phebe, that you 'll marry me;
Or else, refusing me, to wed this shepherd:—

Keep your word, Silvius, that you 'll marry her,
If she refuse me:—and from hence I go,
To make these doubts all even.

[*Exeunt ROSALIND and CELIA.*]

Duke S. I do remember in this shepherd-boy
Some lively touches of my daughter's favour.

Orl. My lord, the first time that I ever saw him,

Methought he was a brother to your daughter:

But, my good lord, this boy is forest-born,
And hath been tutor'd in the rudiments
Of many desperate studies by his uncle,
Whom he reports to be a great magician,
Obscured in the circle of this forest.

Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY.

Jaq. There is, sure, another flood toward, and these couples are coming to the ark! Here come a pair of very strange beasts, which in all tongues are call'd fools.

Touch. Salutation and greeting to you all!

Jaq. Good my lord, bid him welcome. This is the motley-minded gentleman that I have so often met in the forest: he hath been a courtier, he swears.

Touch. If any man doubt that, let him put me to my purgation. I have trod a measure; I have flattered a lady; I have been politic with my friend, smooth with mine enemy; I have undone three tailors; I have had four quarrels, and like to have fought one.

Jaq. And how was that ta'en up?

Touch. Faith, we met, and found the quarrel was upon the seventh cause.

Jaq. How, seventh cause?—Good my lord, like this fellow?

Duke S. I like him very well.

Touch. God 'ild you, sir; I desire you of the like. I press in here, sir, amongst the rest of the country copulatives, to swear, and to forswear; according as marriage binds, and blood breaks.⁹⁸ A poor virgin, sir, an ill-favour'd thing, sir, but mine own; a poor humour of mine, sir, to take that that no man else will. Rich honesty dwells like a miser, sir, in a poor house; as your pearl in your foul oyster.

Duke S. By my faith, he is very swift and sententious.

Touch. According to the fool's bolt, sir, and such dulcet diseases.

Jaq. But, for the seventh cause; how did you find the quarrel on the seventh cause?

Touch. Upon a lie seven times removed;—Bear your body more seeming, Audrey:—as thus, sir. I did dislike the cut of a certain courtier's beard, he sent me word, if I said his beard was not cut well, he was in the mind it was. This is call'd the "Retort courteous." If I sent him word again, it was not well cut, he would send me word, he cut it to please himself. This is call'd the "Quip modest." If again, it was not well

cut, he disabled my judgment. This is call'd the "Reply churlish." If again, it was not well cut, he would answer, I spake not true. This is call'd the "Reproof valiant." If again, it was not well cut, he would say, I lie. This is call'd the "Countercheck quarrelsome;" and so to "Lie circumstantial," and the "Lie direct."

Jaq. And how oft did you say, his beard was not well cut?

Touch. I durst go no further than the "Lie circumstantial," nor he durst not give me the "Lie direct;" and so we measur'd swords, and parted.

Jaq. Can you nominate in order now the degrees of the lie?

Touch. O sir, we quarrel in print, by the book;⁹⁹ as you have Books for Good Manners.¹⁰⁰ I will name you the degrees. The first, the Retort courteous; the second, the Quip modest; the third, the Reply churlish; the fourth, the Reproof valiant; the fifth, the Countercheck quarrelsome; the sixth, the Lie with circumstance; the seventh, the Lie direct. All these you may avoid, but the lie direct; and you may avoid that too, with an *If*. I knew when seven justices could not take up a quarrel; but when the parties were met themselves, one of them thought but of an *If*, as, "If you said so, then I said so;" and they shook hands, and swore brothers. Your *If* is the only peacemaker; much virtue in *If*.

Jaq. Is not this a rare fellow, my lord? he's as good at anything, and yet a fool.

Duke S. He uses his folly like a stalking-horse, and under the presentation of that, he shoots his wit.

Enter HYMEN, leading ROSALIND and CELIA.

Still Music.

Hym. Then is there mirth in heaven,
When earthly things made even
Atone together.
Good duke, receive thy daughter;
Hymen from heaven brought her,
Yea, brought her hither;
That thou mightst join her hand with his,
Whose heart within her bosom is.

Ros. To you I give myself, for I am yours.

[*To DUKE S.*

To you I give myself, for I am yours.

[*To ORLANDO.*

Duke S. If there be truth in sight, you are my daughter.

Orl. If there be truth in sight, you are my Rosalind.

Phe. If sight and shape be true,
Why, then,—my love adieu!

Ros. I'll have no father, if you be not he.—

[*To DUKE S.*

I'll have no husband, if you be not he:—

[*To ORLANDO*

Nor ne'er wed woman, if you be not she.

[*To PHEBE*

Hym. Peace, ho! I bar confusion.

'T is I must make conclusion

Of these most strange events:

Here's eight that must take hands,

To join in Hymen's bands,

If truth holds true contents.

You and you no cross shall part:

[*To ORLANDO and ROSALIND*

You and you are heart in heart:

[*To OLIVER and CELIA*

You [*to PHE.*] to his love must accord,

Or have a woman to your lord:

You and you are sure together,

[*To TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY*

As the winter to foul weather.

Whiles a wedlock hymn we sing,

Feed yourselves with questioning,

That reason wonder may diminish,

How thus we met, and these things
finish.

SONG.

Wedding is great Juno's crown;
O blessed bond of board and bed:
'T is Hymen peoples every town;
High wedlock, then, be honoured:
Honour, high honour and renown,
To Hymen, god of every town!

Duke S. O my dear niece, welcome thou art to me;

Even daughter, welcome in no less degree.

Phe. I will not eat my word; now thou art mine,

Thy faith my fancy to thee doth combine.¹⁰¹

[*To SILVIUS.*

Enter JAKES DE BOIS.

Jakes de B. Let me have audience for a word or two;

I am the second son of old sir Rowland,
That bring these tidings to this fair assembly:

Duke Frederick, hearing how that every day
Men of great worth resorted to this forest,
Address'd a mighty power, which were on foot,
In his own conduct, purposely to take

His brother here, and put him to the sword :
And to the skirts of this wild wood he came,
Where, meeting with an old religious man,
After some question with him, was converted
Both from his enterprise, and from the world :
His crown bequeathing to his banish'd brother,
And all their lands restor'd to them again,
That were with him exil'd. This to be true,
I do engage my life.

Duke S. Welcome, young man ;
Thou offer'st fairly to thy brothers' wedding :
To one, his lands withheld ; and to the other,
A land itself at large, a potent dukedom.
First, in this forest, let us do those ends
That here were well begun, and well begot :
And after, every of this happy number,
That have endur'd shrewd days and nights with us,
Shall share the good of our returned fortune,
According to the measure of their 'states.
Meantime, forget this new-fall'n dignity,
And fall into our rustic revelry :—
Play, music ;—and you brides and bridegrooms all,
With measure heap'd in joy,¹⁰² to th' measures fall.

Jaq. Sir, by your patience ; If I heard you
rightly,
The duke hath put on a religious life,
And thrown into neglect the pompous court ?

Jaq. de B. He hath.

Jaq. To him will I : out of these convertities
There is much matter to be heard and learn'd.—
You to your former honour I bequeath ;

[*To Duke S.*

Your patience, and your virtue, well deserve
it :—

You [*to ORLANDO*] to a love that your true faith
doth merit :—

You [*to OLIVER*] to your land, and love, and great
allies :—

You [*to SILVIUS*] to a long and well-deserved
bed :—

And you [*to TOUCHSTONE*] to wrangling ; for thy
loving voyage

Is but for two months victuall'd :—So to your
pleasures ;

I am for other than for dancing measures.

Duke S. Stay, Jaques, stay.

Jaq. To see no pastime, I :—what you would
have,

I'll stay to know at your abandon'd cave. [*Exit.*

Duke S. Proceed, proceed : we'll begin these
rites,

As we do trust they'll end in true delights.

[*A dance.*

EPILOGUE.

Ros. It is not the fashion to see the lady the
epilogue : but it is no more unhandsome, than to
see the lord the prologue. If it be true that
“good wine needs no bush,”¹⁰³ 't is true that a
good play needs no epilogue : Yet to good wine
they do use good bushes ; and good plays prove
the better by the help of good epilogues. What
a case am I in then, that am neither a good epi-
logue, nor cannot insinuate with you in the behalf
of a good play ! I am not furnish'd like a beggar,
therefore to beg will not become me : my way is,
to conjure you ; and I'll begin with the women.
I charge you, O women, for the love you bear to
men, to like as much of this play as please you :
and I charge you, O men, for the love you bear
to women, (as I perceive by your simp'ring, none
of you hate them,) that between you and the
women, the play may please. If I were a woman,
I would kiss as many of you as had beards that
pleas'd me, complexions that lik'd me, and breaths
that I defied not : and, I am sure, as many as
have good beards, or good faces, or sweet breaths,
will, for my kind offer when I make curtsy, bid
me farewell.

[*Exeunt*

NOTES TO AS YOU LIKE IT.

¹ *But a poor thousand crowns.*

So the second folio, the first edition reading, "but poor a thousand crowns," which may, however, be right; not exactly, I think, for the reason assigned by Mr. Knight, but as an instance of a construction familiar to writers of the period. "How poor an instrument may do a noble act," *Antony and Cleopatra*. It was understood before charged.

Stays, keeps, detains.

² *His countenance seems to take from me.*

Countenance seems to be equivalent to, behaviour. Used in either a good or bad sense. *Mines*, equivalent to, undermines. *What make you here*, what do you here?

³ *And be naught awhile!*

This is merely a petty oath, equivalent to, *a mischief on you*. It is generally misunderstood by the actors.

Sir W. Scott, in his autobiography, gives an interesting account of the effect this scene in representation had upon his youthful mind. "The most delightful recollections of Bath are dated after the arrival of my uncle, Captain Robert Scott, who introduced me to all the little amusements which suited my age, and, above all, to the theatre. The play was *As You Like It*; and the witchery of the whole scene is alive in my mind at this moment. I made, I believe, noise more than enough, and remember being so much scandalized at the quarrel between Orlando and his brother in the first scene, that I screamed out, 'A' n't they brothers?' A few weeks' residence at home convinced me, who had till then been an only child in the house of my grandfather, that a quarrel between brothers was a very natural event."

⁴ *Villain* seems to be used in two significations, in its present sense, and also with its original meaning, a person born in subjection.

⁵ *And fleet the time carelessly.*

Fleet, make to flit or pass. Baret, 1580, has *fleete* for *flout*.

Intendment, intention.

⁶ *I will stir this gamester.*

Gamester, adventurer, frolicsome fellow. The term occurs in a similar sense in the *Taming of the Shrew*, ii.

1. *Enchantingly*, as if acting under the power of enchantment.

Kindle, excite, entice.

⁷ *He never had any.*

A similar joke, as Boswell observes, is found in the old play of *Damon and Pythias*, 1573:

I have taken a wise othe on him; have I not, trow ye,
To trust such a false knave upon his honestie?
As he is an honest man (quoth you?) he may bewray all
to the kinge,
And breke his oth for this never a whit.

⁸ *You'll be whipped for taxation.*

Taxation, censure, satire. "Things much more satyricall have passed both the publicke stage and the presse, and never questioned by authority; and there are fewer that will find themselves touched or *taxed*," C. Brooke, 1625.

⁹ *Laid on with a trowel.*

That is, grossly, without delicacy. M. Mason says the phrase is still in use. A similar expression occurs in *Tony Lumpkin*,—"that was a dash with the pound brush."

Amaze, utterly confuse, confound.

¹⁰ *With bills on their necks.*

Notwithstanding the passage quoted by Farmer from Lodge, I am induced to believe *Rosalind* intends by *bills* merely *labels*, or *advertisements*, which were formerly so termed.

¹¹ *If you saw yourself with your eyes.*

If you could only see yourself, and exercise your own judgment to know yourself, the fear of your adventure would counsel you to a more equal enterprize.

¹² *That was never gracious.*

Gracious appears to be here used in the sense of *graced* favoured, acceptable. See Mr. Singer's edition, p. 119.

¹³ *Calling*, name, appellation.

¹⁴ *Exceeded all in promise.*

This reading of the second folio, which appears to be right, has escaped the notice of all the editors.

¹⁵ *Is but a quintain, a mere lifeless block.*

In the diversion of the quintain, a strong post was fixed in the ground, with a piece of wood on the top turning upon a spindle. This piece of wood varied in its form and action, but was always formed so that a blow on one side gave it a sharp rotatory motion. The quintain was tilted at by horse-men, who, if expert, would contrive to ride with sufficient rapidity to escape the shock from the revolving board or image. The poet undoubtedly alludes to some kind of quintain which resembled the human figure.

¹⁶ *He misconsters all.*

Misconster, the genuine archaic form of *misconstrue*, and should not be altered. Mr. Knight has restored it in Henry VI., but it has escaped his notice in the present instance. As I have elsewhere remarked, it is a matter of great difficulty to be uniform in these minute readings.

Condition, temper, disposition.

¹⁷ *For my child's father.*

Mr. Knight thinks this, the original reading, indelicate; and so it would be undoubtedly to modern ears. Jokes of this kind were very commonly received in Shakespeare's time, and a worse one is assigned to Beatrice in *Much Ado about Nothing*, ii. 1.

¹⁸ *If I could cry 'hem,' and have him.*

If, as I suspect, there is here a quibble between *hem* and *him*, the force, even of Shakespearian quibbling, "can no further go."

¹⁹ *By this kind of chase.*

Alluding, probably, to the *deer*, quibbling on the word *dearly*. Mrs. Ford tells Falstaff, "I will never take you for my love again, but I will always count you *my deer*," and Malone has preserved some verses, supposed to have been written by Shakespeare on sir Thomas Lucy, in which the same quibble occurs:—

Sir Thomas was too covetous
To covet so much *deer*,
When horns enough upon his head
Most plainly did appear.

Had not his Worship one *deer* left?
What then? he had a wife
Took pains enough to find him horns
Should last him during life.

Dearly, extremely.

²⁰ *Doth he not deserve well?*

That is, to be hated. Rosalind affects to understand her in a literal sense.

²¹ *And your own remorse.*

Remorse is here used in the sense of pity, compassion. Numerous instances of its use in that signification occur in old plays.

²² *A kind of umber.*

Umbra is a dusky yellow-coloured earth, brought from Umbria in Italy. In an old play called the Tell-Tale, a MS. at Dulwich College, one of the stage-directions is "He umbers her face."

²³ *A swashing and a martial outside.*

Swashing, noisy, blustering. "To swash, or to make a noise with swordes against tergats," Baret's *Alvearie*, 1580

²⁴ *Wears yet a precious jewel in his head.*

A graphic account of this popular notion will be found in Topsell's *Historie of Serpents*, 1608:—"There be many late writers which doe affirme that there is a precious stone in the head of a toade, whose opinions (because they attribute much to the vertue of this stone) it is good to examine in this place, that so the reader may be satisfied whether to hold it as a fable or as a true matter, exemplifying the powerfull working of Almightye God in nature, for there be many that weare these stones in rings, beeing verily perswaded that they keepe them from all manner of grypings and paines." He proceeds to say, "But the art (as they terme it) is in taking of it out, for they say it must be taken out of the head alive, before the toade be dead, with a peece of cloth of the colour of redde skarlet, wherewithall they are much delighted, so that while they stretch out themselves, as it were, in sport upon that cloth, they cast out the stone of their head, but instantly they sup it up againe, unlesse it be taken from them through some secreete hole in the said cloth, whereby it falleth into a cesterne or vessell of water, into the which the toade dareth not enter by reason of the coldnes of the water."

²⁵ *And thus the hairy fool.*

Fool is here, as in several other places, used as a term of endearment. *Needless*, wanting not.

²⁶ *And to kill them up.*

The preposition *up* is redundant, not intensative. Few idioms are more common in Elizabethan writers, and numerous instances, were it necessary, might be adduced; but I shall reserve them for an essay on Shakespearian phraseology, which will be appended to the present edition. *Kill them up* is equivalent to *kill them*; and, in the same manner, *drink up evil* in *Hamlet* is equivalent to, *drink evil*. An immense deal of unnecessary commentary might be saved, were simple facts of this kind borne in mind.

Cope, encounter.

²⁷ *The roinish clown.*

Roinish, literally, *mangy*, but used as a generic term of contempt.

²⁸ *Search and inquisition quail.*

Quail, to slacken or relax. "Hunger cureth love, for love *quailleth* when good cheare faileth," Choise of Change 1585, ap. Douce.

²⁹ *The bonny priser*

The gallant prize-fighter. *Bonny* is found in the original novel. Warburton reads *bony*.

²⁰ *This is no place.*

That s. no abiding place for you, no place of security for you to remain in. *Diverted*, turned out of its proper course.

²¹ *It is too late a week.*

A week was often idiomatically used for an indefinite period of time.

²² *How weary are my spirits.*

Mr. Knight supports the original reading, *merry*, but I cannot bring myself to reject Theobald's emendation. If Rosalind was assuming a merry heart, how can we reconcile the old reading with her next speech?

²³ *I should bear no cross.*

A penny was called a cross, because that coin formerly had a cross stamped upon it. There is no limit to the quibbling on this word.

²⁴ *The kissing of her batler.*

A batler was the wooden bat or instrument used by washing-women for beating the coarse clothes. The term, corrupted to *battleton*, is still in use in some of the Western counties.

²⁵ *With weeping tears.*

If this expression be borrowed from Lodge, it may possibly be introduced with an intention to ridicule it. One of the sonnets in the novel commences as follows:—

In sorrowes cell I laid me downe to sleepe,
But waking woes were jealous of mine eyes;
They made them watch, and bend themselves to weepe,
But *weeping tears* their want could not suffice:
Yet since for her they wept who guides my heart,
They weeping smile, and triumph in their smart.

According to Mr. Davy, speaking of Suffolk, "The efficacy of peascods in the affairs of sweethearts is not yet forgotten among our rustic vulgar. The kitchen-maid, when she shells green pease, never omits, if she finds one having nine pease, to lay it on the lintel of the kitchen-door, and the first clown who enters it is infallibly to be her husband, or at least her sweetheart." Anderson mentions a custom in the north, of a nature somewhat similar. "A Cumbrian girl, when her lover proves unfaithful to her, is, by way of consolation, rubbed with pease-straw by the neighbouring lads; and when a Cumbrian youth loses his sweetheart, by her marriage with a rival, the same sort of comfort is administered to him by the lasses of the village." "Winter-time for shoeing, peas-cod time for wooing," old proverb in M. S. Devon Gl. The divination by peascods alluded to by Mr. Davy is thus mentioned by Gay:—

As peascods once I pluck'd, I chanced to see
One that was closely fill'd with three times three;
Which, when cropp'd, I safely home convey'd,
And o'er the door the spell in secret laid;
The latch mov'd up, when who should first come in,
But, in his proper person,—Lubberkin.

But perhaps the allusion in Shakespeare is best illustrated by the following passage, which seems to have escaped the notice of all writers on this subject.

The peascod greene oft with no little toyle,
He'd seeke for in the fattest, fertill'st soyle,
And rend it from the stalke to bring it to her,
And in her bosome for acceptance wooe her.

Browne's Britannia's Pastorals, p. 71

Moll Berry, in Heywood's *Fair Maid of the Exchange*, 1607, chooses the peascod for the emblem of her love:—

I cannot tell how others' fancies stand,
But I rejoice sometime to take in hand
The simile of that I love; and I protest
That pretty peascod likes my humour best.

²⁶ *Mortal in folly.*

Extremely weak in folly.

²⁷ *I will your very faithful feeder be.*

Feeder was an old term for a servant, but I am not sure it is here employed in that sense.

²⁸ *And turn his merry note.*

To turn a tune, in the counties of York and Durham, is the appropriate and familiar phrase for modulating the voice properly according to the *turns* or air of the tune. *Whiter*.

²⁹ *My voice is ragged.*

Ragged, broken, unequal, discordant. "I would not trot a false gallop through the rest of his ragged verses," Nash, 1593.

Disputable, inclined to dispute.

³⁰ *Ducdamé, ducdamé, ducdamé.*

The notes of the commentators on this word are by no means satisfactory. Mr. Collier judiciously omits the accent *Ducdàme*, for, it being necessarily a trisyllable, owing to the construction of the verse, if any accent were required, we ought to print *Ducdamé*. The mere fact of the word being a trisyllable shows at once the inconsistency of attempting to establish a connexion with the old country song, commencing,—

"*Dame*, what makes your *ducks* to die?"

on which *Whiter* and *Farmer* have so elaborately written, and which Mr. Knight pronounces *much more rational* than Hanmer's conjecture of *duc ad me*, which is forced and unnecessary, I admit, but not quite so absurd as to suppose *Jaques* was using some country call of a woman to her ducks. Mr. Collier seems correct when he says that *Jaques'* declaration of its being "a Greek invocation to call fools into a circle" is merely a jeer upon the ignorance of *Amiens*. In other words, *Amiens* understood as little about *Ducdamé* as the commentators, and the answer of *Jaques* is a playful, not a serious exposition of the word.

Some time ago, I met with a passage in an uncollected MS. of the "*Visions of Piers Ploughman*," in the Bodleian Library, which goes far to prove that *Ducdamé* is a burden of an old song, an explanation which exactly agrees with its position in the song of *Jaques*. The passage is as follows:—

"Thanne sete ther some,
And sunge at the ale,
And helpen to erye that half akro
With *Dusadam-me-me*."

MS. Rawl. Poet. 137 f. 6.

NOTES TO AS YOU LIKE IT.

⁴¹ *If this were with forest.*

Uncouth, strange, unknown. So Ben Jonson,—

———It is no *uncouth* thing,
To see fresh buildings from old ruins spring.

Comfortable, susceptible of comfort.

⁴² *And then he drew a dial from his poke.*

The term *dial* was applied, in Shakespeare's time, to clocks and watches, as well as to the ring-dial. The probabilities are here, I think, in favor of a watch being the sense intended by the author. Mr. Knight, however, considers a ring-dial is meant, and gives an interesting note on the subject.

⁴³ *Doth wear foolishly.*

Theobald adds the word *not* to in the next line. The original is undoubtedly corrupt, for few will adopt Whiter's very forced explanation; yet I much doubt if Theobald's correction be true. May we not rather suppose a line has been omitted? *Bob*, satirical rap, repartee.

Squand'ring, wandering.

⁴⁴ *The wearer's very means.*

The original has *weary very*, which Whiter interprets,—“till that the very means, being weary, do ebb.” The text is the conjectural emendation of Mr. Singer.

Bravery, finery. *Taxing*; see note 8.

⁴⁵ *Inaccessible*, difficult of access.

⁴⁶ *Upon command.*

Upon your own command, at your pleasure.

⁴⁷ *Weak evils.*

That is, unhappy weaknesses, or causes of weakness.

⁴⁸ *Wherein we play in.*

The phraseology of the time. The last preposition is unnecessarily omitted by Pope.

⁴⁹ *Full of wise saws and modern instances.*

Familiar as every line of this celebrated speech is to all ears, it may be doubted whether most readers are aware that *modern* is here used in the common old sense of, *slight*, *trivial*. So Ben Jonson, satyrizing Marston, writes,—

Alas! that were no *modern* consequence,
To have cothurnal buskins frightened hence.

We have the word used in the same sense by Rosalind at the commencement of the fourth act.

⁵⁰ *Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloen.*

The Pantaloon was a character in the old Italian comedy. He is described by Addison as “an old cully.”

⁵¹ *Blow, blow, thou winter wind.*

A very early song in MS. Harl. 2253, written about the year 1300, commences with the line,—

Blow, northerne wynd.

⁵² *Make an extent upon his house and lands.*

An extent, says Blount, Law Dictionary, 1691, “sometimes signifies a writ or commission to the sheriff for the valuing of lands or tenements; sometimes the act of the sheriff, or other commissioner, upon this writ.”

⁵³ *Thrice-crowned queen of night.*

“Alluding,” says Dr. Johnson, “to the triple character of Proserpine, Cynthia, and Diana, given by some mythologists to the same goddess, and comprised in these memorable lines:

“Terret, lustrat, agit, Proserpina, Luna, Diana,
Luna, superna, feras, sceptrum, fulgore, sagittis.”

Character, inscribe. Cf. Two Gent. of Ver. ii. 7.

⁵⁴ *And unexpressive she.*

Unexpressive, inexpressible. Milton uses the term more than once, and it is also found in Glaphorne's Poems, 1639.

⁵⁵ *May complain of good-breeding.*

This is elliptical, as Dr. Johnson observes, for “may complain of *the want of* good breeding.” The idiom is even not yet entirely obsolete.

⁵⁶ *Like an ill-roasted egg.*

Thou art damn'd, completely destroyed, spoilt as inevitably as an egg which is roasted all on one side. “A fool is the best roaster of an egg, because he is always turning it,” old proverb.

⁵⁷ *God make incision in thee!*

That is, says Caldecott, let God enlarge and open thy mind. Steevens thinks it may have reference to the proverbial expression of being cut for the simples. *Raw*, ignorant, inexperienced. This word, now only used in slang, was formerly classical. Perhaps, however, the first expression is metaphorically taken from an old surgical term.

⁵⁸ *Butter-woman's rank to market.*

Rank is here equivalent to *order*. “The right butter-woman's rank to market,” says Whiter, “means the jog-trot rate, as it is vulgarly called, with which butter-women uniformly travel one after another in their road to market.”

⁵⁹ *That shall civil sayings show.*

Civil sayings, explained by Gifford, “sayings collected from an intercourse with civil life.” That great critic, speaking of the word *civil*, says it alludes to the political regulations, customs, and habits of the city, as distinguished from the court: sometimes, indeed, it takes a wider range, and comprises a degree of civilization or moral improvement, as opposed to a state of barbarism, or pure nature.

A few other observations on the poem read by Celia may not be unacceptable. *Erring*, wandering. *Buckles* is an archaism for *bends*. *In little*, in miniature. “A hundred ducats a piece for his picture in little.” Hamlet. *Sad*, applied to Lucrotia, grave, serious. *Touchees*, features.

⁶⁰ *Atalanta's better part.*

A great deal has been written on the meaning of *Atalanta's better part*, and one critic unhesitatingly states it refers to her virginity! It appears, however, merely to have been an idiomatic expression for the mind or spirit. Macbeth says,—

For it has cow'd my better part of man.

⁶¹ *That I was an Irish rat.*

An old myth that rats were frequently rhymed to death in Ireland, is several times alluded to by our old poets. Ben Jonson thus mentions the belief in the Postaster,—

Rhyme them to death, as they do Irish rats
In drumming tunes.

See further in Gifford's Ben Jonson, ii. 546.

⁶² *But mountains may be remov'd.*

An old proverb says,—

Friends may meet,
But mountains never greet.

Out of all whooping, out of all cry, out of all measure. *Good my complexion*, equivalent to, "my good natural character," which she apostrophizes.

One inch of delay more is a South Sea of discovery. Thus explained by Mr. Knight,—"If you perplex me any further, I have a space for conjecture as wide as the South Sea." I prefer, however, Mr. Collier's interpretation:—"a single inch of delay is more to Rosalind than a whole continent in the South-Sea."

⁶³ *Let me stay the growth of his beard.*

Let me wait for the growth of his beard, if you will tell me who he is.

⁶⁴ *Gargantua's mouth.*

No very early translation of Rabelais is known to exist, but there was probably a popular work on the subject of his giant, *Gargantua* being mentioned as the title of a tract in Laneham's letter from Kenilworth, 1575. A book entitled the "History of Gargantua" was entered on the books of the Stationers' Company in 1594. The author of Harry Whites Humour, 1640, "is of this opinion, that if the histories of Gargantua and Tom Thumbe be true, by consequence, Bevis of Hampton and Scoggin's jests must needs be authentical."

⁶⁵ *It is as easy to count atomies.*

Atomies, the old form of *atoms*. "Circumstances are the *atomies* of policie, Censure the being, Action the life, but Successes the ornament," Overbury's New and Choise Characters, 1615.

⁶⁶ *You bring me out.*

That is, you put me out, interrupt me.

⁶⁷ *I answer you right painted cloth.*

Painted cloth was cloth or canvass painted in oil, and often exhibited mottos and verses. Taylor, the Water-Poet, quoted by Mr. Dyce, gives the following specimens of painted-cloth poetry copied from the walls of an inn at Rye in 1558:—

No flower so fresh, but frost may it deface;
None sits so fast, be hee may lose his place.

Tis concord keeps a realme in stable stay,
But discord brings all kingdoms to decay.

No subject ought, for any kind of cause,
Resist his prince, but yeeld him to the lawes.

Sure God is just, whose stroake, delayed long,
Doth light at last with paine more sharp and strong.

Time never was, nor ne're, I thinke, shall be,
That truth unshent might speake in all things free.

We have had a specimen of a similar phraseology in the same act,—*"Speak sad brow, and true maid."*

⁶⁸ *He trots hard with a young maid.*

Can this be accepted that Time appears so long to her that it increases the necessary pace to enable him to overcome it? There appears some defect in the text, and I am almost inclined to adopt Mr. Hunter's emendation.

⁶⁹ *Courtship, courtly manners.*

⁷⁰ *If I could meet that fancy-monger.*

Fancy is love, as has been already observed. So in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*,—

Wishes and tears, poor fancy's followers

⁷¹ *An unquestionable spirit.*

Unquestionable, not to be conversed with. *Question* is constantly used in the sense of *discourse*. Rosalind says in another scene, "I met the duke, and had much *question* with him." *Having*, possession, property. *Point-device*, exactly in the fashion.

⁷² *Moonish, inconstant, variable.*

⁷³ *A living humour of madness.*

Living, absolute, undoubted. "Give me a *living* reason she's disloyal," Othello, iii. 3.

⁷⁴ *Lord warrant us! what features?*

A mere piece of rustic simplicity, Audrey not understanding the meaning of the word, and repeating it in perplexity. The note of Steevens appears to me to be unnecessarily prurient.

Ill-inhabited, badly lodged.

⁷⁵ *A material fool.*

That is, a fool full of good sense and sound information. The Duke, speaking of Jaques, says,—

I love to cope him in these sullen fits,
For then he's full of matter.

⁷⁶ *I am foul.*

Foul, homely looking. This meaning of the term continued in use till the last century. So Pope,—

If fair, though chaste, she cannot long abide,
By pressing youth attack'd on every side:
If foul, her wealth the lusty lover lures.

⁷⁷ *As huge as the rascal.*

Rascal was applied to a lean deer, out of season. "And have known a rascal from a fat deer," Quarles's *Virgin Widow*, 1649. "Rascall, refuse beast, *refus*," Palsgrave 1530.

NOTES TO AS YOU LIKE IT.

⁷⁸ *Defence*, the knowledge of fence. *Sir Oliver Martext*, the *sir* corresponding to the Latin *dominus*. See note No. 1 to the Merry Wives of Windsor.

⁷⁹ *Something browner than Judas's*.

The hair of Judas was usually represented as red in the old tapestry.

⁸⁰ *The touch of holy bread*.

Holy bread was bread touched by the priest, and given "in sign of our union to Christ."

Sc. 5, *now counterfeit to sound*, i. e., to swoon. This genuine arenaism should be preserved. It occurs again in Act V. Sc. 2.

⁸¹ *The cicatrice and capable impressure*.

That is, the scar and perceptible impression. *Capable* is here equivalent to, able to receive.

⁸² *Foul is most foul, being foul, to be a scoffer*.

That is, literally, ugliness is most ugly, to be a scoffer, being ugly. In other words, an ugly person is most ugly, when he is a scoffer.

⁸³ *Who ever lov'd, that lov'd not at first sight?*

A quotation from Marlowe, who, had he lived, would have "rivalld all but Shakespeare's name below." It occurs in his *Hero and Leander*:

Where both deliberate, the love is slight;
Who ever lov'd, that lov'd not at first sight?

The line passed into a proverb, and is used as one in the prose history of George a Green, 1706. A modern poet expands the sentiment thus,—

Let no one say that there is need
Of time for love to grow.
Ah, no! the love that kills indeed
Despatches with a blow!

⁸⁴ *That the old carlot once was master of*.

The usual old English word was *carl*, a churl, a bondman, a rude country clown. (A.S.) *Peevish*, foolish.

⁸⁵ *He carries his house on his head*.

A curious story of a young bride is related in the Apophthegms of the Earl of Worcester, p. 81. Her husband wishes her to go like the snail, "who seldoms stirs abroad, but whilst that blessing, the dew of heaven, is upon the earth, that she may gather benefit." O, my lord, said she, "if I should go abroad like the snail, I should carry a house upon my back, and horns in my forehead."

Leer, countenance, feature.

⁸⁶ *I will laugh like a hyen*.

Hyen, hyena, a common old form. It occurs in Braithwait's *Strappado* for the Divell, 1615, p. 42.

Make the doors, fusten the doors. This phrase is still in use in the provinces.

⁸⁷ *Wit, whither wilt?*

A common old proverbial expression. A good example of it occurs in Middleton's *More Dissemblers besides Women*, ed. Dyce, p. 611,—

"G. Cap. Wit, whither wilt thou?

"Don. Marry, to the next pocket I can come at; and if it be a gentleman's, I wish a whole quarter's rent in 't."

⁸⁸ *Make her fault her husband's occasion*.

That is, says Dr. Johnson, represent her fault as occasioned by her husband.

⁸⁹ *Pathetical break-promise*.

We have had "most pathetical nit," (not *wit*, as printed by Mr. Knight), in *Love's Labour's Lost*.

⁹⁰ *And here much Orlando!*

Spoken ironically, equivalent to, *And here no Orlando*. *Much*, used in this way, is of frequent occurrence in the old dramatists. "*Much* duchess, and *much* queen, I trow!" Heywood's *Edward IV*. "*Much* wench, or *much* son!" Every Man in his Humour.

⁹¹ *Under an old oak*.

"Saladyne, wearie with wandering up and downe, and hungry with long fasting, finding a little cave by the side of a thicket, eating such fruite as the forest did afford, and contenting himselfe with such drinke as nature had provided and thirst made delicate, after his repast he fell in dead sleepe. As thus he lay, a hungry lyon came hunting downe the edge of the grove for pray, and espying Saladyne, began to ceaze upon him: bat seeing he lay still without any motion, he left to touch him, for that lyons hate to pray on dead carkasses; and yet desirous to have some foode the lyon lay downe and watcht to see if he would stirre. While thus Saladyne slept secure, fortune that was careful of her champion began to smile, and brought it so to passe, that Rosader (having stricken a deere that but slightly hurt fled through the thicket) came pacing downe by the grove with a boare-speare in his hande in great haste. He spyed where a man lay a sleepe, and a lyon fast by him: amazed at this sight, as he stoode gazing, his nose on the sodaine bledde, which made him conjecture it was some friend of his. Whereuppon drawing more nigh, he might easily discern his visage, perceived by his phisnomie that it was his brother Saladyne, which drave Rosader into a deep passion as a man perplexed at the sight of so unexpected a chance. marvelling what should drive his brother to traverse those secrete desarts without any companie, in such distresse and forlorne sorte. But the present time craved no such doubting ambages, for he must eyther resolve to hazard his life for his reliefe, or else steale away, and leave him to the crueltie of the lyon." *Euphues Golden Legacie*, 1592.

⁹² *Render*, i. e., represent.

⁹³ *As, how I came*.

As, that is, as for instance.

⁹⁴ *Human as she is*.

That is, Dr. Johnson says, not a phantom, but the real Rosalind, without any of the danger generally conceived to attend the rites of incantation.

⁹⁵ *Why blame yu me to love you*.

Mr. Knight reads, *to love me*, which is probably a mere oversight, not an intentional new reading.

To be a woman of the world, a proverbial phrase for to be married.

⁹⁸ *The only pretty ring time.*

Ring time, the time for marriage. The music to this song is given in Morley's First Booke of Ayres, fol. 1600, and the arrangement in our text is adopted from that very rare work.

⁹⁹ *As those that fear they hope, and know they fear.*

As those that fear what they hope, and know very well they fear a disappointment.

⁹⁹ *According as marriage binds and blood breaks.*

"A man, by the marriage ceremony, swears that he will keep only to his wife; when, therefore, to gratify his lust, he leaves her for another, blood breaks his matrimonial obligation, and he is forsworn," Henley.

Seeming, seemingly.

⁹⁹ *We quarrel in print by the book.*

Warburton's note is so necessary to the proper appreciation of this satire, the reader will be glad to have the opportunity of perusing it:—

"The poet has, in this scene, rallied the mode of formal duelling; then so prevalent, with the highest humour and address: nor could he have treated it with a happier contempt, than by making his Clown so knowing in the forms and preliminaries of it. The particular book here alluded to is a very ridiculous treatise of one Vincentio Saviolo, entitled, *Of Honour and Honourable Quarrels*, in quarto, printed by Wolf, 1594. The first part of this tract he entitles, *A Discourse most necessary for all Gentlemen that have in regard their Honours, touching the giving and receiving the Lie*, whereupon the *Duello* and the *Combat* in divers Forms doth ensue; and many other Inconveniences, for lack only of true Knowledge of Honour, and the *right Understanding of Words*, which here is set down. The contents of the several chapters are as follow:—I. What the Reason is that the Party unto whom the Lie is given ought to become Challenger, and of the Nature of Lies. II. Of the Manner and Diversity of Lies. III. Of Lies certain [or direct.] IV. Of conditional Lies, [or the lie circumstantial.] V. Of the Lie in general. VI. Of the Lie in particular. VII. Of foolish Lies. VIII. A Conclusion touching the wresting or returning back of the Lie, [or the countercheck quarrelsome.] In the chapter of conditional Lies, speaking of the particle *if*, he says, '—Conditional lies be such as are given conditionally, as if a man should say or write these wordes: *if* thou hast said that I have offered my lord shuse, thou liest; or *if* thou sayest so hereafter, thou shalt

lie. Of these kind of lies, given in this manner, often arise much contention in wordes,—whereof no sure conclusion can arise.' By which he means, they cannot proceed to cut one another's throat, while there is an *if* between. Which is the reason of Shakespeares making the Clown say, 'I knew when seven justices could not make up a quarrel: but when the parties were met themselves, one of them thought but of an *if*; as, *if you said so, then I said so*, and they shook hands, and swore brothers. Your *if* is the only peace-maker; much virtue in *if*.' Caranza was another of these authentick authors upon the *Duello*. Fletcher, in his last Act of *Love's Pilgrimage*, ridicules him with much humour." The words included within crotchets are Dr. Warburton's.

— Has he given the lie
In circle or oblique, or semicircle,
Or direct parallel? You must challenge him.
Fletcher's Queen of Corinth.

¹⁰⁰ *You have Books for Good Manners.*

Hugh Rhodes wrote the "*Boke of Nurture, or Schoole of Good Maners for Men, Servants, and Children*," 8vo. 1577. An earlier work, under a similar title, occurs in MS. Harl. 149.

Atone, reconcile, agree.

¹⁰¹ *To thee doth combine.*

Combine, bind, unite, attach. The term has occurred in *Measure for Measure*, iv. 3.
Address'd, prepared.

¹⁰² *With measure heap'd in joy.*

A heaped measure was a technical term. "Large measure, *heaped measure*, measure with advantage," Cotgrave. I mention this, not that the line requires any explanation, but merely to show the source for the use of what would now be considered a forced metaphor.

¹⁰³ *Good wine needs no bush.*

A bush was a common sign for a vintner. The custom is thus alluded to in *Barnaby's Journal*,—

Good wine no bush doth need, as I suppose,
Let Bacchus bush be Barnaby's rich nose;
No bush, no garland needs of cypress green;
Barnaby's nose may for a bush be seen.

Cotgrave, in v. *Bon*, gives the proverb,—"Good wine draws customers without any help of an ivy-bush."

The Taming of the Shrew.

THE immediate source of this amusing drama is to be traced in a bombastic comedy first published in 1594, under the title of, "A Pleasant Conceited Historie called The Taming of a Shrew, As it was sundry times acted by the Right Honorable the Earle of Pembroke his servants." The author of this production is unknown,* but there appears to be reasonable grounds for believing it to have been written by Marlowe; unless, indeed, several imitations of passages in that writer are to be regarded as plagiarisms. It was very popular, having been reprinted in 1596 and 1607; and Shakespeare's obligations to it were doubtlessly notorious and acknowledged. He appears, in fact, to have taken no pains to conceal the extent of them. The title of this play differs only in a particle, and, if we except an incident adopted from Gascoigne's translation of the *Suppositi* of Ariosto, the story and the method of its treatment are the same in both dramas.

The source of the "Induction," which appears to me to be one of the choicest fragments in Shakespeare's comedies, is of oriental origin, and will recall the memory of every reader to the adventures of Abou Hassan in the Arabian-Nights. The story occurs under a great variety of forms in European literature, but some of its romantic character has been lost in its transmission. It was probably first read by Shakespeare in a collection of stories by Richard Edwards, which appeared in 1570, a book which was seen by Warton, but has since been lost, and a portion only recently recovered by Mr. Norton of Liverpool. As this addition to the materials for the literary history of the play has not been accessible to previous editors, and will bear perusal, I am induced to insert a copy of it:—

In the time that *Phillip* Duke of *Burgundy* (who by the gentleness and courteousnesse of his carriage purchast the name of good) guided the reines of the country of *Flanders*, this prince, who was of an humour pleasing, and full of judicious goodnesse, rather then silly simplicity, used pastimes which for their singularity are commonly called the pleasures of Princes: after this manner he no lesse shewed the quaintnesse of his wit then his prudence.

Being in *Bruxelles* with all his Court, and having at his table discoursed amply enough of the vanities and greatnesse of this world, he let each one say his pleasure on this subject, whereon was alleadged grave sentences and rare examples: walking towards the evening in the towne, his head full of divers thoughts, he found a Tradesman lying in a corner sleeping very soundly, the fumes of Bacchus having surcharged his braine. I describe this man's drunkennesse in as good manner as I can to the credit of the party. This vice is so common in both the superior and inferiour *Germany*, that divers, making glory and vaunting of their dexterity in this art, encrease their praise thereby, and hold it for a brave act. The good Duke, to give his followers an example of the vanity of all the magnificence with which he was invironed, devised a meanes farre lesse dangerous than that which *Dionysius* the Tyrant used towards *Democles*, and which in pleasantnesse beares a marvellous utility. He caused his men to carry away this sleeper, with whom, as with a blocke, they might doe what they would, without awaking him; he caused them to carry him into one of the

* Some interesting papers on this subject by Mr. S. Hickson have recently been published in the *Notes and Queries*; but our limited space will not permit an examination of the ingenious theory suggested by that gentleman.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

sumptuous parts of his Pallace, into a chamber most state-like furnished, and makes them lay him on a rich bed. They presently strip him of his bad clothes, and put him on a very fine and cleane shirt, in stead of his own, which was foule and filthy. They let him sleepe in that place at his ease, and whilst hee settles his drinke, the Duke prepares the pleasantest pastime that can be imagined.

In the morning, this drunkard being awake drawes the curtaines of this brave rich bed, sees himselfe in a chamber adorned like a Paradiſe, he considers the rich furniture with an amazement such as you may imagine: he beleeves not his eyes, but layes his fingers on them, and feeling them open, yet perswades himselfe they are shut by sleep, and that all he sees is but a pure dreame.

Assoone as he was knowne to be awake, in comes the officers of the Dukes house, who were instructed by the Duke what they should do. There were pages bravely appaſſed, Gentlemen of the chamber, Gentleman waiters, and the High Chamberlaine, who, all in faire order and without laughing, bring cloathing for this new guest: they honour him with the same great reverences as if he were a Sovereigne Prince; they serve him bare headed, and aske him what suite hee will please to weare that day.

This fellow, affrighted at the first, beleeving these things to be enchantment or dreames, reclaimed by these submissions, tooke heart, and grew bold, and setting a good face on the matter, chused amongst all the apparell that they presented unto him that which he liked best, and which hee thought to be fittest for him: he is accommodated like a King, and served with such ceremonies, as he had never seene before, and yet beheld them without saying any thing, and with an assured countenance. This done, the greatest Nobleman in the Dukes Court enters the chamber with the same reverence and honour to him as if he had been their Sovereigne Prince (Phillip with Princely delight beholds this play from a private place;) divers of purpose petitioning him for pardons, which hee grants with such a countenance and gravity, as if he had had a Crowne on his head all his life time.

Being risen late, and dinner time approaching, they asked if he were pleased to have his tables covered. He likes that very well. The table is furnished, where he is set alone, and under a rich Canopie: he eats with the same ceremony which was observed at the Duke's meales; he made good cheere, and chawed with all his teeth, but only drank with more moderation then he could have wisht, but the Majesty which he represented made him refraine. All taken away, he was entertained with new and pleasant things: they led him to walke about the great Chambers, Galleries, and Gardens of the Pallace (for all this merriment was played within the gates, they being shut only for recreation to the Duke and the principall of his Court): they shewed him all the richest and most pleasantest things therein, and talked to him thereof as if they had all bene his, which he heard with an attention and contentment beyond measure, not saying one word of his base condition, or declaring that they tooke him for another. They made him passe the afternoon in all kind of sports; musicke, dancing, and a Comedy, spent some part of the time. They talked to him of some State matters, whereunto he answered according to his skill, and like a right Twelfetide King.

Supper time approaching, they aske this new created Prince if he would please to have the Lords and Ladies of his Court to sup and feast with him; whereat he seemed something unwilling, as if hee would not abase his dignity unto such familiarity: neverlesse, counterfeiting humanity and affability, he made signes that he condescended thereunto: he then, towards night, was led with sound of Trumpets and Hoboyes into a faire hall, where long Tables were set, which were presently covered with divers sorts of dainty meates, the Torches shined in every corner, and made a day in the midst of a night: the Gentlemen and Gentlewomen were set in fine order, and the Prince at the upper end in a higher seat. The service was magnificent; the musicke of voyces and instruments fed the eare, whilst mouths found their food in the dishes. Never was the imaginary Duke at such a feast: carouses begin after the manner of the Country; the Prince is assaulted on all sides, as the Owle is assaulted by all the Birdes, when he begins to soare. Not to seeme uncivill, he would doe the like to his good and faithfull subjects. They serve him with very strong wine, good *Hipoocras*, which hee swallowed downe in great draughts, and frequently redoubled; so that, charged with so many extraordinaryes, he yielded to deaths cousin german, sleep, which closed his eyes, stopt his eares, and made him loose the use of his reason and all his other senses.

Then the right Duke, who had put himselfe among the throng of his Officers to have the pleasure of this mummery, commanded that this sleeping man should be stript out of his brave clothes, and clothed againe in his old ragges, and so sleeping carried and layd in the same place where he was taken up the night before. This was presently done, and there did he snort all the night long, not taking any hurt either from the hardnesse of the stones or the night ayre, so well was his stomacke filled with good preservatives. Being awakened in the morning by some passenger, or it may bee by some that the good Duke *Philip* had thereto appointed, ha! said he, my friends, what have you done? you have rob'd mee of a Kingdome, and have taken mee out of the sweetest and happiest dreame that ever man could have fallen into. Then, very well remembering all the particulars of what had passed the day before, he related unto them, from point to point, all that had happened unto him, still thinking it assuredly to bee a dreame. Being returned home to his house, he entertaines his wife, neighbours, and friends, with this his dreame, as hee thought: the truth whereof being at last published by the mouthes of those Courtiers who had been present at this pleasant recreation, the good man could not beleeve it, thinking that for sport they had framed this history upon his dreame; but when Duke *Philip*, who would have the full contentment of this pleasant tricke, had shewed him the bed wherein he lay, the clothes which he had worne, the persons who had served him, the Hall wherein he had eaten, the gardens and galleries wherein hee had walked, hardly could hee be induced to beleeve what hee saw, imagining that all this was mere enchantment and illusion.

The Duke used some liberality towards him for to helpe him in the poverty of his family; and, taking an occasion thereon to make an Oration unto his Courtiers concerning the vanity of this worlds honours, hee told them that all that ambitious persons seeke with so much industry is but smoake, and a meere dreame, and that they are stricken with that pleasant folly of the *Athenian*, who imagined all the riches that arrived by shipping in the haven of *Athens* to be his, and that all the Marchants were but his factors: his friends getting him cured by a skilful Physitian of the debility of his brain, in lieu of giving them thanks for this good office, he reviled them, saying that, whereas he was rich in conceit, they had by this cure made him poore and miserable in effect.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

In the old play, the story of the drunkard is continued, and he is introduced at the conclusion, returned to sobriety, and firmly convinced that all the transactions of the scene were merely the imaginations of a dream. Shakespeare evidently felt that this arrangement was not dramatically necessary, and after a few unimportant words at the conclusion of the first scene of the first act, we hear no more of the tinker.

The Taming of *the* Shrew was first published in the folio of 1623. It was not mentioned by Meres in 1598, and, although that circumstance is only a kind of negative evidence, I am inclined to place the date of its composition after that year. Sir John Harrington in 1596 mentions the older play, which would lead us to believe it had not then been superseded by Shakespeare's. Mr. Collier would assign a date after 1601, the name Baptista being improperly used in *Hamlet*, an error which was corrected in the Taming of the Shrew. There is, however, a great uncertainty in reasoning on minute indications of this character.

A sequel or imitation of the Taming of the Shrew, under the title of, "The Woman's Prize, or the Tamer Tam'd," was written by Fletcher, and is mentioned by Herbert as "an old play" as early as 1633. The exact date of its composition is not known. In this play Katharine is supposed to be dead, and Petrucio married to another lady, who, with the assistance of her companions, tames the unruly husband who has cured the shrew in Shakespeare's play. It is almost unnecessary to say that Petrucio's individuality, as portrayed by Shakespeare, is not preserved by Fletcher; but the "Woman's Prize" is, nevertheless, an amusing drama, and when acted before the Court in 1633, it seems to have given greater satisfaction than the other. Herbert's memoranda are as follows:—"On Tuesday night, at St. James, the 26 of Novemb. 1633, was acted before the King and Queene The Taminge of the Shrew: *Likt*.—On Thursday night, at St. James, the 28 of Novemb. 1633, was acted before the King and Queene, The Tamer Tamd, made by Fletcher. *Very well likt*."

The original MS. containing these curious entries is preserved at Powis Castle, the seat of the Earls of Powis; and the late Lord Powis kindly promised me the full use of it for the Shakespeare Society. His Lordship's untimely death prevented the fulfilment of this desirable object; but I trust it will be confirmed by his successor. The MS. is, perhaps, the most curious record of early English plays known to be extant.

The Taming of the Shrew can only be correctly estimated by bearing in mind the manners and tendencies of the age in which it was written. We must recollect that the power of gentleness—its efficiency greater than force moving to gentleness—is a truth only just now beginning to be recognized. Shakespeare was one of the few writers of his time that appreciated this influence; and even in illustrating the then vernacular method of charming a woman's tongue, he has encompassed it with sufficient frolic to soften the unpleasing purpose of the story. Katharine, however, is not an ordinary type. Vixenish, proud, and dominant, she is subdued by the exhibition rather than by the action of power; by the observation of the continual proofs of Petrucio's indomitable disposition, and the obvious impossibility of attempting to control it. She does not perceive that much of his character is assumed; but he is, in fact, a humorist of great power, and conquers Katharine by a succession of jests and practical jokes of his own invention.

PERSONS REPRESENTED IN THE INDUCTION.

A Lord.

CHRISTOPHER SLY, *a drunken Tinker.*

Hostess, Page Players, Huntsmen, and Servants.

PERSONS REPRESENTED IN THE PLAY.

BAPTISTA, *a rich gentleman of Padua.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 4. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2.

VINCENTIO, *an old gentleman of Pisa.*

Appears, Act IV. sc. 5. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2.

LUCENTIO, *son to Vincentio, in love with Bianca.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act II. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 4. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2.

PETRUCCIO, *a gentleman of Verona, a suitor to Katharina.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 3; sc. 5. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2.

GREMIO, *a suitor to Bianca.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act II. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 2. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2.

HORTENSIO, *a suitor to Bianca.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act II. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 5. Act V. sc. 2.

TRANIO, *servant to Lucentio.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act II. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 4. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2.

BIONDELLO, *servant to Lucentio.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act II. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 4. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2.

GRUMIO, *servant to Petrucio.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 1, sc. 3. Act V. sc. 2.

CURTIS, *servant to Petrucio.*

Appears, Act IV. sc. 1.

Pedant, *an old fellow set up to personate Vincentio.*

Appears, Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 4. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2.

A Tailor and Haberdasher.

Appears, Act IV. sc. 3.

KATHARINA, *the shrew, daughter to Baptista.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 3; sc. 5. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2.

BIANCA, *sister to Katharina.*

Appears Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 2. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2.

Widow.

Appears, Act V. sc. 2.

SCENE,—SOMETIMES IN PADUA; AND SOMETIMES IN PETRUCIO'S HOUSE IN THE COUNTRY.

The Taming of the Shrew.

INDUCTION.

SCENE I.—*Before an Alehouse on a Heath.*

Enter HOSTESS and SLY.

Sly. I'll pheese¹ you, in fait.²

Host. A pair of stocks, you rogue!

Sly. Y' are a baggage; the Slys are no rogues. Look in the chronicles, we came in with Richard Conqueror. Therefore, *paucas pallabris*;³ let the world slide: *Sessa!*

Host. You will not pay for the glasses you have burst?

Sly. No, not a denier! Go by, St. Jeronimy⁴—Go to thy cold bed, and warm thee.

Host. I know my remedy, I must go fetch the thirdborough.⁴ [*Exit.*

Sly. Third, or fourth, or fifth borough, I'll answer him by law: I'll not budge an inch, boy;⁵ let him come, and kindly. [*Lies down on the ground, and falls asleep.*

Wind Horns. *Enter a Lord from hunting, with his Train.*

Lord. Huntsman, I charge thee, tender well my hounds:

Brach Merriman,—the poor cur is emboss'd;⁶
And couple Clowder with the deep-mouth'd
brach.

Saw'st thou not, boy, how Silver made it good
At the hedge corner, in the coldest fault?
I would not lose the dog for twenty pound.

1 *Hun.* Why, Belman is as good as he, my lord;

He cried upon it at the merest loss,
And twice to-day pick'd out the dullest scent.
Trust me, I take him for the better dog.

Lord. Thou art a fool; if Echo were as fleet,
I would esteem him worth a dozen such.
But sup them well, and look unto them all.
To-morrow I intend to hunt again.

1 *Hun.* I will, my lord.

Lord. What's here? one dead, or drunk? See,
doth he breathe?

2 *Hun.* He breathes, my lord. Were he not
warm'd with ale,

This were a bed but cold to sleep so soundly.

Lord. O monstrous beast! how like a swine he
lies!

Grim death, how foul and loathsome is thine
image!

Sirs, I will practise on this drunken man.

What think you, if he were convey'd to bed,
Wrapp'd in sweet clothes, rings put upon his
fingers,

A most delicious banquet by his bed,
And brave attendants near him when he wakes,
Would not the beggar then forget himself?

1 *Hun.* Believe me, lord, I think he cannot
choose.

2 *Hun.* It would seem strange unto him when
he wak'd.

Lord. Even as a flatt'ring dream, or worthless fancy.

Then take him up, and manage well the jest ;
Carry him gently to my fairest chamber,
And hang it round with all my wanton pictures :
Balm his foul head in warm distilled waters,
And burn sweet wood to make the lodging sweet :
Procure me music ready when he wakes,
To make a dulcet and a heavenly sound ;
And if he chance to speak, be ready straight,
And, with a low submissive reverence,
Say,—What is it your honour will command ?
Let one attend him with a silver bason,
Full of rose-water, and bestrew'd with flowers ;
Another bear the ewer, the third a diapur,
And say,—Will 't please your lordship cool your hands ?

Some one be ready with a costly suit,
And ask him what apparel he will wear ;
Another tell him of his hounds and horse,
And that his lady mourns at his disease :
Persuade him that he hath been lunatic :
And, when he says he is,—' say that he dreams,
For he is nothing but a mighty lord.
This do, and do it kindly, gentle sirs ;
It will be pastime passing excellent
If it be husbanded with modesty.

1 *Hun.* My lord, I warrant you, we 'll play our part,
As he shall think, by our true diligence,
He is no less than what we say he is.

Lord. Take him up gently, and to bed with him ;
And each one to his office, when he wakes.

[*Some bear out SLY. A trumpet sounds.*
Sirrah, go see what trumpet 't is that sounds ;

[*Exit Servant.*
Belike, some noble gentleman, that means,
Travelling some journey, to repose him here.

Re-enter Servant.

How now ? who is it ?

Serv. An 't please your honour, players
That offer service to your lordship.

Lord. Bid them come near.

Enter Players.

Now, fellows, you are welcome.

Players. We thank your honour.

Lord. Do you intend to stay with me to-night ?

2 *Play.* So please your lordship to accept our duty.

452

Lord. With all my heart.—This fellow I remember,

Since once he play'd a farmer's eldest son :—
'T was where you woo'd the gentlewoman so well :

I have forgot your name ; but, sure, that part
Was aptly fitted, and naturally perform'd.

1 *Play.* I think, 't was Soto that your honour means.

Lord. 'T is very true ;—thou didst it excellent.—

Well, you are come to me in happy time ;
The rather for I have some sport in hand,
Wherein your cunning can assist me much.
There is a lord will hear you play to-night :
But I am doubtful of your modesties,
Lest, over-eying of his odd behaviour,
(For yet his honour never heard a play,)
You break into some merry passion,
And so offend him ; for I tell you, sirs,
If you should smile, he grows impatient.

1 *Play.* Fear not, my lord ; we can contain ourselves,

Were he the veriest antic in the world.

Lord. Go, sirrah, take them to the buttery,
And give them friendly welcome every one :
Let them want nothing that my house affords.—

[*Exeunt Servant and Players.*
Sirrah, go you to Bartholomew, my page,

[*To a Servant.*
And see him dress'd in all suits like a lady :

That done, conduct him to the drunkard's chamber
And call him madam : do him obeisance.
Tell him from me, as he will win my love,
He bear himself with honourable action,
Such as he hath observ'd in noble ladies
Unto their lords, by them accomplished :
Such duty to the drunkard let him do,
With soft low tongue and lowly courtesy ;
And say,—What is 't your honour will command,
Wherein your lady, and your humble wife,
May show her duty, and make known her love ?
And then, with kind embracements, tempting kisses,

And with declining head into his bosom,
Bid him shed tears, as being overjoyed
To see her noble lord restor'd to health,
Who, for this seven years, hath esteemed him
No better than a poor and loathsome beggar :
And if the boy have not a woman's gift,
To rain a shower of commanded tears,
An onion will do well for such a shift.

Which in a napkin being close convey'd,
Shall in despite enforce a watery eye.
See this despatch'd with all the haste thou canst;
Anon I'll give thee more instructions.

[*Exit* Servant.]

I know the boy will well usurp the grace,
Voice, gait, and action of a gentlewoman:
I long to hear him call the drunkard husband;
And how my men will stay themselves from
laughter,

When they do homage to this simple peasant.
I'll in to counsel them: haply, my presence
May well abate the over-merry spleen,
Which otherwise would grow into extremes.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*A bed-chamber in the Lord's House.*

SIX is discovered in a rich night-gown, with Attendants; some with apparel, others with bason, ewer, and other appurtenances. Enter Lord, dressed like a servant.

Sly. For God's sake, a pot of small ale.⁸

1 *Serv.* Will 't please your lordship drink a cup of sack?

2 *Serv.* Will 't please your honour taste of these conserves?

3 *Serv.* What raiment will your honour wear to-day?

Sly. I am Christophero Sly. Call not me honour, nor lordship: I ne'er drank sack in my life; and if you give me any conserves, give me conserves of beef. Ne'er ask me what raiment I'll wear; for I have no more doublets than backs, no more stockings than legs, nor no more shoes than feet; nay, sometime, more feet than shoes, or such shoes as my toes look through the over-leather.

Lord. Heaven cease this idle humour in your honour!

O, that a mighty man of such descent,
Of such possessions, and so high esteem,
Should be infused with so foul a spirit!

Sly. What! would you make me mad? Am not I Christopher Sly, old Sly's son, of Burton-heath; by birth a pedler, by education a card-maker, by transmutation a bear-herd, and now by present profession a tinker? Ask Marian Hacket, the fat ale-wife of Wincot,⁹ if she know me not: if she say I am not fourteen pence on the score for sheer ale, score me up for the lying'st knave in Christendom. What! I am not bestraught: Here's—

3 *Serv.* O, this it is that makes your lady mourn.

2 *Serv.* O, this it is that makes your servants droop.

Lord. Hence comes it that your kindred shun your house,

As beaten hence by your strange lunacy.

O, noble lord, bethink thee of thy birth;

Call home thy ancient thoughts from banishment,
And banish hence these abject lowly dreams.

Look how thy servants do attend on thee,

Each in his office ready at thy beck.

Wilt thou have music? hark! Apollo plays,

[*Music.*]

And twenty caged nightingales do sing:

Or wilt thou sleep? we'll have thee to a couch,

Softer and sweeter than the lustful bed

On purpose trimm'd up for Semiramis.

Say, thou wilt walk: we will bestrew the ground

Or wilt thou ride? thy horses shall be trapp'd,

Their harness studded all with gold and pearl.

Dost thou love hawking? thou hast hawks will soar

Above the morning lark: or wilt thou hunt?

Thy hounds shall make the welkin answer them,

And fetch shrill echoes from the hollow earth.

1 *Serv.* Say, thou wilt course; thy greyhounds are as swift

As breathed stags, ay, fleetier than the roe.

2 *Serv.* Dost thou love pictures? we will fetch thee straight

Adonis, painted by a running brook;

And Cytherea all in sedges hid,

Which seem to move and wanton with her breath

Even as the waving sedges play with wind.

Lord. We'll show thee Io, as she was a maid;

And how she was beguiled and surpris'd,

As lively painted as the deed was done.

3 *Serv.* Or Daphne, roaming through a thorny wood;

Scratching her legs that one shall swear she bleeds

And at that sight shall sad Apollo weep,

So workmanly the blood and tears are drawn.

Lord. Thou art a lord, and nothing but a lord

Thou hast a lady far more beautiful

Than any woman in this waning age.

1 *Serv.* And, till the tears that she hath shed for thee,

Like envious floods o'er-ran her lovely face,

She was the fairest creature in the world;

And yet she is inferior to none.

Sly. Am I a lord? and have I such a lady?

Or do I dream, or have I dream'd till now?

I do not sleep: I see, I hear, I speak;

I smell sweet savours, and I feel soft things :—
Upon my life, I am a lord, indeed ;
And not a tinker, nor Christopher Sly.
Well, bring our lady hither to our sight ;
And, once again, a pot o' the smallest ale.

2 *Serv.* Will 't please your mightiness to wash
your hands ?

[*Servants present an ewer, bason, and napkin.*]

O, how we joy to see your wit restor'd !
O, that once more you knew but what you are !
These fifteen years you have been in a dream ;
Or, when you wak'd, so wak'd as if you slept.

Sly. These fifteen years ? by my fay, a goodly
nap.

But did I never speak of all that time ?

1 *Serv.* O yes, my lord ; but very idle words :—
For though you lay here in this goodly chamber,
Yet would you say ye were beaten out of door ;
And rail upon the hostess of the house ;
And say, you would present her at the leet,
Because she brought stone jugs and no seal'd
quarts :¹⁰

Sometimes you would call out for Cicely Hacket.

Sly. Ay, the woman's maid of the house.

3 *Serv.* Why, sir, you know no house, nor no
such maid ;

Nor no such men as you have reckon'd up,—
As Stephen Sly, and Old John Naps o' the Green,
And Peter Turph, and Henry Pimpernell ;
And twenty more such names and men as these,
Which never were, nor no man ever saw.

Sly. Now, Lord be thanked for my good amends !

All. Amen.

Sly. I thank thee ; thou shalt not lose by it.

Enter the Page, as a lady, with Attendants.

Page. How fares my noble lord ?

Sly. Marry, I fare well ; for here is cheer enough.
Where is my wife ?

Page. Here, noble lord. What is thy will with
her ?

Sly. Are you my wife, and will not call me
husband ?

My men should call me lord ; I am your Goodman.

Page. My husband and my lord, my lord and
husband ;

I am your wife in all obedience.

Sly. I know it well : what must I call her ?

Lord. Madam.

Sly. Alce madam, or Joan madam ?

Lord. Madam, and nothing else ; so lords call
ladies.

Sly. Madam wife, they say that I have dream'd,
And slept above some fifteen year or more.

Page. Ay, and the time seems thirty unto me :
Being all this time abandon'd from your bed.

Sly. 'T is much. Servants, leave me and her
alone.

Madam, undress you, and come now to bed.

Page. Thrice noble lord, let me entreat of you
To pardon me yet for a night or two ;
Or, if not so, until the sun be set :

For your physicians have expressly charg'd,
In peril to incur your former malady,
That I should yet absent me from your bed :
I hope, this reason stands for my excuse.

Sly. Ay, it stands so, that I may hardly tarry
so long. But I would be loth to fall into my
dreams again. I will therefore tarry, in despite
of the flesh and the blood.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Your honour's players, hearing your
amendment,

Are come to play a pleasant comedy,
For so your doctors hold it very meet :
Seeing too much sadness hath congeal'd your blood,
And melancholy is the nurse of frenzy,
Therefore, they thought it good you hear a play,
And frame your mind to mirth and merriment,
Which bars a thousand harms, and lengthens life.

Sly. Marry, I will let them play : Is it not a
commontry,¹¹ a Christmas gambol, or a tumbling-
trick ?

Page. No, my good lord ; it is more pleasing
stuff.

Sly. What, household stuff ?

Page. It is a kind of history.

Sly. Well, we'll see 't. Come, madam wife, sit
by my side, and let the world slip : we shall ne'er
be younger.

They sit down

ACT I

SCENE I.—Padua. *A public Place.**Enter LUCENTIO and TRANIO.*

Luc. Tranio, since, for the great desire I had
To see fair Padua, nursery of arts,
I am arriv'd for fruitful Lombardy,¹²
The pleasant garden of great Italy,
And, by my father's love and leave, am arm'd
With his good will, and thy good company,
My trusty servant, well approv'd in all;
Here let us breathe, and haply institute
A course of learning, and ingenious studies.
Pisa, renowned for grave citizens,
Gave me my being, and my father first,
A merchant of great traffic through the world.
Vincentio, come of the Bentivolii.
Vincentio's son, brought up in Florence,
It shall become, to serve all hopes conceiv'd,
To deck his fortune with his virtuous deeds.
And therefore, Tranio, for the time I study,
Virtue, and that part of philosophy
Will I apply, that treats of happiness
By virtue 'specially to be achiev'd.
Tell me thy mind: for I have Pisa left,
And am to Padua come, as he that leaves
A shallow plash, to plunge him in the deep,
And with satiety seeks to quench his thirst.

Tra. *Mi perdonate*, gentle master mine,
I am in all affected as yourself;
Glad that you thus continue your resolve,
To suck the sweets of sweet philosophy.
Only, good master, while we do admire
This virtue, and this moral discipline,
Let's be no stoics, nor no stocks, I pray;
Or so devote to Aristotle's checks,
As Ovid be an outcast quite abjur'd:
Balk¹³ logic with acquaintance that you have,
And practise rhetoric in your common talk:
Music and poesy use to quicken you;
The mathematics, and the metaphysics,
Fall to them, as you find your stomach serves
you.

No profit grows where is no pleasure ta'en;—
In brief, sir, study what you most affect.

Luc. Gramercies, Tranio, well dost thou advise.
If Biondello, thou wert come ashore,
We could at once put us in readiness;
And take a lodging, fit to entertain
Such friends as time in Padua shall beget.
But stay awhile: what company is this?

Tra. Master, some show, to welcome us to town.

*Enter BAPTISTA, KATHARINA, BIANCA, GREMIO, and
HORTENSIO. LUCENTIO and TRANIO stand aside.*

Bap. Gentlemen, importune me no farther,
For how I firmly am resolv'd you know:
That is, not to bestow my youngest daughter,
Before I have a husband for the elder:
If either of you both love Katharina,
Because I know you well, and love you well,
Leave shall you have to court her at your pleasure.

Gre. To cart her rather:¹⁴ She's too rough for
me:

There, there, Hortensio, will you any wife?

Kath. I pray you, sir, [*to BAP.*] is it your will
To make a stale of me amongst these mates?

Hor. Mates, maid! how mean you that? no
mates for you,

Unless you were of gentler, milder mould.

Kath. I' faith, sir, you shall never need to fear;
I wis, it is not half way to her heart:
But, if it were, doubt not her care should be
To comb your noddle with a three-legg'd stool,
And paint your face, and use you like a fool.

Hor. From all such devils, good Lord, deliver us!

Gre. And me too, good Lord!

Tra. Hush, master! here's some good pastime
toward;

That wench is stark mad, or wonderful froward.

Luc. But in the other's silence do I see
Maids' mild behaviour and sobriety.
Peace, Tranio.

Tra. Well said, master; mum! and gaze your
fill.

Bap. Gentlemen, that I may soon make good
What I have said, Bianca, get you in :
And let it not displease thee, good Bianca ;
For I will love thee ne'er the less, my girl.

Kath. A pretty peat ;¹⁵ it is best
Put finger in the eye—an she knew why.

Bian. Sister, content you in my discontent.
Sir, to your pleasure humbly I subscribe :
My books and instruments shall be my com-
pany ;

On them to look, and practise by myself.

Luc. Hark, Tranio ! thou mayst hear Minerva
speak. *[Aside.]*

Hor. Signior Baptista, will you be so strange ?
Sorry am I that our good will effects
Bianca's grief.

Gre. Why, will you mew her up,
Signior Baptista, for this fiend of hell,
And make her bear the penance of her tongue ?

Bap. Gentlemen, content ye ; I am resolv'd :
Go in, Bianca. *[Exit BIANCA.]*

And, for I know she taketh most delight
In music, instruments, and poetry,
Schoolmasters will I keep within my house,
Fit to instruct her youth. If you, Hortensio,
Or, signior Gremio, you know any such,
Prefer them hither ; for to cunning men
I will be very kind, and liberal

To mine own children in good bringing-up ;
And so farewell. Katharina, you may stay ;
For I have more to commune with Bianca. *[Exit.]*

Kath. Why, and I trust I may go too. May I
not ?

What, shall I be appointed hours ; as though,
belike,

I knew not what to take, and what to leave ?
Ha ! *[Exit.]*

Gre. You may go to the devil's dam ; your gifts
are so good, here's none will hold you. Their love
is not so great, Hortensio, but we may blow our
nails together, and fast it fairly out ; our cake's
dough on both sides. Farewell :—¹⁶ Yet, for the
love I bear my sweet Bianca, if I can by any
means light on a fit man to teach her that wherein
she delights, I will wish him¹⁶ to her father.

Hor. So will I, signior Gremio : But a word, I
pray. Though the nature of our quarrel yet never
brook'd parle, know now, upon advice, it toucheth
us both,—that we may yet again have access to
our fair mistress, and be happy rivals in Bianca's
love,—to labour and effect one thing specially.

Gre. What's that, I pray ?

Hor. Marry, sir, to get a husband for her sister

Gre. A husband ! a devil.

Hor. I say, a husband.

Gre. I say, a devil : Think'st thou, Hortensio,
though her father be very rich, any man is so very
a fool to be married to hell ?

Hor. Tush, Gremio, though it pass your patience
and mine to endure her loud alarums, why, man,
there be good fellows in the world, an a man could
light on them, would take her with all faults, and
money enough.

Gre. I cannot tell ; but I had as lief take her
dowry with this condition,—to be whipped at the
high-cross every morning.

Hor. 'Faith, as you say, there's small choice in
rotten apples. But, come ; since this bar in law
makes us friends, it shall be so far forth friendly
maintain'd, till, by helping Baptista's eldest daugh-
ter to a husband, we set his youngest free for a
husband, and then have to 't afresh.—Sweet
Bianca !—Happy man be his dole !¹⁷ He that
runs fastest gets the ring. How say you, signior
Gremio ?

Gre. I am agreed : and would I had given him
the best horse in Padua to begin his wooing, that
would thoroughly woo her, wed her, and bed her,
and rid the house of her. Come on.

[Exeunt GRE. and HOR.]

Tra. *[Advancing.]* I pray, sir, tell me,—Is it
possible

That love should of a sudden take such hold ?

Luc. O Tranio, till I found it to be true,
I never thought it possible, or likely ;
But see ! while idly I stood looking on,
I found the effect of love in idleness :

And now in plainness do confess to thee,—
That art to me as secret, and as dear,

As Anna to the queen of Carthage was,—
Tranio, I burn, I pine, I perish, Tranio,
If I achieve not this young modest girl :
Counsel me, Tranio, for I know thou canst ;
Assist me, Tranio, for I know thou wilt.

Tra. Master, it is no time to chide you now ;
Affection is not rated from the heart :
If love have touch'd you, nought remains but
so,—

Refrime te captum quam queas minimo.

Luc. Gramercies, lad ; go forward, this con-
tents ;

The rest will comfort, for thy counsel's sound.

Tra. Master, you look'd so longly on the maid,
Perhaps you mark'd not what's the pith of all.

Luc. O yes, I saw sweet beauty in her face,
Such as the daughter of Agenor had
That made great Jove to humble him to her
hand,

When with his knees he kiss'd the Cretan strand.

Tra. Saw you no more? mark'd you not, how
her sister

Began to scold; and raise up such a storm,
That mortal ears might hardly endure the din?

Luc. Tranio, I saw her coral lips to move,
And with her breath she did perfume the air;
Sacred, and sweet, was all I saw in her.

Tra. Nay, then, 'tis time to stir him from his
trance.

I pray, awake, sir: If you love the maid,
Bend thoughts and wits to achieve her. Thus it
stands:

Her elder sister is so curst and shrewd,
That, till the father rid his hands of her,
Master, your love must live a maid at home;
And therefore has he closely mew'd her up,
Because she will not be annoy'd with suitors.

Luc. Ah, Tranio, what a cruel father 's he!
But art thou not advis'd, he took some care
To get her cunning schoolmasters to instruct her?

Tra. Ay, marry, am I, sir; and now 't is plotted.

Luc. I have it, Tranio.

Tra. Master, for my hand,
Both our inventions meet and jump in one.

Luc. Tell me thine first.

Tra. You will be schoolmaster,
And undertake the teaching of the maid:
That 's your device.

Luc. It is: May it be done?"

Tra. Not possible. For who shall bear your
part,

And be in Padua here Vincentio's son?
Keep house, and ply his book; welcome his
friends;

Visit his countrymen, and banquet them?

Luc. Basta;¹⁹ content thee; for I have it full.
We have not yet been seen in any house;
Nor can we be distinguish'd by our faces,
For man or master: then it follows thus;—
Thou shalt be master, Tranio, in my stead,
Keep house, and port, and servants, as I should:
I will some other be; some Florentine,
Some Neapolitan, or meaner man of Pisa.
'T is hatch'd, and shall be so:—Tranio, at once
Uncase thee, take my colour'd hat and cloak:
When Biondello comes, he waits on thee;
But I will charm him first to keep his tongue.

Tra. So had you need. [*They exchange habits*
In brief, sir, sith it your pleasure is,
And I am tied to be obedient,
(For so your father charg'd me at our parting;
"Be serviceable to my son," quoth he,
Although, I think 't was in another sense,)
I am content to be Lucentio,
Because so well I love Lucentio.

Luc. Tranio, be so, because Lucentio loves:
And let me be a slave, t' achieve that maid
Whose sudden sight hath thrall'd my wounded
eye.

Enter BIONDELLO.

Here comes the rogue.—Sirrah, where have you
been?

Bion. Where have I been? Nay, how now
where are you?

Master, has my fellow Tranio stol'n your clothes?
Or you stol'n his? or both? pray, what 's the
news?

Luc. Sirrah, come hither; 't is no time to
jest,

And therefore frame your manners to the time.
Your fellow Tranio here, to save my life,
Puts my apparel and my count'nance on,
And I for my escape have put on his;
For in a quarrel, since I came ashore,
I kill'd a man, and fear I was descried.
Wait you on him, I charge you, as becomes,
While I make way from hence to save my life,
You understand me?

Bion. I, sir? ne'er a whit.

Luc. And not a jot of Tranio in your mouth;
Tranio is chang'd into Lucentio.

Bion. The better for him. 'Would I were so too

Tra. So would I, faith, boy, to have the next
wish after,—

That Lucentio indeed had Baptista's youngest
daughter.

But, sirrah, not for my sake, but your masters, I
advise

You use your manners discreetly in all kind of
companies:

When I am alone, why, then I am Tranio;
But in all places else, your master Lucentio.

Luc. Tranio, let 's go:—

One thing more rests, that thyself execute;
To make one among these wooers: If thou ask me
why,—

Sufficeth my reasons are both good and weighty.

[*Exeunt*

(*The presenters above speak.*)

1 *Serv.* My lord, you nod, you do not mind the play.
Sly. Yes, by saint Anne, do I. A good matter, surely.
 Comes there any more of it?
Page. My lord, 't is but begun.
Sly. 'T is a very excellent piece of work, Madam lady,
 'Would 't were done! [*They sit and mark.*]

SCENE II.—*The same. Before Hortensio's House.*

Enter PETRUCIO and GRUMIO.

Pet. Verona, for a while I take my leave,
 To see my friends in Padua; but, of all,
 My best beloved and approved friend,
 Hortensio; and, I trow, this is his house:
 Here, sirrah Grumio; knock, I say.

Gru. Knock, sir! whom should I knock? is
 there any man has rebus'd your worship?

Pet. Villain, I say, knock me here soundly.¹⁹

Gru. Knock you here, sir? why, sir, what am
 I, sir, that I should knock you here, sir?

Pet. Villain, I say, knock me at this gate,
 And rap me well, or I 'll knock your knave's pate.

Gru. My master is grown quarrelsome: I should
 knock you first,
 And then I know after who comes by the worst.

Pet. Will it not be?
 'Faith, sirrah, an you 'll not knock, I 'll wring it;
 I 'll try how you can *sol, fa*, and sing it.

[*He wrings GRUMIO by the ears.*]

Gru. Help, masters, help! my master is mad.

Pet. Now, knock when I bid you: sirrah!
 villain!

Enter HORTENSIO.

Hor. How now? what 's the matter?—My old
 friend Grumio! and my good friend Petrucio!—
 How do you all at Verona?

Pet. Signior Hortensio, come you to part the
 fray?

Con tutto il core ben trovato, may I say.

Hor. *Alla nostra casa ben venuto*,
Molto honorato signior mio Petrucio.

Rise, Grumio, rise; we will compound this quarrel.

Gru. Nay, 't is no matter, sir, what he 'leges in
 Latin.

—If this be not a lawful cause for me to leave his
 service,—Look you, sir,—he bid me knock him,
 and rap him soundly, sir: Well, was it fit for a
 servant to use his master so; being, perhaps, (for
 aught I see,) two-and-thirty,—a pip out?²⁰
 Whom, 'would to God, I had well knock'd at first,
 Then had not Grumio come by the worst.

Pet. A senseless villain!—Good Hortensio,
 I bade the rascal knock upon your gate,
 And could not get him for my heart to do it.

Gru. Knock at the gate?—O Heavens!
 Spake you not ~~these~~ words plain—"Sirrah, knock
 me here,
 Rap me here, knock me well, and knock me
 soundly"?]

And come you now with—knocking at the gate?

Pet. Sirrah, be gone, or talk not, I advise you.

Hor. Petrucio, patience; I am Grumio's pledge:
 Why, this a heavy chance 'twixt him and you;
 Your ancient, trusty, pleasant servant, Grumio.
 And tell me now, sweet friend,—what happy gale
 Blows you to Padua here, from old Verona?

Pet. Such wind as scatters young men through
 the world,

To seek their fortunes farther than at home,
 Where small experience grows. But, in a few,²¹
 Signior Hortensio, thus it stands with me:—
 Antonio, my father, is deceas'd;

And I have thrust myself into this maze,
 Haply to wive, and thrive, as best I may:
 Crowns in my purse I have, and goods at home,
 And so am come abroad to see the world.

Hor. Petrucio, shall I then come roundly to
 thee,

And wish thee to a shrew'd ill-favour'd wife?
 Thou 'dst thank me but a little for my counsel:
 And yet I 'll promise thee she shall be rich,
 And very rich:—but thou 'rt too much my friend,
 And I 'll not wish thee to her.

Pet. Signior Hortensio, 'twixt such friends as
 we

Few words suffice: and, therefore, if thou know
 One rich enough to be Petrucio's wife,
 (As wealth is burthen of my wooing dance)
 Be she as foul as was Florentius' love,²²
 As old as Sibyl, and as curst and shrewd
 As Socrates' Xantippe, or a worse,
 She moves me not, or not removes, at least,
 Affection's edge in me. Were she as rough
 As are the swelling Adriatic seas;
 I come to wive it wealthily in Padua;
 If wealthily, then happily in Padua.

Gru. Nay, look you sir, he tells you flatly what
 his mind is. Why, give him gold enough and
 marry him to a puppet, or an aglet-baby; or an
 old trot with ne'er a tooth in her head, though she
 have as many diseases as two-and-fifty horses:
 why, nothing comes amiss, so money comes withal

Hor. Petrucio, since we are stepp'd thus far in,

I will continue that I broach'd in jest.
 I can, Petrucio, help thee to a wife
 With wealth enough, and young, and beauteous;
 Brought up as best becomes a gentlewoman:
 Her only fault (and that is fault enough)
 Is,—that she is intolerable curst,
 And shrewd, and froward: so beyond all measure,
 That, were my state far worsè than it is,
 I would not wed her for a mine of gold.

Pet. Hortensio, peace; thou know'st not gold's effect:

Tell me her father's name, and 't is enough;
 For I will board her, though she chide as loud
 As thunder, when the clouds in autumn crack.

Hor. Her father is Baptista Minola,
 An affable and courteous gentleman:
 Her name is Katharina Minola,
 Renown'd in Padua for her scolding tongue.

Pet. I know her father, though I know not her;
 And he knew my deceased father well:
 I will not sleep, Hortensio, till I see her;
 And therefore let me be thus bold with you,
 To give you over at this first encounter,
 Unless you will accompany me thither.

Gru. I pray you, sir, let him go while the
 humour lasts. O' my word, an she knew him as
 well as I do, she would think scolding would do
 little good upon him. She may, perhaps, call him
 half a score knaves, or so: why, that's nothing;
 an he begin once, he'll rail in his rope-tricks.²³
 I'll tell you what, sir,—an she stand him but a
 little, he will throw a figure in her face, and so
 disfigure her with it, that she shall have no more
 eyes to see withal than a cat: you know him not,
 sir.

Hor. Tarry, Petrucio, I must go with thee;
 For in Baptista's keep my treasure is:
 He hath the jewel of my life in hold,
 His youngest daughter, beautiful Bianca;
 And her withholds he from me, and other more
 Suitors to her, and rivals in my love:
 Supposing it a thing impossible,
 (For those defects I have before rehears'd,)
 That ever Katharina will be woo'd,
 Therefore this order hath Baptista ta'en,
 That none shall have access unto Bianca,
 Till Katharine the curst have got a husband.

Gru. Katharina the curst!
 A title for a maid of all titles the worst.

Hor. Now shall my friend Petrucio do me grace;
 And offer me, disguis'd in sober robes,
 To old Baptista as a schoolmaster,

Well seen in music,²⁴ to instruct Bianca:
 That so I may by this device, at least,
 Have leave and leisure to make love to her,
 And, unsuspected, court her by herself.

*Enter GREMIO; with him LUCENTIO disguised, with
 books under his arm.*

Gru. Here 's no knavery! See; to beguile
 the old folks, how the young folks lay their heads
 together! Master, master, look about you. Who
 goes there? ha!

Hor. Peace, Grumio; it is the rival of my
 love:—

Petrucio, stand by a while.

Gru. A proper stripling, and an amorous!

[*They retire.*]

Gre. O, very well: I have perus'd the note.
 Hark you, sir; I'll have them very fairly bound:
 All books of love, see that at any hand;²⁵
 And see you read no other lectures to her:
 You understand me:—Over and beside
 Signior Baptista's liberality,
 I'll mend it with a largess:—Take your papers too
 And let me have them very well perfum'd;
 For she is sweeter than perfume itself,
 To whom they go to. What will you read to her

Luc. Whate'er I read to her, I'll plead for you
 As for my patron, (stand you so assur'd,)
 As firmly as yourself were still in place:
 Yea, and perhaps with more successful words
 Than you, unless you were a scholar, sir.

Gre. O this learning! what a thing it is!

Gru. O this woodcock!²⁶ what an ass it is!

Pet. Peace, sirrah.

Hor. Grumio, mum!—God save you, signior
 Gremio!

Gre. And you are well met, signior Hortensio.
 Trow you
 Whither I am going?—To Baptista Minola.
 I promis'd to inquire carefully
 About a schoolmaster for the fair Bianca;
 And, by good fortune, I have lighted well
 On this young man; for learning, and behaviour,
 Fit for her turn; well read in poetry
 And other books,—good ones, I warrant ye.

Hor. 'T is well: and I have met a gentleman,
 Hath promis'd me to help me to another,
 A fine musician to instruct our mistress;
 So shall I no whit be behind in duty
 To fair Bianca, so belov'd of me.

Gre. Beloved of me,—and that my deeds shall
 prove.

Gru. And that his bags shall prove. [*Aside.*

Hor. Gremio, 't is now no time to vent our love ;

Listen to me, and if you speak me fair,
I'll tell you news indifferent good for either.
Here is a gentleman, whom by chance I met,
Upon agreement from us to his liking,
Will undertake to woo curst Katharine ;
Yea, and to marry her, if her dowry please.

Gre. So said, so done, is well :—

Hortensio, have you told him all her faults ?

Pet. I know she is an irksome, brawling scold ;
If that be all, masters, I hear no harm.

Gre. No ? Say'st me so, friend ? What country-
man ?

Pet. Born in Verona, old Antonio's son ;
My father dead, my fortune lives for me ;
And I do hope good days, and long, to see.

Gre. O, sir, such a life, with such a wife, were
strange :

But if you have a stomach, to 't o' God's name ;
You shall have me assisting you in all.

But will you woo this wild-cat ?

Pet. Will I live ?

Gre. Will he woo her ? ay, or I'll hang her.

[*Aside.*

Pet. Why came I hither, but to that intent ?
Think you, a little din can daunt mine ears ?
Have I not in my time heard lions roar ?
Have I not heard the sea, puff'd up with winds,
Rage like an angry boar, chafed with sweat ?
Have I not heard great ordnance in the field,
And heaven's artillery thunder in the skies ?
Have I not in a pitched battle heard
Loud 'larums, neighing steeds, and trumpets' clang ?
And do you tell me of a woman's tongue,
That gives not half so great a blow to hear,
As will a chestnut in a farmer's fire ?
Tush ! tush ! fear boys with bugs.²⁷

Gru. For he fears none. [*Aside.*

Gre. Hortensio, hark !

This gentleman is happily arriv'd,
My mind presumes, for his own good, and yours.

Hor. I promis'd, we would be contributors,
And bear his charge of wooing, whatsoever.

Gre. And so we will, provided that he win her.

Gru. I would I were as sure of a good dinner.
[*Aside.*

Enter *TRANIO*, bravely apparelled ; and *BIONDELLO*.

Tra. Gentlemen, God save you ! if I may be
bold,

Tell me, I beseech you, which is the readiest way
To the house of signior Baptista Minola ?

Bion. He that has the two fair daughters :—is 't
he you mean ?

Tra. Even he, Biondello.

Gre. Hark you, sir ; You mean not her to—

Tra. Perhaps, him and her, sir. What have
you to do ?

Pet. Not her that chides, sir, at any hand, I
pray.

Tra. I love no chiders, sir.—Biondello, let 's
away.

Luc. Well begun, Tranio. [*Aside.*

Hor. Sir, a word ere you go ;—

Are you a suitor to the maid you talk of, yea or
no ?

Tra. An if I be, sir, is it any offence ?

Gre. No ; if, without more words, you will get
you hence.

Tra. Why, sir, I pray, are not the streets as free
For me, as for you ?

Gre. But so is not she.

Tra. For what reason, I beseech you ?

Gre. For this reason, if you'll know,
That she 's the choice love of signior Gremio.

Hor. That she 's the chosen of signior Hortensio

Tra. Softly, my masters ! if you be gentlemen,
Do me this right,—hear me with patience.

Baptista is a noble gentleman,

To whom my father is not all unknown ;

And, were his daughter fairer than she is,

She may more suitors have, and me for one.

Fair Leda's daughter had a thousand wooers ;

Then well one more may fair Bianca have :

And so she shall ; Lucentio shall make one,

Though Paris came, in hope to speed alone.

Gre. What ! this gentleman will out-talk us all

Luc. Sir, give him head ; I know, he'll prove
a jade.

Pet. Hortensio, to what end are all these words

Hor. Sir, let me be so bold as to ask you,
Did you yet ever see Baptista's daughter ?

Tra. No, sir ; but hear I do, that he hath two
The one as famous for a scolding tongue,
As is the other for beauteous modesty.

Pet. Sir, sir, the first 's for me ; let her go by.

Gre. Yea, leave that labour to great Hercules
And let it be more than Alcides' twelve.

Pet. Sir, understand you this of me, in sooth ;—
The youngest daughter, whom you hearken for,
Her father keeps from all access of suitors,
And will not promise her to any man

Until the elder sister first be wed :
The younger then is free, and not before.

Tra. If it be so, sir, that you are the man
Must stead us all, and me amongst the rest ;
An if you break the ice, and do this seek,—
Achieve the elder, set the younger free
For our access,—whose hap shall be to have her
Will not so graceless be to be ingrate.

Hor. Sir, you say well, and well you do conceive :

And since you do profess to be a suitor,

You must, as we do, gratify this gentleman,
To whom we all rest generally beholden.

Tra. Sir, I shall not be slack : in sign whereof,
Please ye we may contrive this afternoon,²⁸
And quaff carouses to our mistress' health ;
And do as adversaries do in law,—
Strive mightily, but eat and drink as friends.

Gru. Bion. O excellent motion ! Fellows, let begone.

Hor. The motion's good indeed, and be it so ;—
Petrucio, I shall be your *ben venuto*. [*Exeunt*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The same. A Room in Baptista's House.*

Enter KATHARINA and BIANCA, the latter with her hands bound.

Bian. Good sister, wrong me not, nor wrong yourself,
To make a bondmaid and a slave of me ;
That I disdain : But for these other goods,
Unbind my hands, I'll pull them off myself,
Yea, all my raiment, to my petticoat ;
Or, what you will command me, will I do,
So well I know my duty to my elders.

Kath. Of all thy suitors, here I charge thee, tell

Whom thou lov'st best : see thou dissemble not.

Bian. Believe me, sister, of all the men alive,
I never yet beheld that special face
Which I could fancy more than any other.

Kath. Minion, thou liest ! Is 't not Hortensio ?

Bian. If you affect him, sister, here I swear,
I'll plead for you myself, but you shall have him.

Kath. O then, belike, you fancy riches more ;
You will have Gremio to keep you fair.

Bian. Is it for him you do envy me so ?
Nay, then you jest ; and now I well perceive,
You have but jested with me all this while :

I prithee, sister Kate, untie my hands.

Kath. If that be jest, then all the rest was so.
[*Strikes her.*

Enter BAPTISTA.

Bap. Why, how now, dame ! whence grows this insolence ?

Bianca, stand aside ;—poor girl ! she weeps :—
Go ply thy needle ; meddle not with her.
For shame, thou hilding,²⁹ of a devilish spirit,
Why dost thou wrong her that did ne'er wrong thee ?

When did she cross thee with a bitter word ?

Kath. Her silence flouts me, and I'll be reveng'd. [*Flies after BIANCA.*

Bap. What, in my sight ?—Bianca, get thee in. [*Exit BIANCA.*

Kath. What, will you not suffer me ? Nay, now I see

She is your treasure, she must have a husband ;
I must dance barefoot³⁰ on her wedding-day,
And, for your love to her, lead apes in hell.
Talk not to me. I will go sit and weep,
Till I can find occasion of revenge.

[*Exit KATH*

Bap. Was ever gentleman thus griev'd as I ?
But who comes here ?

Enter GREMIO, with LUCENTIO in the habit of a mean man ; PETRUCIO, with HORTENSIO as a musician ; and TRANIO, with BIONDELLO bearing a lute and books.

Gre. Good morrow, neighbour Baptista.

Bap. Good morrow, neighbour Gremio : God save you, gentlemen !

Pet. And you, good sir! Pray have you not a daughter

Call'd Katharina, fair and virtuous?

Bap. I have a daughter, sir, call'd Katharina.

Gre. You are too blunt; go to it orderly.

Pet. You wrong me, signior Gremio; give me leave.

I am a gentleman of Verona, sir,
That, hearing of her beauty, and her wit,
Her affability, and bashful modesty,
Her wondrous qualities, and mild behaviour,
Am bold to show myself a forward guest
Within your house, to make mine eye the witness
Of that report which I so oft have heard.
And, for an entrance to my entertainment,
I do present you with a man of mine,

[*Presenting* HORTENSIO.]

Cunning in music, and the mathematics,
To instruct her fully in those sciences,
Whereof, I know, she is not ignorant:
Accept of him, or else you do me wrong;
His name is Licio, born in Mantua.

Bap. You're welcome, sir; and he for your good sake:

But for my daughter Katharine, this I know,
She is not for your turn, the more my grief.

Pet. I see you do not mean to part with her;
Or else you like not of my company.

Bap. Mistake me not, I speak but as I find.
Whence are you, sir? what may I call your name?

Pet. Petrucio is my name; Antonio's son,
A man well known throughout all Italy.

Bap. I know him well: you are welcome for his sake.

Gre. Saving your tale, Petrucio, I pray,
Let us, that are poor petitioners, speak too:
Baccare!¹ you are marvellous forward.

Pet. O, pardon me, signior Gremio; I would fain be doing.

Gre. I doubt it not, sir; but you will curse your wooing!

Neighbour, this is a gift very grateful, I am sure of it. To express the like kindness myself, that have been more kindly beholding to you than any, I freely give unto you this young scholar, [*presenting* LUCENTIO] that hath been long studying at Rheims; as cunning in Greek, Latin, and other languages, as the other in music and mathematics: his name is Cambio; pray accept his service.

Bap. A thousand thanks, signior Gremio: welcome, good Cambio.—But, gentle sir, [*to* TRANIO]

methinks you walk like a stranger. May I be so bold to know the cause of your coming?

Tra. Pardon me, sir, the boldness is mine own; That, being a stranger in this city here,
Do make myself a suitor to your daughter,
Unto Bianca, fair, and virtuous.
Nor is your firm resolve unknown to me,
In the preferment of the eldest sister:

This liberty is all that I request,—
That, upon knowledge of my parentage,
I may have welcome 'mongst the rest that woo,
And free access and favour as the rest.
And, toward the education of your daughters,
I here bestow a simple instrument,
And this small packet of Greek and Latin books:
If you accept them, then their worth is great.

Bap. Lucentio is your name? of whence, I pray?

Tra. Of Pisa, sir; son to Vincentio.

Bap. A mighty man of Pisa: by report
I know him well: you are very welcome, sir.
Take you [*to* HOR.] the lute, and you [*to* LUC.]
the set of books,

You shall go see your pupils presently.

Holloa, within!

Enter a Servant.

Sirrah,

Lead these gentlemen to my daughters; and tell them both

These are their tutors; bid them use them well.

[*Exit* Servant, with HOR., LUC., and BION.]

We will go walk a little in the orchard,
And then to dinner. You are passing welcome,
And so I pray you all to think yourselves.

Pet. Signior Baptista, my business asketh haste,
And every day I cannot come to woo.²

You knew my father well; and in him, me,
Left solely heir to all his lands and goods,
Which I have better'd rather than decreas'd:
Then tell me,—If I get your daughter's love,
What dowry shall I have with her to wife?

Bap. After my death, the one half of my lands:

And, in possession, twenty thousand crowns.

Pet. And for that dowry, I'll assure her of
Her widowhood,—be it that she survive me,—
In all my lands and leases whatsoever:
Let specialties be therefore drawn between us,
That covenants may be kept on either hand.

Bap. Ay, when the special thing is well obtain'd,

That is,—her love; for that is all in all.

Pet. Why, that is nothing; for I tell you, father,
I am as peremptory as she proud-minded;
And where two raging fires meet together,
They do consume the thing that feeds their fury:
Though little fire grows great with little wind,
Yet extreme gusts will blow out fire and all:
So I to her, and so she yields to me;
For I am rough, and woo not like a babe.

Bap. Well mayst thou woo, and happy be thy speed!
But be thou arm'd for some unhappy words.

Pet. Ay, to the proof; as mountains are for winds,
That shake not, though they blow perpetually.

Re-enter HORTENSIO, with his head broken.

Bap. How now, my friend? why dost thou look so pale?

Hor. For fear, I promise you, if I look pale.

Bap. What, will my daughter prove a good musician?

Hor. I think, she'll sooner prove a soldier;
Iron may hold with her, but never lutes.

Bap. Why, then thou canst not break her to the lute?

Hor. Why, no; for she hath broke the lute to me.
I did but tell her she mistook her frets,³³
And bow'd her hand to teach her fingering;
When, with a most impatient devilish spirit,
"Frets, call you these?" quoth she: "I'll fume with them!"

And, with that word, she struck me on the head,
And through the instrument my pate made way;
And there I stood amazed for a while,
As on a pillory, looking through the lute;
While she did call me,—rascal fiddler,
And twangling Jack; with twenty such vile terms,

As she had studied to misuse me so.

Pet. Now, by the world, it is a lusty wench;
I love her ten times more than e'er I did:
O, how I long to have some chat with her!

Bap. Well, go with me, and be not so discontented:

Proceed in practice with my younger daughter;
She's apt to learn, and thankful for good turns.
Signior Petrucio, will you go with us;
Or shali I send my daughter Kate to you?

Pet. I pray you do; I will attend her here,—
[*Exeunt BAP., GRE., TRA., and HOR.*]
And woo her with some spirit when she comes.

Say, that she rail; why, then I'll tell her plain
She sings as sweetly as a nightingale:
Say, that she frown; I'll say, she looks as clear
As morning roses newly wash'd with dew:
Say, she be mute, and will not speak a word;
Then I'll commend her volubility,
And say she uttereth piercing eloquence:
If she do bid me pack, I'll give her thanks
As though she bid me stay by her a week;
If she deny to wed, I'll crave the day
When I shall ask the banns, and when be married:—

But here she comes; and now, Petrucio, speak.

Enter KATHARINA.

Good morrow, Kate; for that's your name, I hear.

Kath. Well have you heard, but something hard of hearing;

They call me—Katharine, that do talk of me.

Pet. You lie, in faith! for you are call'd plain Kate,

And bonny Kate, and sometimes Kate the curst.
But Kate, the prettiest Kate in Christendom,
Kate of Kate-Hall, my super-dainty Kate,
For dainties are all cates;³⁴ and therefore Kate,
Take this of me, Kate of my consolation;
Hearing thy mildness prais'd in every town,
Thy virtues spoke of, and thy beauty sounded,
(Yet not so deeply as to thee belongs,) Myself am mov'd to woo thee for my wife.

Kath. Mov'd! in good time: let him that mov'd you hither

Remove you hence: I knew you at the first,
You were a moveable.

Pet. Why, what's a moveable?

Kath. A joint-stool.

Pet. Thou hast hit it: come, sit on me.

Kath. Asses are made to bear, and so are you.

Pet. Women are made to bear, and so are you.

Kath. No such jade as you, if me you mean.

Pet. Alas, good Kate! I will not burthen thee:

For, knowing thee to be but young and light,—

Kath. Too light for such a swain as you to catch;

And yet as heavy as my weight should be.

Pet. Should be? should—buz!³⁵

Kath. Well ta'en, and like a buzzard.

Pet. O, slow-wing'd turtle! shall a buzzard take thee?

Kath. Ay, for a turtle; as he takes a buzzard.

Pet. Come, come, you wasp; i' faith, you are too angry.

Kath. If I be waspish, best beware my sting.

Pet. My remedy is then, to pluck it out.

Kath. Ay, if the fool could find it where it lies.

Pet. Who knows not where a wasp does wear his sting?

In his tail.

Kath. In his tongue.

Pet. Whose tongue?

Kath. Yours, if you talk of tales;³⁰ and so farewell.

Pet. What, with my tongue in your tail? nay, come again.

Good Kate, I am a gentleman.

Kath. That I'll try. [*Striking him.*]

Pet. I swear I'll cuff you, if you strike again.

Kath. So may you lose your arms:

If you strike me you are no gentleman;

And if no gentleman, why, then no arms.

Pet. A herald, Kate? O put me in thy books.

Kath. What is your crest? a coxcomb?

Pet. A combless cock, so Kate will be my hen.

Kath. No cock of mine, you crow too like a craven.

Pet. Nay, come, Kate, come; you must not look so sour.

Kath. It is my fashion, when I see a crab.

Pet. Why, here's no crab; and therefore look not sour.

Kath. There is, there is.

Pet. Then show it me.

Kath. Had I a glass I would.

Pet. What, you mean my face?

Kath. Well aim'd of such a young one.

Pet. Now, by saint George, I am too young for you.

Kath. Yet you are wither'd.

Pet. 'T is with cares.

Kath. I care not.

Pet. Nay, hear you, Kate: in sooth you 'scape not so.

Kath. I chafe you, if I tarry; let me go.

Pet. No, not a whit. I find you passing gentle.

T was told me, you were rough, and coy, and sullen,

And now I find report a very liar;

For thou art pleasant, gamesome, passing courteous,

But slow in speech, yet sweet as spring-time flowers:

Thou canst not frown, thou canst not look askance,

Nor bite the lip, as angry wenches will;

Nor hast thou pleasure to be cross in talk;

But thou with mildness entertain'st thy wooers,

With gentle conference, soft and affable.

Why does the world report that Kate doth limp?

O sland'rous world! Kate, like the hazel-twig,

Is straight, and slender; and as brown in hue,

As hazel-nuts, and sweeter than the kernels.

O, let me see thee walk: thou dost not halt.

Kath. Go, fool, and whom thou keep'st command.

Pet. Did ever Dian so become a grove,

As Kate this chamber with her princely gait?

O, be thou Dian, and let her be Kate;

And then let Kate be chaste, and Dian sportful.

Kath. Where did you study all this goodly speech?

Pet. It is extempore, from my mother-wit.

Kath. A witty mother! witless else her son.

Pet. Am I not wise?

Kath. Yes; keep you warm.³¹

Pet. Marry, so I mean, sweet Katharine, in thy bed:

And, therefore, setting all this chat aside,

Thus in plain terms:—Your father hath consented

That you shall be my wife; your dowry 'greed on;

And, will you, nill you, I will marry you.

Now, Kate, I am a husband for your turn;

For, by this light, whereby I see thy beauty,

(Thy beauty that doth make me like thee well,)

Thou must be married to no man but me;

For I am he am born to tame you, Kate;

And bring you from a wild Kate to a Kate

Conformable, as other household Kates.

Here comes your father; never make denial,

I must and will have Katharine to my wife.

Re-enter BAPTISTA, GREMIO, and TRANIO.

Bap. Now, signior Petrucio: How speed you with my daughter?

Pet. How but well, sir? how but well?

It were impossible I should speed amiss.

Bap. Why, how now, daughter Katharine? in your dumps?

Kath. Call you me daughter? now I promise you,

You have show'd a tender fatherly regard,
To wish me wed to one half lunatic;
A madcap ruffian, and a swearing Jack,
That thinks with oaths to face the matter out.

Pet. Father, 't is thus,—yourself, and all the world,

That talk'd of her, have talk'd amiss of her:
If she be curst, it is for policy:
For she 's not froward, but modest as the dove;
She is not hot, but temperate as the morn;
For patience she will prove a second Grissel;³⁸
And Roman Lucrece for her chastity:
And to conclude,—we have 'greed so well together,

That upon Sunday is the wedding-day.

Kath. I 'll see thee hang'd on Sunday first.

Gre. Hark, Petrucio! she says she 'll see thee hang'd first.

Tra. Is this your speeding? nay, then, good night our part!

Pet. Be patient, gentlemen; I choose her for myself;

If she and I be pleas'd, what 's that to you?
'T is bargain'd 'twixt us twain, being alone,
That she shall still be curst in company.
I tell you, 't is incredible to believe
How much she loves me: O, the kindest Kate!
She hung about my neck; and kiss on kiss
She vied so fast,³⁹ protesting oath on oath,
That in a twink she won me to her love.
O, you are novices! 't is a world to see,⁴⁰
How tame, when men and women are alone,
A meacock wretch can make the curstest shrew.
Give me thy hand, Kate: I will unto Venice,
To buy apparel 'gainst the wedding-day:
Provide the feast, father, and bid the guests;
I will be sure my Katharine shall be fine.

Bap. I know not what to say: but give me your hands;

God send you joy, Petrucio! 't is a match.

Gre. Tra. Amen, say we; we will be witnesses.

Pet. Father, and wife, and gentlemen, adieu;
I will to Venice; Sunday comes apace:
We will have rings, and things, and fine array;
And kiss me, Kate; "We will be married o' Sunday!"⁴¹

[*Exeunt PET. and KATH. severally.*]

Gre. Was ever match clapp'd up so suddenly?

Bap. Faith, gentlemen, now I play a merchant's part,

And venture madly on a desperate mart.

Tra. 'T was a commodity lay fretting by you;

'T will bring you gain, or perish on the seas.

Bap. The gain I seek is—quiet in the match.

Gre. No doubt but he hath got a quiet catch.
But now, Baptista, to your younger daughter:
Now is the day we long have looked for
I am your neighbour, and was suitor first.

Tra. And I am one that love Bianca more
Than words can witness, or your thoughts can guess.

Gre. Youngling! thou canst not love so dear as I.

Tra. Grey-beard! thy love doth freeze.

Gre. But thine doth fry.

Skipper, stand back; 't is age that nourisheth.

Tra. But youth, in ladies' eyes that flourisheth.

Bap. Content you, gentlemen; I will compound this strife:

'T is deeds must win the prize; and he, of both,
That can assure my daughter greatest dower,
Shall have my Bianca's love.

Say, signior Gremio, what can you assure her?

Gre. First, as you know, my house within the city

Is richly furnished with plate and gold;
Basins, and ewers, to lave her dainty hands;
My hangings all of Tyrian tapestry:

In ivory coffers I have stuff'd my crowns,
In cypress chests my arras, counterpoints,⁴²
Costly apparel, tents, and canopies,
Fine linen, Turkey cushions boss'd with pearl,
Valance of Venice gold in needlework,
Pewter and brass, and all things that belong
To house, or housekeeping: then, at my farm,
I have a hundred milch-kine to the pail,
Six score fat oxen standing in my stalls,
And all things answerable to this portion.
Myself am struck in years, I must confess;
And, if I die to-morrow, this is hers,
If, whilst I live, she will be only mine.

Tra. That 'only' came well in. Sir, list to me;
I am my father's heir, and only son;
If I may have your daughter to my wife,
I 'll leave her houses three or four as good,
Within rich Pisa walls, as any one
Old signior Gremio has in Padua;
Besides two thousand ducats by the year,
Of fruitful land, all which shall be her jointure
What! have I pinch'd you, signior Gremio?

Gre. Two thousand ducats by the year of land!
My land amounts not to so much in all:
That she shall have; besides an argosy
That now is lying in Marseilles' road.

What! have I chok'd you with an argosy?

Tra Gremio, 't is known my father hath no less Than three great argosies; besides two galliasses,⁴³ And twelve tight galleys: these I will assure her, And twice as much, whate'er thou offer'st next.

Gre Nay, I have offer'd all; I have no more; And she can have no more than all I have. If you like me, she shall have me and mine.

Tra Why, then the maid is mine from all the world, By your firm promise. Gremio is outvied.

Bap I must confess your offer is the best; And, let your father make her the assurance, She is your own; else, you must pardon me: If you should die before him, where 's her dower?

Tra That 's but a cavil; he is old, I young.

Gre And may not young men die, as well as old?

Bap Well, gentlemen, I am thus resolv'd:— On Sunday next you know My daughter Katharine is to be married:

Now, on the Sunday following, shall Bianca Be bride to you, if you make this assurance; If not, to signior Gremio: And so I take my leave, and thank you both.

[*Exit*.

Gre Adieu, good neighbour.—Now I fear thee not;

Sirrah, young gamester, your father were a fool To give thee all, and, in his waning age, Set foot under thy table. Tut! a toy! An old Italian fox is not so kind, my boy. [*Exit*.

Tra A vengeance on your crafty wither'd hide! Yet I have fac'd it with a card of ten.⁴⁴ 'T is in my head to do my master good:— I see no reason, but suppos'd Lucentio Must get a father call'd—suppos'd Vincentio; And that 's a wonder: fathers, commonly, Do get their children; but, in this case of wooing, A child shall get a sire, if I fail not of my doing. [*Exit*.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A room in Baptista's house.*

Enter LUCENTIO, HORTENSIO, and BIANCA.

Luc Fiddler, forbear; you grow too forward, sir:

Have you so soon forgot the entertainment Her sister Katharine welcom'd you withal?

Hor But, wrangling pedant, this is The patroness of heavenly harmony: Then give me leave to have prerogative; And when in music we have spent an hour, Your lecture shall have leisure for as much.

Luc Preposterous ass! that never read so far, To know the cause why music was ordain'd! Was it not, to refresh the mind of man, After his studies, or his usual pain? Then give me leave to read philosophy, And, while I pause, serve in your harmony.

Hor Sirrah, I will not bear these braves of thine.⁴⁵

Bian Why, gentlemen, you do me double wrong, To strive for that which resteth in my choice:

I am no breeching scholar⁴⁶ in the schools, I'll not be tied to hours, nor 'pointed times, But learn my lessons as I please myself. And, to cut off all strife, here sit we down: Take you your instrument, play you the whiles His lecture will be done ere you have tun'd.

Hor You 'll leave his lecture when I am in tune?

[*To* BIANCA.—*HORTENSIO* retires.

Luc That will be never;—tune your instrument.

Bian Where left we last?

Luc Here, madam:—

Hic ibat Simois; hic est Sigeia tellus;
Hic steterat Priami regia celsa senis.

Bian Conster⁴⁷ them.

Luc *Hic ibat*, as I told you before,—*Simois*, I am Lucentio,—*hic est*, son unto Vincentio of Pisa,—*Sigeia tellus*, disguised thus to get you love;—*Hic steterat*, and that Lucentio that comes a wooing,—*Priami*, is my man Tranio,—*regia*, bearing my port,—*celsa senis*, that we might beguile the old pantaloon.

Hor. Madam, my instrument's in tune.

[*Returning.*

Bian. Let's hear; [Hortensio plays.
O fie! the treble jars.

Luc. Spit in the hole, man, and tune again.

Bian. Now let me see if I can conster it: *Hac ibat Simois*, I know you not;—*hic est Sigeia tellus*, I trust you not;—*Hic steterat Priami*, take heed he hear us not;—*regia*, presume not;—*celsa senis*, despair not.

Hor. Madam, 't is now in tune.

Luc. All but the base.

Hor. The base is right; 't is the base knave that jars.

How fiery and forward our pedant is!
Now, for my life, the knave doth court my love!
Pedascule, I'll watch you better yet.

Bian. In time I may believe, yet I mistrust.

Luc. Mistrust it not; for, sure, *Æacides*
Was Ajax,—call'd so from his grandfather.

Bian. I must believe my master; else, I promise you,

I should be arguing still upon that doubt:
But let it rest.—Now, Licio, to you:—
Good masters, take it not unkindly, pray,
That I have been thus pleasant with you both.

Hor. You may go walk, [*to Luc.*] and give me leave awhile;

My lessons make no music in three parts.

Luc. Are you so formal, sir? well, I must wait,

And watch withal; for, but I be deceiv'd,
Our fine musician groweth amorous. [*Aside.*

Hor. Madam, before you touch the instrument,
To learn the order of my fingering,
I must begin with rudiments of art;
To teach you gamut in a briefer sort,
More pleasant, pithy, and effectual,
Than hath been taught by any of my trade;
And there it is in writing, fairly drawn.

Bian. Why, I am past my gamut long ago.

Hor. Yet read the gamut of Hortensio.

Bian. [*Reads*] Gamut *I am, the ground of all accord,*

A re, *to plead Hortensio's passion;*

B mi, *Bianca, take him for thy lord,*

C fa ut, *that loves with all affection:*

D sol re, *one cliff, two notes have I;*

E la mi, *show pity, or I die.*

Call you this gamut? tut! I like it not:

Old fashions please me best; I am not so nice,⁴⁸

To change true rules for odd inventions.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Mistress, your father prays you leave your books,

And help to dress your sister's chamber up;
You know, to-morrow is the wedding-day.

Bian. Farewell, sweet masters both; I must be gone.

[*Exeunt BIANCA and Servant.*

Luc. Faith, mistress, then I have no cause to stay. [*Exit.*

Hor. But I have cause to pry into this pedant;
Methinks he looks as though he were in love:
Yet, if thy thoughts, Bianca, be so humble,
To cast thy wand'ring eyes on every stale,⁴⁹
Seize thee that list. If once I find thee ranging,
Hortensio will be quit with thee by changing.

[*Exit*

SCENE II.—*The same. Before Baptista's House.*

Enter BAPTISTA, TRANIO, KATHARINA, BIANCA, LUCENTIO, and Attendants.

Bap. Signior Lucentio, [*to TRA.*] this is the 'pointed day

That Katharine and Petrucio should be married,
And yet we hear not of our son-in-law:

What will be said? what mockery will it be,
To want the bridegroom, when the priest attends
To speak the ceremonial rites of marriage!
What says Lucentio to this shame of ours?

Kath. No shame but mine: I must, forsooth, be fore'd

To give my hand, oppos'd against my heart,
Unto a mad-brain rudesby,⁵⁰ full of spleen;
Who woo'd in haste, and means to wed at leisure.

I told you, I, he was a frantic fool,
Hiding his bitter jests in blunt behaviour:
And, to be noted for a merry man,
He'll woo a thousand, 'point the day of marriage,
Make friends, invite, yes, and proclaim the banns;
Yet never means to wed where he hath woo'd.
Now must the world point at poor Katharine,
And say,—“Lo, there is mad Petrucio's wife,
If it would please him come and marry her.”

Tra. Patience, good Katharine, and Baptista too;

Upon my life, Petrucio means but well,
Whatever fortune stays him from his word:
Though he be blunt, I know him passing wise;

Though he be merry, yet withal he 's honest.

Kath. 'Would Katharine had never seen him, though!

[*Exit, weeping, followed by BIAN., and others.*]

Bap. Go, girl; I cannot blame thee now to weep;

For such an injury would vex a very saint,⁵¹
Much more a shrew of thy impatient humour.

Enter BIONDELLO.

Bion. Master, master! news, old news, and such news as you never heard of!

Bap. Is it new and old too? how may that be?

Bion. Why, is it not news to hear of Petrucio's coming?

Bap. Is he come?

Bion. Why, no, sir.

Bap. What then?

Bion. He is coming.

Bap. When will he be here?

Bion. When he stands where I am, and sees you there.

Tra. But, say, what:—To thine old news.

Bion. Why, Petrucio is coming, in a new hat and an old jerkin; a pair of old breeches thrice turn'd; a pair of boots that have been candle-cases, one buckled, another lac'd; an old rusty sword ta'en out of the town armoury, with a broken hilt, and chapeless; with two broken points: his horse hipp'd with an old moth-y saddle, and stirrups of no kindred: besides, possessed with the glanders, and like to mose in the chine; troubled with the lampass, infected with the fashions,⁵² full of windgalls, sped with spavins, rai'd with the yellows, past cure of the fives, stark spoil'd with the staggers, begnawn with the bots; sway'd in the back, and shoulder-shotten; ne'er legged before; and with a half cheeked bit, and a head-stall of sheep's leather, which, being restrain'd to keep him from stumbling, hath been often burst, and now repaired with knots; one girth six times piec'd, and a woman's crupper of velure, which hath two letters for her name, fairly set down in studs, and here and there piec'd with packthread.

Bap. Who comes with him?

Bion. O, sir, his lackey, for all the world caparison'd like the horse; with a linen stock on one leg, and a kersey boot-hose on the other, gartered with a red and blue list; an old hat, and "The humour of forty fancies"⁵³ pricked in 't for a leather: a monster, a very monster in apparel;

and not like a christian footboy, or a gentleman's lackey.

Tra. 'T is some odd humour pricks him to this fashion;

Yet oftentimes he goes but mean apparell'd.

Bap. I am glad he 's come, howsoe'er he comes.

Bion. Why, sir, he comes not.

Bap. Didst thou not say, he comes?

Bion. Who? that Petrucio came?

Bap. Ay, that Petrucio came.

Bion. No, sir; I say, his horse comes with him on his back.

Bap. Why, that 's all one.

Bion. Nay, by saint Jamy,

I hold you a penny,⁵⁴

A horse and a man

Is more than one,

And yet not many.

Enter PETRUCIO and GRUMIO.

Pet. Come, where be these gallants? who 's at home?

Bap. You are welcome, sir.

Pet. And yet I come not well.

Bap. And yet you halt not.

Tra. Not so well apparell'd
As I wish you were.

Pet. Were it better I should rush in thus.
But where is Kate? where is my lovely bride?
How does my father?—Gentles, methinks you frown:

And wherefore gaze this goodly company,
As if they saw some wondrous monument,
Some comet, or unusual prodigy?

Bap. Why, sir, you know, this is your wedding day:

First were we sad, fearing you would not come;
Now sadder, that you come so unprovided.
Fie! doff this habit, shame to your estate,
An eyesore to our solemn festival.

Tra. And tell us, what occasion of import
Hath all so long detain'd you from your wife,
And sent you hither so unlike yourself?

Pet. Tedious it were to tell, and harsh to hear
Sufficeth, I am come to keep my word,
Though in some part enforced to digress;
Which, at more leisure, I will so excuse
As you shall well be satisfied withal.
But, where is Kate? I stay too long from her,
The morning wears, 't is time we were at church.

Tra. See not your bride in these unreverent robes;

Go to my chamber, put on clothes of mine.

Pet. Not I, believe me; thus I'll visit her.

Bap. But thus, I trust, you will not marry her.

Pet. Good sooth, even thus; therefore ha' done with words;

To me she's married, not unto my clothes:

Could I repair what she will wear in me,

As I can change these poor accoutrements,

'T were well for Kate, and better for myself.

But what a fool am I, to chat with you,

When I should bid good-morrow to my bride,

And seal the title with a ovely kiss!

[*Exeunt PET., GRU., and BION.*]

Tra. He hath some meaning in his mad attire:

We will persuade him, be it possible,

To put on better ere he go to church.

Bap. I'll after him, and see the event of this.

[*Exit.*]

Tra. But, sir, to love concerneth us to add
Her father's liking: Which to bring to pass,
As I before imparted to your worship,
I am to get a man,—whate'er he be,
It skills not much; we'll fit him to our turn,—
And he shall be Vincentio of Pisa;
And make assurance, here in Padua,
Of greater sums than I have promised.
So shall you quietly enjoy your hope,
And marry sweet Bianca with consent.

Luc. Were it not that my fellow schoolmaster
Doth watch Bianca's steps so narrowly,
'T were good, methinks, to steal our marriage;
Which once perform'd, let all the world say—no,
I'll keep mine own, despite of all the world.

Tra. That by degrees we mean to look into,
And watch our vantage in this business:
We'll overreach the greybeard, Gremio,
The narrow-prying father, Minola,
The quaint musician, amorous Licio;
All for my master's sake, Lucentio.

[*Enter GREMIO.*]

Signior Gremio! came you from the church?

Gre. As willingly as e'er I came from school.

Tra. And is the bride and bridegroom coming home?

Gre. A bridegroom, say you? 't is a groom indeed,

A grumbling groom, and that the girl shall find.

Tra. Curster than she? why 't is impossible.

Gre. Why, he's a devil, a devil, a very fiend.

Tra. Why, she's a devil, a devil, the devil's dam.

Gre. Tut! she's a lamb, a dove, a fool to him.

I'll tell you, sir Lucentio; When the priest
Should ask—if Katharine should be his wife,
"Ay, by grogg-wouns," quoth he; and swore so
loud

That, all amaz'd, the priest let fall the book:

And, as he stoop'd again to take it up,

This mad-brain'd bridegroom took him such a
cut,

That down fell priest and book, and book and
priest;

"Now take them up," quoth he, "if any list."

Tra. What said the wench, when he rose again?

Gre. Trembled and shook for why, he stamp'd
and swore,

As if the vicar meant to cozen him.

But after many ceremonies done,

He calls for wine:—"A health!" quoth he, as if

He had been aboard, carousing to his mates

After a storm:—"Quaff'd off the muscadel,

And threw the sops all in the sexton's face,"⁵⁵

Having no other reason,—

But that his beard grew thin and hungerly,

And seem'd to ask him sops as he was drinking.

This done, he took the bride about the neck,

And kiss'd her lips with such a clamorous smack,

That, at the parting, all the church did echo.

And I, seeing this, came thence for very shame;

And after me, I know, the route is coming:

Such a mad marriage never was before.

Hark, hark! I hear the minstrels play. [*Music*]

[*Enter PETRUCIO, KATHARINA, BIANCA, BAPTISTA,
HORTENSIO, GRUMIO, and Train.*]

Pet. Gentlemen and friends, I thank you for
your pains:

I know, you think to dine with me to-day,

And have prepar'd great store of wedding cheer;

But so it is, my haste doth call me hence,

And therefore here I mean to take my leave.

Bap. Is 't possible you will away to-night?

Pet. I must away to-day, before night come:

Make it no wonder; if you knew my business,

You would entreat me rather go than stay.

And, honest company, I thank you all,

That have beheld me give away myself

To this most patient, sweet, and virtuous wife:

Dine with my father, drink a health to me;

For I must hence, and farewell to you all.

Tra. Let us entreat you stay till after dinner.

Pet. It may not be.

Gre. Let me entreat you.

Pet. It cannot be.

Kath. Let me entreat you.

Pet. I am content.

Kath. Are you content to stay?

Pet. I am content you shall entreat me stay;
But yet not stay, entreat me how you can.

Kath. Now, if you love me, stay.

Pet. Grumio, my horse.

Gr. Ay, sir, they be ready; the oats have eaten the horses.

Kath. Nay, then,

Do what thou canst, I will not go to-day;
No, nor to-morrow, nor till I please myself.
The door is open, sir, there lies your way,
You may be jogging whiles your boots are green;
For me, I'll not begone, till I please myself:
'Tis like you'll prove a jolly surly groom,
That take it on you at the first so roundly.

Bap. O Kate, content thee; prithee be not angry.

Kath. I will be angry. What hast thou to do?
Father, be quiet: he shall stay my leisure.

Gre. Ay, marry, sir: now it begins to work.

Kath. Gentlemen, forward to the bridal dinner!
I see, a woman may be made a fool,
If she had not a spirit to resist.

Pet. They shall go forward, Kate, at thy command:

Obey the bride, you that attend on her:
Go to the feast, revel and domineer,
Carouse full measure to her maidenhead,
Be mad and merry,—or go hang yourselves;
But for my bonny Kate, she must with me.
Nay, look not big, nor stamp, nor stare, nor fret;

I will be master of what is mine own:

She is my goods, my chattels; she is my house,
My household-stuff, my field, my barn,

My horse, my ox, my ass, my anything;
And here she stands, touch her whoever dare;

I'll bring mine action on the proudest he

That stops my way in Padua. Grumio,

Draw forth thy weapon, we are beset with thieves
Rescue thy mistress, if thou be a man:—

Fear not, sweet wench, they shall not touch thee,
Kate;

I'll buckler thee against a million.

[*Exeunt PET., KATH., and GR.*]

Bap. Nay, let them go, a couple of quiet ones.

Gre. Went they not quickly, I should die with laughing.

Tra. Of all mad matches, never was the like!

Luc. Mistress, what's your opinion of your sister?

Bian. That, being mad herself, she's madly mated.

Gre. I warrant him, Petrucio is Kated.

Bap. Neighbours and friends, though bride and bridegroom wants

For to supply the places at the table,

You know there want no junkets⁵⁶ at the feast;

Lucentio, you shall supply the bridegroom's place
And let Bianca take her sister's room.

Tra. Shall sweet Bianca practise how to bride it?

Bap. She shall, Lucentio.—Come, gentlemen,
let's go.

[*Exeunt*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Hall in Petrucio's Country House.**Enter GRUMIO.*

Gru. Fie, fie, on all tired jades! on all mad masters! and all foul ways! Was ever man so beaten? was ever man so ray'd?⁵⁷ was ever man so weary? I am sent before to make a fire, and they are coming after to warm them. Now, were not I a little pot, and soon hot, my very lips might freeze to my teeth, my tongue to the roof of my mouth, my heart in my belly, ere I should come by a fire to thaw me:—But, I, with blowing the fire, shall warm myself; for, considering the weather, a taller man than I will take cold. Holla, ho! Curtis!

Enter CURTIS.

Curt. Who is that calls so coldly?

Gru. A piece of ice! If thou doubt it, thou mayst slide from my shoulder to my heel, with no greater a run but my head and my neck. A fire, good Curtis.

Curt. Is my master and his wife coming, Grumio?

Gru. O, ay, Curtis, ay: and therefore fire, fire; cast on no water.

Curt. Is she so hot a shrew as she's reported?

Gru. She was, good Curtis, before this frost: but, thou know'st, winter tames man, woman, and beast: for it hath tam'd my old master and my new mistress, and myself, fellow Curtis.

Curt. Away, you three-inch fool!⁵⁸ I am no beast.

Gru. Am I but three inches? why, thy horn is a foot; and so long am I, at the least. But wilt thou make a fire, or shall I complain on thee to our mistress, whose hand (she being now at hand) thou shalt soon feel, to thy cold comfort, for being slow in thy hot office?

Curt. I prithee, good Grumio, tell me, how goes the world?

Gru. A cold world, Curtis, in every office but thine; and, therefore, fire. Do thy duty, and

have thy duty; for my master and mistress are almost frozen to death.

Curt. There's fire ready; and, therefore, good Grumio, the news?

Gru. Why, "Jack, boy! ho, boy!"⁵⁹ and as much news as thou wilt.

Curt. Come, you are so full of cony-catching.

Gru. Why, therefore, fire; for I have caught extreme cold. Where's the cook? Is supper ready, the house trimm'd, rushes strew'd,⁶⁰ cobwebs swept; the serving-men in their new fustian, the white stockings, and every officer his wedding-garment on? Be the jacks fair within, the jills fair without,⁶¹ the carpets laid, and everything in order?

Curt. All ready; and, therefore, I pray thee, what news?

Gru. First, know, my horse is tired; my master and mistress fallen out.

Curt. How?

Gru. Out of their saddles into the dirt. And thereby hangs a tale.

Curt. Let's ha't, good Grumio.

Gru. Lend thine ear.

Curt. Here.

Gru. There.

[*Striking him.*]

Curt. This't is to feel a tale, not to hear a tale.

Gru. And therefore't is call'd a sensible tale: and this cuff was but to knock at your ear, and beseech list'ning. Now I begin: *Imprimis*, we came down a foul hill, my master riding behind my mistress:—

Curt. Both of one horse?

Gru. What's that to thee?

Curt. Why, a horse.

Gru. Tell thou the tale:—But hadst thou not crossed me, thou shouldst have heard how her horse fell, and she under her horse; thou shouldst have heard, in how miry a place: how she was bemoil'd; how he left her with the horse upon her; how he beat me because her horse stumbled; how she waded through the dirt to pluck him off

me; how he swore; how she pray'd, that never pray'd before; how I cried; how the horses ran away; how her bridle was burst; how I lost my crupper; with many things of worthy memory, which now shall die in oblivion, and thou return unexperienc'd to thy grave.

Curt. By this reck'ning, he is more shrew than she.

Gru. Ay; and that thou and the proudest of you all shall find, when he comes home. But what talk I of this?—Call forth Nathaniel, Joseph, Nicholas, Philip, Walter, Sugarop, and the rest. Let their heads be sleekly comb'd, their blue coats brush'd, and their garters of an indifferent knit:⁶³ let them curtsy with their left legs; and not presume to touch a hair of my master's horse-tail, till they kiss their hands. Are they all ready?

Curt. They are.

Gru. Call them forth.

Curt. Do you hear, ho? you must meet my master to countenance my mistress.

Gru. Why, she hath a face of her own.

Curt. Who knows not that?

Gru. Thou, it seems, that call'st for company to countenance her.

Curt. I call them forth to credit her.

Gru. Why, she comes to borrow nothing of them.

Enter several Servants.

Nath. Welcome home, Grumio.

Phil. How now, Grumio?

Jos. What Grumio!

Nich. Fellow Grumio!

Nath. How now, old lad?

Gru. Welcome, you; how now, you; what you;—fellow you,—and thus much for greeting! Now, my spruce companions, is all ready, and all things neat?

Nath. All things is ready! how near is our master?

Gru. Ever at hand, alighted by this: and therefore be not,—Cock's passion, silence!—I hear my master.

Enter PETRUCIO and KATHARINA.

Pet. Where be these knaves? What, no man at the door,

To hold my stirrup nor to take my horse?

Where is Nathaniel, Gregory, Philip?

All Serv. Here, here, sir; here, sir.

Pet. Here, sir! here, sir! here, sir! here, sir!

You loggerheaded and unpolish'd grooms!
What, no attendance? no regard? no duty?
Where is the foolish knave I sent before?

Gru. Here, sir; as foolish as I was before.

Pet. You peasant swain! you whoreson malt-horse drudge!

Did I not bid thee meet me in the park,

And bring along these rascal knaves with thee?

Gru. Nathaniel's coat, sir, was not fully made,
And Gabriel's pumps were all unpink'd i' the heel;

There was no link to colour Peter's hat,⁶⁴

And Walter's dagger was not come from sheathing:

There were none fine but Adam, Ralph, and Gregory;

The rest were ragged, old, and beggarly;

Yet, as they are, here are they come to meet you.

Pet. Go, rascals, go, and fetch my supper in,—

[*Exeunt some of the Servants.*]

"Where is the life that late I led."—⁶⁴ [*Sings.*]

Where are those—Sit down, Kate, and welcome.
Soud, soud, soud, soud!

Re-enter Servants with Supper.

Why, when, I say?—Nay, good sweet Kate, be merry.

Off with my boots, you rogues, you villains;
When?

"It was the friar of orders grey," [*Sings.*]

As he forth walked on his way:"—

Out, you rogue? you pluck my foot awry:

Take that, and mend the plucking of the other.—

[*Strikes him.*]

Be merry, Kate:—Some water here; what, ho!

Enter Servant, with water.

Where's my spaniel Troilus?—Sirrah, get you hence,

And bid my cousin Ferdinand come hither:

[*Exit Serv.*]

One, Kate, that you must kiss, and be acquainted with.

Where are my slippers?—Shall I have some water? [*A basin is presented to him.*]

Come, Kate, and wash, and welcome heartily:—

[*Servant lets the basin fall.*]

You whoreson villain! will you let it fall?

[*Strikes him.*]

Kath. Patience, I pray you; 't was a fault unwilling.

Pet. A whoreson, beetle-headed, flap-ear'd knave!

Come, Kate, sit down; I know you have a stomach.

Will you give thanks, sweet Kate, or else shall I?
What 's this? mutton?

1 *Serv.* Ay.

Pet. Who brought it?

1 *Serv.* I.

Pet. 'T is burnt; and so is all the meat:

What dogs are these!—Where is the rascal cook?
How durst you, villains, bring it from the dresser,
And serve it thus to me that love it not?

There, take it to you, trenchers, cups, and all:

[*Throws the meat, &c., at the servants.*]

You heedless joltheads, and unmanner'd slaves!
What, do you grumble? I'll be with you straight.

Kath. I pray you, husband, be not so disquiet;
The meat was well, if you were so contented.

Pet. I tell thee, Kate, 't was burnt and dried
away;

And I expressly am forbid to touch it,
For it engenders choler, planteth anger;
And better 't were that both of us did fast,
Since of ourselves, ourselves are choleric,
Than feed it with such over-roasted flesh.
Be patient; to-morrow it shall be mended,
And, for this night, we 'll fast for company:
Come, I will bring thee to thy bridal chamber.

[*Exeunt PET., KATH., and CURT.*]

Nath. [*Advancing.*] Peter, didst ever see the
like?

Peter. He kills her in her own humour.

Re-enter CURTIS.

Gru. Where is he?

Curt. In her chamber,
Making a sermon of continency to her;
And rails, and swears, and rates; that she, poor
soul,
Knows not which way to stand, to look, to speak;
And sits as one new-risen from a dream.
Away, away for he is coming hither. [*Exeunt.*]

Re-enter PETRUCIO.

Pet. Thus have I politiciely begun my reign,
And 't is my hope to end successfully:
My falcon now is sharp, and passing empty;
And, till she stoop, she must not be full-gorg'd,
For then she never looks upon her lure.
Another way I have to man my haggard,⁶⁵
To make her come, and know her keeper's call,
That is, to watch her, as we watch these kites,
That bate, and beat, and will not be obedient.

She eat no meat to-day, nor none shall eat;
Last night she slept not, nor to-night she shall
not;

As with the meat, some undeserved fault
I 'll find about the making of the bed;
And here I 'll fling the pillow, there the bolster,
This way the coverlet, another way the sheets:—
Ay, and amid this hurly, I intend,
That all is done in reverend care of her;
And, in conclusion, she shall watch all night:
And, if she chance to nod, I 'll rail and brawl,
And with the clamour keep her still awake.
This is a way to kill a wife with kindness;
And thus I 'll curb her mad and headstrong
humour:

He that knows better how to tame a shrow,⁶⁶
Now let him speak; 't is charity to show. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—Padua. *Before Baptista's House.*

Enter TRANIO and HORTENSIO.

Tra. Is 't possible, friend Licio, that mistress
Bianca

Doth fancy any other but Lucentio?

I tell you, sir, she bears me fair in hand.

Hor. Sir, to satisfy you in what I have said,
Stand by, and mark the manner of his teaching.

[*They stand aside.*]

Enter BIANCA and LUCENTIO.

Luc. Now, mistress, profit you in what you
read?

Bian. What, master, read you? first resolve
me that.

Luc. I read that I profess, the art to love.

Bian. And may you prove, sir, master of your
art!

Luc. While you, sweet dear, prove mistress of
my heart! [*They retire*]

Hor. Quick proceeders, marry! Now, tell me,
I pray,

You that durst swear that your mistress Bianca
Lov'd none in the world so well as Lucentio.

Tra. O despiteful love! unconstant woman-
kind!

I tell thee, Licio, this is wonderful.

Hor. Mistake no more: I am not Licio,
Nor a musician, as I seem to be;
But one that scorns to live in this disguise,
For such a one as leaves a gentleman,
And makes a god of such a cullion:⁶⁷
Know, sir, that I am call'd Hortensio.

Tra. Signior Hortensio, I have often heard
Of your entire affection to Bianca;
And since mine eyes are witness of her lightness,
I will with you,—if you be so contented,—
Forswear Bianca, and her love for ever.

Hor. See, how they kiss and court! Signior
Lucentio,
Here is my hand, and here I firmly vow
Never to woo her more; but do forswear her,
As one unworthy all the former favours
That I have fondly flatter'd her withal.

Tra. And here I take the like unfeigned oath,
Never to marry with her though she would entreat:

Fie on her! see, how beastly she doth court him.

Hor. 'Would all the world, but he, had quite
forsworn!

For me, that I may surely keep mine oath,
I will be married to a wealthy widow
Ere three days pass; which hath as long lov'd me,
As I have lov'd this proud disdainful haggard:
And so farewell, signior Lucentio.
Kindness in women, not their beauteous looks,
Shall win my love: and so I take my leave,
In resolution as I swore before.

[*Exit HOR.—LUC. and BIAN. advance.*]

Tra. Mistress Bianca, bless you with such
grace
As 'longeth to a lover's blessed case!
Nay, I have ta'en you napping, gentle love;
And have forsworn you with Hortensio.

Bian. Tranio, you jest. But have you both forsworn me?

Tra. Mistress, we have.

Luc. Then we are rid of Licio.

Tra. F' faith, he 'll have a lusty widow now,
That shall be woo'd and wedded in a day.

Bian. God give him joy!

Tra. Ay, and he 'll tame her.

Bian. He says so, Tranio.

Tra. 'Faith, he is gone unto the taming-school.

Bian. The taming-school! what, is there such a place?

Tra. Ay, mistress, and Petrucio is the master;
That teacheth tricks eleven and twenty long,
To tame a shrew, and charm her chattering tongue.

[*Enter BIONDELLO, running.*]

Bion. O master, master! I have watch'd so long

That I am dog-weary; but at last I spied
An ancient angle⁶⁸ coming down the hill
Will serve the turn.

Tra. Was it he, Biondello?

Bion. Master, a mercatante, or a pedant,
I know not what; but formal in apparel,
In gait and countenance surely like a father.

Luc. And what of him, Tranio?

Tra. If he be credulous, and trust my tale,
I 'll make him glad to seem Vincentio;
And give assurance to Baptista Minola,
As if he were the right Vincentio;
Take in your love,⁶⁹ and then let me alone.

[*Exeunt LUC. and BIAN*]

[*Enter a Pedant.*]

Ped. God save you, sir!

Tra. And you, sir! you are welcome
Travel you far on, or are you at the farthest?

Ped. Sir, at the farthest for a week or two;
But then up farther; and as far as Rome;
And so to Tripoli, if God lend me life.

Tra. What countryman, I pray?

Ped. Of Mantua.

Tra. Of Mantua, sir?—marry, God forbid!
And come to Padua, careless of your life?

Ped. My life, sir! how, I pray? for that goes hard.

Tra. 'T is death for any one in Mantua
To come to Padua. Know you not the cause?
Your ships are stay'd at Venice; and the duke
(For private quarrel 'twixt your duke and him)
Hath publish'd and proclaim'd it openly:
'T is marvel; but that you are but newly come,
You might have heard it else proclaim'd about.

Ped. Alas, sir, it is worse for me than so;
For I have bills for money by exchange
From Florence, and must here deliver them.

Tra. Well, sir, to do you courtesy,
This will I do, and this I will advise you;
First, tell me, have you ever been at Pisa?

Ped. Ay, sir, in Pisa have I often been;
Pisa, renowned for grave citizens.

Tra. Among them, know you one Vincentio?

Ped. I know him not, but I have heard of him
A merchant of incomparable wealth.

Tra. He is my father, sir; and, sooth to say,
In countenance somewhat doth resemble you.

Bion. As much as an apple doth an cyster, and
all one. [Aside]

Tra. To save your life in this extremity,
This favour will I do you for his sake

And think it not the worst of all your fortunes,
That you are like to sir Vincentio.
His name and credit shall you undertake,
And in my house you shall be friendly lodg'd.
Look, that you take upon you as you should;
You understand me, sir;—so shall you stay
Till you have done your business in the city:
If this be court'sy, sir, accept of it.

Ped. O, sir, I do; and will repute you ever
The patron of my life and liberty.

Tra. Then go with me, to make the matter good.
This, by the way, I let you understand;
My father is here look'd for every day,
To pass assurance of a dower⁷⁰ in marriage
'Twixt me and one Baptista's daughter here:
In all these circumstances I'll instruct you:
Go with me, to clothe you as becomes you.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*A Room in Petrucio's House.*

Enter KATHARINA and GRUMIO.

Gru. No, no; forsooth, I dare not, for my life.

Kath. The more my wrong, the more his spite
appears:

What, did he marry me to famish me?
Beggars that come unto my father's door,
Upon entreaty, have a present alms;
If not, elsewhere they meet with charity:
But I, who never knew how to entreat,
Nor never needed that I should entreat,
Am starv'd for meat, giddy for lack of sleep;
With oaths kept waking, and with brawling fed:
And that which spites me more than all these
wants,

He does it under name of perfect love;
As who should say, if I should sleep, or eat,
'T were deadly sickness, or else present death.
I prithee go, and get me some repast;
I care not what, so it be wholesome food.

Gru. What say you to a neat's foot?

Kath. 'Tis passing good; I prithee let me
have it.

Gru. I fear it is too choleric a meat:
How say you to a fat tripe, finely broil'd?

Kath. I like it well: good Grumio, fetch it me.

Gru. I cannot tell; I fear 't is choleric.

What say you to a piece of beef, and mustard?

Kath. A dish that I do love to feed upon.

Gru. Ay, but the mustard is too hot a little.

Kath. Why, then the beef, and let the mustard
rest.

Gru. Nay, then I will not; you shall have the
mustard,

Or else you get no beef of Grumio.

Kath. Then both, or one, or anything thou
wilt.

Gru. Why, then the mustard without the beef.

Kath. Go, get thee gone, thou false deluding
slave, [Beats him]

That feed'st me with the very name of meat:

Sorrow on thee, and all the pack of you,

That triumph thus upon my misery!

Go, get thee gone, I say.

Enter PETRUCIO, with a dish of meat; and HORTENSIO.

Pet. How fares my Kate? What, sweeting, all
amort?⁷¹

Hor. Mistress, what cheer?

Kath. 'Faith, as cold as can be.

Pet. Pluck up thy spirits, look cheerfully upon
me.

Here, love; thou see'st how diligent I am,
To dress thy meat myself, and bring it thee:

[Sets the dish on a table.]

I am sure, sweet Kate, this kindness merits thanks.
What, not a word? Nay, then thou lov'st it not,
And all my pains are sorted to no proof:⁷²
Here, take away this dish.

Kath. I pray you, let it stand.

Pet. The poorest service is repaid with thanks:
And so shall mine, before you touch the meat.

Kath. I thank you, sir.

Hor. Signior Petrucio, fie! you are to blame:
Come, mistress Kate, I'll bear you company.

Pet. Eat it up all, Hortensio, if thou lov'st me.

[Aside.]

Much good do it unto thy gentle heart!
Kate, eat apace;—And now, my honey love,
Will we return unto thy father's house;
And revel it as bravely as the best,
With silken coats, and caps, and golden rings,
With ruffs, and cuffs, and farthingales, and things;
With scarfs, and fans, and double change of
brav'ry,
With amber bracelets, beads, and all this knav'ry
What, hast thou din'd? The tailor stays thy
leisure,
To deck thy body with his ruffling treasure.

Enter Tailor.

Come, tailor, let us see these ornaments;

Enter Haberdasher.

Lay forth the gown,—What news with you, sir

Hab. Here is the cap your worship did bespeak.

Pet. Why, this was moulded on a porringer;
A velvet dish;—fie, fie! 't is lewd and filthy;
Why, 't is a cockle, or a walnut-shell,⁷³
A kuack, a toy, a trick, a baby's cap;
Away with it; come, let me have a bigger.

Kath. I'll have no bigger; this doth fit the
time,
And gentlewomen wear such caps as these.

Pet. When you are gentle, you shall have one
too,
And not till then.

Hor. That will not be in haste.

[Aside.

Kath. Why, sir, I trust, I may have leave to
speak;

And speak I will. I am no child, no babe;
Your betters have endur'd me say my mind;
And, if you cannot, best you stop your ears.
My tongue will tell the anger of my heart;
Or else my heart, concealing it, will break;
And rather than it shall, I will be free,
Even to the uttermost, as I please, in words.

Pet. Why thou say'st true; it is a patry cap,
A custard-coffin,⁷⁴ a bauble, a silken pie:
I love thee well, in that thou lik'st it not.

Kath. Love me, or love me not, I like the
cap;

And it I will have, or I will have none.

Pet. Thy gown? why, ay.—Come, tailor, let
us see 't.

O mercy, God! what masking stuff is here!

What's this? a sleeve? 't is like a demi-cannon:

What! up and down, carv'd like an apple-tart?

Here's snip, and nip, and cut, and slish, and
slash,

Like to a censer in a barber's shop:⁷⁵

Why, what, o' devil's name, tailor, call'st thou
this?

Hor. I see, she's like to have neither cap nor
gown. *[Aside.*

Tai. You bid me make it orderly and well,
According to the fashion and the time.

Pet. Marry, and did; but if you be remember'd,
I did not bid you mar it to the time.

Go, hop me over every kennel home,

For you shall hop without my custom, sir:

I'll none of it; hence, make your best of it.

Kath. I never saw a better fashion'd gown,

More quaint, more pleasing, nor more commend
able:

Belike, you mean to make a puppet of me.

Pet. Why, true; he means to make a puppet of
thee.

Tai. She says, your worship means to make a
puppet of her.

Pet. O monstrous arrogance! Thou liest, thou
thread,

Thou thimble,

Thou yard, three quarters, half-yard, quarter, nail,
Thou flea, thou nit, thou winter cricket thou:

Brav'd in mine own house with a skein of thread!

Away, thou rag, thou quantity, thou remnant,

Or I shall so be-mete⁷⁶ thee with thy yard,

As thou shalt think on prating whilst thou liv'st!

I tell thee, I, that thou hast marr'd her gown.

Tai. Your worship is deceiv'd; the gown is
made

Just as my master had direction:

Grumio gave order how it should be done.

Gru. I gave him no order: I gave him the stuff.

Tai. But how did you desire it should be made?

Gru. Marry, sir, with needle and thread.

Tai. But did you not request to have it cut?

Gru. Thou hast fac'd many things.

Tai. I have.

Gru. Face not me. Thou hast brav'd many
men; brave not me. I will neither be fac'd nor
brav'd. I say unto thee—I bid thy master cut
out the gown; but I did not bid him cut it to
pieces:—*ergo*, thou liest.

Tai. Why, here is the note of the fashion to
testify.

Pet. Read it.

Gru. The note lies in 's throat, if he say I
said so.

Tai. *Imprimis*, "a loose-bodied gown:"

Gru. Master, if ever I said loose-bodied gown,
sew me in the skirts of it, and beat me to death
with a bottom of brown thread: I said, a gown.

Pet. Proceed.

Tai. "With a small compassed cape;"⁷⁷

Gru. I confess the cape.

Tai. "With a trunk sleeve;"

Gru. I confess two sleeves.

Tai. "The sleeves curiously cut."

Pet. Ay, there's the villany.

Gru. Error i' the bill, sir; error i' the bill! I
commanded the sleeves should be cut out, and
sew'd up again: and that I'll prove upon thee
though thy little finger be armed in a thimble.

Tai. This is true, that I say! an I had thee in place where, thou shouldst know it.

Gru. I am for thee straight: take thou the bill, give me thy mete-yard, and spare not me.

Hor. God-a-mercy, Grumio! then he shall have no odds.

Pet. Well, sir, in brief, the gown is not for me.

Gru. You are i' the right, sir; 't is for my mistress.

Pet. Go take it up unto thy master's use.

Gru. Villain, not for thy life! Take up my mistress' gown for thy master's use!

Pet. Why, sir, what's your conceit in that?

Gru. O, sir, the conceit is deeper than you think for:

Take up my mistress' gown to his master's use!
O, fie, fie, fie!

Pet. Hortensio, say thou wilt see the tailor paid:—

[*Aside.*

Go take it hence; begone, and say no more.

Hor. Tailor, I'll pay thee for thy gown to-morrow.

Take no unkindness of his hasty words:

Away, I say; commend me to thy master.

[*Exeunt Tailor and Haberdasher.*

Pet. Well, come, my Kate; we will unto your father's,

Even in these honest mean habiliments;
Our purses shall be proud, our garments poor:
For 't is the mind that makes the body rich,
And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,
So honour peereth in the meanest habit.
What, is the jay more precious than the lark,
Because his feathers are more beautiful?

Or is the adder better than the eel,
Because his painted skin contents the eye?
O, no, good Kate; neither art thou the worse
For this poor furniture and mean array.

If thou account'st it shame, lay it on me:
And therefore frolic; we will hence forthwith,
To feast and sport us at thy father's house.
Go, call my men, and let us straight to him;
And bring our horses unto Long-lane end,
There will we mount, and thither walk on foot.
Let's see; I think 't is now some seven o'clock,
And well we may come there by dinner-time.

Kath. I dare assure you, sir, 't is almost two;
And 't will be supper-time ere you come there.

Pet. It shall be seven, ere I go to horse:
Look, what I speak, or do, or think to do,
You are still crossing it.—Sirs, let 't alone:

I will not go to-day; and ere I do,
It shall be what o'clock I say it is.

Hor. Why, so! this gallant will command the sun.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—Padua. *Before Baptista's House.*

Enter TRANIO, and the Pedant dressed like VINCENTIO.

Tra. Sir, this is the house. Please it you that I call?

Ped. Ay, what else? and, but I be deceiv'd,
Signior Baptista may remember me,
Near twenty years ago, in Genoa,
Where we were lodgers at the Pegasus.

Tra. 'T is well; and hold your own, in any case,

With such austerity as 'longeth to a father.

Enter BIONDELLO.

Ped. I warrant you: But, sir, here comes your boy;

'T were good he were school'd.

Tra. Fear you not him. Sirrah Biondello,
Now do your duty thoroughly, I advise you.
Imagine 't were the right Vincentio.

Bion. Tut! fear not me.

Tra. But hast thou done thy errand to Baptista?

Bion. I told him that your father was at Venice,

And that you look'd for him this day in Padua.

Tra. Thou 'rt a tall fellow; hold thee that to drink.

Here comes Baptista:—set your countenance, sir.

Enter BAPTISTA and LUCENTIO.

Signior Baptista, you are happily met:—

Sir, [*to the Pedant*] this is the gentleman I told you of:

I pray you, stand good father to me now,
Give me Bianca for my patrimony.

Ped. Soft, son!

Sir, by your leave, having come to Padua
To gather in some debts, my son Lucentio
Made me acquainted with a weighty cause
Of love between your daughter and himself:
And,—for the good report I hear of you;
And for the love he beareth to your daughter,
And she to him,—to stay him not too long,
I am content, in a good father's care,
To have him match'd; and,—if you please to like
No worse than I,—upon some agreement,

Me shall you find ready and willing
With one consent to have her so bestowed;
For curious I cannot be with you,⁷⁸
Signior Baptista, of whom I hear so well.

Bap. Sir, pardon me in what I have to say;—
Your plainness and your shortness please me well.
Right true it is, your son Lucentio here
Doth love my daughter, and she loveth him,
Or both dissemble deeply their affections;
And, therefore, if you say no more than this,
That like a father you will deal with him,
And pass my daughter a sufficient dower,
The match is made, and all is done:
Your son shall have my daughter with consent.

Tra. I thank you, sir. Where then do you
hold best,
We be affied, and such assurance ta'en,
As shall with either part's agreement stand?

Bap. Not in my house, Lucentio; for, you know,
Pitchers have ears, and I have many servants:
Besides, old Gremio is heark'ning still;
And, happily,⁷⁹ we might be interrupted.

Tra. Then at my lodging, an it like you:
There doth my father lie; and there, this night,
We'll pass the business privately and well:
Send for your daughter by your servant here,
My boy shall fetch the scrivener presently.
The worst is this, that, at so slender warning,
You are like to have a thin and slender pittance.

Bap. It likes me well: Cambio, hie you home,
And bid Bianca make her ready straight;
And, if you will, tell what hath happen'd,—
Lucentio's father is arriv'd in Padua,
And how she's like to be Lucentio's wife!

Luc. I pray the gods she may, with all my
heart!

Tra. Dally not with the gods, but get thee
gone.
Signior Baptista, shall I lead the way?
Welcome! one mess is like to be your cheer;
Come, sir; we will better it in Pisa.

Bap. I follow you.

[*Exeunt TRA., PED., and BAP.*]

Bion. Cambio.

Luc. What say'st thou, Biondello?

Bion. You saw my master wink and laugh
upon you?

Luc. Biondello, what of that?

Bion. 'Faith, nothing; but he has left me here
behind, to expound the meaning or moral of his
signs and tokens.

Luc. I pray thee, moralize them.

178

Bion. Then thus. Baptista is safe, talking with
the deceiving father of a deceitful son.

Luc. And what of him?

Bion. His daughter is to be brought by you to
the supper.

Luc. And then?

Bion. The old priest at saint Luke's church is
at your command at all hours.

Luc. And what of all this?

Bion. I cannot tell, except they are busied about
a counterfeit assurance. Take you assurance of
her *cum privilegio ad imprimendum solum*: to
the church;—take the priest, clerk, and some suffi-
cient honest witnesses:

If this be not that you look for, I have no more
to say,

But bid Bianca farewell for ever and a day.

[*Going.*]

Luc. Hear'st thou, Biondello?

Bion. I cannot tarry. I knew a wench married
in an afternoon, as she went to the garden for
parsley to stuff a rabbit; and so may you, sir; and
so adieu, sir. My master hath appointed me to go
to saint Luke's, to bid the priest be ready to come
against you come with your appendix.

[*Exit.*]

Luc. I may, and will, if she be so contented:
She will be pleas'd, then wherefore should I
doubt?

Hap what hap may, I'll roundly go about her;
It shall go hard, if Cambio go without her. [*Exit*]

SCENE V.—A public Road.

Enter PETRUCIO, KATHARINA, and HORTENSIO.

Pet. Come on, o' God's name; once more toward
our father's.

Good Lord, how bright and goodly shines the moon!

Kath. The moon! the sun; it is not moonlight
now.

Pet. I say it is the moon that shines so bright.

Kath. I know it is the sun that shines so bright.

Pet. Now, by my mother's son, and that's
myself,

It shall be moon, or star, or what I list,

Or ere I journey to your father's house:

Go on, and fetch our horses back again.

Evermore cross'd and cross'd: nothing but cross'd

Hor. Say as he says, or we shall never go.

Kath. Forward, I pray, since we have come so
far,

And be it moon, or sun, or what you please:

And if you please to call it a rush candle,
Henceforth I vow it shall be so for me.

Pet. I say it is the moon.

Kath. I know it is the moon.

Pet. Nay, then you lie; it is the blessed sun.

Kath. Then, God be bless'd, it is the blessed
sun:

But sun it is not, when you say it is not;
And the moon changes even as your mind.
What you will have it nam'd even that it is;
And so it shall be so for Katharine.

Hor. Petrucio, go thy ways; the field is won.

Pet. Well, forward, forward: thus the bowl
should run,

And not unluckily against the bias.
But soft! Company is coming here!

Enter VINCENTIO, in a travelling dress.

Good morrow, gentle mistress: Where away?

[*To VINCENTIO.*]

Tell me, sweet Kate,⁸⁰ and tell me truly too,
Hast thou beheld a fresher gentlewoman?
Such war of white and red within her cheeks?
What stars do spangle heaven with such beauty,
As those two eyes become that heavenly face?
Fair lovely maid, once more good day to thee:
Sweet Kate, embrace her for her beauty's sake.

Hor. 'A will make the man mad, to make a
woman of him.

Kath. Young budding virgin, fair, and fresh,
and sweet,

Whither away? or where is thy abode?
Happy the parents of so fair a child;
Happier the man, whom favourable stars
Allot thee for his lovely bedfellow!

Pet. Why, how now, Kate? I hope thou art
not mad:

This is a man, old, wrinkled, faded, wither'd,
And not a maiden, as thou say'st he is.

Kath. Pardon, old father, my mistaking eyes,

That have been so bedazzled with the sun,
That everything I look on seemeth green:
Now I perceive thou art a reverend father;
Pardon, I pray thee, for my mad mistaking.

Pet. Do, good old grandsire; and, withal, make
known

Which way thou travellest: if along with us,
We shall be joyful of thy company.

Vin. Fair sir, and you my merry mistress,
That with your strange encounter much amaz'd
me,

My name is call'd Vincentio: my dwelling Pisa;
And bound I am to Padua, there to visit
A son of mine, which long I have not seen.

Pet. What is his name?

Vin. Lucentio, gentle sir.

Pet. Happily met; the happier for thy son.

And now by law, as well as reverend age,
I may entitle thee my loving father;
The sister to my wife, this gentlewoman,
Thy son by this hath married: wonder not,
Nor be not griev'd; she is of good esteem,
Her dowry wealthy, and of worthy birth.
Beside, so qualified as may beseem
The spouse of any noble gentleman.

Let me embrace with old Vincentio;
And wander we to see thy honest son,
Who will of thy arrival be full joyous.

Vin. But is this true? or is it else your
pleasure,

Like pleasant travellers, to break a jest
Upon the company you overtake?

Hor. I do assure thee, father, so it is.

Pet. Come, go along, and see the truth hereof,
For our first merriment hath made thee jealous.⁸¹

[*Exeunt PET., KATH., and VIN.*]

Hor. Well, Petrucio, this has put me in heart
Have to my widow; and if she be froward,
Then hast thou taught Hortensio to be untoward.

[*Exit*]

ACT V

SCENE I.—Padua. *Before Lucentio's House.**Enter on one side BIONDELLO, LUCENTIO, and BIANCA; GREMIO walking on the other side.**Bion.* Softly and swiftly, sir; for the priest is ready.*Luc.* I fly, Biondello: but they may chance to need thee at home; therefore leave us.*Bion.* Nay, faith, I'll see the church o' your back, and then come back to my master as soon as I can.*[Exeunt LUC., BIAN., and BION.]**Gre.* I marvel Cambio comes not all this while.*Enter PETRUCIO, KATHARINA, VINCENTIO, and Attendants.**Pet.* Sir, here 's the door, this is Lucentio's house,
My father's bears more toward the market-place;
Thither must I, and here I leave you, sir.*Vin.* You shall not choose but drink before you go;I think I shall command your welcome here,
And by all likelihood, some cheer is toward.*[Knocks.]**Gre.* They 're busy within, you were best knock louder.*Enter Pedant above at a window.**Ped.* What's he that knocks as he would beat down the gate?*Vin.* Is signior Lucentio within, sir?*Ped.* He 's within, sir, but not to be spoken withal.*Vin.* What if a man bring him a hundred pound or two, to make merry withal?*Ped.* Keep your hundred pounds to yourself; he shall need none, so long as I live.*Pet.* Nay, I told you your son was well beloved in Padua.—Do you hear, sir?—to leave frivolous circumstances,—I pray you, tell signior Lucentio that his father is come from Pisa, and is here at the door to speak with him.*Ped.* Thou liest; his father is come from Pisa, and here looking out at the window.*Vin.* Art thou his father?*Ped.* Ay, sir; so his mother says, if I may believe her.*Pet.* Why, how now, gentleman! *[to VINCENTIO.]* why, this is flat knavery, to take upon you another man's name.*Ped.* Lay hands on the villain. I believe a' means to cozen somebody in this city under my countenance.*Re-enter BIONDELLO.**Bion.* I have seen them in the church together, God send 'em good shipping!—But who is here? mine old master, Vincentio? Now we are undone, and brought to nothing.*Vin.* Come hither, crack-hemp.⁸⁸ *[Seeing BION.]**Bion.* I hope I may choose, sir.*Vin.* Come hither, you rogue. What, have you forgot me?*Bion.* Forgot you? no, sir: I could not forget you, for I never saw you before in all my life.*Vin.* What, you notorious villain, didst thou never see thy master's father, Vincentio?*Bion.* What, my old, worshipful old master? Yes, marry, sir; see where he looks out of the window.*Vin.* Is't so, indeed?*[Beats BION.]**Bion.* Help, help, help! here 's a madman will murder me.*[Exit.]**Ped.* Help, son! help, signior Baptista!*[Exit from the window.]**Pet.* Prithee, Kate, let's stand aside, and see the end of this controversy. *[They retire.]**Re-enter Pedant below; BAPTISTA, TRANIO, and Servants.**Tra.* Sir, what are you that offer to beat my servant?*Vin.* What am I, sir? nay, what are you, sir!—O immortal gods! O fine villain! A silken doublet! a velvet hose! a scarlet cloak! and a

capatain hat!⁸³—O, I am undone, I am undone! While I play the good husband at home, my son and my servant spend all at the university.

Tra. How now? what's the matter?

Bap. What, is the man lunatic?

Tra. Sir, you seem a sober ancient gentleman by your habit, but your words show you a mad-man. Why, sir, what concerns⁸⁴ it you, if I wear pearl and gold? I thank my good father, I am able to maintain it.

Vin. Your father? O villain! he is a sailmaker in Bergamo.

Bap. You mistake, sir; you mistake, sir. Pray, what do you think is his name?

Vin. His name? as if I knew not his name! I have brought him up ever since he was three years old, and his name is Tranio.

Ped. Away, away, mad ass! His name is Lucentio; and he is mine only son, and heir to the lands of me, signior Vincentio.

Vin. Lucentio! O, he hath murder'd his master! lay hold on him, I charge you, in the duke's name: O, my son, my son!—tell me, thou villain, where is my son, Lucentio.

Tra. Call forth an officer: [*Enter one with an Officer.*] Carry this mad knave to the gaol:—Father Baptista, I charge you see that he be forthcoming.

Vin. Carry me to the gaol!

Gre. Stay, officer; he shall not go to prison.

Bap. Talk not, signior Gremio. I say he shall go to prison.

Gre. Take heed, signior Baptista, lest you be coneycatched in this business. I dare swear this is the right Vincentio.

Ped. Swear, if thou dar'st.

Gre. Nay, I dare not swear it.

Tra. Then thou wert best say that I am not Lucentio.

Gre. Yes, I know thee to be signior Lucentio.

Bap. Away with the dotard: to the gaol with him.

Vin. Thus strangers may be haled and abus'd. O monstrous villain!

Re-enter BIONDELLO, with LUCENTIO and BIANCA.

Bion. O we are spoil'd, and—yonder he is; deny him, forswear him, or else we are all undone.

Luc. Pardon, sweet father. [*Kneeling.*]

Vin. Lives my sweet son?

[*BION., TRA., and Ped. run out quickly.*]

Bian. Pardon, dear father. [*Kneeling*]

Bap. How hast thou offended?

Where is Lucentio?

Luc. Here 's Lucentio,

Right son to the right Vincentio,
That have by marriage made thy daughter mine,
While counterfeit supposes blear'd thine eyne.

Gre. Here's packing with a witness, to deceive us all!

Vin. Where is that damned villain, Tranio,
That fac'd and brav'd me in this matter so?

Bap. Why, tell me, is not this my Cambio?

Bian. Cambio is chang'd into Lucentio.

Luc. Love wrought these miracles. Bianca's love

Made me exchange my state with Tranio,
While he did bear my countenance in the town;
And happily I have arriv'd at the last
Unto the wished haven of my bliss:
What Tranio did, myself enforc'd him to;
Then pardon him, sweet father, for my sake.

Vin. I'll slit the villain's nose, that would have sent me to the gaol.

Bap. But do your hear, sir? [*To Luc.*] Have you married my daughter without asking my good-will?

Vin. Fear not, Baptista; we will content you go to: But I will in, to be reveng'd for this villainy. [*Exit.*]

Bap. And I, to sound the depth of this knavery. [*Exit.*]

Luc. Look not pale, Bianca; thy father will not frown. [*Exeunt LUC. and BIAN.*]

Gre. My cake is dough: but I'll in among the rest;

Out of hope of all,—but my share of the feast.

[*Exit.*]

PETRUCCIO and KATHARINA advance

Kath. Husband, let's follow, to see the end of this ado.

Pet. First kiss me, Kate, and we will.

Kath. What, in the midst of the street?

Pet. What, art thou asham'd of me?

Kath. No, sir; God forbid: but asham'd to kiss.

Pet. Why, then, let's home again:—Come, sirrah, let's away.

Kath. Nay I will give thee a kiss: now pray thee, love, stay.

Pet. Is not this well?—Come, my sweet Kate; Better once than never, for never too late.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*A Room in Lucentio's House.*

A banquet set out. Enter BAPTISTA, VINCENTIO, GREMIO, the Pedant, LUCENTIO, BIANCA, PETRUCIO, KATHARINA, HORTENSIO, and Widow. TRANIO, BIONDELLO, GRUMIO, and others, attending.

Luc. At last, though long, our jarring notes agree;

And time it is, when raging war is done,
To smile at 'scapes and perils overblown.
My fair Bianca, bid my father welcome,
While I with self-same kindness welcome thine:
Brother Petrucio,—sister Katharina,—
And thou, Hortensio, with thy loving widow,—
Feast with the best, and welcome to my house.
My banquet is to close our stomachs up,
After our great good cheer. Pray you, sit down;
For now we sit to chat, as well as eat.

[*They sit at table.*]

Pet. Nothing but sit and sit, and eat and eat.

Bap. Padua affords this kindness, son Petrucio.

Pet. Padua affords nothing but what is kind.

Hor. For both our sakes, I would that word were true.

Pet. Now, for my life, Hortensio fears his widow.⁸⁵

Wid. Then never trust me if I be afraid.

Pet. You are very sensible, and yet you miss my sense;

I mean, Hortensio is afraid of you.

Wid. He that is giddy thinks the world turns round.

Pet. Roundly replied.

Kath. Mistress, how mean you that?

Wid. Thus I conceive by him.

Pet. Conceives by me!—how likes Hortensio that?

Hor. My widow says, thus she conceives her tale.

Pet. Very well mended: Kiss him for that, good widow.

Kath. He that is giddy thinks the world turns round:—

I pray you, tell me what you meant by that.

Wid. Your husband, being troubled with a shrow,

Measures my husband's sorrow by his woe:

And now you know my meaning.

Kath. A very mean meaning.

Wid. Right, I mean you.

Koth. And I am mean, indeed, respecting you.

Pet. To her, Kate!

Hor. To her, widow!

Pet. A hundred marks, my Kate does put her down.

Hor. That's my office.

Pet. Spoke like an officer:—Ha' to thee, lad.

[*Drinks to Hor.*]

Bap. How likes Gremio these quick-witted folks?

Gre. Believe me, sir, they butt together well.

Bian. Head, and butt? an hasty-witted body Would say your head and butt were head and horn.

Vin. Ay, mistress bride, hath that awaken'd you?

Bian. Ay, but not frighted me; therefore I'll sleep again.

Pet. Nay, that you shall not; since you have begun,

Have at you for a bitter jest or two!

Bian. Am I your bird? I mean to shift my bush,

And then pursue me as you draw your bow:
You are welcome all.

[*Exit BIAN., KATH., and Wid.*]

Pet. She hath prevented me.—Here, signior Tranio,

This bird you aim'd at, though you hit her not;
Therefore, a health to all that shot and miss'd.

Tra. O, sir, Lucentio slipp'd me like his greyhound,

Which runs himself, and catches for his master.

Pet. A good swift simile, but something curish.

Tra. 'T is well, sir, that you hunted for yourself;

'T is thought, your deer does hold you at a bay.

Bap. O ho, Petrucio, Tranio hits you now.

Luc. I thank thee for that gird,⁸⁶ good Tranio.

Hor. Confess, confess, hath he not hit you here?

Pet. 'A has a little gall'd me, I confess;
And, as the jest did glance away from me,
'T is ten to one it main'd you two outright.

Bap. Now, in good sadness, son Petrucio,
I think thou hast the veriest shrew of all.

Pet. Well, I say—no: and, therefore, for assurance,

Let's each one send unto his wife;
And he, whose wife is most obedient
To come at first, when he doth send for her,
Shall win the wager which we will propose.

Hor. Content: What's the wager?

Luc. Twenty crowns.

Pet. Twenty crowns!

I'll venture so much of my hawk, or hound,
But twenty times so much upon my wife.

Luc. A hundred then.

Hor. Content.

Pet. A match; 't is done.

Hor. Who shall begin?

Luc. That will I.

Go, Biondello, bid your mistress come to me.

Bion. I go. [Exit.]

Bap. Son, I'll be your half, Bianca comes.

Luc. I'll have no halves; I'll bear it all myself.

Re-enter BIONDELLO.

How now! what news?

Bion. Sir, my mistress sends you word
That she is busy, and she cannot come.

Pet. How! she's busy, and she cannot come!
Is that an answer?

Gra. Ay, and a kind one too:

Pray God, sir, your wife send you not a worse.

Pet. I hope better.

Hor. Sirrah Biondello, go, and entreat my wife

To come to me forthwith. [Exit BION.]

Pet. O, ho! entreat her!

Nay, then she must needs come.

Hor. I am afraid, sir,

Do what you can, yours will not be entreated.

Re-enter BIONDELLO.

Now, where's my wife?

Bion. She says, you have some goodly jest
in hand;

She will not come; she bids you come to her.

Pet. Worse and worse; she will not come! O
vill,

Intolerable, not to be endur'd!

Sirrah Grumio, go to your mistress;

Say I command her come to me. [Exit GRU.]

Hor. I know her answer.

Pet. What?

Hor. She will not.

Pet. The fouler fortune mine; and there an
end.

Enter KATHARINA.

Bap. Now, by my holidame, here comes Katharina!

Kath. What is your will, sir, that you send
for me?

Pet. Where is your sister, and Hortensio's
wife?

Kath. They sit conferring by the parlour fire.

Pet. Go, fetch them hither; if they deny to
come,

Swinge me them soundly forth unto their husbands:

Away, I say, and bring them hither straight.

[Exit KATH.]

Luc. Here is a wonder, if you talk of a wonder

Hor. And so it is; I wonder what it bodes.

Pet. Marry, peace it bodes, and love, and quiet
life,

An awful rule, and right supremacy;

And, to be short, what not, that's sweet and
happy.

Bap. Now fair befall thee, good Petrucio!

The wager thou hast won; and I will add

Unto their losses twenty thousand crowns!

Another dowry to another daughter,

For she is chang'd, as she had never been.

Pet. Nay, I will win my wager better yet,

And show more sign of her obedience,

Her new-built virtue and obedience.

Re-enter KATHARINA, with BIANCA and Widow.

See, where she comes; and brings your froward
wives

As prisoners to her womanly persuasion.

Katharine, that cap of yours becomes you not;

Off with that bauble, throw it under foot.

[KATH. pulls off her cap, and throws it down]

Wid. Lord, let me never have a cause to sigh,
Till I be brought to such a silly pass!

Bian. Fie! what a foolish duty call you this?

Luc. I would your duty were as foolish too:
The wisdom of your duty, fair Bianca,
Hath cost me an hundred crowns since supper-
time.

Bian. The more fool you, for laying on my
duty.

Pet. Katharine, I charge thee, tell these head-
strong women

What duty they do owe their lords and husbands.

Wid. Come, come, you're mocking; we will
have no telling.

Pet. Come on, I say; and first begin with her

Wid. She shall not.

Pet. I say, she shall;—and first begin with
her.

Kath. Fie, fie! unknit that theat'ning, unkind
brow;
And dart not scornful glances from those eyes,
To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor:
It blots thy beauty, as frosts do bite the meads;
Confounds thy fame, as whirlwinds shake fair
buds;

And in no sense is meet or amiable.
A woman mov'd is like a fountain troubled,
Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty;
And, while it is so, none so dry or thirsty
Will deign to sip, or touch one drop of it.
Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,
Thy head, thy sovereign; one that cares for thee,
And for thy maintenance; commits his body
To painful labour, both by sea and land;
To watch the night in storms, the day in cold,
While thou li'st warm at home, secure and safe;
And craves no other tribute at thy hands,
But love, fair looks, and true obedience,—
Too little payment for so great a debt.
Such duty as the subject owes the prince,
Even such a woman oweth to her husband:
And when she is froward, peevish, sullen, sour,
And not obedient to his honest will,
What is she, but a foul contending rebel,
And graceless traitor to her loving lord?
I am asham'd, that women are so simple
To offer war, where they should kneel for peace;
Or seek for rule, supremacy, and sway,
When they are bound to serve, love, and obey.
Why are our bodies soft, and weak, and smooth,
napt to toil, and trouble in the world,

But that our soft conditions, and our hearts,
Should well agree with our external parts?
Come, come, you froward and unable worms!
My mind hath been as big as one of yours,
My heart as great; my reason, haply, more,
To bandy word for word, and frown for frown;
But now, I see our lances are but straws:
Our strength as weak, our weakness past com-
pare,—

That seeming to be most, which we indeed least
are.

Then vail your stomachs, for it is no boot,
And place your hands below your husbands' foot;
In token of which duty, if he please,
My hand is ready, may it do him ease!

Pet. Why, there's a wench!—Come on, and
kiss me, Kate.

Luc. Well, go thy ways, old lad; for thou
shalt ha't.

Vin. 'T is a good hearing, when children are
toward.

Luc. But a harsh hearing, when women are
froward.

Pet. Come, Kate, we'll to bed:

We three are married, but you two are sped.

'T was I won the wager, though you hit the
white;⁸⁷ [To *LUC.*

And, being a winner, God give you good night!

[*Excunt PET. and KATH.*

Hor. Now go thy ways, thou hast tam'd a curst
shrew.⁸⁸

Luc. 'T is a wonder by your leave, she will be
tam'd so. [*Excunt*

NOTES TO THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

¹ *I'll please you, in faith.*

Please, beat, chastise. A MS. Devonshire glossary in my possession explains it, "to pay a person off for an injury," which is probably the exact meaning here intended by Shakespeare. The word was used in several significations.

² *Paucas Pallabris; let the world slide.*

Paucas pallabris, few words; from the Spanish. The expression was proverbial, but generally found used by low characters. "Let the world slide," was also a common proverbial phrase, equivalent to, take no thought. So, in an old ballad,—

Let the world slide, let the world go:
A fig for care, and a fig for woe!
If I cant pay, why, I can owe;
And death makes equal the high and low.
Be merry, friends!

Burst, broken. *Burst* and *break* are still synonymous in some of the provinces. "How her bridle was burst," act iv. sc. 1.

³ *Go by, St. Jeronimy.*

A common phrase, implying contempt for the person to whom it is addressed.

When thou hast money, then friends thou hast many;
When it is wasted, their friendship is cold:
Go by, Jeronimo! No man then will thee know,
Knowing thou hast neither silver nor gold.

Deloney's Strange Histories, 1607.

Sal can by silence deep profundity;
Force you cry, Fough! *Jeronimo, go by.*
Wits Recreations, 1640.

⁴ *I must go fetch the thirdborough.*

The *thirdborough* was a constable. The old copies erroneously read, *headborough*.

⁵ *I'll not budge an inch, boy.*

Sly was intoxicated, but Shakespeare was probably thinking of the old play, where a tapster instead of the hostess is introduced, when he made him address her as, boy

⁶ *The poor cur is emboss'd.*

Emboss'd, applied to a deer when foaming at the mouth after hard running. It seems to be here improperly applied to a dog. Merriman and Echo are still common names for hounds. *Brach* was a generic term for a female hound, and should not be applied to Merriman. It seems clear to me after a careful examination of this scene, that Shakespeare was evidently little acquainted with the "noble art of venerie," at least with the technicalities of the sport.

Look how the stricken hart that wounded flies
O'er hill and dales, and seeks the lower grounds
For running streams, the whil'st his weeping eyes
Beg silent mercy from the foll'wing hounds;
At length, *emboss*, he droops, drops down, and lies
Beneath the burthen of his bleeding wounds:
Ev'n so my gasping soul, dissolv'd in tears,
Doth search for thee, my God, whose deafen'd ears
Leave me th' unransom'd pris'n'r to my panick fears.
Quarles' Emblems.

⁷ *And when he says he is—.*

And when he says he is *so and so*, tell him he dreams. The hiatus is certainly intentional. *Kindly*, naturally.

We may take the opportunity of inserting in this place the pleasant old ballad, the Frolicsome Duke, which is printed by Percy from a black-letter copy in the Pepysian Library at Cambridge. It is founded on the same subject as the present induction.

Now as fame does report a young duke keeps a court,
One that pleases his fancy with frolicsome sport:
But amongst all the rest, here is one I protest,
Which will make you to smile when you hear the true jest:
A poor tinker he found, lying drunk on the ground,
As secure in a sleep as if laid in a s wound.

The duke said to his men, William, Richard and Ben,
Take him home to my palace, we'll sport with him then.
O'er a horse he was laid, and with care soon convey'd
To the palace, altho' he was poorly arrai'd:
Then they stript off his cloathes, both his shirt, shoes and hose,
And they put him to bed for to take his repose.

Having pull'd off his shirt, which was all over durt,
They did give him clean holland, this was no great hurt:
On a bed of soft down, like a lord of renown,
They did lay him to sleep the drink out of his crown.
In the morning when day, then admiring he lay,
For to see the rich chamber both gaudy and gay.

NOTES TO THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

Now he lay something late, in his rich bed of state,
Till at last knights and squires they on him did wait:
And the chamberlain bare, then did likewise declare,
He desired to know what apparel he'd ware:
The poor tinker amaz'd, on the gentleman gaz'd,
And admir'd how he to this honour was rais'd.

Tho' he seem'd something mute, yet he chose a rich suit,
Which he straightways put on without longer dispute:
With a star on his side, which the tinker oft ey'd,
And it seem'd for to swell him 'no' little with pride;
For he said to himself, Where is Joan my sweet wife?
Sure she never did see me so fine in her life.

From a convenient place the right duke his good grace
Did observe his behaviour in every case.
To a garden of state, on the tinker they wait,
Trumpets sounding before him: thought he, this is great:
Where an hour or two, pleasant walks he did view,
With commanders and squires in scarlet and blew.

A fine dinner was drest, both for him and his guests,
He was plac'd at the table above all the rest,
In a rich chair 'or bed,' lin'd with fine crimson red,
With a rich golden canopy over his head:
As he sat at his meat, the musick play'd sweet,
With the choicest of singing his joys to compleat.

While the tinker did dine, he had plenty of wine,
Rich canary with sherry and tent superline.
Like a right honest soul, faith, he took off his bowl,
Till at last he began for to tumble and roul
From his chair to the floor, where he sleeping did snore,
Being seven times drunker than ever before.

Then the duke did ordain, they should strip him amain,
And restore him his old leather garments again:
'T was a point next the worst, yet perform it they must,
And they carry'd him strait, where they found him at first;
Then he slept all the night, as indeed well he might:
But when he did waken, his joys took their flight.

For his glory 'to him' so pleasant did seem,
That he thought it to be but a meer golden dream;
Till at length he was brought to the duke, where he sought
For a pardon, as fearing he had set him at nought;
But his highness he said, Thou 'rt a jolly bold blade,
Such a frolick before I think never was plac'd.

Then his highness bespoke him a new suit and cloak,
Which he gave for the sake of his frolicksome joak;
Nay, and five hundred pound, with ten acres of ground,
Thou shalt never, said he, range the counteries round,
Crying old brass to mend, for I'll be thy good friend,
Nay, and Joan thy sweet wife shall my duchess attend.

Then the tinker reply'd, What! must Joan my sweet bride
Be a lady in chariots of pleasure to ride?
Must we have gold and land ev'ry day at command?
Then I shall be a squire I well understand:
Well I thank your good grace, and your love I embrace,
I was never before in so happy a case.

⁸ For God's sake, a pot of small ale.

Sly is represented on the stage as not having recovered from his intoxication, but this must surely be an error. When he wakes, he is no longer tipsy, but only suffering under the effects of the debauch. Small ale was used in the place of the modern soda-water.

⁹ Ask Marian Hacket, the fat ale-wife of Wincot.

Wincot was the usual pronunciation of Wilmecote, a village near Stratford-on-Avon, the residence of Shakespeare's maternal grandfather. It is spelt *Wyncote* in the

will of William Clapton, May 9th, 1521. There is a very curious allusion to this scene in Sir A. Cockayne's Poems, 1659, in an epigram addressed to Clement Fisher of Wincot,—

Shakspeare your Wincot-ale hath much renown'd,
That fox'd a beggar so (by chance was found
Sleeping) that there needed not many a word
To make him to believe he was a lord:
But you affirm (and in it seem most eager)
'T will make a lord as drunk as any beggar.
Bid Norton brew such ale as Shakspeare fancies
Did put Kit Sly into such lordly trances:
And let us meet there (for a fit of gladness)
And drink ourselves merry in sober sadness.

The notes of the commentators on *sheer ale*, are unusually absurd, as if the epithet *sheer* was anything more than an augmentative. The expression occurs in one of Sir W. Scott's tales, and some wag, endeavouring to prove the *Waverley* novels were originally written in verse, thus made rhyme of the passage (I quote from memory)—

—Sheer ale supports him under every thing:
It is his meat, food, drink, clothing and washing.

Bestraught, mad, distracted.

¹⁰ And no seat'd quarts.

The following is one of the articles of the Wardmote Inquests, printed in Calthrop's Reports, 1670:—"And also that ye see all tiplers and other cellars of ale or beer, as well as of privy osteries, as brewers and inholders within your ward, not selling by lawful measures sealed and marked with the city arms or dagger, be presented, and their names in your said indentures be expressed with defaults, so that the chamberlain may be lawfully answered of their amerciements."

¹¹ Is not a commonty a Christmas gambol.

Commonty is Sly's error for *comedy*. In the old play, observes Blackstone, the players themselves use the word *commodity* corruptly for a *comedy*.

¹² I am arriv'd for fruitful Lombardy.

For, from. So in Pasquil's Night Cap, 1612,—

To put her quite away for this her claime,
In law and conscience you can have no reason.

¹³ Balk logic with acquaintance that you have.

Balk, argue. Boswell has pointed out the following very apposite passage from Spenser,—

But to occasion him to further talk,
To feed her humour with his pleasing style,
Her list in stryfull termes with him to bálke.

¹⁴ To cart her rather.

Carting, as Mr. Kelly observes, consisted in the offenders (of both sexes) subjected to it being drawn through the town with a horse and cart, attended by a man ringing a bell, and frequently, if not invariably, having a paper placed upon their heads, setting forth the nature of their offence for which they were punished. The following entries from the original borough accounts of Leicester illustrate this practice:—

1598. Item pd. to Whittell for his horse and carte, and one that led the horse and cart abowte the town, to cart Marye Smythe, and one John Wylkynson, Glover, xiid.

Item pd. to George Longley for paynetinge of ii. papers sett on Marye Smithe's head and Wylkynson's (and other work) iijs.

1613. Item paid for a horse and carte, three holberde men, and one other man to ring the bell, when John Camden and [a woman] and also Robert Webster were by order of the sessions carted about the town, iijs. vid.

1614. Item paid to the Burneman for his horse and cart to cart a knave and a queyne, wch. came from Coventrie, xijd.

Stale, a common object for affection. The term is not here used in its grossest sense.

¹³ *A pretty peat!*

Equivalent to, a pretty pet or darling!

Another groweth carelesse of his health,
Neglects his credit, and consumes his wealth;
Hath found a *pretty peat*, procur'd her favour,
And swears that he, in spite of all, will have her.
Wilder's Abuses Stript and Whipt, 1622.

Gifts, qualities, endowments.

¹⁶ *I will wish him to her father.*

Wish, recommend. "He says he was wished to a very wealthy widow," *Match at Midnight*.

¹⁷ *Happy man be his dole.*

See note 148 to the *Merry Wives of Windsor*.
Longly, longingly.

¹⁸ *Basta; content thee.*

Basta, enough. (Ital.) This expression is of constant occurrence in our old plays. *Port*, show, appearance.

¹⁹ *Knock me here soundly.*

The objective pronoun was frequently used after the verb redundantly. Grumio does not understand the idiom. "Touch me his hat, it was given him by Henry the Second of France, when hee kist the Reintgraves wife at his going into Almaine."—*Lodge's Wits Misery*, 1596, p. 4.

²⁰ *Two and thirty, a pip out.*

The allusion is to the game of *one and thirty*. "'T is more honourable to be a pip out, than stand at a single game," Shirley's *Love's Cruelty*, act i. sc. 2.

²¹ *In a few.*

That is, in a few words, in short. We have had the expression in the *Tempest*, i. 2.

²² *Be she as foul as was Florentius' love.*

"The allusion," as Steevens observes, "is to a story told by Gower in the first Book De Confessione Amantis. Florent is the name of a knight who had bound himself to

marry a deformed hag, provided she taught him the solution of a riddle on which his life depended." The following is the description of her:—

Florent his wofull heed up-lifte,
And saw this veeke, where that she sit,
Which was the lothest wighte
That ever man caste on his eye:
Hir nose baas, hir browes hie,
Hir eyes small, and depe sette,
Her cheekes ben with teres wette,
And rivelyn as an empty skyn,
Hangyng downe unto the chyn;
Her lippes shronken ben for age,
There was no grace in hir visage.
Hir front was narrowe, hir lockes hore,
She loketh forth as doth a More:
Hir necke is shorte, hir sholders cource,
That might a mans luste disturbe:
Hir bodie great, and no thyng small,
And shortly to describe hir all,
She hath no lith without a lacke,
But like unto the wolle sake: &c.—
Though she be the fouleste of all, &c.

An *aglet-baby*, according to Malone, was a small image or head cut on the tag of a point or lace.

²³ *He'll rail in his rope-tricks.*

Rope-tricks, roguish tricks. *Ropery* for *roquery*, that which deserves a rope or halter, Beaumont and Fletcher's *Chances*, act iii. sc. 1. The term may, however, in this place, be merely Grumio's blunder for *rhetoricks*. A curious parallel passage occurs in R. B.'s translation of Terence, 4to. 1614,—"Did not I tell you that you should finde in this man the most pure eloquence that is, such as is usde in Athens, that hee can roll in his *rhetorique*."

—So young men forsake
The *rope-ripe tricks* that their first age did take
Chiefe pleasure in; not cause they wicked deem them,
But being men, they thinke 'twill not beseeem them.

Wilder's Abuses Stript and Whipt, 1622.

Stand, withstand, resist.

²⁴ *Well seen in music.*

Seen, skilled. "A Travailer used to tell monstrous lyes of his journeye, and of the places and things he had seene. And being one day in conversation with many Gent. and bosting that he had seene these and these places: one of them said unto him, Belike you are *seene* in Cosmography: No (he answered) I never was in that city yet, but indeed I remember I once travailed in sight of it, leaving it somewhat on the left hand, but such was my hast, that I overpast it, as I have done many a faire citie more in my daies."—*Copley's Wits, Fits, and Fancies*, 1614.

²⁵ *See that at any hand.*

At any hand, at any rate. "Thou must noe secrets blabbe at any hande," Newe *Metamorphosis*, 1600. The expression again occurs in the same scene.

²⁶ *O this woodcock! what an ass it is!*

Woodcock, a silly fellow, a fool.

And is not this a very purgatory,
To se folks ete and may not ete a byt?
By kokkis soole, I am a very *woodcock*.
Hogwood's Merry Play of John Johan, 1538.

NOTES TO THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

²⁷ *Fear boys with bugs.*

Fear, frighten. Bugs, bugbears, goblins. "My lord, there be shrewd *bugs* in the borders for the Earle of Kildare to feare," Holinshed, Chron. Ireland, p. 85.

²⁸ *We may contrive this afternoon.*

Contrive, spend. So in Damon and Pithias,—

In travelyng countreyes, we three have *contrived*
Full many a yeaere.

²⁹ *Thou hilding of a devilish spirit.*

Hilding, wretch, a term of reproach.

Yet all the while he lives but like a *hilding*;
His hair grows gray with long vexatious toying.
Cotgrave's Wits Interpreter, 1671, p. 285.

³⁰ *To dance barefoot*, an old proverbial phrase for being an old maid. An instance of it occurs in Rochester's Poems, ed. 1789, ii. 185, in a poem not capable of being quoted. Old maids were said to have the task of leading apes in a future state.

But Kate had vow'd that sicknesse to prevent,
And not to lead old grinning apes in hell.
Fasquill's Night-Cap, 1612.

³¹ *Baccare!*

An old proverbial term, equivalent to, *go back, retire.* "Ah, sir, backare, quoth Mortimer to his sowe," Ralph Roister Doister, ed. Cooper, p. 8.

³² *And every day I cannot come to woo.*

This is the burden of several old ballads. So in Ravenscroft's Melismata, 1611,—

I have house and land in Kent,
And if you'll love me, love me now;
Two-pence half-penny is my rent,
I cannot come every day to woo:

which may be the original of a well-known Scottish song,—

I hae laid a herring in saut;
Lass, gin ye lo'e me, tell me now I
I hae brew'd a forget o' maut,
An' I canna come ilka day to woo!

³³ *She mistook her frets.*

"A fret," says Dr. Johnson, "is that stop of a musical instrument which causes or regulates the vibration of the string."

My brother Fiddle is so hollow-hearted,
That ore 't be long, we must needs be parted;
And with so many *frets* he doth abound,
That I can never touch him but he'll sound.
Wits Recreations, 1640.

³⁴ *For dainties all are cates.*

Cates, provisions. "The hermet expected some delicate cheere, he onely was fed with bread, which was served up in a stately manner by divers gentlemen that did attend him: likewise when he called for drink, they gave him wholesome water to coole his hote desires: no other *cates* got hee, yet was it no worse then the queene herselfe ate of"—*Westward for Smolts*, 1620.

488

³⁵ *Should be? Should buz!*

Buz was a term of the greatest contempt. It occurs in Ben Jonson's Silent Woman, and in many old plays. Selden mentions it as a sort of cabalistical word. *Buzzard* was a contemptuous appellation.

If his wickednesse thrives well, hee proves a terrible asse in a lion's skin: but whilst he out-dares any man, and forgets himselfe to be a *buzzard*, his confidence deceives him —*Stephens' Essayes*, 1615.

³⁶ *Yours, if you talk of tales.*

Modern editors read, *tails*, which renders the quibbling unnecessarily obscene.

³⁷ *Keep you warm.*

That is, take care of yourself. This proverbial phrase is not uncommon. So, in the Wise Woman of Hogsden,—
"You are the wise woman, are you? you have wit to keep yourself warm enough, I warrant you."

³⁸ *She will prove a second Grissel.*

The story of Patient Grissel, how a noble lord married a maiden of low degree, and tried her patience in an unprecedented manner, has been related in prose and verse, in many languages.

³⁹ *She vied so fast.*

Vied, hazarded. Metaphorically from *vie*, to stake a - in upon a hand at cards.

Then will they vaunt and graunt, and for affinitie
At cardes they will *vye* and *reye* each their virginities.
Grange's Garden, 4to. 1577

⁴⁰ *'T is a world to see.*

That is, 't is wonderful to see. So Kemp says, in his Nine Daies Wonder, 1600,—

O 't is a world the world to see!
But 't will not mend for thee nor mee.

Meacock, a coward or timid wretch.

⁴¹ *We will be married o' Sunday.*

An old ballad with this burden has recently been discovered, and it is not unlikely Petrucio may intend a quotation. Under this impression, I give a copy of it, and it seems, indeed, worth preservation for its own sake.

As I walk'd forth one May morning,
I heard a fair maid sweetly sing,
As she sat under her cow milking,
We will be married o' Sunday.

I said, Pretty maiden, sing not so,
For you must tarry seven years or mo,
And then to church you may chance to go
All to be married o' Sunday.

Kind sir, quoth she, you have no skill;
I've tarried two years against my will,
And I've made a promise, will I, or nill,
That I'll be married o' Sunday.

Next Saturday night 't will be my care
To trim and curl my maiden hair,
And all the people shall say, Look there!
When I come to be married o' Sunday

Then to the church I shall be led
By sister Nan and brother Ned,
With a garland of flowers upon my head,
For I'm to be married o' Sunday.

Then on my finger I'll have a ring,
Not one of rush, but a golden thing;
And I shall be glad as a bird in spring,
Because I am married o' Sunday.

And in the church I must kneel down
Before the parson of our good town;
But I will not soil my kirtle and gown,
When I am married o' Sunday.

Then the bells shall ring so merry and loud,
And Robin shall go before with his crowd,
But no one shall say I was silly or proud,
Though I was married o' Sunday.

When I come home we shall go to meat:
I will sit by my husband so fine and feat,
Though it is but a little that I shall eat
After I've been married o' Sunday.

Then we shall laugh, and dance, and sing,
And the men shall not kiss me in the ring,
But wish 't was their chance at this merry-making,
To have been married o' Sunday.

At night betimes we shall go to bed,
I with my husband that hath me wed;
And then there is no more to be said
But that I was married o' Sunday.

⁴² *Counterpoints.*

That is, counterpanes. They were often very costly, and Stowe mentions one worth a thousand marks.

⁴³ *Besides two galliasses.*

Gallias, a large kind of galley. Malone explains it, "a heavy low built vessel of burthen, with both sails and oars, partaking at once of the nature of a ship and a galley."

⁴⁴ *Yet I have faced it with a card of ten.*

Warburton's explanation of this phrase is altogether erroneous. Malone says it was "applied to those persons who gained their ends by impudence, and bold confident assertion." Its origin has not been satisfactorily explained.

⁴⁵ *I will not bear these braves of thine.*

"If not, 't is not your *braves* nor your affecting looks can carrie it," Chapman's *Widdowes Teares*, 1612. "His looks are full of darings; his voyce thunders out *braves*," Decker's *Strange Horse-Race*, 1613.

⁴⁶ *I am no breeching scholar.*

That is, scholar liable to be breeched or flogged. So in Marlowe's *Edward II.*

I view the prince with Aristarchus' eyes,
Whose looks were as a breeching to a boy.

"*Avoir la salle*, to be whipt in publicke, as breeching boyes are sometimes in the halls of colleges." Cotgrave.

⁴⁷ *Conster them.*

Conster, construe. Modern editors sometimes retain, and sometimes modernize, this archaism

⁴⁸ *I am not so nice.*

The word *nice* appears in this, and in a few other instances, to be synonymous with *fastidious*.

⁴⁹ *To cast thy wand'ring eyes on every stale.*

Stale appears to be employed in this place as a generic term of contempt. Its usual application was to a woman of bad character.

⁵⁰ *Unto a mad-brain rudesby, full of spleen.*

Rudesby, a rude rough fellow. Several compounds of this kind occur in contemporary works. *Spleen*, humour, caprice.

⁵¹ *Would vex a very saint.*

Vex is omitted by Steevens as redundant, and also by Mr. Knight. It is properly restored by Mr. Collier.

⁵² *Infected with the fashions.*

Fashions, a provincialism for the *farcy*. "On S. Stevens Day, it is the custome all horses to be let blond and drench'd: A gentleman being (that morning) demanded whether it pleased him to have his horse let blond and drencht according to the fashion? He answer'd,—No, Sirra, my horse is not diseas'd of the *fashions*."—*Copley's Wits, Fits, and Fancies*, 1614, p. 22.

The *fiets*, says Markham, Maister-Peece, 1642, p. 280. "are certaine great kirkels which grow from the roote of the horses eare, down to the lower part of his neather jaw" *Velure*, velvet. *Stock*, stocking.

⁵³ *The humour of forty fancies.*

"The *Humour of Forty Fancies*," says Steevens, "was probably a collection of those short poems which are called *Fancies*, by Falstaff, in the Second Part of *King Henry IV.*:—"sung those tunes which he heard the carmen whistle, and swore they were his *Fancies*, his good-nights." Nor is the *Humour of Forty Fancies* a more extraordinary title to a collection of poems, than the well-known Hundred sundrie Flowers bounde up in one small Poesie.—A Paradise of Dainty Devises.—The Arbor of Amorous Conceits.—The Gorgeous Gallery of Gallant Inventions.—The Forest of Histories.—The Ordinary of Humors, &c. Chance, at some future period, may establish as a certainty what is now offered as a conjecture. A penny book, containing forty short poems, would, properly managed, furnish no unapt imitation of "a plume of feathers for the hat of a humourist's servant."

⁵⁴ *I hold you a penny.*

I follow Mr. Collier's method in printing these lines. Mr. Knight, however, doubts the propriety of this arrangement; but I think the jingle was intentional, although the words are not necessarily derived from "an old ballad." *Hold* is equivalent to, *bet*. So in the *Disobedient Child* written about 1560,—

Nay, by the masse, I holde ye a grote
Those cruell tyrantes cut not my throte.

⁵⁵ *And there the sops all in the sexton's face.*

It was formerly the custom to drink wine in the church after the marriage ceremony was completed. The *Sarum*

NOTES TO THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

Missal directs that the wine, and the sops immersed in it, should be blessed by the priest; the sops being pieces of cake or wafers. The custom is thus alluded to in an old poem,—

What priest can join two lovers hands,
But wine must seal the marriage bands.

Muscadel was a rich sweet-smelling wine. It was also termed *muscadine*. "Besides, the drink was as different, the one being beer or meand, the others, alligant, sacke, and muskadell," *Sir T. Smith's Voiage in Russia*, 1605. "Soppes and muscadire" are mentioned together in *Decker's Wonderfulle Yeare*, 1603.

⁵⁶ *You know there want no junkets at the feast.*

Junkets, sweetmeats, dainties.

Here thou may'st finde some good and solid fare;
If thou lov'st pleasant *junkets*, here they are.
Wits Recreations, 1640.

⁵⁷ *Was ever man so rayed.*

Rayed, bewrayed, made dirty. "Fouilly ray'd with filthy soil," Spenser.

⁵⁸ *Away, you three-inch fool!*

Alluding, of course, to Grumio's diminutive height. Warburton oddly explains it, "with a skull three inches thick, a phrase taken from the thicker sort of planks."

⁵⁹ *Jack boy! ho boy!* are the first words of an old round, printed in Ravenscroft's *Pammelia*. A MS. copy of it occurs in MS. Addit. 5387, in the British Museum.

⁶⁰ *The house trimmed, rushes strewed.*

Our ancestors were not very cleanly in their habits, and fresh rushes concealed many impurities. "Their honours are upon comming, and the roome not readie: rushes and seates instantly," Chapman's *Widdowes Teares*, 1612. One of the ancient regulations for the royal household provides,—"Firste, to bee there att a conveyente hower in the morninge, to see thee groomes strowe the chambers that are to be strowed, sweep those that are matted, to make flyers in all those chambers where the K. Matye repcyrethe, and the chambers to bee dressed upp in all other things, and made as sweete as may bee; viz. palliats to be avoyded, the clothe of estate and chayres to be sett in order, the windowes and the cupboardes to be furnished with coshens."

Carpets, i. e., table-covers, which were often ornamental pieces of tapestry. Carpets were not formerly used for covering floors, except on state occasions.

⁶¹ *In the jacks fair within, the jills fair without.*

According to Steevens, Grumio quibbles on the meanings of *jacks* and *jills*, which, he says, signified drinking measures as well as the names of servants. "The distinction," he says, "made in the questions concerning them, was owing to this: The *Jacks* being of leather, could not be made to appear beautiful on the outside, but were very apt to contract foulness within; whereas the *Jills*,

being of metal, were expected to be kept bright externally, and were not liable to dirt on the inside, like the leather."
Bemoiled, bedraggled, bemired.

⁶² *Garters of an indifferent knit.*

That is, of only a tolerable quality.

⁶³ *There was no link to colour Peter's hat.*

Steevens quotes the following very apposite passage from Mihil Mumchance, an old tract ascribed to Robert Greene:—"This cozenage is used likewise in selling old hats found upon dung-hills, instead of newe, blackt over with the smoake of an old linke." A link is a torch of pitch.

⁶⁴ *Where is the life that late I led.*

This is the first line of an old ballad, which described the state of a lover newly enchaind in love's bonds.

Soud, says Malone, is "a word coined by our poet to express the noise made by a person heated and fatigued."

⁶⁵ *Another way I have to man my haggard.*

That is, to tame my wild hawk. "He that professeth virtuous love to a woman, and gives ground when his vanitie is rejected, shall have his belles cut off, and fly for a haggard."—*Overbury's New and Choise Characters*.

Bate, flutter. A hawking term.

⁶⁶ *How to tame a shrow.*

Shrow, for the sake of the rhyme. See Note 88.

⁶⁷ *And makes a god of such a cullion.*

Cullion, a stupid or despicable fellow. "Alexander was an asse to speake so well of a filthy cullion," Marston's *Malcontent*, 1604.

⁶⁸ *An ancient angel coming down the hill.*

The use of the term *angel* in this line seems best illustrated by Cotgrave,—"*Angelot à la grosse escuille*, an old angell; and, by metaphor, a fellow of th' old, sound, honest, and wortheie stampe." Before I met with this passage, I was inclined to accept Gifford's suggestion, *enghle*. [Since writing the above, I find I have been anticipated by Mr. Singer, who quoted the passage from Cotgrave in his edition of Shakespeare published in 1826. It is very difficult to be certain of originality in such matters, but it appears strange that recent editors should not have availed themselves of Mr. Singer's discovery.]

⁶⁹ *Take in your love.*

The first folio reads, "*Par*. Take me your love," as if we were to read, "*Partake* me your love." This is not noticed by former editors, but the reading is possible, *me* being the redundant objective pronoun. I prefer, however, Theobald's emendation.

⁷⁰ *To pass assurance of a dower*

To pass assurance, says Malone, means to make a con-

NOTES TO THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

veyance or deed. An assurance was a deed. "And pass my daughter a sufficient dower," act iv. sc. 4.

⁷¹ What, sweeting, all amoret?

All amoret, quite dispirited. The old ballad of "Poor Robin's Dream" commences as follows:—

How now, good fellow, what, all amoret?
I pray tell me what is the news?
Trailing is dead and I'm sorry for 't,
Which makes me look worse than I use;
If a man hath no employment where by to get a penny,
He hath no enjoyment if he wanteth money,
And charity is not used by any.

⁷² And all my pains are sorted to no proof.

The old copies read, *is sorted*, but the grammatical phraseology of Shakespeare is not generally adhered to in the cases of plural and singular. Douce explains this, "all my labour is adapted to no proof;" or, "I have taken all this pains without approbation."

⁷³ 'Tis a cockle, or a walnut shell.

Small velvet caps were in fashion amongst the city ladies about the year 1600. Ben Jonson alludes to them in *Every Man in his Humour*,—

—Our great heads
Within this city never were in safety,
Since our wives wore these little caps.

⁷⁴ A custard-coffin.

The prepared crust of a pie or custard was called a coffin. "Than take thin cofyns, and put in the ovyne here, and iat hem ben hardyd," MS. Harl. 279.

⁷⁵ Like to a censer in a barber's shop.

A censer was a perfuming-pan. Steevens says,—“I learn from an ancient print, that these censers resembled in shape our modern *brasieres*. They had pierced convex covers, and stood on feet. They not only served to sweeten a barber's shop, but to keep his water warm, and dry his clothes on.”

⁷⁶ Be-mete, be-mensure. Braved, made brave or fine. Finery was called *bravery*.

⁷⁷ With a small compassed cape.

That is, a round cape. In another place, a bow window is called a compassed window. A trunk sleeve was one made very full and large. *Mete-yard*, measuring yard.

⁷⁸ For curious I cannot be with you.

Curious, scrupulous, ceremonious. "Lady, our fashion is not curious," Antonio and Mellida.

⁷⁹ And, happily, we might be interrupted.

Happily, for haply, by chance, is not unusual in old works. The commentators are a little confused on this point.

⁸⁰ Tell me, sweet Kate.

The corresponding passage in the old *Taming of a Shrew* offers a favourable example of the original play on which Shakespeare's was founded.

Duke. Thus al alone from Cestus am I come,
And left my princely court and noble traine,
To come to Athens, and in this disguise,
To see what course my son Aurelius takes.
But stay, heres some it may be travels thither;
Good sir, can you direct me the way to Athens.

[*Ferando speaks to the old man.*]

Faire lovely maide, yong and affable,
More cleere of hew and far more beautifull
Then pretious Sardonix or purple rockes
Of Amethysts, or glistening Hiasinth,
More amiable far then is the plain,
Where glistening Cephurus in silver boures,
Gaseth upon the Giant Andromede;
Sweet Kate, entertaine this lovely woman.

Duke. I thinke the man is mavi; he cais me a woman

Kate. Faire lovely lady, bright and Christaline,
Bewteous and stately as the eie-train'd bird,
As glorious as the morning washt with dew,
Within whose eies she takes her dawning beames,
And golden sommer sleepes upon thy cheekes,
Wrapt up thy radiations in some cloud,
Lest that thy bewty make this stately towne
Inhabitable like the burning Zone,
With sweet reflections of thy lovely face.

Duke. What, is she mad too? or is my shape transformed,
That both of them persuaide me I am a woman;
But they are mad sure, and therefore ile be gone,
And leave their companies for feare of harme,
And unto Athens haste to seek my son. [*Exit Duke*]

Ferando. Why so, Kate, this was friendly done of thee,
And kindly too: why thus must we two live,
One minde, one heart, and one content for both;
This good old man dos thinke that we are mad,
And glad is he I am sure, that he is gone;
But come, sweet Kate, for we will after him,
And now persuaide him to his shape againe. [*Ec. omnes.*]

⁸¹ Jealous, i. e., Suspicious.

⁸² Come hither, crack-hemp.

Crack-hemp, a rascal. This cant term occurs under various forms, crack-halter, crack-rope, &c. It literally means, a fellow likely to be hung. So Middleton,—

If I a gipsie be,
A crack-rope I am for thee.

⁸³ And a copatain har.

This was a high conical hat, in the form of a sugar loaf Kennet says that, in his time, a hat with a high crown was called a *copped-crown* hat.

Than cam the skippyng sort,
In daunce disguised shakyng shank;
The Sallie praunsing priests,
With mitred crownes and coppid tankes.
Virgil, translated by Phaer, &c., 1578

⁸⁴ What concerne it you.

Mr. Knight follows the first folio, which reads *cerns*, which may, by bare possibility, be a contracted form of *concerns*. I think it, however, a misprint, and it is corrected in the second folio.

NOTES TO THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

⁵⁵ *Hortensio fears his widow.*

Fear was used in two senses, to dread, and to frighten. The widow understands it in the sense not intended by Petrucio.

⁵⁶ *I thank thee for that gird.*

Gird, a jest or sarcasm. So Falstaff says,—“every man has a *gird* at me.”

⁵⁷ *Though you hit the white.*

Alluding to archery, the mark having been generally white. “I believe that neither one or the other *hit the*

white, yet I believe the papist's arrows fall the nearest to it in this particular.”—*The Bloudy Tenent of Persecution*, 1644.

⁵⁸ *Thou hast tam'd a curst shrow.*

I retain the old reading, *shrow*, and in two other places, on account of the rhyme. The pronunciation was certainly intended to be *shroe*.

An empty vessel gives a mighty sound,
When least or nothing can therein be found.
Many can tell the way to tame a *shrow*,
But they which have the woman doe not know.

Pasquil's Night Cap, 1612

All's Well that Ends Well.

THE story of *All's Well that Ends Well* is to be found in Boccaccio, but Shakespeare derived it from a translation in Painter's "Palace of Pleasure," 1566, where it is thus described—"Giletta, a physician's daughter of Narbon, healed the Frenche kyng of a fistula, for reward wherof she demaunded Beltramo, counte of Rossiglione, to husbände. The counte, beyng married againste his will, for despite fled to Florence, and loved another. Giletta, his wife, by pollicie founde meanes to lye with her husbände, in place of his lover, and was begotten with child of two soonnes: whiche, knowen to her husbände, he received her againe, and afterwarde he lived in greate honor and felicitie." The leading features of this tale have been adopted by Shakespeare, with scarcely any variations; but the comic scenes in the play are original.

All's Well that Ends Well relates the conquest of a passionate, resistless affection, over the difficulties caused by a great disparity of station, difficulties which were greatly augmented by the family pride of the person beloved. The baneful feeling of contempt arising from this source is confessed by Bertram to have been the reason why Helena's love was not returned; and his subdued affection was converted into scorn by a compelled marriage. His pride is offended by compulsion, and he becomes the victim of caprice, seeking to heal his wounded self-esteem by change of scene and action. There is much of the mixture of character in this play. To use the words of the poet himself—"The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together: our virtues would be proud, if our faults whipp'd them not; and our crimes would despair, if they were not cherish'd by our virtues." Dr. Johnson would censure Bertram as of imperfect virtue; but his character is not imaginary—it is taken from life. Excuses can be adduced for his errors, and even those are doubtlessly redeemed.

We learn on the clearest evidence that among the comedies of Shakespeare existing in 1598, was a companion play to *Love's Labour's Lost*, called *Love's Labour's Won*. It is so mentioned in the *Palladis Tamia* of Francis Meres, published in London in that year; and, as Malone observes, speaking of the present drama, no other of our author's plays could have borne the title of *Love's Labour's Won* with so much propriety. Remembering that the argument is restricted to the comedies, there really appears neither doubt nor difficulty in deciding on the identification. Mr. Knight has put the argument in a very clear and forcible manner. What, he says, would naturally be the counterpart of such a story as *Love's Labour's Lost*? "One of passionate, enduring, all-pervading love—of a love that shrinks from no difficulty, resents no unkindness, fears no disgrace, but perseveres, under the most adverse circumstances, to vindicate its own claims by its own energy, and to achieve success by the strength of its own will. This is the Labour of Love which is won." The story of *All's Well that Ends Well* is, therefore, the companion tale to *Love's Labour's Lost*, and we may be tolerably sure that *Love's Labour's Won* was its original significant title.

PERSONS REPRESENTED

KING OF FRANCE.

Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act V. sc. 3.

DUKE OF FLORENCE.

Appears, Act III. sc. 1; sc. 3.

BERTRAM, *Count of Rousillon.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 3; sc. 5.
Act III. sc. 3; sc. 5; sc. 6. Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 3.
Act V. sc. 3.

LAFEU, *an old Lord.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 3; sc. 5.
Act IV. sc. 5. Act V. sc. 2; sc. 3.

PAROLLES, *a follower of Bertram.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 3; sc. 4;
sc. 5. Act III. sc. 5; sc. 6. Act IV. sc. 1;
sc. 3. Act V. sc. 2; sc. 3.

Several young French Lords that serve with Bertram in the Florentine war.

Appear, Act II. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 6.
Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 3.

Steward, *servant to the Countess of Rousillon.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 3. Act III. sc. 4.

Clown, *in the service of the Countess of Rousillon.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 3. Act II. sc. 2; sc. 4. Act III. sc. 2.
Act IV. sc. 5. Act V. sc. 2.

An Astringer, or Falconer.

Appears, Act V. sc. 1; sc. 3.

A Page.

Appears, Act I. sc. 1.

COUNTESS OF ROUSILLON, *mother to Bertram.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act II. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 2
sc. 4. Act IV. sc. 5. Act V. sc. 3.

HELENA, *a gentlewoman, protected by the Countess.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 3; sc. 4;
sc. 5. Act III. sc. 2; sc. 5; sc. 7. Act IV. sc. 4.
Act V. sc. 1; sc. 3.

An old Widow of Florence.

Appears, Act III. sc. 5; sc. 7. Act IV. sc. 4.
Act V. sc. 1; sc. 3.

DIANA, *daughter to the Widow.*

Appears, Act III. sc. 5. Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 4.
Act V. sc. 1; sc. 3.

VIOLENTA, *neighbour and friend to the Widow*

Appears, Act III. sc. 5.

MARIANA, *neighbour and friend to the Widow.*

Appears, Act III. sc. 5.

*Lords attending on the King; Officers, Soldiers
&c., French and Florentine.*

SCENE,—IN FRANCE AND IN TUSCANY.

All's Well that Ends Well.

ACT I.

SCENE .—Rousillon. *A Room in the Countess's Palace.*

Enter BERTRAM, the COUNTESS OF ROUSILLON, HELENA, and LAFEU, in mourning.

Count. In delivering my son from me, I bury a second husband.

Ber. And I, in going, madam, weep o'er my father's death anew: but I must attend his majesty's command, to whom I am now in ward, evermore in subjection.

Laf. You shall find of the king a husband, madam;—you, sir, a father. He that so generally is at all times good, must of necessity hold his virtue to you; whose worthiness would stir it up where it wanted, rather than lack it where there is such abundance.

Count. What hope is there of his majesty's amendment?

Laf. He hath abandon'd his physicians, madam; under whose practices he hath persecuted time with hope, and finds no other advantage in the process but only the losing of hope by time.

Count. This young gentlewoman had a father, (O, that *had!* how sad a passage 't is!) whose skill was almost as great as his honesty; had it stretch'd so far, would have made nature immortal, and death should have play for lack of work. 'Would, for the king's sake, he were living! I think it would be the death of the king's disease.

Laf. How call'd you the man you speak of, madam?

Count. He was famous, sir, in his profession, and it was his great right to be so: Gerard de Narbon.

Laf. He was excellent, indeed, madam; the king very lately spoke of him admiringly and mourningly: he was skilful enough to have liv'd still, if knowledge could be set up against mortality.

Ber. What is it, my good lord, the king languishes of?

Laf. A fistula, my lord.

Ber. I heard not of it before.

Laf. I would it were not notorious.—Was this gentlewoman the daughter of Gerard de Narbon?

Count. His sole child, my lord; and bequeathed to my overlooking. I have those hopes of her good that her education promises: her dispositions she inherits, which make fair gifts fairer; for where an unclean mind^s carries virtuous qualities, there commendations go with pity,—they are virtues and traitors too: in her they are the better for their simpleness; she derives her honesty, and achieves her goodness.

Laf. Your commendations, madam, get from her tears.

Count. 'T is the best brine a maiden can season her praise in. The remembrance of her father never approaches her heart but the tyranny of her

sorrows takes all livelihood from her cheek. No more of this, Helena—go to, no more; lest it be rather thought you affect a sorrow, than to have.

Hel. I do affect a sorrow, indeed, but I have it too.

Laf. Moderate lamentation is the right of the dead; excessive grief the enemy to the living.

Hel. If the living be enemy to the grief, the excess makes it soon mortal.

Ber. Madam, I desire your holy wishes.

Laf. How understand we that?

Count. Be thou blest, Bertram! and succeed thy father

In manners, as in shape! thy blood, and virtue, Contend for empire in thee; and thy goodness Share with thy birthright! Love all, trust a few, Do wrong to none: be able for thine enemy Rather in power than use; and keep thy friend Under thy own life's key: be check'd for silence, But never tax'd for speech. What Heaven more will,

That thee may furnish, and my prayers pluck down, Fall on thy head! Farewell.—My lord, 'T is an unseason'd courtier; good my lord, Advise him.

Laf. He cannot want the best That shall attend his love.

Count. Heaven bless him!—Farewell, Bertram. *[Exit.]*

Ber. The best wishes that can be forg'd in your thoughts [to HELENA] be servants to you! Be comfortable to my mother, your mistress, and make much of her.

Laf. Farewell, pretty lady: You must hold the credit of your father.

[Exeunt BERTRAM and LAFEU.]

Hel. O, were that all!—I think not on my father;

And these great tears grace his remembrance more Than those I shed for him. What was he like?

I have forgot him: my imagination

Carries no favour in 't but Bertram's.

I am undone; there is no living, none,

If Bertram be away. It were all one

That I should love a bright particular star,

And think to wed it, he is so above me:

In his bright radiance and collateral light

Must I be comforted, not in his sphere.

Th' ambition in my love thus plagues itself:

The hind that would be mated by the lion

Must die for love. 'T was pretty, though a plague,

To see him every hour; to sit and draw His arched brows, his hawking eye, his curls, In our heart's table;³ heart too capable Of every line and trick of his sweet favour: But now he's gone, and my idolatrous fancy Must sanctify his relics. Who comes here?

Enter PAROLLES.

One that goes with him: I love him for his sake; And yet I know him a notorious liar, Think him a great way fool, solely a coward; Yet these fix'd evils sit so fit in him, That they take place, when virtue's steely bones Look bleak i' the cold wind: withal, full oft we see

Cold wisdom waiting on superfluous folly.

Par. Save you, fair queen.

Hel. And you, monarch.

Par. No.

Hel. And no.

Par. Are you meditating on virginity?

Hel. Ay. You have some stain of soldier in you; let me ask you a question. Man is enemy to virginity; how may we barricado it against him?

Par. Keep him out.

Hel. But he assails; and our virginity, though valiant in the defence, yet is weak: unfold to us some warlike resistance.

Par. There is none: man, sitting down before you, will undermine you, and blow you up.

Hel. Bless our poor virginity from underminers and blowers up!—Is there no military policy how virgins might blow up men?

Par. Virginity, being blown down, man will quicklier be blown up: marry, in blowing him down again, with the breach yourselves made, you lose your city. It is not politic in the commonwealth of nature to preserve virginity. Loss of virginity is rational increase; and there was never virgin got, till virginity was first lost. That you were made of is metal to make virgins. Virginity, by being once lost, may be ten times found; by being ever kept, it is ever lost: 't is too cold a companion; away with 't.

Hel. I will stand for 't a little, though therefore I die a virgin.

Par. There's little can be said in 't; 't is against the rule of nature. To speak on the part of virginity is to accuse your mothers; which is most infallible disobedience. He that hangs himself is a virgin: virginity murders itself, and should be

buried in highways, out of all sanctified limit, as a desperate offendress against nature. Virginity breeds mites, much like a cheese; consumes itself to the very pining, and so dies with feeding his own stomach. Besides, virginity is peevish, proud, idle, made of self-love, which is the most inhibited^d sin in the canon. Keep it not; you cannot choose but lose by 't: out with 't: within ten years it will make itself ten, which is a goodly increase; and the principal itself not much the worse: Away with 't.

Hel. How might one do, sir, to lose it to her own liking?

Par. Let me see: Marry, ill, to like him that ne'er it likes. 'T is a commodity will lose the gloss with lying; the longer kept, the less worth: off with 't, while 't is vendible: answer the time of request. Virginity, like an old courtier, wears her cap out of fashion; richly suited, but unsuitable: just like the brooch and the toothpick, which wear not now. Your date^s is better in your pie and your porridge, than in your cheek; and your virginity, your old virginity, is like one of our French wither'd pears; it looks ill, it eats drily: marry, 't is a wither'd pear; it was formerly better; marry, yet, 't is a wither'd pear. Will you anything with it?

Hel. Not my virginity yet.

There shall your master have a thousand loves,
A mother, and a mistress, and a friend,
A phoenix, captain, and an enemy,
A guide, a goddess, and a sovereign,
A counsellor, a traitress, and a dear,
His humble ambition, proud humility,
His jarring concord, and his discord dulcet,
His faith, his sweet disaster: with a world
Of pretty, fond, adoptious christendoms,
That blinking Cupid gossips. Now shall he—
I know not what he shall:—God send him well!—
The court's a learning-place;—and he is one—

Par. What one, i' faith?

Hel. That I wish well.—'T is pity—

Par. What's pity?

Hel. That wishing well had not a body in 't,
Which might be felt: that we, the poorer born,
Whose baser stars do shut us up in wishes,
Might with effects of them follow our friends,
And show what we alone must think; which never
Returns us thanks.

Enter a Page.

Page. Monsieur Parolles, my lord calls for you.

[*Exit.*]

Par. Little Helen, farewell: if I can remember thee, I will think of thee at court.

Hel. Monsieur Parolles, you were born under a charitable star.

Par. Under Mars, I.

Hel. I especially think, under Mars.

Par. Why under Mars?

Hel. The wars have so kept you under, that you must needs be born under Mars.

Par. When he was predominant.

Hel. When he was retrograde, I think, rather.

Par. Why think you so?

Hel. You go so much backward when you fight.

Par. That's for advantage.

Hel. So is running away, when fear proposes the safety: but the composition that your valour and fear makes in you is a virtue of a good wing, and I like the wear well.

Par. I am so full of businesses, I cannot answer thee acutely: I will return perfect courtier; in the which, my instruction shall serve to naturalize thee, so thou wilt be capable of a courtier's counsel, and understand what advice shall thrust upon thee; else thou diest in thine unthankfulness, and thine ignorance makes thee away: farewell. When thou hast leisure, say thy prayers; when thou hast none, remember thy friends: get thee a good husband, and use him as he uses thee: so farewell. [*Exit.*]

Hel. Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie,
Which we ascribe to heaven: the fated sky
Gives us free scope; only, doth backward pull
Our slow designs, when we ourselves are dull.
What power is it which mounts my love so high,
That makes me see, and cannot feed mine eye?
The mightiest space in fortune nature brings
To join like likes, and kiss like native things.
Impossible be strange attempts to those
That weigh their pains in sense; and do suppose
What hath been cannot be. Who ever strove
To show her merit, that did miss her love?
The king's disease—my project may deceive me,
But my intents are fix'd, and will not leave me.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II — Paris. *A Room in the King's Palace.*

Flourish of cornets. Enter the KING OF FRANCE, with letters; Lords and others attending.

King. The Florentines and Senoys are by th' ears
Have fought with equal fortune, and continue
A braving war.

1 *Lord.* So 't is reported, sir.

King. Nay, 't is most credible; we here receive it

A certainty, vouch'd from our cousin Austria,
With caution, that the Florentine will move us
For speedy aid; wherein our dearest friend
Prejudicates the business, and would seem
To have us make denial.

1 *Lord.* His love and wisdom,
Approv'd so to your majesty, may plead
For amplest credence.

King. He hath arm'd our answer,
And Florence is denied before he comes;
Yet, for our gentlemen that mean to see
The Tuscan service, freely have they leave
To stand on either part.

2 *Lord.* It may well serve
A nursery to our gentry, who are sick
For breathing and exploit.

King. What's he comes here?

Enter BERTRAM, LAFEU, and PAROLLES.

1 *Lord.* It is the count Rousillon, my good
lord,

Young Bertram.

King. Youth, thou bear'st thy father's
face;

Frank Nature, rather curious than in haste,
Hath well composed thee. Thy father's moral
parts

May'st thou inherit too! Welcome to Paris.

Ber. My thanks and duty are your majesty's.

King. I would I had that corporal soundness
now,

As when thy father and myself, in friendship,
First tried our soldiership! He did look far

Into the service of the time, and was

Disciplin'd of the bravest: he lasted long;

But on us both did haggish age steal on,

And wore us out of act. It much repairs me

To talk of your good father: In his youth

He had the wit, which I can well observe

To-day in our young lords; but they may jest

Till their own scorn return to them unnoted,

Ere they can hide their levity in honour,

So like a courtier: contempt nor bitterness

Were in his pride or sharpness; if they were,

His equal had awak'd them; and his honour,

Clock to itself, knew the true minute when

Exception bid him speak, and, at this time,

His tongue obey'd his hand: who were below

him,

498

He us'd as creatures of another place;

And bow'd his eminent top to their low ranks,

Making them proud of his humility,

In their poor praise he humbled. Such a man

Might be a copy to these younger times;

Which, follow'd well, would demonstrate them
now

But goes backward.

Ber. His good remembrance, sir,
Lies richer in your thoughts than on his tomb;
So in approof lives not his epitaph,
As in your royal speech.

King. 'Would I were with him! He would
always say,
(Methinks I hear him now: his plausible words
He scatter'd not in ears, but grafted them,
To grow there, and to bear.)—"Let me not
live,"—

This his good melancholy oft began,
On the catastrophe and heel of pastime,
When it was out,—"Let me not live," quoth he,
"After my flame lacks oil, to be the snuff
Of younger spirits, whose apprehensive senses
All but new things disdain; whose judgments are
Mere fathers of their garments; whose constancies
Expire before their fashions:"—This he wish'd:
I, after him, do after him wish too,
Since I nor wax nor honey can bring home,
I quickly were dissolved from my hive,
To give some labourers room.

2 *Lord.* You are lov'd, sir:
They that least lend it you, shall lack you first.

King. I fill a place, I know 't.—How long is 't,
count,

Since the physician at your father's died?

He was much fam'd.

Ber. Some six months since, my lord.

King. If he were living, I would try him
yet;—

Lend me an arm;—the rest have worn me out
With several applications:—nature and sickness
Debate it at their leisure. Welcome, count:
My son's no dearer.

Ber. Thank your majesty.

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE III.—Rousillon. A room in the
Countess's Palace.

Enter COUNTESS, Steward, and Clown.

Count. I will now hear: what say you of this
gentlewoman?

Stew. Madam, the care I have had to even your content, I wish might be found in the calendar of my past endeavours: for then we wound our modesty, and make foul the clearness of our deservings, when of ourselves we publish them.

Count. What does this knave here? Get you gone, sirrah! The complaints I have heard of you I do not all believe; 't is my slowness that I do not: for I know you lack not folly to commit them, and have ability enough to make such knaveries yours.

Clo. 'T is not unknown to you, madam, I am a poor fellow.

Count. Well, sir.

Clo. No, madam, 't is not so well that I am poor; though many of the rich are damn'd: but, if I may have your ladyship's good-will to go to the world, Isbel the woman and I will do as we may.

Count. Wilt thou needs be a beggar?

Clo. I do beg your good-will in this case.

Count. In what case?

Clo. In Isbel's case and mine own. Service is no heritage: and I think I shall never have the blessing of God, till I have issue a' my body; for, they say, bairnes are blessings.

Count. Tell me thy reason why thou wilt marry.

Clo. My poor body, madam, requires it: I am driven on by the flesh; and he must needs go that the devil drives.

Count. Is this all your worship's reason?

Clo. Faith, madam, I have other holy reasons, such as they are.

Count. May the world know them?

Clo. I have been, madam, a wicked creature, as you and all flesh and blood are; and, indeed, I do marry that I may repent.

Count. Thy marriage, sooner than thy wickedness.

Clo. I am out a' friends, madam; and I hope to have friends for my wife's sake.

Count. Such friends are thine enemies, knave.

Clo. You're shallow, madam; e'en great friends; for the knaves come to do that for me, which I am a-weary of. He that ears^s my land spares my team, and gives me leave to inn the crop. If I be his cuckold, he's my drudge. He that comforts my wife is the cherisher of my flesh and blood; he that cherishes my flesh and blood loves my flesh and blood; he that loves my flesh and blood is my friend, *ergo*, he that kisses my wife

is my friend. If men could be contented to be what they are, there were no fear in marriage: for young Charbon the puritan, and old Poysam the papist, howsome'er their hearts are sever'd in religion, their heads are, both one,—they may joll horns together, like any deer i' the herd.

Count. Wilt thou ever be a foul-mouth'd and calumnious knave?

Clo. A prophet I, madam; and I speak the truth the next way:

For I the ballad will repeat,⁷
Which men full true shall find;
Your marriage comes by destiny,
Your cuckoo sings by kind.

Count. Get you gone, sir; I'll talk with you more anon.

Stew. May it please you, madam, that he bid Helen come to you; of her I am to speak.

Count. Sirrah, tell my gentlewoman I would speak with her; Helen I mean.

Clo. Was this fair face, quoth she, the cause, [*Singing*
Why the Grecians sacked Troy?
Fond done, done fond, good sooth it was;
Was this king Priam's joy?
With that she sighed as she stood,
With that she sighed as she stood,
And gave this sentence then;
Among nine bad if one be good,
Among nine bad if one be good,
There's yet one good in ten.

Count. What, one good in ten? you corrupt the song, sirrah.

Clo. One good woman in ten, madam, which is purifying a' the song: 'Would God would serve the world so all the year! we'd find no fault with the tithe woman, if I were the parson: One in ten, quoth a'! an' we might have a good woman born but for every blazing star, or at an earthquake 't would mend the lottery well; a man may draw his heart out, ere 'a pluck one.

Count. You'll be gone, sir knave, and do as I command you!

Clo. That man should be at woman's command, and yet no hurt done!—Though honesty be no puritan, yet it will do no hurt; it will wear the surplice of humility over the black gown of a big heart.—I am going, forsooth; the business is for Helen to come hither. [*Exit.*]

Count. Well, now.

Stew. I know, madam, you love your gentlewoman entirely.

Count. Faith, I do: her father bequeath'd her

to me; and she herself, without other advantage, may lawfully make title to as much love as she finds: there is more owing her than is paid; and more shall be paid her than she'll demand.

Stew. Madam, I was very late more near her than, I think, she wished me: alone she was, and did communicate to herself her own words to her own ears; she thought, I dare vow for her, they touched not any stranger sense. Her matter was, she loved your son. Fortune, she said, was no goddess, that had put such difference betwixt their two estates; Love, no god, that would not extend his might only where qualities were level; Diana, no queen of virgins, that would suffer her poor knight surpris'd,⁸ without rescue in the first assault, or ransom afterward. This she deliver'd in the most bitter touch of sorrow that e'er I heard virgin exclaim in: which I held my duty, speedily to acquaint you withal; sithence,⁹ in the loss that may happen, it concerns you something to know it.

Count. You have discharg'd this honestly; keep it to yourself: many likelihoods inform'd me of this before, which hung so tott'ring in the balance, that I could neither believe nor misdoubt. Pray you, leave me: stall this in your bosom, and I thank you for your honest care: I will speak with you further anon. [*Exit Steward.*]

Enter HELENA.

Count. Even so it was with me when I was young:

If ever we are nature's, these are ours; this thorn

Doth to our rose of youth rightly belong:

Our blood to us, this to our blood is born;
It is the show and seal of nature's truth,
Where love's strong passion is impress'd in youth:
By our remembrances of days foregone,
Such were our faults;—or then we thought them none.

Her eye is sick on 't; I observe her now.

Hel. What is your pleasure, madam?

Count. You know, Helena, I am a mother to you.

Hel. Mine honourable mistress.

Count. Nay, a mother;

Why not a mother? When I said, a mother,
Methought you saw a serpent: What's in mother
That you start at it? I say, I am your mother;
And put you in the catalogue of those
That were enwombed mine. 'Tis often seen

Adoption strives with nature; and choice breeds
A native slip to us from foreign seeds:

You ne'er oppress'd me with a mother's groan,
Yet I express to you a mother's care:—
God's mercy, maiden! does it curd thy blood,
To say, I am thy mother? What's the matter,
That this distemper'd messenger of wet,
The many-colour'd Iris, rounds thine eye?
Why?—that you are my daughter?

Hel. That I am not.

Count. I say, I am your mother.

Hel. Pardon, madam;

The count Rousillon cannot be my brother:
I am from humble, he from honour'd name;
No note upon my parents, his all noble:
My master, my dear lord he is: and I
His servant live, and will his vassal die:
He must not be my brother.

Count. Nor I your mother?

Hel. You are my mother, madam. ('Would you were,

So that my lord, your son, were not my brother.)
Indeed, my mother!—(Or were you both our mothers,

I care no more for than I do for heaven,
So I were not his sister.) Can't no other¹⁰
But, I your daughter, he must be my brother?

Count. Yes, Helen, you might be my daughter-in-law:

God shield, you mean it not! daughter, and mother,

So strive upon your pulse. What, pale again?
My fear hath catch'd your fondness. Now I see
The mystery of your loneliness, and find
Your salt tears' head. Now to all sense 't is gross
You love my son; invention is asham'd,
Against the proclamation of thy passion,
To say thou dost not: therefore tell me true;
But tell me then, 't is so:—for, look, thy cheeks
Confess it, th' one to th' other; and thine eyes
See it so grossly shown in thy behaviours,
That in their kind they speak it: only sin
And hellish obstinacy tie thy tongue,
That truth should be suspected. Speak, is 't so?
If it be so, you have wound a goodly clue;
If it be not, forswear 't: howe'er, I charge thee,
As heaven shall work in me for thine avail,
To tell me truly.

Hel. Good madam, pardon me.

Count. Do you love my son?

Hel. Your pardon, noble mistress!

Count. Love you my son?

Hel. Do not you love him, madam?

Count. Go not about; my love hath in't a bond,
Whereof the world takes note; come, come, dis-
close

The state of your affection; for your passions
Have to the full appeach'd.¹¹

Hel. Then, I confess,

Here on my knee, before high Heaven and you,
That before you, and next unto high Heaven,
I love your son:—

My friends were poor but honest; so 's my love:
Be not offended; for it hurts not him
That he is lov'd of me. I follow him not
By any token of presumptuous suit;
Nor would I have him till I do deserve him;
Yet never know how that desert should be.
I know I love in vain, strive against hope;
Yet, in this captious and intenable¹² sieve,
I still pour in the waters of my love,
And lack not to lose still: thus, Indian-like,
Religious in mine error, I adore
The sun, that looks upon his worshipper,
But knows of him no more. My dearest madam,
Let not your hate encounter with my love,
For loving where you do: but, if yourself,
Whose aged honour cites a virtuous youth,
Did ever, in so true a flame of liking,
Wish chastely, and love dearly, that your Dian
Was both herself and love. O then, give pity
To her, whose state is such, that cannot choose
But lend and give, where she is sure to lose;
That seeks not to find that her search implies,
But, riddle-like, lives sweetly where she dies.

Count. Had you not lately an intent, speak
truly,
To go to Paris.

Hel. Madam, I had.

Count. Wherefore? tell true.

Hel. I will tell truth; by grace itself, I swear.
You know my father left me some prescriptions
Of rare and prov'd effects, such as his reading,
And manifest experience, had collected

For general sovereignty; and that he will'd me
In heedfull'st reservation to bestow them,
As notes, whose faculties inclusive were,
More than they were in note: amongst the rest,
There is a remedy, approv'd, set down,
To cure the desperate languishings whereof
The king is rendered lost.

Count. This was your motive for Paris, was it?
speak.

Hel. My lord your son made me to think of
this;

Else Paris, and the medicine, and the king,
Had, from the conversation of my thoughts,
Haply, been absent then.

Count. But think you, Helen,
If you should tender your supposed aid,
He would receive it? He and his physicians
Are of a mind; he, that they cannot help him,
They, that they cannot help. How shall they
credit

A poor unlearned virgin, when the schools,
Embowell'd of their doctrine, have left off
The danger to itself?

Hel. There 's something in 't,
More than my father's skill, which was the great'st
Of his profession, that his good receipt
Shall, for my legacy, be sanctified
By th' luckiest stars in heaven: and, would your
honour

But give me leave to try success, I'd venture
The well-lost life of mine on his grace's cure,
By such a day and hour.

Count. Dost thou believe 't?

Hel. Ay, madam, knowingly.

Count. Why, Helen, thou shalt have my leave
and love,

Means, and attendants, and my loving greetings
To those of mine in court; I'll stay at home,
And pray God's blessing into thy attempt:
Be gone to-morrow; and be sure of this,
What I can help thee to thou shalt not miss.

[*Exeunt*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Paris. *A room in the King's Palace.*

Flourish. Enter KING, with two young Lords, taking leave for the Florentine war; BERTRAM, PAROLLES, and Attendants.

King. Farewell, young lord, these warlike principles

Do not throw from you:—and you, my lord, farewell:—

Share the advice betwixt you: if both gain all,
The gift doth stretch itself as 't is receiv'd,
And is enough for both.

1 *Lord.* 'T is our hope, sir,
After well enter'd soldiers, to return
And find your grace in health.

King. No, no, it cannot be; and yet my heart
Will not confess he owes the malady
That doth my life besiege. Farewell, young lords;
Whether I live or die, be you the sons
Of worthy Frenchmen: let higher Italy
(Those 'bated, that inherit but the fall
Of the last monarchy) see, that you come
Not to woo honour, but to wed it; when
The bravest questant shrinks, find what you seek,
That fame may cry you loud. I say, farewell.

2 *Lord.* Health, at your bidding, serve your majesty!

King. Those girls of Italy, take heed of them;
They say our French lack language to deny,
If they demand; beware of being captives,
Before you serve.

Both. Our hearts receive your warnings.

King. Farewell.—Come hither to me.

[*The KING retires to a couch.*]

1 *Lord.* O my sweet lord, that you will stay behind us!

Par. 'T is not his fault; the spark—

2 *Lord.* O, 't is brave wars!

Par. Most admirable; I have seen those wars.

Ber. I am commanded here, and kept a coil with,
"Too young," and "the next year," and "'t is too early."

502

Par. An thy mind stand to 't, boy, steal away bravely.

Ber. I shall stay here the forenorse to a smock,
Creaking my shoes on the plain masonry,
Till honour be bought up, and no sword worn
But one to dance with! By heaven, I 'll steal away.

1 *Lord.* There 's honour in the theft.

Par. Commit it, count.

2 *Lord.* I am your accessory; and so farewell.

Ber. I grow to you, and our parting is a tortur'd body.

1 *Lord.* Farewell, captain.

2 *Lord.* Sweet monsieur Parolles!

Par. Noble heroes, my sword and yours are kin
Good sparks and lustrous, a word, good metals:—
You shall find in the regiment of the Spinii one
captain Spurio, with his cicatrice, an emblem of
war, here on his sinister cheek; it was this very
sword entrench'd it: say to him, I live; and observe
his reports for me.

2 *Lord.* We shall, noble captain.

Par. Mars dote on you for his novices! [*Exeunt Lords.*] What will you do?

Ber. Stay; the king— [*Seeing him rise.*]

Par. Use a more spacious ceremony to the noble
lords; you have restrain'd yourself within the list
of too cold an adieu; be more expressive to them;
for they wear themselves in the cap of the time;
there do muster true gait, eat, speak, and move
under the influence of the most receiv'd star; and
though the devil lead the measure, such are to
be followed: after them, and take a more dilated
farewell.

Ber. And I will do so.

Par. Worthy fellows, and like to prove most
sinevy swordmen.

[*Exeunt BERTRAM and PAROLLES.*]

Enter LAFEU.

Laf. Pardon, my lord, [*kneeling*] for me and for
my tidings.

King. I 'll see thee to stand up.

Laf. Then here's a man stands that has brought his pardon.

I would you had kneel'd, my lord, to ask me mercy,

And that, at my bidding, you could so stand up.

King. I would I had; so I had broke thy pate, And ask'd thee mercy for 't.

Laf. Good faith, across. But, my good lord, 't is thus;

Will you be cur'd of your infirmity?

King. No.

Laf. O, will you eat no grapes, my royal fox?

Yes, but you will my noble grapes, an if

My royal fox could reach them. I have seen a medicine,

That's able to breathe life into a stone,

Quicken a rock, and make you dance canary,¹⁴

With sprightly fire and motion; whose simple touch

Is powerful to araise king Pepin, nay,

To give great Charlemain a pen in 's hand,

To write to her a love-line.

King. What her is this?

Laf. Why, doctor she: My lord, there's one arriv'd,

If you will see her:—Now, by my faith and honour,

If seriously I may convey my thoughts

In this my light deliverance, I have spoke

With one, that, in her sex, her years, profession,¹⁵

Wisdom, and constancy, hath amaz'd me more

Than I dare blame my weakness. Will you see her,

(For that is her demand) and know her business?

That done, laugh well at me.

King. Now, good Lafeu,

Bring in the admiration; that we with thee

May spend our wonder too, or take off thine,

By wond'ring how thou took'st it.

Laf. Nay, I'll fit you,

And not be all day neither.

[*Exit.*

King. Thus he his special nothing ever prognoses.

Re-enter LAFEU, with HELENA.

Laf. Nay, come your ways.

King. This haste hath wings indeed.

Laf. Nay, come your ways;

This is his majesty, say your mind to him:

A traitor you do look like; but such traitors

This majesty seldom fears. I am Cressid's uncle,

That dare leave two together: fare you well.

[*Exit.*

King. Now, fair one, does your business follow us?

Hel. Ay, my good lord.

Gerard de Narbon was my father,

In what he did profess well found.

King. I knew him.

Hel. The rather will I spare my praises towards him;

Knowing him is enough. On's bed of death

Many receipts he gave me; chiefly one,

Which, as the dearest issue of his practice,

And of his old experience th' only darling,

He bade me store up, as a triple eye,

Safer than mine own two, more dear; I have so:

And, hearing your high majesty is touch'd

With that malignant cause wherein the honour

Of my dear father's gift stands chief in power,

I come to tender it, and my appliance,

With all bound humbleness.

King. We thank you, maiden;

But may not be so credulous of cure,

When our most learned doctors leave us; and

The congregated college have concluded

That labouring art can never ransom Nature

From her inaidable estate,—I say we must not

So stain our judgment, or corrupt our hope,

To prostitute our past-cure malady

To empirics; or to dis sever so

Our great self and our credit, to esteem

A senseless help, when help past sense we deem.

Hel. My duty then shall pay me for my pains

I will no more enforce mine office on you;

Humbly entreating from your royal thoughts

A modest one, to bear me back again.

King. I cannot give thee less to be call'd grateful:

Thou thought'st to help me; and such thanks I give,

As one near death to those that wish him live;

But what at full I know, thou know'st no part;

I knowing all my peril, thou no art.

Hel. What I can do, can do no hurt to try,

Since you set up your rest 'gainst remedy:

He that of greatest works is finisher

Oft does them by the weakest minister:

So holy writ in babes hath judgment shown,

When judges have been babes. Great floods have flown

From simple sources; and great seas have dried,

When miracles have by the great'st been denied

Oft expectation fails, and most oft there

Where most it promises; and oft it hits,
Where hope is coldest, and despair most shifts.

King. I must not hear thee; fare thee well, kind
maid;

Thy pains, not us'd, must by thyself be paid:
Proffers not took reap thanks for their reward.

Hel. Inspired Merit so by breath is barr'd:
It is not so with Him that all things knows,
As 't is with us that square our guess by shows:
But most it is presumption in us, when
The help of heaven we count the act of men.
Dear sir, to my endeavours give consent:
Of heaven, not me, make an experiment.
I am not an impostor, that proclaim
Myself against the level of mine aim;¹⁶
But know I think, and think I know most sure,
My art is not past power, nor you past cure.

King. Art thou so confident? Within what space
Hop'st thou my cure?

Hel. The greatest grace lending grace,
Ere twice the horses of the sun shall bring
Their fiery torcher his diurnal ring;
Ere twice in murr and occidental damp
Moist Hesperus hath quench'd his sleepy lamp;
Or four-and-twenty times the pilot's glass
Hath told the thievish minutes how they pass;
What is infirm from your sound parts shall fly,
Health shall live free, and sickness freely die.

King. Upon thy certainty and confidence,
What dar'st thou venture?

Hel. Tax of impudence,—
A strumpet's boldness, a divulged shame,
Traduc'd by odious ballads; my maiden's name.
Sear'd otherwise; no worse of worst extended,
With vilest torture let my life be ended.

King. Methinks, in thee some blessed spirit doth
speak;

His powerful sound within an organ weak:
And what impossibility would slay
In common sense, sense saves another way.
Thy life is dear; for all that life can rate
Worth name of life in thee hath estimate;
Youth, beauty, wisdom, courage, all
That happiness and prime can happy call:
Thou this to hazard, needs must intimate
Skill infinite, or monstrous desperate.
Sweet practiser, thy physic I will try,
That ministers thine own death, if I die.

Hel. If I break time, or flinch in property
Of what I spoke, unpitied let me die;
And well deserv'd. Not helping, death's my fee;
But, if I help, what do you promise me?

King. Make thy demand.

Hel. But will you make it even?

King. Ay, by my sceptre, and my hopes of
heaven!

Hel. Then shalt thou give me, with thy kingly
hand,

What husband in thy power I will command:
Exempted be from me the arrogance
To choose from forth the royal blood of France,
My low and humble name to propagate
With any branch or image of thy state:
But such a one, thy vassal, whom I know
Is free for me to ask, thee to bestow.

King. Here is my hand; the premises observ'd,
Thy will by my performance shall be serv'd;
So make the choice of thy own time, for I,
Thy resolv'd patient, on thee still rely.
More should I question thee, and more I must,
Though more to know could not be more to trust;
From whence thou cam'st, how tended on,—But
rest

Unquestion'd welcome, and undoubted bless'd.—
Give me some help here, ho!—If thou proceed
As high as word, my deed shall match thy deed.

[*Flourish. Exeunt*]

SCENE II.—Rousillon. A Room in the Countess's
Palace.

Enter COUNTESS and Clown.

Count. Come on, sir; I shall now put you to
the height of your breeding.

Clo. I will show myself highly fed, and lowly
taught: I know my business is but to the court.

Count. To the court? why, what place make
you special, when you put off that with such contempt—But to the court?

Clo. Truly, madam, if God have lent a man any
manners, he may easily put it off at court: he that
cannot make a leg, put off 's cap, kiss his hand,
and say nothing, has neither leg, hands, lip, nor
cap; and, indeed, such a fellow, to say precisely,
were not for the court: but for me, I have an answer
will serve all men.

Count. Marry, that's a bountiful answer that
fits all questions.

Clo. It is like a barber's chair,¹⁷ that fits all but
tocks; the pin-buttock, the quatch-buttock, the
brawn-buttock, or any buttock.

Count. Will your answer serve fit to all ques-
tions?

Clo. As fit as ten groats is for the hand of an

attorney, as your French crown for your taffata punk,¹⁸ as Tib's rush for Tom's forefinger,¹⁹ as a pancake for Shrove-Tuesday,²⁰ a morris for May-day,²¹ as the nail to his hole, the cuckold to his horn, as a scolding quean to a wrangling knave, as the nun's lip to the friar's mouth; nay, as the pudding to his skin.

Count. Have you, I say, an answer of such fitness for all questions?

Clo. From below your duke to beneath your constable; it will fit any question.

Count. It must be an answer of most monstrous size that must fit all demands.

Clo. But a trifle neither, in good faith, if the learned should speak truth of it: here it is, and all that belongs to 't: ask me if I am a courtier: it shall do you no harm to learn.

Count. To be young again, if we could, I will be a fool in question, hoping to be the wiser by your answer—I pray you, sir, are you a courtier?

Clo. O Lord, sir,—There's a simple putting off;—more, more, a hundred of them.

Count. Sir, I am a poor friend of yours, that loves you.

Clo. O Lord, sir,—Thick, thick, spare not me.

Count. I think, sir, you can eat none of this homely meat.

Clo. O Lord, sir,—Nay, put me to 't, I warrant you.

Count. You were lately whipped, sir, as I think.

Clo. O Lord, sir,—Spare not me.

Count. Do you cry, "O Lord, sir," at your whipping, and "spare not me"? Indeed, your "O Lord, sir," is very sequent to your whipping; you would answer very well to a whipping, if you were but bound to 't.

Clo. I ne'er had worse luck in my life in my—"O Lord, sir:" I see things may serve long, but not serve ever.

Count. I play the noble housewife with the time,

To entertain it so merrily with a fool.

Clo. O Lord, sir,—Why, there 't serves well again.

Count. An end, sir: To your business. Give Helen this,

And urge her to a present answer back:

Commend me to my kinsmen, and my son;

This is not much.

Clo. Not much commendation to them.

Count. Not much employment for you. You understand me?

Clo. Most fruitfully; I am there before my legs.

Count. Haste you again. [*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE III.—Paris. *A Room in the King's Palace.*

Enter BERTRAM, LAFEU, and PAROLLES.

Laf. They say, miracles are past; and we have our philosophical persons, to make modern and familiar, things supernatural and causeless. Hence is it that we make trifles of terrors; ensconcing ourselves into seeming knowledge, when we should submit ourselves to an unknown fear.

Par. Why, 't is the rarest argument of wonder that hath shot out in our latter times.

Ber. And so 't is.

Laf. To be relinquish'd of the artists,—

Par. So I say; both of Galen and Paracelsus.

Laf. Of all the learned and authentic fellows²²—

Par. Right, so I say.

Laf. That gave him out incurable—

Par. Why, there 't is; so say I too.

Laf. Not to be helped,—

Par. Right: as 't were a man assur'd of an—

Laf. Uncertain life, and sure death.

Par. Just, you say well; so would I have said.

Laf. I may truly say, it is a novelty to the world.

Par. It is indeed: if you will have it in showing, you shall read it in,—What do ye call there?

Laf. A showing of a heavenly effect in an earthly actor.

Par. That's it: I would have said the very same.

Laf. Why, your dolphin is not lustier: 'fore me I speak in respect—

Par. Nay, 't is strange, 't is very strange; that is the brief and the tedious of it; and he's of a most facinorous spirit that will not acknowledge it to be the—

Laf. Very hand of Heaven.

Par. Ay, so I say.

Laf. In a most weak—

Par. And debile minister, great power, great transcendence: which should, indeed, give us a further use to be made, than alone the recovery of the king, as to be—

Laf. Generally thankful.

Enter KING, HELENA, and Attendants.

Par. I would have said it; you say well. Here comes the king.

Laf. Lustique,²³ as the Dutchman says: I'll like a maid the better whilst I have a tooth in my head. Why, he's able to lead her a coranto.

Par. *Mort du Vinaigre!* Is not this Helen?

Laf. 'Fore God, I think so.

King. Go, call before me all the lords in court.—
[*Exit an Attendant.*]

Sit, my preserver, by thy patient's side;
And with this healthful hand whose banish'd
sense

Thou hast repeal'd, a second time receive
The confirmation of my promis'd gift,
Which but attends thy naming.

Enter several Lords.

Fair maid, send forth thine eye: this youthful
parcel

Of noble bachelors stand at my bestowing,
O'er whom both sovereign power and father's
voice

I have to use: thy frank election make;
Thou hast power to choose, and they none to for-
sake.

Hel. To each of you one fair and virtuous mis-
tress

Fall, when love please; marry, to each but one.

Laf. I'd give bay curtal, and his furniture,
My mouth no more were broken than these boys',
And writ as little beard.

King. Peruse them well:
Not one of those but had a noble father.

Hel. Gentlemen,
Heaven hath, through me, restor'd the king to
health.

All. We understand it, and thank heaven for
you.

Hel. I am'a simple maid; and therein wealthiest,
That, I protest, I simply am a maid:—
Please it your majesty, I have done already:
The blushes in my cheeks thus whisper me,—
"We blush, that thou should'st choose; but, be
refus'd,

Let the white death²⁴ sit on thy cheek for ever;
We'll ne'er come there again."

King. Make choice; and, see,
Who shuns thy love shuns all his love in me.

Hel. Now, Dian, from thy altar do I fly;
And to imperial Love, that god most high,
Do my sighs stream.—Sir, will you hear my
suit?

1 Lord. And grant it.

Hel. Thanks, sir; all the rest is mute.

Laf. I had rather be in this choice than throw
ames-ace²⁵ for my life.

Hel. The honour, sir, that flames in your fair
eyes,

Before I speak, too threat'ningly replies:
Love make your fortunes twenty times above
Her that so wishes, and her humble love!

2 Lord. No better, if you please.

Hel. My wish receive,
Which great Love grant! and so I take my leave.

Laf. Do all they deny her? An they were sons
of mine, I'd have them whipp'd; or I would send
them to th' Turk, to make eunuchs of.

Hel. Be not afraid [*to 3 Lord*] that I your hand
should take;

I'll never do you wrong for your own sake:
Blessing upon your vows! and in your bed
Find fairer fortune, if you ever wed!

Laf. These boys are boys of ice! they'll none
have her: sure they are bastards to the English;
the French ne'er got 'em.

Hel. You are too young, too happy, and too
good,
To make yourself a son out of my blood.

4 Lord. Fair one, I think not so.

Laf. There's one grape yet,—I am sure thy
father drank wine.—But if thou be'st not an ass,
I am a youth of fourteen; I have known thee
already.

Hel. I dare not say I take you [*to BERTRAM*]
but I give

Me and my service, ever whilst I live,
Into your guiding power.—This is the man.

King. Why, then, young Bertram take her;
she's thy wife.

Ber. My wife, my liege? I shall beseech your
highness,

In such a business give me leave to use
The help of mine own eyes.

King. Know'st thou not, Bertram, what she
has done for me?

Ber. Yes, my good lord, but never hope to
know why

I should marry her.

King. Thou know'st she has rais'd me from my
sickly bed.

Ber. But follows it, my lord, to bring me down
Must answer for your raising? I know her
well;

She had her breeding at my father's charge:
A poor physician's daughter my wife!—Disdain
Rather corrupt me ever!

King. 'T is only title thou disdain'st in her, the
which

I can build up. Strange is it, that our bloods,
Of colour, weight, and heat, pour'd all together,
Would quite confound distinction, yet stand off
In differences so mighty. If she be
All that is virtuous (save what thou dislik'st,
A poor physician's daughter), thou dislik'st
Of virtue for the name: but do not so:
From lowest place when virtuous things proceed,
The place is dignified by th' doer's deed:
Where great additions swell, and virtue none,
It is a dropsied honour: good alone
Is good without a name; vileness is so:
The property by what it is should go,
Not by the title. She is young, wise, fair;
In these to nature she's immediate heir,
And these breed honour: that is honour's scorn
Which challenges itself as honour's born,
And is not like the sire: Honours thrive,
When rather from our acts we them derive
Than our fore-goers: the mere word's a slave,
Debosh'd on every tomb, on every grave
A lying trophy; and as oft is dumb,
Where dust, and damn'd oblivion, is the tomb
Of honour'd bones indeed. What should be said?
If thou canst like this creature as a maid,
I can create the rest: virtue, and she,
Is her own dower; honour and wealth from me.

Ber. I cannot love her, nor will strive to do 't.

King. Thou wrong'st thyself, if thou shouldst
strive to choose.

Hel. That you are well restor'd, my lord, I'm
glad;

Let the rest go.

King. My honour's at the stake; which to
defend,

I must produce my power. Here, take her hand,
Proud scornful boy, unworthy this good gift,
That dost in vile misprision shackle up
My love, and her desert; that canst not dream,
We, poisoning us in her defective scale,
Shall weigh thee to the beam; that wilt not know
It is in us to plant thine honour, where
We please to have it grow. Check thy contempt:
Obey our will, which travails in thy good:
Believe not thy disdain, but presently
Do thine own fortunes that obedient right
Which both thy duty owes and our power claims;
Or I will throw thee from my care for ever,
Into the staggers, and the careless lapse
Of youth and ignorance; both my revenge and hate

Loosing upon thee, in the name of justice,
Without all terms of pity. Speak! thine answer

Ber. Pardon, my gracious lord; for I submit
My fancy to your eyes. When I consider
What great creation, and what dole of honour,
Fly where you bid it, I find that she, which late
Was in my nobler thoughts most base, is now
The praised of the king; who, so ennobled,
Is, as 't were, born so.

King. Take her by the hand,
And tell her she is thine: to whom I promise
A counterpoise; if not to thy estate,
A balance more replete.

Ber. I take her hand.

King. Good fortune, and the favour of the king,
Smile upon this contract; whose ceremony
Shall seem expedient on the new-born brief;⁹⁵
And be perform'd to-night: the solemn feast
Shall more attend upon the coming space,
Expecting absent friends. As thou lov'st her,
Thy love's to me religious; else, does err.

[*Exeunt KING, BER., HEL., Lords, and Attendants.*]

Laf. Do you hear, monsieur? a word with you.

Par. Your pleasure, sir?

Laf. Your lord and master did well to make
his recantation.

Par. Recantation?—My lord? my master?

Laf. Ay: Is it not a language I speak?

Par. A most harsh one, and not to be under-
stood without bloody succeeding. My master?

Laf. Are you companion to the count Rousillon?

Par. To any count; to all counts; to what is
man.

Laf. To what is count's man; count's master is
of another style.

Par. You are too old, sir: let it satisfy you, you
are too old.

Laf. I must tell thee, sirrah, I write man; to
which title age cannot bring thee.

Par. What I dare too well do, I dare not do.

Laf. I did think thee, for two ordinaries, to be
a pretty wise fellow; thou didst make tolerable
vent of thy travel; it might pass: yet the scarfs
and the bannerets about thee did manifoldly dis-
suade me from believing thee a vessel of too great
a burthen. I have now found thee; when I lose
thee again I care not: yet art thou good for nothing
but taking up; and that thou 'rt scarce worth.

Par. Hadst thou not the privilege of antiquity
upon thee,—

Laf. Do not plunge thyself too far in anger, lest
thou hasten thy trial;—which if—Lord have mercy

on thee for a hen! So, my good window of lattice, fare thee well; thy casement I need not open, for I look through thee. Give me thy hand.

Par. My lord, you give me most egregious indignity.

Laf. Ay, with all my heart; and thou art worthy of it.

Par. I have not, my lord, deserv'd it.

Laf. Yes, good faith, ev'ry drachm of it: and I will not bate thee a scruple.

Par. Well, I shall be wiser.

Laf. Ev'n as soon as thou canst, for thou hast to pull at a smack a' the contrary. If ever thou be'st bound in thy scarf, and beaten, thou shalt find what it is to be proud of thy bondage. I have a desire to hold my acquaintance with thee, or rather my knowledge, that I may say, in the default, he is a man I know.

Par. My lord, you do me most insupportable vexation.

Laf. I would it were hell-pains for thy sake, and my poor doing eternal: for doing I am past, as I will by thee, in what motion age will give me leave. *[Exit.]*

Par. Well, thou hast a son shall take this disgrace off me, scurvy, old, filthy, scurvy lord!—Well, I must be patient; there is no fettering of authority. I'll beat him, by my life, if I can meet him with any convenience, an he were double and double a lord. I'll have no more pity of his age, than I would have of—I'll beat him, an if I could but meet him again.

Re-enter LAFEU.

Laf. Sirrah, your lord and master's married; there's news for you; you have a new mistress.

Par. I most unfeignedly beseech your lordship to make some reservation of your wrongs. He is my good lord: whom I serve above is my master.

Laf. Who? God?

Par. Ay, sir.

Laf. The devil it is that's thy master. Why dost thou garter up thy arms a' this fashion? dost make hose of thy sleeves? do other servants so? Thou wert best set thy lower part where thy nose stands. By mine honour, if I were but two hours younger, I'd beat thee: methinks, thou art a general offence, and every man should beat thee. I think thou wast created for men to breathe themselves upon thee.

Par. This is hard and undeserved measure, my lord.

Laf. Go to, sir; you were beaten in Italy for picking a kernel out of a pomegranate; you are a vagabond, and no true traveller: you are more saucy with lords and honourable personages, than the condition of your birth and virtue gives you heraldry. You are not worth another word, else I'd call you knave. I leave you. *[Exit]*

Enter BERTRAM.

Par. Good, very good; it is so then.—Good, very good; let it be conceal'd a while.

Ber. Undone, and forfeited to cares for ever!

Par. What's the matter, sweet heart?

Ber. Although before the solemn priest I have sworn, I will not bed her.

Par. What? what, sweet heart?

Ber. O my Parolles, they have married me:—I'll to the Tuscan wars, and never bed her.

Par. France is a dog-hole, and it no more merits

The tread of a man's foot: to th' wars!

Ber. There's letters from my mother; what th' import is, I know not yet.

Par. Ay, that would be known. To th' wars, my boy, to th' wars!

He wears his honour in a box unseen

That hugs his kicky-wicky²⁷ here at home;

Spending his manly marrow in her arms,

Which should sustain the bound and high curvet

Of Mars's fiery steed. To other regions!

France is a stable; we, that dwell in 't, jaded;

Therefore, to th' war!

Ber. It shall be so; I'll send her to my house;

Acquaint my mother with my hate to her,

And wherefore I am fled; write to the king

That which I durst not speak. His present gift

Shall furnish me to those Italian fields,

Where noble fellows strike. War is no strife

To the dark house, and the detested wife.²⁸

Par. Will this capriccio²⁹ hold in thee, art sure?

Ber. Go with me to my chamber, and advise me.

I'll send her straight away. To-morrow

I'll to the wars, she to her single sorrow.

Par. Why, these balls bound there's noise in it. 'T is hard:

A young man married is a man that's marr'd:

Therefore away, and leave her bravely; go:

The king has done you wrong: but, hush! 't is so.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—*The same. Another Room in the Palace.*

Enter HELENA and Clown.

Hel. My mother greets me kindly: Is she well?

Clo. She is not well; but yet she has her health: she's very merry; but yet she is not well: but thanks be given, she's very well, and wants nothing i' the world; but yet she is not well.

Hel. If she be very well, what does she ail that she's not very well?

Clo. Truly, she's very well, indeed, but for two things.

Hel. What two things?

Clo. One, that she's not in heaven, whither God send her quickly! the other, that she's in earth, from whence God send her quickly!

Enter PAROLLES.

Par. Bless you, my fortunate lady!

Hel. I hope, sir, I have your good will to have mine own good fortunes.

Par. You had my prayers to lead them on: and to keep them on, have them still.—O, my knave, how does my old lady?

Clo. So that you had her wrinkles, and I her money, I would she did as you say.

Par. Why, I say nothing.

Clo. Marry, you are the wiser man; for many a man's tongue shakes out his master's undoing. To say nothing, to do nothing, to know nothing, and to have nothing, is to be a great part of your title; which is within a very little of nothing.

Par. Away, thou'rt a knave.

Clo. You should have said, sir, before a knave thou'rt a knave; that's, before me thou'rt a knave; this had been truth, sir.

Par. Go to, thou art a witty fool; I have found thee.

Clo. Did you find me in yourself, sir? or were you taught to find me? The search, sir, was profitable; and much fool may you find in you, even to the world's pleasure, and the increase of laughter.

Par. A good knave, i' faith, and well fed.—

Madam, my lord will go away to-night:

A very serious business calls on him.

The great prerogative and right of love,

Which, as your due, time claims, he does acknowledge;

But puts it off to a compell'd restraint;

Whose want, and whose delay, is strew'd with sweets,

Which they distil now in the curbed time,
To make the coming hour o'erflow with joy,
And pleasure drown the brim.

Hel. What's his will else?

Par. That you will take your instant leave a the king,

And make this haste as your own good proceeding;
Strengthen'd with what apology you think
May make it probable need.

Hel. What more commands he?

Par. That, having this obtain'd, you presently
Attend his further pleasure.

Hel. In everything I wait upon his will.

Par. I shall report it so.

Hel. I pray you.—Come, sirrah.

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE V.—*Another Room in the same.*

Enter LAFEU and BERTRAM.

Laf. But I hope your lordship thinks not him a soldier.

Ber. Yes, my lord, and of very valiant approof.

Laf. You have it from his own deliverance.

Ber. And by other warranted testimony.

Laf. Then my dial goes not true: I took this lark for a bunting.²⁰

Ber. I do assure you, my lord, he is very great in knowledge, and accordingly valiant.

Laf. I have then sinn'd against his experience, and transgressed against his valour; and my state that way is dangerous, since I cannot yet find in my heart to repent. Here he comes; I pray you, make us friends; I will pursue the amity.

Enter PAROLLES.

Par. These things shall be done, sir.

[*To BERTRAM.*]

Laf. Pray you, sir, who's his tailor?

Par. Sir?

Laf. O, I know him well. Ay, sir; he, sir, is a good workman, a very good tailor.

Ber. Is she gone to the king?

[*Aside to PAROLLES.*]

Par. She is.

Ber. Will she away to-night?

Par. As you'll have her.

Ber. I have writ my letters, casketed my treasure,

Given order for our horses; and to-night,

When I should take possession of the bride,
Ere I do begin.

Laf. A good traveller is something at the latter
end of a dinner; but one that lies three-thirds, and
uses a known truth to pass a thousand nothings
with, should be once heard, and thrice beaten.—
God save you, captain.

Ber. Is there any unkindness between my lord
and you, monsieur?

Par. I know not how I have deserved to run
into my lord's displeasure.

Laf. You have made shift to run into 't, boots
and spurs and all, like him that leaped into the
custard;³¹ and out of it you'll run again, rather
than suffer question for your residence.

Ber. It may be you have mistaken him, my
lord.

Laf. And shall do so ever, though I took him
at 's prayers. Fare you well, my lord; and
believe this of me, there can be no kernel in this
light nut; the soul of this man is his clothes:
trust him not in matter of heavy consequence; I
have kept of them tame, and know their natures.—
Farewell, monsieur: I have spoken better of you
than you have or will to deserve at my hand;³²
but we must do good against evil. [Exit.

Par. An idle lord, I swear.

Ber. I think so.

Par. Why, do you not know him?

Ber. Yes, I do know him well; and common
speech

Gives him a worthy pass. Here comes my clog.

Enter HELENA.

Hel. I have, sir, as I was commanded from you,
Spoke with the king, and have procur'd his leave
For present parting; only, he desires
Some private speech with you.

Ber. I shall obey his will.
You must not marvel, Helen, at my course,
Which holds not colour with the time, nor does
The ministration and required office
On my particular: prepar'd I was not

For such a business; therefore am I found
So much unsettled. This drives me to entreat you,
That presently you take your way for home;
And rather muse, than ask, why I entreat you;
For my respects are better than they seem;
And my appointments have in them a need
Greater than show* itself, at the first view,
To you that know them not. This to my mother:
[Giving a letter

'T will be two days ere I shall see you; so
I leave you to your wisdom.

Hel. Sir, I can nothing say,
But that I am your most obedient servant.

Ber. Come, come, no more of that.

Hel. And ever shall
With true observance seek to eke out that,
Wherein toward me my homely stars have failed
To equal my great fortune.

Ber. Let that go:
My haste is very great. Farewell; hie home.

Hel. Pray, sir, your pardon.

Ber. Well, what would you say?

Hel. I am not worthy of the wealth I owe;
Nor dare I say 't is mine; and yet it is;
But, like a timorous thief, most fain would steal
What law does vouch mine own.

Ber. What would you have?

Hel. Something; and scarce so much:—noth-
ing, indeed.—

I would not tell you what I would: my lord—
'faith, yes;—

Strangers and foes do sunder, and not kiss.

Ber. I pray you, stay not, but in haste to horse.

Hel. I shall not break your bidding, good my
lord.

Where are my other men? Monsieur, farewell.

[Exit HELENA

Ber. Go thou toward home; where I will never
come,

Whilst I can shake my sword or hear the drum:—
Away, and for our flight!

Par. Bravely, coragio

[Exeunt

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Florence. *A Room in the Duke's Palace.*

Flourish. Enter the DUKE OF FLORENCE, two French Lords, and soldiers.

Duke. So that, from point to point, now have you heard

The fundamental reasons of this war;
Whose great decision hath much blood let forth,
And more thirsts after.

1 *Lord.* Holy seems the quarrel
Upon your grace's part; black and fearful
On the opposer.

Duke. Therefore we marvel much, our cousin
France
Would, in so just a business, shut his bosom
Against our borrowing prayers.

2 *Lord.* Good my lord,
The reasons of our state I cannot yield
But like a common and an outward man,
That the great figure of a council frames
By self-unable motion: therefore dare not
Say what I think of it; since I have found
Myself in my uncertain grounds to fail
As often as I guess'd.

Duke. Be it his pleasure.

2 *Lord.* But I am sure, the younger of our
nature,
That surfeit on their ease, will, day by day,
Come here for physic.

Duke. Welcome shall they be;
And all the honours that can fly from us
Shall on them settle. You know your places well;
When better fall, for your avails they fell:
To-morrow to the field.

[*Flourish.* *Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—Rousillon. *A Room in the Countess's Palace.*

Enter COUNTESS and Clown.

Count. It hath happen'd all as I would have
had it, save that he comes not along with her.

Clo. By my troth, I take my young lord to be
a very melancholy man.

Count. By what observance, I pray you?

Clo. Why, he will look upon his boot, and sing;
mend the ruff;³² and sing; ask questions, and sing;
pick his teeth, and sing: I knew a man that had
this trick of melancholy hold a goodly manor for
a song.

Count. Let me see what he writes, and when he
means to come. [*Opening a letter.*]

Clo. I have no mind to Isabel, since I was at
court; our old ling and our Isbels a' the country
are nothing like your old ling and your Isbels a' the
court: the brains of my Cupid's knock'd out; and
I begin to love, as an old man loves money, with
no stomach.

Count. What have we here?

Clo. E'en that you have there.

[*Exit.*]

Count. [*Reads.*]

"I have sent you a daughter-in-law; she hath recovered
the king, and undone me. I have wedded her, not bedded
her; and have sworn to make the *not* eternal. You shall
hear I am run away; know it before the report come. If
there be breadth enough in the world, I will hold a long
distance. My duty to you.

"Your unfortunate son,

"BERTRAM."

This is not well, rash and unbridled boy,
To fly the favours of so good a king:
To pluck his indignation on thy head,
By the misprizing of a maid too virtuous
For the contempt of empire.

Re-enter Clown.

Clo. O madam, yonder is heavy news within,
between two soldiers and my young lady.

Count. What is the matter?

Clo. Nay, there is some comfort in the news,
some comfort; your son will not be kill'd so soon
as I thought he would.

Count. Why should he be kill'd?

Clo. So say I, madam, if he run away, as I hear
he does: the danger is in standing to't; that's

the loss of men, though it be the getting of children. Here they come will tell you more: for my part, I only hear your son was run away.

[*Exit.*]

Enter HELENA and two Gentlemen.

1 *Gent.* Save you, good madam.

Hel. Madam, my lord is gone, for ever gone.

2 *Gent.* Do not say so.

Count. Think upon patience.—Pray you, gentlemen,—

I have felt so many quirks of joy and grief,
That the first face of neither, on the start,
Can woman me unto 't,—Where is my son, I pray you?

2 *Gent.* Madam, he's gone to serve the duke of Florence:

We met him thitherward; for thence we came,
And, after some despatch in hand at court,
Thither we bend again.

Hel. Look on his letter, madam; here's my passport. [*Reads.*]

"When thou canst get the ring upon my finger, which never shall come off, and show me a child begotten of thy body that I am father to, then call me husband; but in such a *then* I write a *never*."

This is a dreadful sentence.

Count. Brought you this letter, gentlemen?

1 *Gent.* Ay, madam;

And, for the contents' sake, are sorry for our pains.

Count. I prithee, lady, have a better cheer;
If thou engrosses all the griefs are thine,
Thou robb'st me of a moiety. He was my son;
But I do wash his name out of my blood,
And thou art all my child.—Towards Florence is he?

2 *Gent.* Ay, madam.

Count. And to be a soldier?

2 *Gent.* Such is his noble purpose: and, believe 't,

The duke will lay upon him all the honour
That good convenience claims.

Count. Return thou thither?

1 *Gent.* Ay, madam, with the swiftest wing of speed.

Hel. "Till I have no wife, I have nothing in France."

T is bitter.

Count. Find you that there?

Hel. Ay, madam.

1 *Gent.* 'T is but the boldness of his hand, haply,
which his heart was not consenting to.

Count. Nothing in France, until he have no wife!

There's nothing here that is too good for him,
But only she: and she deserves a lord
That twenty such rude boys might tend upon,
And call her hourly, mistress. Who was with him?

1 *Gent.* A servant only, and a gentleman
Which I have some time known.

Count. Parolles, was 't not?

1 *Gent.* Ay, my good lady, he.

Count. A very tainted fellow, and full of wickedness:

My son corrupts a well-derived nature
With his inducement.

1 *Gent.* Indeed, good lady,
The fellow has a deal of that, too much,
Which holds him much to have.

Count. Y' are welcome, gentlemen.
I will entreat you, when you see my son,
To tell him that his sword can never win
The honour that he loses: more I'll entreat you,
Written, to bear along.

2 *Gent.* We serve you, madam,
In that and all your worthiest affairs.

Count. Not so, but as we change our courtesies
Will you draw near?

[*Exeunt COUNT. and Gentlemen.*]

Hel. "Till I have no wife, I have nothing in France."

Nothing in France, till he has no wife!
Thou shalt have none, Rousillon, none in France;
Then hast thou all again. Poor lord! is 't I
That chase thee from thy country, and expose
Those tender limbs of thine to the event
Of the none-sparing war? and is it I
That drive thee from the sportive court, where
thou

Wast shot at with fair eyes, to be the mark
Of smoky muskets? O, you leaden messengers,
That ride upon the violent speed of fire,
Fly with false aim; move the still-petring^a air,
That sings with piercing; do not touch my lord
Whoever shoots at him, I set him there:
Whoever charges on his forward breast,
I am the catiff that do hold him to it;
And, though I kill him not, I am the cause
His death was so effected: better 't were,
I met the ravin lion when he roar'd
With sharp constraint of hunger; better 't were
That all the miseries which nature owes
Were mine at once. No, come thou home, Rou-
sillon,

Whence honour but of danger wins a scar,
As oft it loses all; I will be gone:
My being here it is that holds thee hence:
Shall I stay here to do't? no, no, although
The air of paradise did fan the house,
And angels offic'd all: I will be gone,—
That p'tiful rumour may report my flight,
To console thine ear. Come, night; end, day!
For, with the dark, poor thief, I'll steal away.

[Exit.

SCENE III.—Florence. *Before the Duke's Palace.*

Flourish. Enter the DUKE OF FLORENCE, BERTRAM, Lords, Officers, Soldiers, and others.

Duke. The general of our horse thou art;
and we,
Great in our hope, lay our best love and credence
Upon thy promising fortune.

Ber. Sir, it is
A charge too heavy for my strength: but yet
We'll strive to bear it for your worthy sake,
To th' extreme edge of hazard.

Duke. Then, go thou forth;
And fortune play upon thy prosperous helm,
As thy auspicious mistress!

Ber. This very day,
Great Mars, I put myself into thy file:
Make me but like my thoughts; and I shall prove
A lover of thy drum, hater of love. [Exeunt

SCENE IV.—Rousillon. *A Room in the Countess's Palace.*

Enter COUNTESS and Steward.

Count. Alas! and would you take the letter of
her?

Might you not know she would do as she has done,
By sending me a letter? Read it again.

Stew.

I am St. Jacques' pilgrim, thither gone:
Ambitious love hath so in me offended,
That barefoot plod I the cold ground upon,
With sainted vow my faults to have amended.
Write, write, that, from the bloody course of war
My dearest master, your dear son, may hie;
Bless him at home in peace, whilst I from far
His name with zealous fervour sanctify:
His taken labours bid him me forgive;
I, his despitful Juno, send him forth
From courtly friends, with camping foes to live,
Where death and danger dog the heels of worth:
He is too good and fair for Death and me;
Whom I myself embrace, to set him free.

Count. Ah, what sharp stings are in her mildest
words!—

Rinaldo, you did never lack advice so much
As letting her pass so; had I spoke with her,
I could have well diverted her intents,
Which thus she hath prevented.

Stew. Pardon me, madam:

If I had given you this at over-night,
She might have been o'erta'en; and yet she
writes,

Pursuit would be but vain.

Count. What angel shall

Bless this unworthy husband? he cannot thrive,
Unless her prayers, whom heaven delights to hear,
And loves to grant, reprieve him from the wrath
Of greatest justice.—Write, write, Rinaldo,
To this unworthy husband of his wife:

Let every word weigh heavy of her worth,
That he does weigh too light: my greatest grief,
Though little he do feel it, set down sharply.

Despatch the most convenient messenger:—

When, haply, he shall hear that she is gone,
He will return; and hope I may that she,
Hearing so much, will speed her foot again,
Led hither by pure love. Which of them both
Is dearest to me, I have no skill in sense

To make distinction:—Provide this messenger:—
My heart is heavy, and mine age is weak;
Grief would have tears, and sorrow bids me speak

[Exeunt.

SCENE V.—*Without the Walls of Florence.*

A tucket afar off. Enter an old Widow of Florence, DIANA, VIOLENTA, MARIANA, and other Citizens.

Wid. Nay, come; for if they do approach the
city, we shall lose all the sight.

Dia. They say the French count has done most
honourable service.

Wid. It is reported that he has taken their
great'st commander, and that, with his own hand,
he slew the duke's brother. We have lost our
labour: they are gone a contrary way: hark!
you may know by their trumpets.

Mar. Come, let's return again, and suffice our-
selves with the report of it. Well, Diana, take
heed of this French earl: the honour of a maid is
her name, and no legacy is so rich as honesty.

Wid. I have told my neighbour how you have
been solicited by a gentleman his companion.

Mar. I know that knave; hang him! one

Parolles: a filthy officer he is in those suggestions for the young earl.—Beware of them, Diana; their promises, enticements, oaths, tokens, and all these engines of lust, are not the things they go under: many a maid hath been seduced by them; and the misery is, example, that so terrible shows in the wreck of maidenhood, cannot for all that dissuade succession, but that they are limed with the twigs that threaten them. I hope I need not to advise you further; but I hope your own grace will keep you where you are, though there were no further danger known, but the modesty which is so lost.

Dia. You shall not need to fear me.

Enter HELENA, in the dress of a pilgrim.

Wid. I hope so.—Look, here comes a pilgrim: I know she will lie at my house: thither they send one another: I'll question her.—

God save you, pilgrim! whither are you bound?

Hel. To Saint Jaques le Grand.

Where do the palmers lodge, I do beseech you?

Wid. At the Saint Francis here, beside the port.

Hel. Is this the way?

Wid. Ay marry is 't.—Hark you, they come this way:— [*A march afar off.*]
If you will tarry, holy pilgrim, but till the troops come by,

I will conduct you where you shall be lodged;

The rather, for I think I know your hostess

As ample as myself.

Hel. Is it yourself?

Wid. If you shall please so, pilgrim.

Hel. I thank you, and will stay upon your leisure.

Wid. You came, I think, from France.

Hel. I did so.

Wid. Here you shall see a countryman of yours, That has done worthy service.

Hel. His name, I pray you.

Dia. The count Rousillon: know you such a one?

Hel. But by the ear that hears most nobly of him:

His face I know not.

Dia. Whatsoe'er he is, He's bravely taken here. He stole from France, As 't is reported, for the king had married him Against his liking: Think you it is so?

Hel. Ay, surely, mere the truth; I know his lady.

Dia. There is a gentleman that serves the count Reports but coarsely of her.

Hel. What's his name?

Dia. Monsieur Parolles.

Hel. O, I believe with him,

In argument of praise, or to the worth Of the great count himself, she is too mean To have her name repeated; all her deserving Is a reserved honesty, and that I have not heard examined.

Dia. Alas, poor lady!

'T is a hard bondage, to become the wife Of a detesting lord.

Wid. Ay, right; good creature, wheresoe'er she is,

Her heart weighs sadly: this young maid might do her

A shrewd turn, if she pleased.

Hel. How do you mean?

May be, the amorous count solicits her In the unlawful purpose.

Wid. He does, indeed;

And brokes with all that can in such a suit

Corrupt the tender honour of a maid:

But she is arm'd for him, and keeps her guard In honestest defence.

Enter, with drum and colours, a party of the Florentine army, BERTRAM, and PAROLLES.

Mar. The gods forbid else!

Wid. So, now they come:—

That is Antonio, the duke's eldest son;

That, Escalus.

Hel. Which is the Frenchman?

Dia. He;

That with the plume: 't is a most gallant fellow;

I would he lov'd his wife: if he were honest, He were much goodlier:—Is 't not a handsome gentleman?

Hel. I like him well.

Dia. 'T is pity he is not honest: Yond's that same knave,

That leads him to these places; were I his lady,

I would poison that vile rascal.

Hel. Which is he?

Dia. That jack-an-apes with scarfs: Why is he melancholy?

Hel. Perchance he's hurt i' the battle.

Par. Lose our drum! well.

Mar. He's shrewdly vex'd at something. Look he has spied us.

Wid. Marry, hang you!

Mar. And your courtesy, for a ring-carrier!

[*Exeunt BER., PAR., Officers, and Soldiers.*]

Wid. The troop is pass'd: Come, pilgrim, I will bring you

Where you shall host: of enjoind penitents
There's four or five, to great saint Jaques bound,
Already at my house.

Hel. I humbly thank you:

Please it this matron, and this gentle maid,
To eat with us to-night, the charge and thanking
Shall be for me; and, to requite you further,
I will bestow some precepts of this virgin,³⁵
Worthy the note.

Both. We'll take your offer kindly.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—*Camp before Florence.*

Enter BERTRAM and the two French Lords.

1 Lord. Nay, good my lord, put him to 't; let him have his way.

2 Lord. If your lordship find him not a hilding, hold me no more in your respect.

1 Lord. On my life, my lord, a bubble!

Ber. Do you think I am so far deceived in him?

1 Lord. Believe it, my lord, in mine own direct knowledge, without any malice, but to speak of him as my kinsman, he's a most notable coward, an infinite and endless liar, an hourly promise-breaker, the owner of no one good quality worthy your lordship's entertainment.

2 Lord. It were fit you knew him: lest, reposing too far in his virtue, which he hath not, he might, at some great and trusty business, in a main danger, fail you.

Ber. I would I knew in what particular action to try him.

2 Lord. None better than to let him fetch off his drum, which you hear him so confidently undertake to do.

1 Lord. I, with a troop of Florentines, will suddenly surprise him; such I will have whom I am sure he knows not from the enemy: we will bind and hoodwink him, so that he shall suppose no other but that he is carried into the leaguer of the adversaries, when we bring him to our own tents. Be but your lordship present at his examination: if he do not, for the promise of his life, and in the highest compulsion of base fear, offer to betray you, and deliver all the intelligence in his power against you, and that with the divine

forfeit of his soul upon oath, never trust my judgment in anything.

2 Lord. O, for the love of laughter, let him fetch his drum; he says, he has a stratagem for 't when your lordship sees the bottom of his success in 't, and to what metal this counterfeit lump of ore will be melted, if you give him not John Drum's entertainment, your inclining cannot be removed. Here he comes.

Enter PAROLLES.

1 Lord. O, for the love of laughter, hinder not the humour of his design: let him fetch off his drum in any hand.

Ber. How now, monsieur? this drum sticks sorely in your disposition.

2 Lord. A pox on 't, let it go; 't is but a drum.

Par. But a drum! Is 't but a drum? A drum so lost!—There was excellent command! to charge in with our horse upon our own wings, and to rend our own soldiers!

2 Lord. That was not to be blamed in the command of the service; it was a disaster of war that Cæsar himself could not have prevented, if he had been there to command.

Ber. Well, we cannot greatly condemn our success: some dishonour we had in the loss of that drum; but it is not to be recovered.

Par. It might have been recovered.

Ber. It might, but it is not now.

Par. It is to be recovered: but that the merit of service is seldom attributed to the true and exact performer, I would have that drum or another, or *hic jacet*.

Ber. Why, if you have a stomach to 't, monsieur, if you think your mystery in stratagem can bring this instrument of honour again into his native quarter, be magnanimous in the enterprise, and go on; I will grace the attempt for a worthy exploit: if you speed well in it, the duke shall both speak of it, and extend to you what further becomes his greatness, even to the utmost syllable of your worthiness.

Par. By the hand of a soldier, I will undertake it.

Ber. But you must not now slumber in it.

Par. I'll about it this evening: and I will presently pen down my dilemmas, encourage myself in my certainty, put myself into my mortal preparation, and, by midnight, look to hear further from me.

Ber. May I be bold to acquaint his grace you are gone about it?

Par. I know not what the success will be, my lord; but the attempt I vow.

Ber. I know thou'rt valiant;
And to the possibility of thy soldiership
Will subscribe for thee. Farewell.

Par. I love not many words. *[Exit.]*

1 Lord. No more than a fish loves water.—Is not this a strange fellow, my lord, that so confidently seems to undertake this business, which he knows is not to be done; damns himself to do, and dares better be damned than to do't?

2 Lord. You do not know him, my lord, as we do: certain it is, that he will steal himself into a man's favour, and, for a week, escape a great deal of discoveries; but when you find him out, you have him ever after.

Ber. Why, do you think he will make no deed at all of this, that so seriously he does address himself unto?

1 Lord. None in the world; but return with an invention, and clap upon you two or three probable lies: but we have almost emboss'd him; you shall see his fall to-night: for, indeed, he is not for your lordship's respect.

2 Lord. We'll make you some sport with the fox, ere we case him. He was first smok'd by the old lord Lafew: when his disguise and he is parted, tell me what a sprat you shall find him; which you shall see this very night.

1 Lord. I must go look my twigs; he shall be caught.

Ber. Your brother, he shall go along with me.

1 Lord. As't please your lordship: I'll leave you. *[Exit.]*

Ber. Now will I lead you to the house, and show you
The lass I spoke of.

2 Lord. But you say she's honest.

Ber. That's all the fault: I spoke with her but once,
And found her wondrous cold; but I sent to her,

By this same coxcomb that we have i' the wind,
Tokens and letters which she did re-send;
And this is all I have done. She's a fair creature;

Will you go see her?

2 Lord. With all my heart, my lord.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE VII.—Florence. *A Room in the Widow's House.*

Enter HELENA and Widow.

Hel. If you misdoubt me that I am not she,
I know not how I shall assure you further,
But I shall lose the grounds I work upon.

Wid. Though my estate be fall'n, I was well born,

Nothing acquainted with these businesses,
And would not put my reputation now
In any staining act.

Hel. Nor would I wish you.

First, give me trust, the count he is my husband
And, what to your sworn counsel I have spoken
Is so, from word to word; and then you cannot,
By the good aid that I of you shall borrow,
Err in bestowing it.

Wid. I should believe you;
For you have show'd me that which well ap-
proves

Y' are great in fortune.

Hel. Take this purse of gold,
And let me buy your friendly help thus far,
Which I will over-pay, and pay again,
When I have found it. The count he woos yet
daughter,

Lays down his wanton siege before her beauty,
Resolves to carry her; let her, in fine, consent,
As we'll direct her how't is best to bear it;
Now his important blood will nought deny
That she'll demand. A ring the county wears,
That downward hath succeeded in his house,
From son to son, some four or five descents
Since the first father wore it: this ring he holds
In most rich choice; yet, in his idle fire,
To buy his will, it would not seem too dear,
Howe'er repented after.

Wid. Now I see the bottom of your purpose.

Hel. You see it lawful then: It is no more,
But that your daughter, ere she seems as won,
Desires this ring; appoints him an encounter;
In fine, delivers me to fill the time,
Herself most chastely absent; after this,
To marry her, I'll add three thousand crowns
To what is past already.

Wid. I have yielded:
Instruct my daughter how she shall persevere,
That time and place, with this deceit so lawful,
May prove coherent. Every night he comes
With musics of all sorts, and songs compos'd
To her unworthiness. It nothing steads us

To chide him from our eaves; for he persists,
As if his life lay on 't.

Hel. Why, then, to-night
Let us assay our plot; which, if it speed,

Is wicked meaning in a lawful deed,
And lawful meaning in a lawful act;
Where both not sin, and yet a sinful fact:
But let 's about it. [*Exeunt*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Without the Florentine Camp.*

Enter first Lord, with five or six Soldiers in ambush.

1 Lord. He can come no other way but by this hedge-corner. When you sally upon him, speak what terrible language you will; though you understand it not yourselves, no matter; for we must not seem to understand him, unless some one among us, whom we must produce for an interpreter.

1 Sold. Good captain, let me be the interpreter.

1 Lord. Art not acquainted with him? knows he not thy voice?

1 Sold. No, sir, I warrant you.

1 Lord. But what linsy-woolsy hast thou to speak to us again?

1 Sold. E'en such as you speak to me.

1 Lord. He must think us some band of strangers i' the adversary's entertainment. Now he hath a smack of all neighbouring languages; therefore we must every one be a man of his own fancy, not to know what we speak one to another; so we seem to know is to know straight our purpose: chough's language, gabble enough, and good enough. As for you, interpreter, you must seem very politic. But couch, bo! here he comes; to beguile two hours in a sleep, and then to return and swear the lies he forges.

Enter PAROLLES.

Par. Ten a'clock: within three hours 't will be time enough to go home. What shall I say I have done? It must be a very plausible invention that carries it. They begin to smoke me: and disgraces have of late knock'd too often at my door. I find my tongue is too fool-hardy; but my heart hath the fear of Mars before it, and of his creatures, not daring the reports of my tongue.

1 Lord. This is the first truth that e'er thine own tongue was guilty of. [*Aside.*

Par. What the devil should move me to undertake the recovery of this drum; being not ignorant of the impossibility, and knowing I had no such purpose? I must give myself some hurts, and say I got them in exploit. Yet slight ones will not carry it: They will say, Came you off with so little? and great ones I dare not give. Wherefore? what's the instance? Tongue, I must put you into a butter-woman's mouth, and buy myself another of Bajazet's mule,³⁶ if you prattle me into these perils.

1 Lord. Is it possible he should know what he is, and be that he is? [*Aside.*

Par. I would the cutting of my garments would serve the turn, or the breaking of my Spanish sword.

1 Lord. We cannot afford you so. [*Aside.*

Par. Or the baring of my beard; and to say it was in stratagem

1 Lord. 'T would not do. [*Aside.*

Par. Or to drown my clothes, and say I was stripp'd.

1 Lord. Hardly serve. [*Aside.*

Par. Though I swore I leap'd from the window of the citadel—

1 Lord. How deep? [*Aside.*

Par. Thirty fathom.

1 Lord. Three great oaths would scarce make that be believed. [*Aside.*

Par. I would I had any drum of the enemy's; I would swear I recover'd it.

1 Lord. You shall hear one anon. [*Aside.*

Par. A drum now of the enemy's!

[*Alarum within.*

1 Lord. *Throca movousus, cargo, cargo, cargo.*

All. *Cargo, cargo, cargo, villianda par corbo, cargo.*

Par. O! ransom, ransom: do not hide mine eyes.

[*They seize him and blindfold him.*

1 Sold. *Boskos thromuldo boskos.*

Par. I know you are the Muskos' regiment,
And I shall lose my life for want of language :
If there be here German, or Dane, low Dutch,
Italian, or French, let him speak to me ;
I will discover that which shall undo
The Florentine.

1 *Sold.* *Boskos vauvado :—*
I understand thee, and can speak thy tongue :—
Kerelybonto :—Sir,
Betake thee to thy faith, for seventeen poniards
Are at thy bosom.

Par. Oh !

1 *Sold.* O, pray, pray, pray,—
Manka revania dulce.

1 *Lord.* *Oscorbi dulchos volivorco.*

1 *Sold.* The general is content to spare thee yet ;
And, hoodwink'd as thou art, will lead thee on
To gather from thee : haply thou mayst inform
Something to save thy life.

Par. O, let me live,
And all the secrets of our camp I'll show,
Their force, their purposes : nay, I'll speak that
Which you will wonder at.

1 *Sold.* But wilt thou faithfully ?

Par. If I do not, damn me.

1 *Sold.* *Acordo linta.—*
Come on, thou art granted space.

[*Exit, with PAROLLES guarded.*]

1 *Lord.* Go, tell the count Rousillon, and my
brother,
We have caught the woodcock, and will keep him
muffled
Till we do hear from them.

2 *Sold.* Captain, I will.

1 *Lord.* He will betray us all unto ourselves ;—
Inform on that.

2 *Sold.* So I will, sir.

1 *Lord.* Till then, I'll keep him dark, and
safely lock'd. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—Florence. *A Room in the Widow's
House.*

Enter BERTRAM and DIANA.

Ber. They told me that your name was Fontibell.

Dia. No, my good lord, Diana.

Ber. Titled goddess ;
And worth it, with addition !—But, fair soul,
In your fine frame hath love no quality ?
If the quick fire of youth light not your mind,
You are no maiden, but a monument :
When you are dead, you should be such a one

As you are now, for you are cold and stern ;
And now you should be as your mother was,
When your sweet self was got.

Dia. She then was honest.

Ber. So should you be.

Dia. No :

My mother did but duty,—such, my lord,
As you owe to your wife.

Ber. No more a' that !

I prithee do not strive against my vows :
I was compell'd to her ; but I love thee
By love's own sweet constraint, and will forever
Do thee all rights of service.

Dia. Ay, so you serve us,
Till we serve you : but when you have our roses,
You barely leave our thorns to prick ourselves,
And mock us with our bareness.

Ber. How have I sworn !

Dia. 'T is not the many oaths that make the
truth ;

But the plain single vow, that is vow'd true.
What is not holy, that we swear not by,
But take the Highest to witness : Then, pray
you, tell me,

If I should swear by Jove's great attributes
I lov'd you dearly, would you believe my oaths,
When I did love you ill ? This has no holding,
To swear by him whom I protest to love,
That I will work against him. Therefore, your
oaths

Are words, and poor conditions, but unseal'd,—
At least, in my opinion.

Ber. Change it, change it ;
Be not so holy-cruel : love is holy,
And my integrity ne'er knew the crafts
That you do charge men with. Stand no more off,
But give thyself unto my sick desires,
Who then recover : say, thou art mine, and ever
My love, as it begins, shall so persevere.

Dia. I see that men make ropes in such a
scarre,⁷

That we'll forsake ourselves. Give me that ring.

Ber. I'll lend it thee, my dear, but have
no power

To give it from me.

Dia. Will you not, my lord ?

Ber. It is an honour 'longing to our house,
Bequeathed down from many ancestors ;
Which were the greatest obloquy i' the world
In me to lose.

Dia. Mine honour's such a ring *
My chastity's the jewel of our house,

Bequeathed down from many ancestors;
Which were the greatest obloquy i' the world
In me to lose. Thus your own proper wisdom
Brings in the champion Honour on my part,
Against your vain assault.

Ber. Here, take my ring:
My house, mine honour, yea, my life, be thine,
And I'll be bid by thee.

Dia. When midnight comes, knock at my
chamber window.

I'll order take my mother shall not hear.
Now will I charge you in the band of truth,
When you have conquer'd my yet maiden bed,
Remain there but an hour, nor speak to me:
My reasons are most strong; and you shall know
them,

When back again this ring shall be deliver'd:
And on your finger, in the night, I'll put
Another ring; that what in time proceeds
May token to the future our past deeds.
Adieu, till then; then, fail not: You have won
A wife of me, though there my hope be done.

Ber. A heaven on earth I have won, by wooing
thee. *[Exit.]*

Dia. For which live long to thank both Heaven
and me!

You may so in the end.—

My mother told me just how he would woo,
As if she sat in 's heart; she says, all men
Have the like oaths: he had sworn to marry me,
When his wife's dead; therefore I'll lie with
him

When I am buried. Since Frenchmen are so
braid,³⁸

Marry that will, I live and die a maid:
Only, in this disguise, I think 't no sin
To cozen him that would unjustly win. *[Exit.]*

SCENE III.—*The Florentine Camp.*

*Enter the two French Lords, and two or three
Soldiers.*

1 *Lord.* You have not given him his mother's
letter?

2 *Lord.* I have delivered it an hour since:
there is something in 't that stings his nature;
for, on the reading it, he changed almost into
another man.

1 *Lord.* He has much worthy blame laid upon
him, for shaking off so good a wife, and so sweet
a lady.

2 *Lord.* Especially he hath incurred the ever-

lasting displeasure of the king, who had even
tun'd his bounty to sing happiness to him. I
will tell you a thing, but you shall let it dwell
darkly with you.

1 *Lord.* When you have spoken it, 't is dead,
and I am the grave of it.

2 *Lord.* He hath perverted a young gentle-
woman here in Florence, of a most chaste renown;
and this night he fleshes his will in the spoil of
her honour: he hath given her his monumental
ring, and thinks himself made in the unchaste
composition.

1 *Lord.* Now, God delay our rebellion! as we
are ourselves what things are we!

2 *Lord.* Merely our own traitors. And as in
the common course of all treasons, we still see
them reveal themselves, till they attain to their
abhor'd ends; so he, that in this action contrives
against his own nobility, in his proper stream
o'erflows himself.

1 *Lord.* Is it not meant damnable³⁹ in us to be
trumpeters of our unlawful intents? We shall
not then have his company to-night?

2 *Lord.* Not till after midnight; for he is
dieted to his hour.

1 *Lord.* That approaches apace: I would gladly
have him see his company anatomiz'd, that he
might take a measure of his own judgments where-
in so curiously he had set this counterfeit.

2 *Lord.* We will not meddle with him till he
come; for his presence must be the whip of the
other.

1 *Lord.* In the mean time, what hear you of
these wars?

2 *Lord.* I hear there is an overture of peace.

1 *Lord.* Nay, I assure you a peace concluded.

2 *Lord.* What will count Rousillon do then?
will he travel higher, or return again into France?

1 *Lord.* I perceive, by this demand, you are
not altogether of his council.

2 *Lord.* Let it be forbid, sir! so should I be a
great deal of his act.

1 *Lord.* Sir, his wife, some two months since,
fled from his house: her pretence is a pilgrimage
to saint Jaques le Grand; which holy undertaking,
with most austere sanctimony, she accomplish'd:
and there residing, the tenderness of her nature
became as a prey to grief; in fine, made a
groan of her last breath, and now she sings in
heaven.

2 *Lord.* How is this justified?

1 *Lord.* The stronger part of it by her own let

ters; which makes her story true, even to the point of her death: her death itself, which could not be her office to say is come, was faithfully confirm'd by the rector of the place.

2 *Lord*. Hath the count all this intelligence?

1 *Lord*. Ay, and the particular confirmations, point from point, to the full arming of the verity.

2 *Lord*. I am heartily sorry that he'll be glad of this.

1 *Lord*. How mightily, sometimes, we make us comforts of our losses!

2 *Lord*. And how mightily, some other times, we drown our gain in tears! The great dignity that his valour hath here acquir'd for him, shall at home be encount'ed with a shame as ample.

1 *Lord*. The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together: our virtues would be proud, if our faults whipp'd them not; and our crimes would despair, if they were not cherish'd by our virtues.

Enter a Servant.

How now? where's your master?

Serv. He met the duke in the street, sir, of whom he hath taken a solemn leave; his lordship will next morning for France. The duke hath offered him letters of commendations to the king.

2 *Lord*. They shall be no more than needful there, if they were more than they can commend.

Enter BERTRAM.

1 *Lord*. They cannot be too sweet for the king's tartness. Here 's his lordship now. How now, my lord, is 't not after midnight?

Ber. I have to-night despatch'd sixteen businesses, a month's length a-piece, by an abstract of success: I have conge'd with the duke; done my adieu with his nearest; buried a wife; mourn'd for her; writ to my lady mother I am returning; entertained my convoy; and between these main parcels of despatch, effected many nicer needs; the last was the greatest, but that I have not ended yet.

2 *Lord*. If the business be of any difficulty, and this morning your departure hence, it requires haste of your lordship.

Ber. I mean the business is not ended, as fearing to hear of it hereafter: But shall we have this dialogue between the fool and the soldier?—Come, bring forth this counterfeit module, has deceiv'd me,* like a double-meaning prophet.

2 *Lord*. Bring him forth: [*Exeunt Soldiers.*]

h'as sat in the stocks all night, poor gallant knave.

Ber. No matter; his heels have deserv'd it, in usurping his spurs so long. How does he carry himself?

1 *Lord*. I have told your lordship already; the stocks carry him. But to answer you as you would be understood,—he weeps like a wench that had shed her milk: he hath confess'd himself to Morgan, whom he supposes to be a friar, from the time of his remembrance to this very instant disaster of his setting i' the stocks: And what think you he hath confess'd?

Ber. Nothing of me, has 'a?

2 *Lord*. His confession is taken, and it shall be read to his face: if your lordship be in 't, as I believe you are, you must have the patience to hear it

Re-enter Soldiers, with PAROLLES.

Ber. A plague upon him! muffled! he can say nothing of me; hush! hush!

1 *Lord*. Hoodman comes!" *Porto tartarossa.*

1 *Sold*. He calls for the tortures: What wilt you say without 'em?

Par. I will confess what I know without constraint; if ye pinch me like a pasty, I can say on more.

1 *Sold*. *Bosko chimurcho.*

2 *Lord*. *Bobbibindo chicurmurco.*

1 *Sold*. You are a merciful general:—Our general bids you answer to what I shall ask you out of a note.

Par. And truly, as I hope to live.

1 *Sold*. "First demand of him how many horse the duke is strong." What say you to that?

Par. Five or six thousand; but very weak, and unserviceable: the troops are all scattered, and the commanders very poor rogues, upon my reputation and credit, and as I hope to live.

1 *Sold*. Shall I set down your answer so?

Par. Do; I'll take the sacrament on 't, how and which way you will.

1 *Sold*. All's one to him.

Ber. What a past-saving slave is this!

1 *Lord*. Y' are deceiv'd, my lord; this is monsieur Parolles, the gallant militarist (that was his own phrase), that had the whole theoric of war in the knot of his scarf, and the practice in the chape of his dagger.

2 *Lord*. I will never trust a man again, for keeping his sword clean; nor believe he can have everything in him, by wearing his apparel neatly.

1 *Sold.* Well, that's set down.

Par. Five or six thousand horse, I said, I will say true,—or thereabouts, set down,—for I'll speak truth.

1 *Lord.* He's very near the truth in this.

Ber. But I can^d him no thanks for't, in the nature he delivers it.

Par. Poor rogues, I pray you, say.

1 *Sold.* Well, that's set down.

Par. I humbly thank you, sir; a truth's a truth; the rogues are marvellous poor.

1 *Sold.* "Demand of him, of what strength they are a-foot." What say you to that?

Par. By my troth, sir, if I were to live this present hour, I will tell true. Let me see: Spurio a hundred and fifty, Sebastian so many, Corambus so many, Jaques so many; Guiltan, Cosmo, Lodowic, and Gratii, two hundred fifty each: mine own company, Chitopher, Vaumond, Bentii, two hundred fifty each; so that the muster-file, rotten and sound, upon my life, amounts not to fifteen thousand poll; half of the which dare not shake the snow from off their cassocks,^d lest they shake themselves to pieces.

Ber. What shall be done to him?

1 *Lord.* Nothing, but let him have thanks. Demand of him my condition, and what credit I have with the duke.

1 *Sold.* Well, that's set down. "You shall demand of him, whether one captain Dumain be i' the camp, a Frenchman; what his reputation is with the duke, what his valour, honesty, and expertness in wars; or whether he thinks it were not possible, with well-weighting sums of gold, to corrupt him to a revolt." What say you to this? what do you know of it?

Par. I beseech you, let me answer to the particular of the intergatories. Demand them simply.

1 *Sold.* Do you know this captain Dumain?

Par. I know him: 'a was a butcher's 'prentice in Paris, from whence he was whipp'd for getting the shrieve's fool with child; a dumb innocent that could not say him nay.

[*The First Lord—DUM.—lifts up his hand in anger.*

Ber. Nay, by your leave, hold your hands; though I know his brains are forfeit to the next tile that falls.

1 *Sold.* Well, is this captain in the duke of Florence's camp?

Par. Upon my knowledge he is, and lousy.

1 *Lord.* Nay, look not so upon me; we shall bear of your lordship anon.

1 *Sold.* What is his reputation with the duke?

Par. The duke knows him for no other but a poor officer of mine; and writ to me this other day to turn him out a' the band: I think I have his letter in my pocket.

1 *Sold.* Marry, we'll search.

Par. In good sadness, I do not know; either it is there, or it is upon a file, with the duke's other letters, in my tent.

1 *Sold.* Here't is; here's a paper. Shall I read it to you?

Par. I do not know if it be it, or no.

Ber. Our interpreter does it well.

1 *Lord.* Excellently.

1 *Sold.*

"Dian. The count's a fool, and full of gold,"

Par. That is not the duke's letter, sir; that is an advertisement to a proper maid in Florence, one Diana, to take heed of the allurements of one count Rousillon, a foolish idle boy, but for all that, very ruttish. I pray you, sir, put it up again.

1 *Sold.* Nay, I'll read it first, by your favour.

Par. My meaning in't, I protest, was very honest in the behalf of the maid: for I knew the young count to be a dangerous and lascivious boy; who is a whale to virginity, and devours up all the fry it finds.

Ber. Damnable, both sides rogue!

1 *Sold.*

"When he swears oaths, bid him drop gold, and take it.

After he scores, he never pays the score:

Half won is match well made; match, and well make it

He ne'er pays after debts, take it before;

And say a soldier, Dian, told thee this,

Men are to mell with," boys are not to kiss:

For count of this, the count's a fool, I know it,

Who pays before, but not when he does owe it.

Thine, as he vow'd to thee in thine ear,

"PAROLLES."

Ber. He shall be whipp'd through the army, with this rhyme in 's forehead.

2 *Lord.* This is your devoted friend, sir, the manifold linguist, and the armipotent soldier.^d

Ber. I could endure anything before but a cat, and now he's a cat to me.

1 *Sold.* I perceive, sir, by our general's looks we shall be fain to hang you.

Par. My life, sir, in any case: not that I am afraid to die; but that, my offences being many I would repent out the remainder of nature: let me live, sir, in a dungeon, i' the stocks, or anywhere, so I may live.

1 *Sold.* We 'll see what may be done, so you confess freely; therefore, once more to this captain Dumain. You have answer'd to his reputation with the duke, and to his valour: what is his honesty?

Par. He will steal, sir, an egg out of a cloister; for rapes and ravishments, he parallels Nessus. He professes not keeping of oaths; in breaking 'em, he is stronger than Hercules. He will lie, sir, with such volubility, that you would think truth were a fool: drunkenness is his best virtue; for he will be swine-drunk, and in his sleep he does little harm, save to his bed-clothes about him; but they know his conditions, and lay him in straw. I have but little more to say, sir, of his honesty: he has everything that an honest man should not have; what an honest man should have, he has nothing.

1 *Lord.* I begin to love him for this.

Ber. For this description of thine honesty? A pox upon him for me! he's more and more a cat.

1 *Sold.* What say you to his expertness in war?

Par. Faith, sir, h'as led the drum before the English tragedians,—To belie him I will not,—and more of his soldiership I know not; except, in that country, he had the honour to be the officer at a place there called Mile-end, to instruct for the doubling of files: I would do the man what honour I can, but of this I am not certain.

1 *Lord.* He hath out-villain'd villainy so far, that the rarity redeems him.

Ber. A pox on him; he's a cat still.

1 *Sold.* His qualities being at this poor price, I need not to ask you if gold will corrupt him to revolt.

Par. Sir, for a carducue he will sell the fee-simple of his salvation, the inheritance of it; and cut th' entail from all remainders, and a perpetual succession for it perpetually.

1 *Sold.* What's his brother, the other captain Dumain?

2 *Lord.* Why does he ask him of me?

1 *Sold.* What's he?

Par. E'en a crow a' the same nest; not altogether so great as the first in goodness, but greater a great deal in evil. He excels his brother for a coward, yet his brother is reputed one of the best that is. In a retreat, he outruns any lackey; marry, in coming on he has the cramp.

1 *Sold.* If your life be saved, will you undertake to betray the Florentine?

Par. Ay, and the captain of his horse, count Rousillon.

1 *Sold.* I 'll whisper with the general, and know his pleasure.

Par. I 'll no more drumming; a plague of all drums: Only to seem to deserve well, and to beguile the supposition of that lascivious young boy the count, have I run into this danger: Yet who would have suspected an ambush where I was taken? [Aside.]

1 *Sold.* There is no remedy, sir, but you must die: the general says, you, that have so traitorously discover'd the secrets of your army, and made such pestiferous reports of men very nobly held, can serve the world for no honest use: therefore you must die. Come, headsman, off with his head.

Par. O Lord, sir, let me live, or let me see my death!

1 *Sold.* That shall you, and take your leave of all your friends. [Unmuffling him.]

So, look about you: Know you any here?

Ber. Good morrow, noble captain.

2 *Lord.* God bless you, captain Parolles.

1 *Lord.* God save you, noble captain.

2 *Lord.* Captain, what greeting will you to my lord Lafew? I am for France.

1 *Lord.* Good captain, will you give me a copy of the sonnet you writ to Diana in behalf of the count Rousillon? an I were not a very coward, I'd compel it of you; but fare you well.

[Exeunt BER., Lords, &c.]

1 *Sold.* You are undone, captain: all but your scarf, that has a knot on 't yet.

Par. Who cannot be crush'd with a plot?

1 *Sold.* If you could find out a country where but women were that had received so much shame, you might begin an impudent nation. Fare you well, sir; I am for France, too; we shall speak of you there. [Exit.]

Par. Yet am I thankful: if my heart were great,

'T would burst at this. Captain I 'll be no more; But I will eat and drink, and sleep as soft As captain shall; simply the thing I am

Shall make me live. Who knows himself a braggart,

Let him fear this; for it will come to pass, That every braggart shall be found an ass. Rust, sword! cool, blushes! and, Parolles live Safest in shame! being fool'd, by fool'ry thrive! There's place and means for every man alive. I 'll after them. [Exit]

SCENE IV.—Florence. *A Room in the Widow's House.**Enter HELENA, Widow, and DIANA.*

Hel. That you may well perceive I have not wrong'd you,
One of the greatest in the Christian world
Shall be my surety; 'fore whose throne 't is
needful,

Ere I can perfect mine intents, to kneel:
Time was, I did him a desired office,
Dear almost as his life; which gratitude
Through flinty Tartar's bosom would peep forth,
And answer, thanks. I duly am inform'd
His grace is at Marseilles; to which place
We have convenient convoy. You must know
I am supposed dead: the army breaking,
My husband hies him home; where, Heaven
aiding,
And by the leave of my good lord the king,
We'll be before our welcome.

Wid. Gentle madam,
You never had a servant to whose trust
Your business was more welcome.

Hel. Nor you, mistress,
Ever a friend whose thoughts more truly labour
To recompense your love: doubt not, but Heaven
Hath brought me up to be your daughter's
dower,

As it hath fated her to be my motive
And helper to a husband. But O, strange men!
That can such sweet use make of what they
hate,

When saucy trusting of the cozen'd thoughts
Defiles the pitchy night! so lust doth play
With what it loathes, for that which is away:
But more of this hereafter:—You, Diana,
Under my poor instructions yet must suffer
Something in my behalf.

Dia. Let death and honesty
Go with your impositions; I am yours
Upon your will to suffer.

Hel. Yet, I pray you,—
But with the word, the time will bring on
summer,
When briars shall have leaves as well as thorns,
And be as sweet as sharp. We must away:
Our wagon is prepar'd, and time revives us:
All's well that ends well: still the fine's the
crown;⁶

Whate'er the course, the end is the renown.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—Rousillon. *A Room in the Countess's Palace.**Enter COUNTESS, LAFEU, and Clown.*

Laf. No, no, no, your son was misled with a snipt-taffata fellow there, whose villainous saffron would have made all the unbak'd and doughy youth of a nation in his colour: your daughter-in-law had been alive at this hour, and your son here at home more advanc'd by the king, than by that red-tail'd humble-bee I speak of.

Count. I would I had not known him! it was the death of the most virtuous gentlewoman that ever nature had praise for creating: if she had partaken of my flesh, and cost me the dearest groans of a mother, I could not have owed her a more rooted love.

Laf. 'T was a good lady, 't was a good lady: we may pick a thousand sallets, ere we light on such another herb.

Clo. Indeed, sir, she was the sweet marjoram of the sallet, or, rather, the herb of grace.

Laf. They are not sallet-herbs, you knave, they are nose-herbs.

Clo. I am no great Nebuchadnezzar, sir; I have not much skill in grass.

Laf. Whether dost thou profess thyself—a knave or a fool?

Clo. A fool, sir, at a woman's service, and a knave at a man's.

Laf. Your distinction?

Clo. I would cozen the man of his wife, and do his service.

Laf. So you were a knave at his service, indeed.

Clo. And I would give his wife my bauble, sir, to do her service.

Laf. I will subscribe for thee; thou art both knave and fool.

Clo. At your service.

Laf. No, no, no.

Clo. Why, sir, if I cannot serve you, I can serve as great a prince as you are.

Laf. Who's that? a Frenchman?

Clo. Faith, sir, 'a has an English name; but his phisnomy is more hotter in France than there.

Laf. What prince is that?

Clo. The black prince, sir; *alias*, the prince o' darkness; *alias*, the devil.

Laf. Hold thee; there's my purse; I give thee not this to suggest thee from thy master thou talk'st of; serve him still.

Clo. I am a woodland fellow, sir, that always

loved a great fire; and the master I speak of ever keeps a good fire. But, sure, he is the prince of the world; let his nobility remain in 's court. I am for the house with the narrow gate, which I take to be too little for pomp to enter: some that humble themselves may; but the many will be too chill and tender, and they 'll be for the flow'ry way, that leads to the broad gate and the great fire.

Laf. Go thy ways, I begin to be a-weary of thee; and I tell thee so before, because I would not fall out with thee. Go thy ways; let my horses be well look'd to, without any tricks.

Clo. If I put any tricks upon 'em, sir, they shall be jades' tricks; which are their own right by the law of nature. [*Exit.*]

Laf. A shrewd knave, and an unhappy.⁴⁷

Count. So 'a is. My lord, that 's gone, made himself much sport out of him: by his authority he remains here, which he thinks is a patent for his sauciness; and, indeed, he has no place, but runs where he will.

Laf. I like him well; it is not amiss. And I was about to tell you, since I heard of the good lady's death, and that my lord your son was upon his return home, I moved the king my master to speak in the behalf of my daughter; which, in the minority of them both, his majesty, out of a self-gracious remembrance, did first propose: his highness hath promis'd me to do it: and, to stop up the displeasure he hath conceived against your son, there is no fitter matter. How does your ladyship like it?

Count. With very much content, my lord, and I wish it happily effected.

Laf. His highness comes post from Marseilles, of as able body as when he number'd thirty; 'a will be here to-morrow, or I am deceiv'd by him that in such intelligence hath seldom fail'd.

Count. It rejoices me that I hope I shall see him ere I die. I have letters, that my son will be here to-night: I shall beseech your lordship to remain with me till they meet together.

Laf. Madam, I was thinking with what manners I might safely be admitted.

Count. You need but plead your honourable privilege.

Laf. Lady, of that I have made a bold charter; but, I thank my God, it holds yet.

Re-enter Clown.

Clo. O madan, yonder 's my lord your son with a patch of velvet on 's face; whether there be a scar under 't, or no, the velvet knows; but 't is a goodly patch of velvet: his left cheek is a cheek of two pile and a half, but his right cheek is worn bare.

Laf. A scar nobly got, or a noble scar, is a good liv'ry of honour; so, belike, is that.

Clo. But it is your carbonado'd face.

Laf. Let us go see your son, I pray you; I long to talk with the young noble soldier.

Clo. 'Faith, there 's a dozen of 'em, with delicate fine hats, and most courteous feathers, which bow the head, and nod at every man.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Marseilles. *A street.*

Enter HELENA, Widow, and DIANA, with two Attendants.

Hel. But this exceeding posting, day and night, Must wear your spirits low: we cannot help it; But since you have made the days and nights as one,

To wear your gentle limbs in my affairs,
Be bold you do so grow in my requital,
As nothing can unroot you. In happy time;—

Enter a gentle Astringer.⁴⁸

This man may help me to his majesty's ear,
If he would spend his power.—God save you, sir.

Ast. And you.

Hel. Sir, I have seen you in the court of France.

Ast. I have been sometimes there.

Hel. I do presume, sir, that you are not fallen
From the report that goes upon your goodness;
And therefore, goaded with most sharp occasions,
Which lay nice manners by, I put you to

The use of your own virtues, for the which
I shall continue thankful.

Ast. What's your will?

Hel. That it will please you

To give this poor petition to the king;
And aid me with that store of power you have,
To come into his presence.

Ast. The king's not here.

Hel. Not here, sir?

Ast. Not, indeed:

He hence remov'd last night, and with more haste
Than is his use.

Wid. Lord, how we lose our pains!

Hel. All's well that ends well, yet;
Though time seem so adverse, and means unfit.—
I do beseech you, whither is he gone?

Ast. Marry, as I take it, to Rousillon;
Whither I am going.

Hel. I do beseech you, sir,
Since you are like to see the king before me,
Commend the paper to his gracious hand;
Which, I presume, shall render you no blame,
But rather make you thank your pains for it:
I will come after you, with what good speed
Our means will make us means.

Ast. This I'll do for you.

Hel. And you shall find yourself to be well
thank'd,

Whate'er falls more.—We must to horse again;—
Go, go, provide. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—Rousillon. *The inner Court of the
Countess's Palace.*

Enter Clown and PAROLLES.

Par. Good monsieur Lavatch, give my lord
Lafeu this letter: I have ere now, sir, been better
known to you, when I have held familiarity with
fresher clothes; but I am now, sir, muddled in
Fortune's mood,⁴⁹ and smell somewhat strong of
her strong displeasure.

Clo. Truly, Fortune's displeasure is but sluttish,
if it smell so strongly as thou speak'st of: I will
henceforth eat no fish of Fortune's butt'ring.
Prithee allow the wind.

Par. Nay, you need not to stop your nose, sir;
I spake but by a metaphor.

Clo. Indeed, sir, if your metaphor stink, I will
stop my nose; or against any man's metaphor.
Prithee get thee further.

Par. Pray you, sir, deliver me this paper.

Clo. Foh, prithee stand away: A paper from

Fortune's close-stool to give to a nobleman! Look,
here he comes himself.

Enter LAFEU.

Here is a pur of Fortune's, sir, or of Fortune's cat,
(but not a musk-cat,) that has fallen into the un-
clean fish-pond of her displeasure, and, as he says,
is muddled withal. Pray you, sir, use the carp as
you may; for he looks like a poor, decayed, ingen-
ious, foolish, rascally knave. I do pity his distress
in my smiles of comfort, and leave him to your
lordship. [*Exit.*]

Par. My lord, I am a man whom Fortune hath
cruelly scratch'd.

Laf. And what would you have me to do? 't is
too late to pare her nails now. Wherein have
you played the knave with Fortune, that she should
scratch you, who of herself is a good lady, and
would not have knaves thrive long under her!
There's a cardcue for you:⁵⁰ Let the justices make
you and Fortune friends; I am for other business.

Par. I beseech your honour to hear me one
single word.

Laf. You beg a single penny more: come, you
shall ha't: save your word.

Par. My name, my good lord, is Parolles.

Laf. You beg more than a word then.—Cox'
my passion! give me your hand: How does your
drum?

Par. O my good lord, you were the first that
found me.

Laf. Was I, in sooth? and I was the first that
lost thee.

Par. It lies in you, my lord, to bring me in
some grace, for you did bring me out.

Laf. Out upon thee, knave! dost thou put
upon me at once both the office of God and the
devil? one brings thee in grace, and the other
brings thee out. [*Trumpets sound.*] The king's
coming, I know by his trumpets.—Sirrah, inquire
further after me; I had talk of you last night:
though you are a fool and a knave, you shall eat;
go to, follow.

Par. I praise God for you. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The same. A Room in the Countess's
Palace.*

Flourish. *Enter KING, COUNTESS, LAFEU, Lords,
Gentlemen, Guards, &c.*

King. We lost a jewel of her; and our esteem
Was made much poorer by it: but your son,

As mad in folly, lack'd the sense to know
Her estimation home.

Count. 'Tis past, my liege :
And I beseech your majesty to make it
Natural rebellion, done i' the blaze of youth,
When oil and fire, too strong for reason's force,
O'erbears it, and burns on.

King. My honour'd lady,
I have forgiven and forgotten all ;
Though my revenges were high bent upon him,
And watch'd the time to shoot.

Laf. This I must say,—
But first I beg my pardon,—The young lord
Did to his majesty, his mother, and his lady,
Offence of mighty note ; but to himself
The greatest wrong of all : he lost a wife
Whose beauty did astonish the survey
Of richest eyes ; whose words all ears took captive ;
Whose dear perfection hearts that scorn'd to serve
Humbly call'd mistress.

King. Praising what is lost,
Makes the remembrance dear.—Well, call him
hither ;

We are reconcil'd, and the first view shall kill
All repetition :—Let him not ask our pardon ;
The nature of his great offence is dead,
And deeper than oblivion we do bury
Th' incensing relics of it ; let him approach,
A stranger, no offender ; and inform him
So 't is our will he should.

Gent. I shall, my liege. [*Exit.*]

King. What says he to your daughter ? have
you spoke ?

Laf. All that he is hath reference to your
highness.

King. Then shall we have a match. I have
letters sent me
That set him high in fame.

Enter BERTRAM.

Laf. He looks well on 't.

King. I am not a day of season,⁵¹
For thou mayst see a sunshine and a hail
In me at once : But to the brightest beams
Distracted clouds give way ; so stand thou forth,
The time is fair again.

Ber. My high-repent'd blames,
Dear sovereign, pardon to me.

King. All is whole ;
Not one word more of the consumed time.
Let 's take the instant by the forward top ;
For we are old, and on our quick'st decrees

Th' inaudible and noiseless foot of time
Steals, ere we can effect them : You remember
The daughter of this lord ?

Ber. Admiringly, my liege : at first
I stuck my choice upon her, ere my heart
Durst make too bold a herald of my tongue :
Where the impression of mine eye infixing,
Contempt his scornful perspective did lend me,
Which warp'd the line of every other favour ;
Scorn'd a fair colour, or express'd it stolen ;
Extended or contracted all proportions,
To a most hideous object. Thence it came,
That she, whom all men prais'd, and whom
myself

Since I have lost have lov'd, was in mine eye
The dust that did offend it.

King. Well excus'd ;
That thou didst love her strikes some scores away
From the great compt : But love that comes too
late,

Like a remorseful pardon slowly carried,
To the great sender turns a sour offence,
Crying, That 's good that 's gone : our rash faults
Make trivial price of serious things we have,
Not knowing them, until we know their grave :
Oft our displeasures, to ourselves unjust,
Destroy our friends, and after weep their dust ;
Our own love waking cries to see what 's done,
While shameful hate sleeps out the afternoon.
Be this sweet Helen's knell, and now forget her.
Seld forth your amorous token for fair Maudlin :
The main consents are had ; and here we 'll stay
To see our widower's second marriage-day.

Count. Which better than the first, O dear
Heaven bless !

Or, ere they meet in me, O nature, cesse.⁵²

Laf. Come on, my son, in whom my house's
name

Must be digested, give a favour from you,
To sparkle in the spirits of my daughter,
That she may quickly come.—By my old beard,
And ev'ry hair that 's on 't, Helen, that 's dead,
Was a sweet creature ; such a ring as this,
The last that ere I took her leave at court,
I saw upon her finger.

Ber. Hers it was not.

King. Now, pray you, let me see it ; for mine
eye,

While I was speaking, oft was fasten'd to it.—
This ring was mine ; and, when I gave it Helen,
I bade her, if her fortunes ever stood
Necessitied to help, that by this token

I would relieve her : Had you that craft, to reave
her

Of what should stead her most ?

Ber. My gracious sovereign,
Howe'er it pleases you to take it so,
The ring was never hers.

Count. Son, on my life,
I have seen her wear it ; and she reckon'd it
At her life's rate.

Laf. I am sure I saw her wear it.

Ber. You are deceiv'd, my lord, she never saw it ;
In Florence was it from a casement thrown me,
Wrapp'd in a paper, which contain'd the name
Of her that threw it : noble she was, and
thought

I stood engag'd :⁵³ but when I had subscrib'd
To mine own fortune, and inform'd her fully,
I could not answer in that course of honour
As she had made the overture, she ceas'd,
In heavy satisfaction, and would never
Receive the ring again.

King. Plutus himself,
That knows the tinct and multiplying med'cine,
Hath not in nature's mystery more science,
Than I have in this ring : 't was mine, t' was
Helen's,

Whoever gave it you. Then, if you know
That you are well acquainted with yourself,
Confess 't was hers, and by what rough enforcement
You got it from her : she call'd the saints to surety,
That she would never put it from her finger,
Unless she gave it to yourself in bed,
(Where you have never come,) or sent it us
Upon her great disaster.

Ber. She never saw it.

King. Thou speak'st it falsely, as I love mine
honour ;
And mak'st conjectural fears to come into me,
Which I would fain shut out : If it should prove
That thou art so inhuman,—'t will not prove so ;—
And yet I know not :—thou didst hate her deadly,
And she is dead ; which nothing, but to close
Her eyes myself, could win me to believe,
More than to see this ring.—Take him away.—

Guards seize BERTRAM.

My fore-past proofs, howe'er the matter fall,
Shall tax my fears of little vanity,
Having vainly fear'd too little.—Away with
him ;—

We'll sift this matter further.

Ber. If you shall prove
This ring was ever hers, yon shall as easy

Prove that I husbanded her bed in Florence,
Where yet she never was. [*Exit BERTRAM guarded*]

Enter the Astringer.

King. I am wrapp'd in dismal thinkings.

Ast. Gracious sovereign,
Whether I have been to blame, or no, I know not
Here 's a petition from a Florentine,
Who hath, for four or five removes, come short
To tender it herself. I undertook it,
Vanquish'd thereto by the fair grace and speech
Of the poor suppliant, who by this, I know,
Is here attending : her business looks in her
With an importing visage ; and she told me,
In a sweet verbal brief, it did concern
Your highness with herself.

King. [*Reads.*]

"Upon his many protestations to marry me, when his wife
was dead, I blush to say it, he won me. Now is the count
Rousillon a widower ; his vows are forfeited to me, and my
honour 's paid to him. He stole from Florence, taking no
leave, and I follow him to his country for justice. Grant
it me, O king ; in you it best lies ; otherwise a seducer
flourishes, and a poor maid is undone. DIANA CAPILET."

Laf. I will buy me a son-in-law in a fair, and
toll⁵⁴ him ; for this, I'll none of him.

King. The Heavens have thought well on thee,
Lafeu,
To bring forth this discovery.—Seek these suitors :
Go speedily, and bring again the count.

[*Excunt the Astringer and some Attendants.*]
I am afraid the life of Helen, lady,
Was foully snatch'd.

Count. Now, justice on the doers !

Enter BERTRAM guarded.

King. I wonder, sir, since wives are monsters
to you,
And that you fly them as you swear them
lordship,

Yet you desire to marry.—What woman 's that ?

Re-enter the Astringer, with Widow and DIANA.

Dia. I am, my lord, a wretched Florentine,
Derived from the ancient Capilet ;
My suit, as I do understand, you know,
And therefore know how far I may be pitied.

Wid. I am her mother, sir, whose age and
honour

Both suffer under this complaint we bring,
And both shall cease, without your remedy.

King. Come hither, count : Do you know
these women ?

Ber. My lord, I neither can nor will deny

But that I know them: Do they charge me further?

Dia. Why do you look so strange upon your wife?

Ber. She's none of mine, my lord.

Dia. If you shall marry,
You give away this hand, and that is mine;
You give away Heaven's vows, and those are mine;

You give away myself, which is known mine;
For I by vow am so embodied yours,
That she which marries you must marry me,
Either both or none.

Laf. Your reputation [*to BERTRAM*] comes too short for my daughter; you are no husband for her.

Ber. My lord, this is a fond and desperate creature,
Whom sometime I have laughed with: let your highness

Lay a more noble thought upon mine honour,
Than for to think that I would sink it here.

King. Sir, for my thoughts, you have them ill to friend,
Till your deeds gain them: Fairer prove your honour,

Than in my thought it lies!

Dia. Good my lord,
Ask him upon his oath, if he does think
He had not my virginity.

King. What say'st thou to her?

Ber. She's impudent, my lord,
And was a common gamester^{ss} to the camp.

Dia. He does me wrong, my lord; if I were so,
He might have bought me at a common price:
Do not believe him. O, behold this ring,
Whose high respect, and rich validity,
Did lack a parallel; yet, for all that,
He gave it to a commoner a' the camp,
If I be one.

Count. He blushes, and 't is his:
Of six preceding ancestors, that gem
Conferr'd by testament to the sequent issue,
Hath it been ow'd and worn. This is his wife;
That ring's a thousand proofs.

King. Methought, you said,
You saw one here in court could witness it.

Dia. I did, my lord, but loth am to produce
So bad an instrument; his name's Parolles.

Laf. I saw the man to-day, if man he be.

King. Find him, and bring him hither.

Ber. What of him?

He's quoted for a most perfidious save,
With all the spots a' the world tax'd and debosh'd
Whose nature sickens but to speak a truth:
Am I or that, or this, for what he'll utter,
That will speak anything?

King. She hath that ring of yours.

Ber. I think she has: certain it is I lik'd her,
And boarded her i' the wanton way of youth:
She knew her distance, and did angle for me,
Madding my eagerness with her restraint,
As all impediments in fancy's course
Are motives of more fancy; and, in fine,
Her infinite cunning with her modern grace,
Subdu'd me to her rate: she got the ring:
And I had that which any inferior might
At market-price have bought.

Dia. I must be patient;
You, that have turn'd off a first so noble wife,
May justly diet me. I pray you yet,
(Since you lack virtue I will lose a husband,)
Send for your ring, I will return it home,
And give me mine again.

Ber. I have it not.

King. What ring was yours, I pray you?

Dia. Sir, much like the same upon your finger.

King. Know you this ring? this ring was his
of late.

Dia. And this was it I gave him, being a-bed.

King. The story then goes false, you threw it
him

Out of a casement.

Dia. I have spoke the truth.

Enter PAROLLES.

Ber. My lord, I do confess the ring was hers.

King. You boggle shrewdly, every feather starts
you.—

Is this the man you speak of?

Dia. Ay, my lord.

King. Tell me, sirrah, but tell me true, I charge
you,

Not fearing the displeasure of your master,
(Which, on your just proceeding, I'll keep off.)
By him, and by this woman here, what knew
you?

Par. So please your majesty, my master hath
been an honorable gentleman; tricks he hath had
in him, which gentlemen have.

King. Come, come, to the purpose! Did he love
this woman?

Par. Faith, sir, he did love her. But how?

King. How, I pray you?

Par. He did love her, sir, as a gentleman loves a woman.

King. How is that?

Par. He lov'd her, sir, and lov'd her not.

King. As thou art a knave, and no knave:—What an equivocal companion is this!

Par. I am a poor man, and at your majesty's command.

Laf. He's a good drum, my lord, but a naughty orator.

Dia. Do you know he promis'd me marriage?

Par. 'Faith, I know more than I'll speak.

King. But wilt thou not speak all thou know'st?

Par. Yes, so please your majesty: I did go between them, as I said; but more than that, he lov'd her,—for, indeed, he was mad for her, and talk'd of Satan, and of limbo, and of furies, and I know not what: yet I was in that credit with them at that time, that I knew of their going to bed; and of other motions, as promising her marriage, and things which would derive me ill will to speak of; therefore I will not speak what I know.

King. Thou hast spoken all already, unless thou canst say they are married: But thou art too fine⁵⁶ in thy evidence; therefore stand aside.—This ring, you say, was yours?

Dia. Ay, my good lord.

King. Where did you buy it? or who gave it you?

Dia. It was not given me, nor I did not buy it.

King. Who lent it you?

Dia. It was not lent me neither.

King. Where did you find it then?

Dia. I found it not.

King. If it were yours by none of all these ways,
How could you give it him?

Dia. I never gave it him.

Laf. This woman's an easy glove, my lord; she goes off and on at pleasure.

King. This ring was mine; I gave it his first wife.

Dia. It might be yours, or hers, for aught I know.

King. Take her away, I do not like her now; To prison with her: and away with him.—Unless thou tell'st me where thou hadst this ring, Thou diest within this hour.

Dia. I'll never tell you.

King. Take her away.

Dia. I'll put in bail, my liege.

King. I think thee now some common customer.

Dia. By Jove, if ever I knew man, 't was you.

King. Wherefore hast thou accus'd him all this while?

Dia. Because he's guilty, and he is not guilty: He knows I am no maid, and he'll swear to 't: I'll swear I am a maid, and he knows not. Great king, I am no strumpet, by my life; I am either maid, or else this old man's wife.

[*Pointing to LAFEU*

King. She does abuse our ears; to prison with her.

Dia. Good mother, fetch my bail.—Stay, royal sir; [Exit Widow.

The jeweller that owes the ring is sent for, And he shall surety me. But for this lord, Who hath abus'd me, as he knows himself, Though yet he never harm'd me, here I quit him. He knows himself my bed he hath defil'd, And at that time he got his wife with child: Dead though she be, she feels her young one kick; So there's my riddle,—One that's dead is quick; And now behold the meaning.

Re-enter Widow, with HELENA.

King. Is there no exorcist Beguiles the true office of mine eyes? Is't real that I see?

Hel. No, my good lord; 'T is but the shadow of a wife you see. The name, and not the thing.

Ber. Both, both; O, pardon

Hel. O, my good lord, when I was like this maid,

I found you wondrous kind. There is your ring, And, look you, here's your letter: This it says, "When from my finger you can get this ring, And are by me with child," &c.—This is done: Will you be mine, now you are doubly won?

Ber. If she, my liege, can make me know this clearly,

I'll love her dearly, ever, ever dearly.

Hel. If it appear not plain, and prove untrue, Deadly divorce step between me and you!—O, my dear mother, do I see you living?

Laf. Mine eyes smell onions, I shall weep anon:—Good Tom Drum⁵⁷ [*to PAROLLES*] lend me a handkerchief: So, I thank thee; wait on me home, I'll make sport with thee: Let thy court'sies alone, they are scurvy ones.

King. Let us from point to point this story know,

To make the even truth in pleasure flow:—

If thou beest yet a fresh uncropped flower,

[To DIANA.]

Choose thou thy husband, and I'll pay thy
dower;

For I can guess, that, by thy honest aid,
Thou kept'st a wife herself, thyself a maid.—
Of that and all the progress, more and less,
Resolvedly more leisure shall express:
All yet seems well; and, if it end so meet,

The bitter past, more welcome is the sweet.

[*Flourish.*]

(*Advancing.*)

The king's a beggar, now the play is done:
All is well ended, if this suit be won,
That you express content; which we will pay,
With strife to please you, day exceeding day:
Ours be your patience then, and yours our parts;
Your gentle hands lend us, and take our hearts.

[*Exeunt.*]

NOTES TO ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

¹ *How sad a passage 't is.*

Passage, as Dr. Johnson observes, is "anything that passes." This sense of the word is now obsolete, but it constantly occurs in the old dramatists.

² *Where an unclean mind, &c.*

That is, where a vicious mind is joined to good qualities, our commendations are given with regret, for even then the virtues become as traitors, and are suspected.

Season, to preserve by salting. *Livelihood*, appearance of life.

³ *In our heart's table.*

And when, in *tables of my heart*,
Love with such things as bred my smart,
My Mopsa, with her face of clout,
Would in an instant wipe them out.

Musarum Deliciæ, 1656.

Trick, faint tracing, as an heraldic trick. *Favour*, countenance.

⁴ *Which is the most inhibited sin.*

Inhibited, forbidden. "Inhibiting them upon a greater pain not once to approche ether to his speche or presence," Hall's Chronicle, 1548.

⁵ *Your date is better in your pie.*

A quibble, dates being then much eaten in pastry. "And then to be bak'd with no date in the pie, for the man's date is out," *Troilus and Cressida*.
Cristendoms, Christian names.

⁶ *He that ears my land.*

Ear, to plough. This word occurs several times in the Scriptures. (A. S.)

⁷ *For I the ballad will repeat.*

The latter part of this stanza was a proverb long before Shakespeare wrote. Compare the following extract:—

"Content yourself as well as I,
Let reason rule your minde;
As cuckolds come by destiny,
So cuckowes sing by kinde."

Granges Garden, 4to., 1577.

It was a vulgar belief in Shakespeare's time that unfaithfulness was destined, and so unable to be prevented.

⁸ *Her poor knight surprised.*

Elliptically for, "her poor knight *to be* surprised." This mode of construction was not unusual in Elizabethan writers.

⁹ *Sithence.*

That is, since. From the Anglo-Saxon. In earlier writers, it is more usually *sithen*.

I bade felowes to my dynere,
And *sithen* thei wil not cum here,
A develle have who that reche!

MS. Bibl. Publ. Cantab. Ff. v. 48.

¹⁰ *Can't no other.*

Mr. Knight erroneously reads, *can't be other*. Dr. Johnson thus explains this sentence,—"*Can it be no other way, but if I be your daughter, he must be my brother*"

¹¹ *Have to the full appeach'd.*

Appeach'd, impeached, accused.

And though the skill were far above his reach,
He needs would prove a Priest, and fals to preach;
But patching sermons with a sorry shift,
As needs they must, that ere they learn will teach:
At last some foes so nearly do him sift,
And of such words and deeds did him *appeach*.

Harrington's Epigrams, fol. 1633.

¹² *In this captious and intenable sieve.*

It appears to me that Shakespeare uses these adjectives *actively in the primitive sense*. In this view, *captious* would be, capable of receiving, and *intenable*, incapable of holding. There has, however, been much controversy on the line.

Johnson was perplexed about the word *captious*; "which (says he) I never found in this sense, yet I cannot tell what to substitute, unless *carious* for rotten!" Farmer supposed *captious* to be a contraction of *capacious*! Steevens believed that *captious* meant *recipient*, capable of receiving; which interpretation Malone adopts. Mr. Collier, in his recent edition of Shakespeare, after stating Johnson's and Farmer's suggestions, says, "where is the difficulty? It is true that this sense of *captious* may not have an exact parallel; but the intention of Shakespeare is very evident: *captious* means, as Malone says, *capable of receiving*; and *intenable* (printed *intemible* in the first folio, and rightly in the second) incapable of *retaining*. Two more appropriate epithets could hardly be found, and a simile more happily expressive."

It is not impossible that the poet may have had in his mind the fruitless labour imposed upon the Danaïdes as a punishment, for it has been thus moralized:

These virgins, who in the flower of their age pour water into pierced vessels which they can never fill, what is it but to be always bestowing our love and benefits upon the ungrateful.

¹¹ *But one to dance with.*

The custom of wearing swords in dancing is frequently alluded to. *Light daunsing swordes* are mentioned in Stafford's Briefe Conceit of English Pollicy, 1581.

¹² *And make you dance canary.*

A quick and lively dance. "Came reeling out of an ale-house in the shape of a drunkard, who no sooner smelt the winde, but he thought the ground under him danced the canaries," Decker's Wonderfulle Yeare, 1603.

¹³ *In her sex, her years, profession.*

By *profession*, says Warburton, is meant her declaration of the end and purpose of her coming.

¹⁴ *Myself against the level of mine aim.*

Thus explained by Dr. Johnson:—"I am not an impostor that proclaim one thing and design another, that proclaim a cure, and aim at a fraud; I think what I speak."

¹⁵ *It is like a barber's chair.*

Gosson, in his "Apologie of the Schoole of Abuse," appended to his "Ephemerides of Phialo," 1579, speaking of Venus, says she "made herself as common as a barbar's chayre."

Steevens quotes the following apposite passage from More Fables Yet, by R. S., 1610,—

Moreover sattin suites he doth compare
Unto the service of a *barber's chayre*;
As fit for every Jack and journeyman,
As for a knight or worthy gentleman.

Compare, also, the Essays of Montaigne, translated by Florio, fol. Lond. 1603, p. 384,—

My writings I reade not but to my friends, to any,
Nor eachwhere, nor to all, nor but desir'd; yet many
In market-place reade theirs,
In bathes, in barber's chaires.

¹⁶ *Your French crown for your taffata punk.*

The declining of a gallant.

Nominativo hic, gallant asse.
Genitivo hujus, brave.
Dativo huic, if he get a licko.
Accusativo hunc, of a *taffaty punk*.
Vocativo O, he's gone if he cry so.
Ablativo ab hoc, he hath got the poek.
Wits Recreations, 1640.

¹⁷ *Tib's rash for Tom's fore-finger.*

"The allusion," says Sir J. Hawkins, "is to an ancient practice of marrying with a rush ring, as well in other countries as in England. Du Breul, in his Antiquities of Paris, mentions it as a kind of espousal used in France, by such persons as meant to live together in a state of concubinage: but in England it was scarce ever practised except

by designing men, for the purpose of corrupting those young women to whom they pretended love. Richard Poore, bishop of Salisbury, in his Constitutions, 1217, forbids the putting of *rush rings*, or any the like matter, on women's fingers, in order to the debauching them more readily: and he insinuates, as the reason for the prohibition, that there were some people weak enough to believe, that what was thus done in jest, was a real marriage.

"But, notwithstanding this censure on it, the practice was not abolished; for it is alluded to in a song in a play written by Sir William D'Avenant, called the Rivals:

"I'll crown thee with a garland of straw then,
And I'll marry thee with a *rush ring*."

Which song, by the way, was first sung by Miss Davis, she acting the part of Celania in the play; and King Charles II. upon hearing it, was so pleased with her voice and action, that he took her from the stage, and made her his mistress.

"Again, in the song called the Winchester Wedding, in D'Urfey's Pills to Purge Melancholy, vol. i. p. 276:

"Pert Strephon was kind to Betty,
And blithe as a bird in the spring,
And Tommy was so to Katy,
And wedded her with a *rush-ring*."

²⁰ *As a pancake for Shrove-Tuesday.*

"Vox Graculi," a curious quarto tract, printed in 1628, says of this season,—"Here must enter that wadling, *strawling*, carnifex of all Christendome, vulgarly entitl'd Shrove Tuesday, but, more pertinently, sole monarch of the month, high stoward to the stomach, prime peere of the pullets, first favourite to the frying-pans, greatest bashaw to the batter-bowles, protector of the pancakes, first founder of the fritters, baron of bacon-flitch, earle of the egg-baskets, &c. This corpulent commander of those chollericke things called cookes will show himself to be but of ignoble education: for, by his ranners you may find him better fed than taught, wherever he comes." The following allusion occurs in Poor Robin's Almanac for 1699,—

"Shrove-Tide is come, the Pancake Bell
Doth ring; by which, and by the smell
Brought to your Nose with a West wind,
Pancakes and Fritters you may find
In every House that can be told,
Where you may eat hold Belly hold.
Thus harmless mirth and good House-keeping
Were us'd ere Pride on us came creeping;
But now good things are laid aside,
And all for to maintain damn'd pride."

To eat pancakes and fritters on Shrove-Tuesday is a custom from time immemorial, and the great bell which used to be rung on Shrove-Tuesday, to call the people together for the purpose of confessing their sins, was called *pancake-bell*, a name which it still retains in some places where this custom is still kept up.

Of the pancake-bell, Taylor, the water-poet, in his works, 1630, has a curious account. "Shrove-Tuesday, at whose entrance in the morning all the whole kingdom is inquiet; but by that time the clocke strikes eleven, which (by the help of a knavish sexton) is commonly before nine, then there is a bell rung, call'd the pancake bell, the sound whereof makes thousands of people distracted, and forgetful either of manners or humanitie; then there is a thing called wheaten floure, which the cookes do mingle with water, egges, spice, and other tragicall, magicall enchantments; and then they put it, by little and little, into a frying-pan of boiling suet, where it makes a confused dismal hissing, like the Lernean snakes in the reeds of Achæron, Stix, or Phlegeton."

²¹ *A morris for May-day.*

The celebrated dissertation by Mr. Douce on the morris dance, has furnished materials for all later writers on the subject. The following observations are taken from a popular account of it by the late Mr. Hone:—

The morris dance, in which bells are jingled, or staves or swords clashed, was learned, says Dr. Johnson, by the Moors, and was probably a kind of Pyrrhick, or military dance. Blount says, "Morisco, a Moor; also a dance, so called, wherein there were usually five men, and a boy dressed in a girl's habit, whom they called the Maid Marian, or, perhaps, Morian, from the Italian Morione, a head-piece, because her head was wont to be gaily trimmed up. Common people call it a morris-dance."

The morris dance is presumed by Mr. Peck to have been first brought to England in the time of Edward III., when John of Gaunt returned from Spain, where he had been to assist Petro, king of Castile. He says, "This dance was usually performed abroad by an equal number of young men, who danced in their shirts, with ribands, and little bells about their legs. But here, in England, they have always an odd person besides, being a boy dressed in a girl's habit, whom they call Maid Marian, an old favourite character in the sport." The morris dance became introduced into the May-games, in which there was formerly a king and queen of the May: subsequently, it appears, the king of the May was disused, and Maid Marian was sole sovereign, or queen of the May.

Mr. Douce observes, that both English and foreign glossaries uniformly ascribe the origin of this dance to the Moors; although the genuine Moorish, or Morisco dance, was, no doubt, very different from the European morris. Strutt cites a passage from the play of "Variety," 1649, in which the Spanish morisco is mentioned: and this, Mr. Douce adds, not only shows the legitimacy of the term morris, but that the real and uncorrupted Moorish dance was to be found in Spain, where it still continues to delight both natives and foreigners under the name of the *Fandango*. The Spanish morrice was also danced at puppet shows, by a person habited like a Moor, with castagnets; and Junius has informed us that the morris dancers usually blackened their faces with soot, that they might the better pass for Moors. Having noticed the corruption of the "*Pyrrhica Saltatio*" of the ancients, and the *uncorrupted morris dance*, as practised in France about the beginning of the thirteenth century, Mr. Douce says, "It has been supposed that the morris dance was first brought into England in the time of Edward III., when John of Gaunt returned from Spain, but it is much more probable that we had it from our Gallic neighbours, or even from the Flemings. Few if any vestiges of it can be traced beyond the reign of Henry VII., about which time, and particularly in that of Henry VIII., the churchwardens' accounts in several parishes afford materials that throw much light on the subject, and show that the morris dance made a very considerable figure in the parochial festivals.—We find also," he continues, "that other festivals and ceremonies had their morris; as, holy Thursday; the Whitsun ales; the bride ales, or weddings; and a sort of play, or pageant, called the lord of misrule. Sheriffs, too, had their morris dance.—It is by no means clear that, at any time, Robin Hood and his companions were *constituent* characters in the morris."

Shakespeare makes mention of an English Whitsun morrice dance, in the following speech of the Dauphin in Henry V.

"No, with no more, than if we heard that England Were busied with a Whitsun morrice dance."

The following description of a morris dance occurs in "Cobbe's Prophecies, his Signes and Tokens, his Madrigals, Questions and Answers, 1614."

It was my hap of late, by chance,
To meet a country morris dance,
When, cheefest of them all, the foole
Plaied with a ladle—
When every younger shak't his belle—
And fine maid Marian, with her smoile,
Show'd how a rascall plaied the roile;
But, when the hobby-horse did wihy,
Then all the wenches gave a tihy:
But when they gan to shake their boxe,
And not a goose could catch a foxe,
The piper then put up his pipes,
And all the woodcocks look't like snipes, &c.

²² *Of all the learned and authentick fellows.*

Authentick physicians were those who were allowed to practise publicly, *authentice licentiatius* in the language of the diploma.

What do ye call there, the same idiom as, what do ye call it?

²³ *Lustique, as the Dutchman says.*

That is, lusty, cheerful, pleasant. A Dutchman introduced in the *Weakest goeth to the Wall*, 1618, says, "Well, well, hah mien skone friester, mien lieff, dow sall met mie bliieven, and di mannykin a weigh lope, heigh loustick."

²⁴ *Let the white death.*

The white death, says Boswell, is the paleness of death. There was a pestilence called the *black death*.

²⁵ *Than throw ames-ace for my life.*

Ames-ace or *ambes-as*, the lowest throw in the dice; and hence often used figuratively for bad luck. So Skelton,—

This were a hevye case,
A chaunce of *ambesase*,
To se youe broughte so base,
To playe without a place.

²⁶ *Shall seem expedient on the new-born brief.*

The term *brief* was formerly applied to any kind of short document, and here of course refers to the contract. *Expedient*, quick, hasty.

"It was, as farre as I remember, Pericles, who, being demanded how he did, you may, said he, judge it by this, shewing certaine scroules or briefes hee had tied about his necke and armes."—*Montaigne's Essays*, by Florio, 1608.

²⁷ *That hugs his kicky-wicky here at home.*

Kicky-wicky is a ludicrous term for a jade, metaphorically applied to a woman. Kicksee-winsee occurs in one of the tracts of Taylor, the water-poet, 1630. The second folio reads *kicksie-wicksis*.

²⁸ *To the dark house and the detested wife.*

That is, even war is nothing compared either to the dark house or detested wife. The dark house is a phrase usually applied to the prison room of a lunatic, but the commentators here explain it, the house which is the seat of gloom and discontent.

NOTES TO ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

²⁹ *Will this capricious hold in thee.*

Capricious, caprice. "Have you no other *capricious* in your head to intrap my sister in her frailty," Chapman's *Widow's Tears*, 1612.

³⁰ *I took this lark for a bunting.*

"The bunting is, in feather, size, and form, so like the sky-lark, as to require nice attention to discover the one from the other; it also ascends and sinks in the air nearly in the same manner; but it has little or no song, which gives estimation to the sky-lark," Dr. Johnson.

³¹ *Like him that leaped into the custard.*

The enormous size of the custards at the city feasts are noticed by Glapthorne and other dramatists. The absurd tricks that were played, as the fool leaping into one, and other extravagancies, are also made a subject of satire. So Ben Jonson,—

He may perchance, in tail of a sheriff's dinner,
Skip with a rhyme on the table from New-nothing,
And take his Almains-leap into a custard,
Shall make my lady mayoress, and her sisters,
Laugh all their hoods over their shoulders.

³² *Than you have or will to deserve.*

That is, Than you have to deserve, or will have to deserve at my hand.

³³ *Mend the ruff, and sing.*

"The tops of the boots," observes Whalley, "in our author's time, turned down, and hung loosely over the leg. The folding is what the clown means by the *ruff*. Ben Jonson calls it *ruffle*; and perhaps it should be so here. "Not having leisure to put off my silver spurs, one of the rowels catch'd hold of the *ruffle* of my boot," *Every Man out of his Humour*, Act IV. Sc. 6. To this fashion Bishop Earle alludes in his *Characters*, 1633, "He has learnt to *ruffle* his face from his *boote*; and takes great delight in his walk to hear his spurs gingle."

³⁴ *Move the still-peering air.*

So in the original, explained by Mr. Knight, *appearing still*. There is, probably, some corruption.

³⁵ *Some precepts of this virgin.*

The genuine old reading, correctly restored by Mr. Collier. *Of for on* occurs several times in Shakespeare.

³⁶ *And buy myself another of Bajazet's mule.*

Bajazet's mule was, of course, dumb. In one of our old Turkish histories, says Steevens, there is a pompous description of Bajazet riding on a mule to the Divan.

³⁷ *Men make ropes in such a scarre.*

This passage appears to be hopelessly corrupted.

³⁸ *Since Frenchmen are so braid.*

Braid, deceitful. Steevens quotes the following from Greene's *Never too Late*, 1616:—

Dian rose with all her maids,
Blushing thus at love his *braids*.

Cf. Langtoft's *Chronicle*, ed. Hearne, p. 138.

³⁹ *Is it not meant damnable in us?*

Damnable for *damnablely*, the adjective used adverbially, a very common practice in Shakespeare and his contemporaries. "Now so *evill* could she conceal her fire, and so willfulle persevered she in it," Sir P. Sydney's *Arcadia*, 1618.

Company, in the second speech after this, is used in the sense of *companion*.

⁴⁰ *Has deceiv'd me.*

So the original, the sentence, as is not unusual in Shakespeare, being elliptical. Modern editors insert *he*.

⁴¹ *Hoodman comes.*

An allusion to the old game of blind-man's-buff, which was formerly called *hoodman blind*. "The hoodwinke playe, or hoodman blinde, in some places called the blind-manbuf," Baret's *Alvearie*, 1580.

⁴² *I can him no thanks for 't.*

"It is well doone to practise thy wit, but I beleieve our lord will can thee little thanke for it," Pierce Penilesse his Supplication to the Devill, 1592.

⁴³ *From off their cassocks.*

The cassock was a soldier's loose outward coat.

⁴⁴ *Men are to meddle with.*

Meddle, to meddle with. The meaning here intended is obvious. So in the Coventry mystery of the Woman taken in Adultery,—

A fayre yonge qwere here by doth dwelle,
Both fresche and gay upon to loke,
And a talle man with her dothe *melle*,
The wey into hyr chawmere ryght evyn he toke.

⁴⁵ *And the armipotent soldier.*

Armipotent, powerful in arms, mighty in war, from the Latin *armipotens*. So Fairfax,—

—If our God, the Lord *armipotent*,
Those armed angels in our aid down send.

⁴⁶ *Still the fine's the crown.*

From the common Latin proverb, *Finis coronat opus*.

⁴⁷ *And an unhappy.*

Unhappy, unlucky, mischievous. So Fairfax,—

Upon his neck light that *unhappy* blow,
And cut the sinews and the throat in twain.

⁴⁸ *Enter a gentle astringer.*

An *astringer*, or *ostringer*, was a falconer. "Ostringer, a falconer, properly that keeps a goshawk: Juliana Barnes calls him an *ostregere*," Blount's *Glossographia*, 1691. A former editor, not understanding the term, proposes to read *stranger*.

⁴⁹ *Muddled in Fortune's mood.*

Mood, anger, caprice. Mr. Collier says, "Mud was in Shakespeare's day pronounced nearly like *mood*, and hence the intended jingle, which Warburton, not adverting to changed *mood* to *moat*."

⁵⁰ *There's a cardecue for you.*

Cardecue, the fourth part of a French crown, corrupted from *quart d'écu*. This form is of constant occurrence in old plays.

⁵¹ *I am not a day of season.*

A day of season, says Malone, means a seasonable day; but a mixture of sunshine and hail, of winter and summer, is unseasonable.

⁵² *O nature, cesse!*

Cesse, to end, to cease. (Anglo-Norman.)

Now youre goode dayes arn doon,
As Daniel prophecied,
Whan Crist cam, of hir kyngdom
The crowne sholde *cesse*.

Piers Ploughman, ed. Wright, p. 875.

⁵³ *I stood engag'd.*

That is, to the noble lady.

Removes, stages.

⁵⁴ *And toll him.*

Mason's explanation of this appears to be the most reasonable. "I will buy me a son-in-law in a fair, and pay toll for him: as for this, I will have none of him."

⁵⁵ *And was a common gamester to the camp.*

A gamester was a term for a dissolute person, generally applied to a female. So, in the *Second Maiden's Tragedy*,—

'Tis to me wondrous how you should spare the day
From amorous clips, much less the general season
When all the world's a gamester.

⁵⁶ *Thou art too fine in thy evidence.*

Too fine, too full of finesse, too artful. So in Bacon's *Apophtegms*, 1625, quoted by Malone, "Your Majesty was too fine for my lord Burghley."

⁵⁷ *Good Tom Drum.*

This name was probably taken from the old proverbial phrase of Tom Drum's or Jack Drum's Entertainment, an instance of which has previously occurred, and means a sound beating and turning out of doors. There is, of course, an obvious allusion to the adventure of the drum, but I refer to the compound name.

Odde is the combe from whence this cocke did come,
That crowed in Venice gainst the skinlesse Jewes,
Who gave him th' entertainment of *Tom Drum*.

Coryat's Crudities, 1611.

Twelfth Night; or, What You Will.

THE conjectures of the elder critics respecting the date of this charming drama have been disproved by the discovery of a little manuscript diary, contemporary with Shakespeare, written by one John Manningham, a student at the Middle Temple, who has recorded the following most interesting notice under the date of February 2, 1601-2,—“At our feast wee had a play called Twelve Night, or What You Will, much like the Comedy of Errors, or Menecmi in Plantus, but most like and neere to that in Italian called *Inganni*. A good practise in it to make the steward beleieve his lady widdowe was in love with him, by counterfayting a lettre as from his lady, in generall termes telling him what shee liked best in him, and prescribing his gesture in smiling, his apparraile, &c., and then when he came to practise, making him beleieve they tooke him to be mad, &c.” This important memorandum, which was first pointed out by Mr. Collier, proves that Twelfth Night was written before February, 1601-2, and as it is not mentioned by Meres in 1598, we may safely conclude it was written in 1599, 1600, or 1601. If reliance may be placed on the statement that the “new map with the augmentation of the Indies,” refers to a particular plate in Linschoten’s “Voyages into the Easte and West Indies,” which appeared at London in 1598, we may perhaps assign the date of the play to the following year.

The primary source of Twelfth-Night is found in one of the novels of Bandello, but Shakespeare adopted most of the particulars of the story from an English translation in Rich’s “Farewell to Militarie Profession,” 4to. London, 1581, which contains many variations from the original. In this account, a duke or sovereign called Apolonius, was wrecked on the Isle of Cyprus on his return from a crusade against the infidels, and having been hospitably received by Pontus, “lord and governor of this famous isle,” chanced to inspire his daughter with an inextinguishable affection. This lady, who was named Silla, follows Apolonius, some time after his departure, accompanied by only one servant. She also was destined to be shipwrecked, her servant was drowned, and she herself escaped with difficulty. Silla afterwards assumes male attire, and enters into the service of Apolonius as a page. It will be observed that this account removes the improbability, which must strike every reader of the comedy, of Viola’s sudden affection for the duke, and her desire to serve him. The commencement of the second part of the story, Juliana corresponding to the Olivia of the play, is thus related in the novel:—

“At this verie instaunt, there was remainyng in the cittie a noble Dame a widdowe, whose husband was but lately deceased, one of the noblest men that were in the partes of Grecia, who left his lady and wife large possessions and great livings. This ladyes name was called Julina, who besides the abundance of her wealth and the greatnesse of her revenues, had likewise the soveraigntie of all the dames of Constantinople for her beautie. To this lady Julina, Apolonius became an earnest suter, and according to the manner of wooers, besides faire wordes, sorrowfull sighes, and piteous countenances, there must be sending of loving letters, chaines, braceletes, brouches, ringes, tablets, gemmes, jueis, and presents I know not what: so my duke, who in the time that he remained in the Ile of Cypres, had no skill at all in the arte of love, although it were more then half profferred unto him, was now become a scholler in loves

TWELFTH NIGHT.

school, and had already learned his first lesson, that is, to speak piteously, to look ruthfully, to promise largely, to serve diligently, and to please carefully: now he was learning his second lesson, that is, to reward liberally, to give bountifully, to present willingly, and to write lovingly. Thus Apoloniuss was so busied in his new study, that I warrant you there was no man that could challenge him for playing the truant, he followed his profession with so good a will: and who must be the messenger to carry the tokens and love letters to the lady Juliana, but Silvio his man; in him the duke reposed his only confidence, to go between him and his lady.

"Now, gentlewomen, doe you thinke there could have beene a greater torment devised wherewith to afflict the heart of Silla, then herself to be made the instrument to worke her owne mishap, and to plaie the attorney in a cause that made so much against herself. But Silla, altogether desirous to please her maister, cared nothing at all to offend herselfe, followed his businesse with so good a will, as if it had been in her own preferment.

"Juliana now having many times taken the gaze of this yong youth Silvio, perceiuing him to be of such excellent perfect grace, was so intangled with the often sight of this sweete temptation, that she fell into as great a liking with the man, as the maister was with her selfe: and on a time Silvio being sent from his maister, with a message to the lady Juliana, as he beganne very earnestly to sollicite in his maisters behalfe, Juliana interrupting him in his tale, saied: Silvio, it is enough that you have saied for your maister; from henceforth either speake for your self, or say nothing at all. Silla abashed to heare these words, began in her mind to accuse the blindness of love, that Juliana neglecting the good of so noble a duke, would preferre her love unto such a one, as nature it selfe had denied to recompence her liking."

It is somewhat singular that the Italian play mentioned by Manningham, in the extract above given, should be found on examination to have little resemblance to *Twelfth-Night*. Another play, the *Ingannati*, bears more similarity, but its story was no doubt taken from Bandello. No source has hitherto been discovered for the foundation of the comic portion of Shakespeare's comedy. "In both the Italian dramas," as Mr. Collier observes, "it is of the most homely and vulgar materials, by the intervention of empirics, braggarts, pedants, and servants, who deal in the coarsest jokes, and are guilty of the grossest buffoonery."

There is no mention of the shipwreck in Bandello; and Skottowe thinks that the separation of Sebastian and Viola, in the play, assimilates more closely to a tale in the *Heccatomithi* than to either of the versions of the story in Bandello and Rich. Cinthio relates the story of a gentleman, who, falling under the displeasure of the king of Naples, leaves that country with his two children, a boy and a girl, bearing a strong resemblance to each other. Their vessel is wrecked, and their father is lost; but the two children, getting safely to shore, are brought up, unknown to each other, by different persons. Shakespeare's Sebastian and Viola are twins and orphans separated by shipwreck; each is ignorant that the other had survived, and both are indebted to strangers for their preservation. (Skottowe, 206.)

In *Twelfth Night*, as in some other plays, Shakespeare exhibits the wonderful power of his dramatic art by reconciling the introduction of the most fascinating poetry with the action of characters whose discourse is replete with buffoonery; so that, when the curtain falls, our admiration is divided between the serious and comic portions of the drama. The pathetic eloquence and enchanting graces of Viola are familiar to the most casual reader; but it may be doubted whether the character of Malvolio has been correctly appreciated, whether, indeed, the poet did not in him intend to figure the lamentable consequences of extreme personal vanity in a person of really natural sound sense, not merely a vain, sententious fool, as he is too often represented on the stage. Sir Toby Belch is a genuine English humourist of the old school, and his butt, Sir Andrew Ague-cheek, is, perhaps, still more richly comic, always enjoying a joke, and never understanding it. The Clown, to a certain extent, is philosophical; and some of the critics imagine even an æsthetic meaning in every line of the quaint little song which concludes the comedy

PERSONS REPRESENTED

ORSINO, *Duke of Illyria.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 4. Act II. sc. 4. Act V. sc. 1.

SEBASTIAN, *brother to Viola.*

Appears, Act II. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act V. sc. 1.

ANTONIO, *a sea-captain, friend to Sebastian.*

Appears, Act II. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 3; sc. 4. Act V. sc. 1.

A Sea-Captain, *friend to Viola.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 2.

VALENTINE, *a gentleman attending on the Duke.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 4.

CURIO, *a gentleman attending on the Duke.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 4. Act II. sc. 4.

SIR TOBY BELCH, *uncle to Olivia.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 3; sc. 5. Act II. sc. 3; sc. 5. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 4. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act V. sc. 1.

SIR ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.

Appears, Act I. sc. 3. Act II. sc. 3; sc. 5. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 4. Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 1.

MALVOLIO, *steward to Olivia.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 5. Act II. sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 5. Act III. sc. 4. Act IV. sc. 2. Act V. sc. 1.

FABIAN, *servant to Olivia.*

Appears, Act II. sc. 5. Act III. sc. 2; sc. 4. Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 1.

Clown, *servant to Olivia.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 5. Act II. sc. 3; sc. 4. Act III. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act V. sc. 1.

Officers.

Appear, Act III. sc. 4. Act V. sc. 1.

OLIVIA, *a rich Countess.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 5. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 4. Act IV. sc. 1. sc. 3. Act V. sc. 1.

VIOLA, *in love with the Duke.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 5. Act II. sc. 2; sc. 4. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 4. Act V. sc. 1.

MARIA, *Olivia's waiting-woman.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 3; sc. 5. Act II. sc. 3; sc. 5. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 4. Act IV. sc. 2.

Lords, Priests, Sailors, Musicians, and Attendants.

SCENE,—A CITY IN ILLYRIA; AND THE SEA-COAST
NEAR IT.

Twelfth Night; or, What You Will.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in the Duke's Palace.*

Enter DUKE, CURIO, Lords; Musicians attending.

Duke. If music be the food of love, play on ;
Give me excess of it ; that, surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken, and so die.
That strain again ;—it had a dying fall :
O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet sound
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing, and giving odour.—Enough ! no more ;
'T is not so sweet now as it was before.
O spirit of love ! how quick and fresh art thou,
That, notwithstanding thy capacity
Receiveth as the sea, nought enters there,
Of what validity and pitch soe'er,
But falls into abatement and low price,
Even in a minute ! so full of shapes is fancy,
That it alone is high-fantastical.

Cur. Will you go hunt, my lord ?

Duke. What, Curio ?

Cur. The hart.

Duke. Why, so I do, the noblest that I have :
O, when mine eyes did see Olivia first,
Methought she purg'd the air of pestilence ;
That instant was I turn'd into a hart,
And my desires, like fell and cruel hounds,
E'er since pursue me.—How now ? what news
from her ?

540

Enter VALENTINE.

Val. So please my lord, I might not be admitted,
But from her handmaid do return this answer
The element itself, till seven years' heat,
Shall not behold her face at ample view ;
But, like a cloistress, she will veiled walk,
And water once a day her chamber round
With eye-offending brine : all this, to season
A brother's dead love, which she would keep fresh
And lasting in her sad remembrance.

Duke. O, she that hath a heart of that fine frame,
To pay this debt of love but to a brother,
How will she love, when the rich golden shaft
Hath kill'd the flock of all affections else
That live in her ! when liver, brain, and heart,
Those sovereign thrones, are all supply'd and fill'd,
(Her sweet perfections,) with one selfsame king !—
Away before me to sweet beds of flowers ;
Love-thoughts lie rich, when canopy'd with
bowers. [*Exeunt*

SCENE II.—*The Sea-coast.*

Enter VIOLA, Captain, and Sailors.

Vio. What country, friends, is this ?

Cap. This is Illyria, lady.

Vio. And what should I do in Illyria?
My brother he is in Elysium.
Perchance he is not drown'd :—What think you,
sailors?

Cap. It is perchance that you yourself were
sav'd.

Vio. O my poor brother! and so, perchance, may
he be.

Cap. True, madam; and to comfort you with
chance,

Assure yourself, after our ship did split,
When you, and those poor number sav'd with
you,

Hung on our driving boat, I saw your brother,
Most provident in peril, bind himself
(Courage and hope both teaching him the prac-
tice)

To a strong mast, that liv'd upon the sea;
Where; like Arion on the dolphin's back,
I saw him hold acquaintance with the waves,
So long as I could see.

Vio. For saying so, there's gold:
Mine own escape unfoldeth to my hope,
Whereto thy speech serves for authority,
The like of him. Know'st thou this country?

Cap. Ay, madam, well; for I was bred and
born

Not three hours' travel from this very place.

Vio. Who governs here?

Cap. A noble duke, in nature as in name.

Vio. What is his name?

Cap. Orsino.

Vio. Orsino! I have heard my father name
him:

He was a bachelor then.

Cap. And so is now, or was so very late:
For but a month ago I went from hence,
And then 't was fresh in murmur, (as, you know,
What great ones do, the less will prattle of,)
That he did seek the love of fair Olivia.

Vio. What's she?

Cap. A virtuous maid, the daughter of a count
That died some twelvemonth since; then leaving
her

in the protection of his son, her brother,
Who shortly also died: for whose dear love,
They say, she hath abjured the sight
And company of men.

Vio. O, that I serv'd that lady:
And might not be deliver'd to the world,
Till I had made mine own occasion mellow
What my estate is.

Cap. That were hard to compass,
Because she will admit no kind of suit,
No, not the duke's.

Vio. There is a fair behaviour in thee, captain
And though that nature with a beauteous wall
Doth oft close in pollution, yet of thee
I will believe thou hast a mind that suits
With this thy fair and outward character.
I prithee,—and I'll pay thee bounteously,—
Conceal me what I am; and be my aid
For such disguise as, haply, shall become
The form of my intent. I'll serve this duke;
Thou shalt present me as an eunuch to him:
It may be worth thy pains; for I can sing,
And speak to him in many sorts of music,
That will allow me very worth his service.
What else may hap, to time I will commit;
Only shape thou thy silence to my wit.

Cap. Be you his eunuch, and your mute I'll
be;
When my tongue blabs, then let mine eyes no
see!

Vio. I thank thee: Lead me on. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*A Room in Olivia's House.*

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH and MARIA.

Sir To. What a plague means my niece, to take
the death of her brother thus? I am sure care's
an enemy to life.

Mar. By my troth, Sir Toby, you must come in
earlier a' nights; your cousin, my lady, takes great
exceptions to your ill hours.

Sir To. Why, let her except before excepted!

Mar. Ay, but you must confine yourself within
the modest limits of order.

Sir To. Confine? I'll confine myself no finer
than I am. These clothes are good enough to drink
in, and so be these boots too; an they be not, let
them hang themselves in their own straps.

Mar. That quaffing and drinking will undo you:
I heard my lady talk of it yesterday; and of a
foolish knight, that you brought in one night here,
to be her wooer.

Sir To. Who? Sir Andrew Ague-cheek?

Mar. Ay, he.

Sir To. He's as tall a man as any's in Illyria.

Mar. What's that to the purpose?

Sir To. Why, he has three thousand ducats a
year.

Mar. Ay, but he'll have but a year in all these
ducats; he's a very fool, and a prodigal.

Sir To. Fie, that you li say so ! he plays o' the viol-de-gamboys, and speaks three or four languages word for word without book, and hath all the good gifts of nature.

Mar. He hath, indeed, all most natural : for besides that he 's a fool, he 's a great quarreller ; and but that he hath the gift of a coward to allay the gust he hath in quarrelling, 't is thought among the prudent he would quickly have the gift of a grave.

Sir To. By this hand, they are scoundrels and subtractors that say so of him. Who are they ?

Mar. They that add, moreover, he 's drunk nightly in your company.

Sir To. With drinking healths to my niece : I 'll drink to her as long as there is a passage in my throat, and drink in Illyria ! He 's a coward, and a coystril,² that will not drink to my niece till his brains turn o' the toe like a parish top.³ What, wench ? Castiliano-vulgo ; for here comes sir Andrew Ague-face.

Enter SIR ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.

Sir And. Sir Toby Belch ! how now, sir Toby Belch !

Sir To. Sweet sir Andrew !

Sir And. Bless you, fair shrew.

Mar. And you too, sir.

Sir To. Accost, sir Andrew, accost.

Sir And. What 's that ?

Sir To. My niece's chambermaid.

Sir And. Good Mistress Accost, I desire better acquaintance.

Mar. My name is Mary, sir.

Sir And. Good mistress Mary Accost,—

Sir To. You mistake, knight ; accost is, front her, board her, woo her, assail her.

Sir And. By my troth, I would not undertake her in this company. Is that the meaning of accost ?

Mar. Fare you well, gentlemen.

Sir To. An thou let part so, sir Andrew, 'would thou mightst never draw sword again.

Sir And. An you part so, mistress, I would I might never draw sword again. Fair lady, do you think you have fools in hand ?

Mar. Sir, I have not you by the hand.

Sir And. Marry but you shall have ; and here 's my hand.

Mar. Now, sir, thought is free : I pray you, bring your hand to the buttery-bar, and let it drink.

Sir And. Wherefore, sweetheart ? what 's your metaphor ?

Mar. It 's dry, sir.

Sir And. Why, I think so ; I am not such an ass but I can keep my hand dry But what 's your jest ?

Mar. A dry jest, sir.

Sir And. Are you full of them ?

Mar. Ay, sir ; I have them at my fingers' ends : marry, now I let go your hand, I am barren.

[*Exit MARIA.*]

Sir To. O knight, thou lack'st a cup of canary : When did I see thee so put down ?

Sir And. Never in your life, I think ; unless you see canary put me down. Methinks sometimes I have no more wit than a Christian, or an ordinary man has : but I am a great eater of beef, and I believe that does harm to my wit.

Sir To. No question.

Sir And. An I thought that, I 'd forswear it. I 'll ride home to-morrow, Sir Toby.

Sir To. *Pourquoy*, my dear knight ?

Sir And. What is *pourquoy* ? do or not do ? I would I had bestowed that time in the tongues that I have in fencing, dancing, and bear-baiting : O, had I but followed the arts !

Sir To. Then hadst thou an excellent head of hair.

Sir And. Why, would that have mended my hair !

Sir To. Past question ; for thou see'st it will not curl by nature.

Sir And. But it becomes me well enough, does 't not ?

Sir To. Excellent ; it hangs like flax on a distaff ; and I hope to see a housewife take thee between her legs, and spin it off.

Sir And. 'Faith, I 'll home to-morrow, Sir Toby your niece will not be seen ; or, if she be, it 's four to one she 'll none of me : the count himself, here hard by, woos her.

Sir To. She 'll none o' the count ; she 'll not match above her degree, neither in estate, years, nor wit ; I have heard her swear 't. Tut, there 's life in 't, man.

Sir And. I 'll stay a month longer. I am a fellow o' the strangest mind i' the world ; I delight in masques and revels sometimes altogether.

Sir To. Art thou good at these kickshaws, knight ?

Sir And. As any man in Illyria, whatsoever he be, under the degree of my betters ; and yet I will not compare with an old man.

Sir To. What is thy excellence in a galliard, knight?

Sir And. 'Faith, I can cut a caper.

Sir To. And I can cut the mutton to 't.

Sir And. And I think I have the back-trick, simply as strong as any man in Illyria.

Sir To. Wherefore are these things hid? wherefore have these gifts a curtain before 'em? are they like to take dust, like mistress Mall's picture? why dost thou not go to church in a galliard, and come home in a coranto? My very walk should be a jig; I would not so much as make water but in a sink-a-pace. What dost thou mean? is it a world to hide virtues in? I did think, by the excellent constitution of thy leg, it was form'd under the star of a galliard.

Sir And. Ay, 't is strong, and it does indifferent well in a flame-colour'd stock. Shall we set about some revels?

Sir To. What shall we do else? were we not born under Taurus?

Sir And. Taurus? that 's sides and heart.

Sir To. No, sir; it is legs and thighs. Let me see thee caper: ha! higher: ha, ha!—excellent!
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*A Room in the Duke's Palace.*

Enter VALENTINE, and VIOLA in man's attire.

Val. If the duke continue these favours toward you, Cesario, you are like to be much advanc'd; he hath known you but three days, and already you are no stranger.

Vio. You either fear his humour, or my negligence, that you call in question the continuance of his love. Is he inconstant, sir, in his favours?

Val. No, believe me.

Enter DUKE, CURIO, and Attendants.

Vio. I thank you. Here comes the count.

Duke. Who saw Cesario, ho?

Vio. On your attendance, my lord, here.

Duke. Stand you awhile aloof.—Cesario, Thou know'st no less but all; I have unclasp'd To thee the book even of my secret soul: Therefore, good youth, address thy gait unto her; Be not deny'd access; stand at her doors, And tell them, there thy fixed foot shall grow, Till thou have audience.

Vio. Sure, my noble lord, If she be so abandon'd to her sorrow, As it is spoke, she never will admit me.

Duke. Be clamorous, and leap all civil bounds, Rather than make unprofit return.

Vio. Say, I do speak with her, my lord: What then?

Duke. O, then unfold the passion of my love; Surprise her with discourse of my dear faith: It shall become thee well to act my woes; She will attend it better in thy youth, Than in a nuncio of more grave aspect.

Vio. I think not so, my lord.

Duke. Dear lad, believe it; For they shall yet belie thy happy years, That say, thou art a man: Diana's lip Is not more smooth and rubious; thy small pipe Is as the maiden's organ, shrill and sound, And all is semblative a woman's part. I know thy constellation is right apt For this affair:—Some four, or five, attend him; All, if you will; for I myself am best When least in company:—Prosper well in this, And thou shalt live as freely as thy lord, To call his fortunes thine.

Vio. I'll do my best To woo your lady; yet, [*aside*] a barful strife! Whoe'er I woo, myself would be his wife.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*A Room in Olivia's House.*

Enter MARIA and Clown.

Mar. Nay, either tell me where thou hast been, or I will not open my lips so wide as a bristle may enter, in way of thy excuse: my lady will hang thee for thy absence.

Clo. Let her hang me: he that is well hang'd in this world needs to fear no colours.⁵

Mar. Make that good.

Clo. He shall see none to fear.

Mar. A good lenten answer. I can tell thee where that saying was born, of, I fear no colours.

Clo. Where, good mistress Mary?

Mar. In the wars; and that may you be bold to say in your foolery.

Clo. Well, God give them wisdom that have it; and those that are fools, let them use their talents.

Mar. Yet you will be hang'd, for being so long absent; or, to be turn'd away; is not that as good as a hanging to you?

Clo. Many a good hanging prevents a bad marriage; and, for turning away, let summer bear it out.

Mar. You are resolute, then?

Clo. Not so, neither; but I am resolv'd on two points.

Mar. That if one break^s the other will hold; or, if both break, your gaskins fall.

Clo. Apt, in good faith; very apt! Well, go thy way; if sir Toby would leave drinking, thou wert as witty a piece of Eve's flesh as any in Illyria.

Mar. Peace, you rogue, no more o' that; here comes my lady: make your excuse wisely, you were best.

[*Exit.*]

Enter OLIVIA and MALVOLIO.

Clo. Wit, an't be thy will, put me into good fooling! Those wits that think they have thee do very oft prove fools; and, I that am sure I lack thee, may pass for a wise man: For what says Quinapalus? Better a witty fool than a foolish wit.—God bless thee, lady!

Oli. Take the fool away.

Clo. Do you not hear, fellows? Take away the lady.

Oli. Go to, you're a dry fool; I'll no more of you: besides, you grow dishonest.

Clo. Two faults, madonna, that drink and good counsel will amend: for give the dry fool drink,—then is the fool not dry; bid the dishonest man mend himself,—if he mend, he is no longer dishonest; if he cannot, let the botcher mend him. Anything that's mended is but patch'd: virtue that transgresses is but patched with sin; and sin that amends is but patched with virtue: If that this simple syllogism will serve, so; if it will not, What remedy? As there is no true cuckold but calamity, so beauty's a flower:—the lady bade take away the fool; therefore, I say again, take her away.

Oli. Sir, I bade them take away you.

Clo. Misprision in the highest degree!—Lady, *Cucullus non facit monachum*; that's as much to say as, I wear not motley in my brain. Good madonna, give me leave to prove you a fool.

Oli. Can you do it?

Clo. Dexterously, good madonna.

Oli. Make your proof.

Clo. I must catechise you for it, madonna: Good my mouse of virtue, answer me.

Oli. Well, sir, for want of other idleness, I'll bide your proof.

Clo. Good madonna, why mourn'st thou?

Oli. Good fool, for my brother's death.

Clo. I think his soul is in he—, madonna.

Oli. I know his soul is in heaven, fool.

Clo. The more fool, madonna, to mourn for your brother's soul being in heaven.—Take away the fool, gentlemen.

Oli. What think you of this fool, Malvolio? doth he not mend?

Mal. Yes; and shall do, till the pangs of death shake him: Infirmity, that decays the wise, doth ever make the better fool.

Clo. God send you, sir, a speedy infirmity, for the better increasing your folly! Sir Toby will be sworn that I am no fox; but he will not pass his word for twopence that you are no fool.

Oli. How say you to that, Malvolio?

Mal. I marvel your ladyship takes delight in such a barren rascal: I saw him put down the other day with an ordinary fool that has no more brain than a stone. Look you now, he's out of his guard already; unless you laugh and minister occasion to him, he is gagg'd. I protest I take these wise men, that crow so at these set kind of fools, to be no better than the fools' zanies.⁷

Oli. O, you are sick of self-love, Malvolio, and taste with a distemper'd appetite. To be generous, guiltless, and of free disposition, is to take those things for bird-bolts that you deem cannon-bullets. There is no slander in an allow'd fool, though he do nothing but rail; nor no railing in a known discreet man, though he do nothing but reprove.

Clo. Now Mercury endue thee with leasing,⁸ for thou speak'st well of fools!

Re-enter MARIA.

Mar. Madam, there is at the gate a young gentleman much desires to speak with you.

Oli. From the count Orsino, is it?

Mar. I know not, madam; 't is a fair young man, and well attended.

Oli. Who of my people hold him in delay?

Mar. Sir Toby, madam, your kinsman.

Oli. Fetch him off, I pray you; he speaks nothing but madman: Fie on him! [*Exit MARIA.*] Go you, Malvolio: if it be a suit from the count, I am sick, or not at home; what you will, to dismiss it. [*Exit MALVOLIO.*] Now you see, sir, how your fooling grows old, and people dislike it.

Clo. Thou hast spoke for us, madonna, as if thy eldest son should be a fool; whose skull Jove cram with brains! for here he comes, one of thy kin, has a most weak *pia mater*.

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH.

Oli. By mine honour, half drunk.—What is he at the gate, cousin?

Sir To. A gentleman.

Oli. A gentleman? what gentleman?

Sir To. 'T is a gentleman here—A plague o' these pickle-herrings!—How now, sot?

Clo. Good sir Toby,—

Oli. Cousin, cousin, how have you come so early by this lethargy?

Sir To. Lechery! I defy lechery: There's one at the gate.

Oli. Ay, marry; what is he?

Sir To. Let him be the devil, an he will, I care not: give me faith, say I. Well, it's all one.

[*Exit.*

Oli. What's a drunken man like, fool?

Clo. Like a drown'd man, a fool, and a madman; one draught above heat makes him a fool; the second mads him; and a third drowns him.

Oli. Go thou and seek the crowner, and let him sit o' my coz; for he's in the third degree of drink, he's drown'd: go, look after him.

Clo. He is but mad yet, madonna; and the fool shall look to the madman. [*Exit* Clown.

Re-enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. Madam, yond young fellow swears he will speak with you. I told him you were sick; he takes on him to understand so much, and therefore comes to speak with you. I told him you were asleep; he seems to have a foreknowledge of that too, and therefore comes to speak with you. What is to be said to him, lady? he's fortified against any denial.

Oli. Tell him he shall not speak with me.

Mal. He's been told so; and he says, he'll stand at your door like a sheriff's post,⁹ or be the supporter to a bench, but he'll speak with you.

Oli. What kind of man is he?

Mal. Why, of mankind.

Oli. What manner of man?

Mal. Of very ill manner; he'll speak with you, will you, or no.

Oli. Of what personage, and years, is he?

Mal. Not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough for a boy; as a squash is before 't is a peascod, or a codling¹⁰ when 't is almost an apple: 't is with him in standing water, between boy and man. He is very well favour'd, and he

speaks very shrewishly; one would think his mother's milk were scarce out of him.

Oli. Let him approach: Call in my gentlewoman.

Mal. Gentlewoman, my lady calls. [*Exit.*

Re-enter MARIA.

Oli. Give me my veil: come, throw it o'er my face. We'll once more hear Orsino's embassy.

Enter VIOLA.

Vio. The honourable lady of the house, which is she?

Oli. Speak to me, I shall answer for her: Your will?

Vio. Most radiant, exquisite, and unmatchable beauty, I pray you tell me if this be the lady of the house, for I never saw her: I would be loth to cast away my speech: for, besides that it is excellently well penned, I have taken great pains to con it. Good beauties, let me sustain no scorn; I am very comptible, even to the least sinister usage.

Oli. Whence came you, sir?

Vio. I can say little more than I have studied, and that question's out of my part. Good gentle one, give me modest assurance if you be the lady of the house, that I may proceed in my speech.

Oli. Are you a comedian?

Vio. No, my profound heart; and yet, by the very fangs of malice I swear I am not that I play. Are you the lady of the house?

Oli. If I do not usurp myself, I am.

Vio. Most certain, if you are she you do usurp yourself; for what is yours to bestow is not yours to reserve. But this is from my commission: I will on with my speech in your praise, and then show you the heart of my message.

Oli. Come to what is important in 't: I forgive you the praise.

Vio. Alas, I took great pains to study it, and 't is poetical.

Oli. It is the more like to be feigned; I pray you, keep it in. I heard you were saucy at my gates; and allow'd your approach, rather to wonder at you than to hear you. If you be not mad, be gone; if you have reason, be brief: 't is not that time of moon with me to make one in so skipping a dialogue.

Mar. Will you hoist sail, sir? here lies your way.

Vio. No, good swabber; I am to hull¹¹ here a little longer.—Some mollification for your giant,

sweet lady. Tell me your mind; I am a messenger.

Oli. Sure, you have some hideous matter to deliver, when the courtesy of it is so fearful. Speak your office.

Vio. It alone concerns your ear. I bring no overture of war, no taxation of homage; I hold the olive in my hand: my words are as full of peace as matter.

Oli. Yet you began rudely. What are you? what would you?

Vio. The rudeness that hath appeared in me, have I learn'd from my entertainment. What I am, and what I would, are as secret as maiden-head:—to your ears, divinity; to any other's, profanation.

Oli. Give us the place alone: we will hear this divinity! [*Exit MARIA.*] Now, sir, what is your text?

Vio. Most sweet lady,—

Oli. A comfortable doctrine, and much may be said of it. Where lies your text?

Vio. In Orsino's bosom.

Oli. In his bosom? In what chapter of his bosom?

Vio. To answer by the method, in the first of his heart.

Oli. O, I have read it; it is heresy. Have you no more to say?

Vio. Good madam, let me see your face.

Oli. Have you any commission from your lord to negotiate with my face? You are now out of your text: but we will draw the curtain, and show you the picture. [*Unveiling.*] Look you, sir, such a one I was this present: Is 't not well done?

Vio. Excellently done, if God did all.

Oli. 'T is in-grain, sir; 't will endure wind and weather.

Vio. 'T is beauty truly blent, whose red and white Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on: Lady, you are the cruell'st she alive, If you will lead these graces to the grave, And leave the world no copy.

Oli. O, sir, I will not be so hard-hearted; I will give out divers schedules of my beauty. It shall be inventoried; and every particle, and utensil, labell'd to my will: as, item, two lips indifferent red; item, two grey eyes, with lids to them; item, one neck, one chin, and so forth. Were you sent hither to praise¹² me?

Vio. I see you what you are: you are too proud;

But, if you were the devil, you are fair.

My lord and master loves you; O such love

Could be but recompens'd, though you were crown'd

The nonpareil of beauty!

Oli. How does he love me?

Vio. With adorations, fertile tears,

With groans that thunder love, with sighs of fire.

Oli. Your lord does know my mind, I cannot love him:

Yet I suppose him virtuous, know him noble, Of great estate, of fresh and stainless youth; In voices well divulg'd, free, learn'd, and valiant, And in dimension, and the shape of nature, A gracious person; but yet I cannot love him; He might have took his answer long ago.

Vio. If I did love you in my master's flame, With such a suffering, such a deadly life, In your denial I would find no sense, I would not understand it.

Oli. Why, what would you?

Vio. Make me a willow cabin at your gate, And call upon my soul within the house; Write loyal cantons of contemned love, And sing them loud even in the dead of night; Holla your name to the reverberate hills, And make the babbling gossip of the air Cry out, Olivia! O, you should not rest Between the elements of air and earth, But you should pity me.

Oli. You might do much: What is your parentage?

Vio. Above my fortunes, yet my state is well: I am a gentleman.

Oli. Get you to your lord;

I cannot love him: let him send no more; Unless, perchance, you come to me again, To tell me how he takes it. Fare you well: I thank you for your pains: spend this for me.

Vio. I am no fee'd post, lady; keep your purse; My master, not myself, lacks recompense. Love make his heart of flint, that you shall love; And let your fervour, like my master's, be Plac'd in contempt! Farewell, fair cruelty. [*Exit*

Oli. What is your parentage?

"Above my fortunes, yet my state is well: I am a gentleman."—I'll be sworn thou art; Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions, and spirit, Do give thee five-fold blazon:—Not too fast:—soft! soft!

Unless the master were the man.—How now?
Even so quickly may one catch the plague?
Methinks, I feel this youth's perfections,
With an invisible and subtle stealth,
To creep in at mine eyes. Well, let it be.—
What, ho, Malvolio!—

Re-enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. Here, madam, at your service.

Oli. Run after that same peevish messenger,
The county's man: he left this ring behind him,

Would I, or not; tell him, I'll none of it.
Desire him not to flatter with his lord,
Nor hold him up with hopes; I am not for him:
If that the youth will come this way to-morrow,
I'll give him reasons for't. Hie thee, Malvolio.

Mal. Madam, I will. [*Exit*

Oli. I do I know not what: and fear to find
Mine eye too great a flatterer for my mind.
Fate, show thy force. Ourselves we do not owe;
What is decreed must be; and be this so!

[*Exit*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The Sea-coast.*

Enter ANTONIO and SEBASTIAN.

Ant. Will you stay no longer? nor will you not
that I go with you?

Seb. By your patience, no: my stars shine
darkly over me; the malignancy of my fate might,
perhaps, distemper yours; therefore, I shall crave
of you your leave that I may bear my evils alone:
It were a bad recompense for your love to lay any
of them on you.

Ant. Let me yet know of you whither you are
bound.

Seb. No, 'sooth, sir; my determinate voyage is
mere extravagancy. But I perceive in you so
excellent a touch of modesty, that you will not
extort from me what I am willing to keep in;
therefore it charges me in manners the rather to
express myself. You must know of me, then,
Antonio, my name is Sebastian, which I call'd
Rodorigo; my father was that Sebastian of Messa-
line, whom I know you have heard of: he left
behind him, myself and a sister, both born in an
hour. If the heavens had been pleas'd, 'would we
had so ended! but you, sir, alter'd that; for, some
hour before you took me from the breach of the
sea, was my sister drown'd.

Ant. Alas, the day!

Seb. A lady, sir, though it was said she much
resembled me, was yet of many accounted beau-
tiful: but, though I could not, with such estimable
wonder, overfar believe that, yet thus far I will
boldly publish her,—she bore a mind that envy

could not but call fair: she is drown'd already, sir,
with salt water, though I seem to drown her
remembrance again with more.

Ant. Pardon, me, sir, your bad entertainment.

Seb. O good Antonio, forgive me your trouble

Ant. If you will not murder me for my love,
let me be your servant.

Seb. If you will not undo what you have done,
that is, kill him whom you have recover'd, desire
it not. Fare ye well at once: my bosom is full
of kindness; and I am yet so near the manners of
my mother, that, upon the least occasion more,
mine eyes will tell tales of me. I am bound to
the count Orsino's court: farewell. [*Exit.*

Ant. The gentleness of all the gods go with
thee!

I have many enemies in Orsino's court,
Else would I very shortly see thee there:
But, come what may, I do adore thee so,
That danger shall seem sport, and I will go.

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*A street.*

Enter VIOLA; MALVOLIO following.

Mal. Were not you e'en now with the countess
Olivia?

Vio. Even now, sir; on a moderate pace I have
since arriv'd but hither.

Mal. She returns this ring to you, sir; you
might have saved me my pains, to have taken it
away yourself. She adds, moreover, that you

should put your lord into a desperate assurance she will none of him : And one thing more : that you be never so hardy to come again in his affairs unless it be to report your lord's taking of this. Receive it so.

Vio. She took the ring of me. I'll none of it.

Mal. Come, sir, you peevishly threw it to her ; and her will is it should be so return'd : if it be worth stooping for, there it lies in your eye ; if not, be it his that finds it. *[Exit.]*

Vio. I left no ring with her : What means this lady ?

Fortune forbid my outside have not charm'd her ! She made good view of me ; indeed, so much That, methought, her eyes had lost her tongue,¹⁴ For she did speak in starts distractedly.

She loves me, sure ; the cunning of her passion Invites me in this churlish messenger.

None of my lord's ring ! why, he sent her none.

I am the man :—If it be so, (as 't is,) Poor lady, she were better love a dream.

Disguise, I see thou art a wickedness,

Wherein the pregnant enemy does much.

How easy is it for the proper-false

In women's waxen hearts to set their forms !

Alas, our frailty is the cause, not we ;

For, such as we are made of, such we be.

How will this fadge ? My master loves her dearly :

And I, poor monster, fond as much on him ;

And she, mistaken, seems to dote on me :

What will become of this ? As I am man,

My state is desperate for my master's love !

As I am woman, now, alas the day !

What thriftless sighs shall poor Olivia breathe !

O time, thou must untangle this, not I ;

It is too hard a knot for me t' untie. *[Exit.]*

SCENE III.—A Room in Olivia's House.

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH and SIR ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.

Sir To. Approach, sir Andrew : not to be a-bed after midnight is to be up betimes ; and *diluculo surgere*, thou know'st,—

Sir And. Nay, by my troth, I know not : but I know, to be up late is to be up late.

Sir To. A false conclusion ; I hate it as an unfill'd can. To be up after midnight, and to go to bed then, is early : so that, to go to bed after midnight is to go to bed betimes. Do not our lives consist of the four elements ?¹⁵

Sir And. 'Faith, so they say ; but, I think, it rather consists of eating and drinking.

Sir To. Thou 'rt a scholar ; let us therefore eat and drink.—Marian, I say !—a stoop of wine !

Enter Clown.

Sir And. Here comes the fool, i' faith.

Clo. How now, my hearts ? Did you never see the picture of we three ?¹⁶

Sir To. Welcome, ass. Now let's have a catch.

Sir And. By my troth, the fool has an excellent breast. I had rather than forty shillings I had such a leg ; and so sweet a breath to sing, as the fool has. In sooth, thou wast in very gracious fooling last night, when thou spok'st of Picrogro-mitus, of the Vapians passing the equinoctial of Queubus ; 't was very good, i' faith. I sent thee sixpence for thy leman.¹⁷ Had'st it ?

Clo. I did impeticoes thy gratillity ; for Malvolio's nose is no whippstock. My lady has a white hand, and the Myrmidons are no bottle-ale houses.

Sir And. Excellent ! Why, this is the best fooling, when all is done. Now, a song.

Sir To. Come on ; there is sixpence for you : let's have a song.

Sir And. There's a testril of me too ; if one knight give a [way sixpence, so will I give another. Go to : a song.]

Clo. Would you have a love-song, or a song of good life ?

Sir To. A love song, a love song !

Sir And. Ay, ay ; I care not, for good life.

SONG.

Clo. O mistress mine, where are you roaming,
O stay and hear ; your true love's coming,
That can sing both high and low :
Trip no further, pretty sweeting ;
Journeys end in lovers' meeting,
Every wise man's son doth know.

Sir And. Excellent good, i' faith.

Sir To. Good, good.

Clo. What is love ? 't is not hereafter ;
Present mirth hath present laughter ;
What's to come is still unsure :
In delay there lies no plenty ;
Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty,
Youth's a stuff will not endure.

Sir And. A mellifluous voice, as I am true knight.

Sir To. A contagious breath.

Sir And. Very sweet and contagious, i' faith.

Sir To. To hear by the nose, it is dulcet in contagion. But shall we make the welkin dance indeed? Shall we rouse the night-owl in a catch, that will draw three souls out of one weaver?¹⁸ Shall we do that?

Sir And. An you love me, let 's do 't: I am a dog at a catch.

Clo. By 'r lady, sir, and some dogs will catch well.

Sir And. Most certain: let our catch be, "Thou knave."

Clo. "Hold thy peace, thou knave," knight? I shall be constrain'd in 't to call thee knave, knight.

Sir And. 'Tis not the first time I have constrained one to call me knave. Begin, fool; it begins, "Hold thy peace."

Clo. I shall never begin, if I hold my peace.

Sir And. Good, i' faith! Come, begin.

[*They sing a catch.*]

Enter MARIA.

Mar. What a catterwauling do you keep here! If my lady have not call'd up her steward, Malvolio, and bid him turn you out of doors, never trust me.

Sir To. My lady 's a Cataian, we are politicians; Malvolio 's a Peg-a-Ramsay,¹⁹ and "Three merry men be we." Am not I consanguineous? am I not of her blood? Tilly-valley! lady!²⁰ "There dwelt a man in Babylon, lady, lady!"

[*Singing.*]

Clo. Beshrew me, the knight 's in admirable fooling.

Sir And. Ay, he does well enough, if he be dispos'd, and so do I too; he does it with a better grace, but I do it more natural.

Sir To. "O, the twelfth day of December,"—

[*Singing.*]

Mar. For the love o' God, peace.

Enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. My masters, are you mad? or what are you? Have you no wit, manners, nor honesty, but to gabble like tinkers at this time of night? Do ye make an alehouse of my lady's house, that ye squeak out your coziers' catches without any mitigation or remorse of voice? Is there no respect of place, persons, nor time, in you?

Sir To. We did keep time, sir, in our catches. Sneek up.²¹

Mal. Sir Toby, I must be round with you. My lady bade me tell you, that, though she harbours you as her kinsman, she 's nothing alli'd to your disorders. If you can separate yourself and your misdemeanors, you are welcome to the house; if not, an it would please you to take leave of her, she is very willing to bid you farewell.

Sir To. "Farewell, dear heart, since I must needs be gone."

Mar. Nay, good sir Toby.

Clo. "His eyes do show his days are almost done."

Mal. Is 't even so?

Sir To. "But I will never die."

Clo. Sir Toby, there you lie.

Mal. This is much credit to you.

Sir To. "Shall I bid him go?"

Clo. "What an if you do?"

Sir To. "Shall I bid him go, and spare not?"

Clo. "O no, no, no, no, you dare not."

Sir To. Out o' time? sir, ye lie.—Art any more than a steward? Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?

Clo. Yes, by saint Anne; and ginger shall be hot i' the mouth too.

Sir To. Thou 'rt i' the right.—Go, sir, rub your chain with crumbs:²²—A stoop of wine, Maria!

Mal. Mistress Mary, if you priz'd my lady's favour at anything more than contempt, you would not give means for this uncivil rule; she shall know of it, by this hand. [*Exit.*]

Mar. Go shake your ears.

Sir And. 'T were as good a deed as to drink when a man 's a hungry, to challenge him the field; and then to break promise with him, and make a fool of him.

Sir To. Do 't, knight; I 'll write thee a challenge; or I 'll deliver thy indignation to him by word of mouth.

Mar. Sweet sir Toby, be patient for to-night; since the youth of the count's was to-day with my lady, she is much out of quiet. For monsieur Malvolio, let me alone with him. If I do not gull him into a nayword, and make him a common recreation, do not think I have wit enough to lie straight in my bed: I know I can do it.

Sir To. Possess us, possess us; tell us something of him.

Mar. Marry, sir, sometimes he is a kind of Puritan.

Sir And. O, if I thought that, I 'd beat him like a dog.

Sir To. What, for being a Puritan? thy exquisite reason, dear knight?

Sir And. I have no exquisite reason for 't, but I have reason good enough.

Mar. The devil a Puritan that he is, or anything constantly but a time-pleaser; an affection'd ass, that cons state without book, and utters it by great swaths: the best persuaded of himself, so cramm'd, as he thinks, with excellences, that it is his ground of faith that all that look on him love him; and on that vice in him will my revenge find notable cause to work.

Sir To. What wilt thou do?

Mar. I will drop in his way some obscure epistles of love; wherein, by the colour of his beard, the shape of his leg, the manner of his gait, the expresseure of his eye, forehead, and complexion, he shall find himself most feelingly personated: I can write very like my lady, your niece; on a forgotten matter we can hardly make distinction of our hands.

Sir To. Excellent! I smell a device.

Sir And. I have 't in my nose too.

Sir To. He shall think, by the letters that thou wilt drop, that they come from my niece, and that she 's in love with him.

Mar. My purpose is, indeed, a horse of that colour.

Sir And. And your horse now would make him an ass.

Mar. Ass, I doubt not.

Sir And. O, 't will be admirable.

Mar. Sport royal, I warrant you: I know my physie will work with him. I will plant you two, and let the fool make a third, where he shall find the letter; observe his construction of it. For this night, to bed, and dream on the event. Farewell.

[*Exit.*]

Sir To. Good night, Penthesilea.

Sir And. Before me, she 's a good wench.

Sir To. She 's a beagle, true bred, and one that adores me: What o' that?

Sir And. I was ador'd once too.

Sir To. Let 's to bed, knight.—Thou hadst need send for more money.

Sir And. If I cannot recover your niece, I am a foul way out.

Sir To. Send for money, knight; if thou hast her not i' the end, call me Cut.²³

Sir And. If I do not, never trust me, take it how you will.

Sir To. Come, come; I 'll go burn some sack; 't is too late to go to bed now. Come, knight; come, knight. [*Exeunt*]

SCENE IV.—*A Room in the Duke's Palace.*

Enter DUKE, VIOLA, CURIO, and others.

Duke. Give me some music:—Now, good morrow, friends:—

Now, good Cesario, but that piece of song, That old and antique song we heard last night; Methought, it did relieve my passion much; More than light airs and recollected terms, Of these most brisk and giddy-paced times: Come, but one verse.

Cur. He is not here, so please your lordship That should sing it.

Duke. Who was it?

Cur. Feste, the jester, my lord; a fool, that the lady Olivia's father took much delight in: he is about the house.

Duke. Seek him out, and play the tune the while. [*Exit CUR.—Music.*]

Come hither, boy: If ever thou shalt love, In the sweet pangs of it remember me: For, such as I am all true lovers are; Unstaid and skittish in all motions else, Save in the constant image of the creature That is belov'd.—How dost thou like this tune?

Vio. It gives a very echo to the seat Where Love is thron'd.

Duke. Thou dost speak masterly: My life upon 't, young though thou art, thine eye

Hath stay'd upon some favour that it loves; Hath it not, boy?

Vio. A little, by your favour.

Duke. What kind of woman is 't?

Vio. Of your complexion.

Duke. She is not worth thee then. What years, i' faith?

Vio. About your years, my lord.

Duke. Too old, by Heaven: Let still the woman take

An elder than herself; so wears she to him, So sways she level in her husband's heart. For, boy, however we do praise ourselves, Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm, More longing, wavering, sooner lost and worn, Than women's are.

Vio. I think it well, my lord.

Duke. Then let thy love be younger than thyself,

Or thy affection cannot hold the bent;
For women are as roses, whose fair flower,
Being once display'd, doth fall that very hour.

Vio. And so they are: alas, that they are so;
To die, even when they to perfection grow!

Re-enter CURIO and Clown.

Duke. O fellow, come, the song we had last night:

Mark it, Cesario; it is old and plain:
The spinsters and the knitters in the sun,
And the free maids that weave their thread with bones,

Do use to chant it; it is silly sooth,
And dallies with the innocence of love,
Like the old age.

Clo. Are you ready, sir?

Duke. Ay; prithee sing.

[*Music.*

SONG.

Clo. Come away, come away, death,
And in sad cypress let me be laid;²⁴
Fly away, fly away, breath;
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
O prepare it;
My part of death no one so true
Did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
On my black coffin let there be strown;
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown:
A thousand thousand sighs to save,
Lay me, O, where
Sad true lover never find my grave,
To weep there.

Duke. There's for thy pains.

Clo. No pains, sir; I take pleasure in singing, sir.

Duke. I'll pay thy pleasure then.

Clo. Truly, sir, and pleasure will be paid, one time or another.

Duke. Give me now leave to leave thee.

Clo. Now the melancholy god protect thee;
and the tailor make thy doublet of changeable taffata, for thy mind is a very opal!—I would have men of such constancy put to sea, that their business might be everything, and their intent everywhere; for that's it that always makes a good voyage of nothing.—Farewell. [*Exit Clown.*

Duke. Let all the rest give place.

[*Exeunt CURIO and Attendants.*

Once more, Cesario,

Get thee to yon' same sovereign cruelty:

Tell her, my love, more noble than the world,

Prizes not quantity of dirty lands;

The parts that fortune hath bestow'd upon her,

Tell her, I hold as giddily as fortune;

But 't is that miracle, and queen of gems,

That nature pranks her in, attracts my soul.

Vio. But if she cannot love you, sir?

Duke. I cannot be so answer'd.

Vio. 'Sooth, but you must.

Say, that some lady, as, perhaps, there is,

Hath for your love as great a pang of heart

As you have for Olivia: you cannot love her;

You tell her so: Must she not then be answer'd?

Duke. There is no woman's sides

Can bide the beating of so strong a passion

As love doth give my heart: no woman's heart

So big, to hold so much; they lack retention.

Alas, their love may be call'd appetite,—

No motion of the liver, but the palate,—

That suffers surfeit, cloyment, and revolt;

But mine is all as hungry as the sea,

And can digest as much: make no compare

Between that love a woman can bear me,

And that I owe Olivia.

Vio. Ay, but I know,—

Duke. What dost thou know?

Vio. Too well what love women to men may owe:

In faith, they are as true of heart as we.

My father had a daughter lov'd a man,

As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman,

I should your lordship.

Duke. And what's her history?

Vio. A blank, my lord: She never told her love,

But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,

Feed on her damask cheek: she pin'd in thought.

And, with a green and yellow melancholy,

She sat, like Patience on a monument,

Smiling at grief. Was not this love, indeed?

We men may say more, swear more: but, indeed,

Our shows are more than will; for still we prove

Much in our vows, but little in our love.

Duke. But died thy sister of her love, my boy?

Vio. I am all the daughters of my father's house,

And all the brothers too;—and yet I know not.—

Sir, shall I to this lady?

Duke. Ay, that's the theme.

To her in haste; give her this jewel; say

My love can give no place, bide no deny.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*Olivia's Garden.*

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH, SIR ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK,
and FABIAN.

Sir To. Come thy ways, signior Fabian.

Fab. Nay, I'll come; if I lose a scruple of this sport, let me be boiled to death with melancholy.

Sir To. Wouldst thou not be glad to have the niggardly rascally sheep-biter come by some notable shame?

Fab. I would exult, man: you know, he brought me out o' favour with my lady about a bear-baiting here.

Sir To. To anger him, we'll have the bear again; and we will fool him black and blue:—Shall we not, sir Andrew?

Sir And. An we do not, it is pity of our lives.

Enter MARIA.

Sir To. Here comes the little villain:—How now, my metal of India?

Mar. Get ye all three into the box-tree: Malvolio's coming down this walk. He has been yonder i' the sun, practising behaviour to his own shadow, this half-hour: observe him, for the love of mockery; for, I know, this letter will make a contemplative idiot of him. Close, in the name of jesting! [*The men hide themselves.*] Lie thou there; [*throws down a letter*] for here comes the trout that must be caught with tickling.

[*Exit* MARIA.]

Enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. 'T is but fortune; all is fortune. Maria once told me she did affect me: and I have heard herself come thus near, that, should she fancy, it should be one of my complexion. Besides, she uses me with a more exalted respect than any one else that follows her. What should I think on 't?

Sir To. Here's an overweening rogue!

Fab. O, peace! Contemplation makes a rare turkey-cock of him! how he jets under his advanc'd plumes!

Sir And. 'Slight, I could so beat the rogue:—

Sir To. Peace, I say.

Mal. To be count Malvolio;—

Sir To. Ah, rogue!

Sir And. Pistol him, pistol him.

Sir To. Peace, peace!

Mal. There is example for 't; the lady of th Strachy^{ss} married the yeoman of the wardrobe.

Sir And. Fie on him, Jezebel

Fab. O, peace! now he's deeply in; look, how imagination blows him.

Mal. Having been three months married to her, sitting in my state,—

Sir To. O, for a stone-bow,^{ss} to hit him in the eye!

Mal. Calling my officers about me, in my branch'd velvet gown; having come from a day-bed, where I have left Olivia sleeping:

Sir To. Fire and brimstone!

Fab. O, peace, peace!

Mal. And then to have the humour of state: and after a demure travel of regard,—telling them I know my place, as I would they should do theirs,—to ask for my kinsman Toby:

Sir To. Bolts and shackles!

Fab. O, peace, peace, peace! now, now!

Mal. Seven of my people, with an obedient start, make out for him: I frown the while: and, perchance, wind up my watch, or play with my some rich jewel. Toby approaches; court'sies there to me:

Sir To. Shall this fellow live?

Fab. Though our silence be drawn from us by th' cars, yet peace.

Mal. I extend my hand to him thus, quenching my familiar smile with an austere regard of control:

Sir To. And does not Toby take you a blow o' the lips, then?

Mal. Saying, "Cousin Toby, my fortunes having cast me on your niece, give me this prerogative of speech:"—

Sir To. What, what?

Mal. "You must amend your drunkenness."

Sir To. Out, scab!

Fab. Nay, patience, or we break the sinews of our plot.

Mal. "Besides, you waste the treasure of your time with a foolish knight:"

Sir And. That's me, I warrant you.

Mal. "One sir Andrew:"

Sir And. I knew 't was I; for many do call me fool.

Mal. What employment have we here?

[*Taking up the letter*]

Fab. Now is the woodcock near the gin.

Sir To. O peace! and the spirit of humours intimate reading aloud to him!

Mal. By my life, this is my lady's hand: these be her very *C*'s, her *U*'s, and her *T*'s; and thus makes she her great *P*'s. It is, in contempt of question, her hand.

Sir And. Her *C*'s, her *U*'s, and her *T*'s: Why that?

Mal. [*reads.*] "To the unknown belov'd, this, and my good wishes:" her very phrases!—By your leave, wax.—Soft!—and the impressure her Lucrece, with which she uses to seal: 't is my lady: To whom should this be?

Fab. This wins him, liver and all.

Mal. [*reads.*] "Jove knows, I love:
But who?
Lips do not move;
No man must know."

"No man must know."—What follows?—the number 's alter'd!—"No man must know:"—If this should be thee, Malvolio?

Sir To. Marry, hang thee, brock!²⁷

Mal. "I may command, where I adore:
But silence, like a Lucrece knife,
With bloodless stroke my heart doth gore;
M, O, A, I, doth sway my life."

Fab. A fustian riddle!

Sir To. Excellent wench, say *I*.

Mal. "*M, O, A, I*, doth sway my life."—Nay, but first,—let me see,—let me see,—let me see.

Fab. What dish a' poison has she dressed him!

Sir To. And with what wing the staniel²⁸ checks at it!

Mal. "I may command where I adore." Why, she may command me: I serve her, she is my lady. Why, this is evident to any formal capacity. There is no obstruction in this;—And the end,—What should that alphabetical position portend? If I could make that resemble something in me,—Softly!—*M, O, A, I*.—

Sir To. O, ay! make up that:—he is now at a cold scent.

Fab. Sowter will cry upon 't, for all this, though it be as rank as a fox.

Mal. *M*,—Malvolio;—*M*,—why, that begins my name.

Fab. Did not I say he would work it out? the cur is excellent at faults.

Mal. *M*,—But then there is no consonancy in the sequel; that suffers under probation: *A* should follow, but *O* does.

Fab. And *O* shall end, I hope.

Sir To. Ay, or I'll cudgel him, and make him cry, *O*.

Mal. And then *I* comes behind.

Fab. Ay, an you had any eye behind you, you might see more detraction at your heels, than fortunes before you.

Mal. *M, O, A, I*:—This simulation is not as the former: and yet, to crush this a little, it would bow to me, for every one of these letters are in my name. Soft, here follows prose.—

"If this fall into thy hand, revolve. In my stars I am above thee; but be not afraid of greatness: Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them. Thy fates open their hands; let thy blood and spirit embrace them. And, to inure thyself to what thou art like to be, cast thy humble slough, and appear fresh. Be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants: let thy tongue tang arguments of state; put thyself into the trick of singularity: she thus advises thee that sighs for thee. Remember who commended thy yellow stockings; and wished to see thee ever cross-gartered: I say, remember. Go to; thou art made, if thou desirest to be so; if not, let me see thee a steward still, the fellow of servants, and not worthy to touch fortune's fingers. Farewell. She that would alter services with thee,

"THE FORTUNATE UNHAPPY."

Daylight and champain discovers not more: this is open. I will be proud, I will read politic authors, I will baffle Sir Toby, I will wash off gross acquaintance, I will be point device,²⁹ the very man. I do not now fool myself to let imagination jade me; for every reason excites to this, that my lady loves me. She did commend my yellow stockings of late, she did praise my leg being cross-gartered; and in this she manifests herself to my love, and, with a kind of injunction, drives me to these habits of her liking. I thank my stars I am happy. I will be strange, stout, in yellow stockings, and cross-gartered, even with the swiftness of putting on. Jove, and my stars, be praised!—Here is yet a postscript. "Thou canst not choose but know who I am. If thou entertainest my love, let it appear in thy smiling; thy smiles become thee well: therefore in my presence still smile, dear my sweet, I prithee." Jove, I thank thee.—I will smile: I will do everything that thou wilt have me. [*Exit.*]

Fab. I will not give my part of this sport for a pension of thousands to be paid from the Sophy.

Sir To. I could marry this wench for this device:

Sir And. So could I too.

Sir To. And ask no other dowry with her, but such another jest.

Re-enter MARIA.

Sir And. Nor I neither.

Fab. Here comes my noble gull-catcher.

Sir To. Wilt thou set thy foot o' my neck?

Sir And. Or o' mine either?

Sir To. Shall I play my freedom at tray-trip,³⁰ and become thy bond-slave?

Sir And. I faith, or I either?

Sir To. Why, thou hast put him in such a dream, that when the image of it leaves him he must run mad.

Mar. Nay, but say true; does it work upon him?

Sir To. Like aqua-vitæ with a midwife.

Mar. If you will then see the fruits of the sport, mark his first approach before my lady: he will come to her in yellow stockings, and 't is a colour she abhors; and cross-gartered, a fashion she detests; and he will smile upon her, which will now be so unsuitable to her disposition, being addicted to a melancholy as she is, that it cannot but turn him into a notable contempt: if you will see it, follow me.

Sir To. To the gates of Tartar, thou most excellent devil of wit.

Sir And. I'll make one too.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Olivia's Garden.*

Enter VIOLA, and Clown with a tabor.

Vio. Save thee, friend, and thy music: Dost thou live by thy tabor?

Clo. No, sir, I live by the church.

Vio. Art thou a churchman?

Clo. No such matter, sir; I do live by the church; for I do live at my house, and my house doth stand by the church.

Vio. So thou mayst say, the king lies by a beggar, if a beggar dwell near him; or the church stands by thy tabor, if thy tabor stand by the church.

Clo. You have said, sir.—To see this age!—A sentence is but a cheveril glove³¹ to a good wit: How quickly the wrong side may be turned outward?

Vio. Nay, that's certain; they that dally nicely with words may quickly make them wanton.

Clo. I would, therefore, my sister had had no name, sir.

Vio. Why, man?

Clo. Why, sir, her name's a word; and to dally with that word might make my sister wanton: But, indeed, words are very rascals, since bonds disgraced them.

Vio. Thy reason, man?

Clo. Troth, sir, I can yield you none without words; and words are grown so false, I am loth to prove reason with them.

Vio. I warrant thou art a merry fellow, and carest for nothing.

Clo. Not so, sir, I do care for something: but in my conscience, sir, I do not care for you; if that be to care for nothing, sir, I would it would make you invisible.

Vio. Art not thou the lady Olivia's fool?

Clo. No, indeed, sir; the lady Olivia has no folly: she will keep no fool, sir, till she be married; and fools are as like husbands as pilchards are to herrings,³² the husband's the bigger; I am, indeed, not her fool, but her corrupter of words.

Vio. I saw thee late at the count Orsino's.

Clo. Foolery, sir, does walk about the orb, like the sun; it shines everywhere. I would be sorry, sir, but the fool should be as oft with your master, as with my mistress: I think I saw your wisdom there.

Vio. Nay, an thou pass upon me, I'll no more with thee. Hold, there's expenses for thee.

Clo. Now Jove, in his next commodity of hair, send thee a beard!

Vio. By my troth, I'll tell thee, I am almost sick for one; though I would not have it grow on my chin. Is thy lady within?

Clo. Would not a pair of these have bred, sir?

Vio. Yes, being kept together, and put to use.

Clo. I would play lord Pandarus of Phrygia, sir, to bring a Cressida to this Troilus.

Vio. I understand you, sir; 't is well begg'd.

Clo. The matter, I hope, is not great, sir, begging but a beggar: Cressida was a beggar. My lady is within, sir. I will conster to them whence you come; who you are, and what you would, are out of my welkin: I might say, element; but the word is over-worn. [*Exit.*]

Vio. This fellow is wise enough to play the fool;

And to do that well craves a kind of wit:
He must observe their mood on whom he jests,
The quality of persons, and the time;
And, like the haggard, check at every feather
That comes before his eye. This is a practice
As full of labour as a wise man's art:
For folly, that he wisely shows, is fit;
But wise men, folly-fall'n, quite taint their wit.

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH and SIR ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.

Sir To. Save you, gentleman.

Vio. And you, sir.

Sir And. *Dieu vous garde, monsieur.*

Vio. *Et vous aussi; votre serviteur.*

Sir And. I hope, sir, you are; and I am yours.

Sir To. Will you encounter the house? my niece is desirous you should enter, if your trade be to her.

Vio. I am bound to your niece, sir: I mean, she is the list³³ of my voyage.

Sir To. Taste your legs, sir;³⁴ put them to motion.

Vio. My legs do better understand me, sir, than I understand what you mean by bidding me taste my legs.

Sir To. I mean to go, sir, to enter.

Vio. I will answer you with gait and entrance: But we are prevented.

Enter OLIVIA and MARIA.

Most excellent accomplished lady, the heavens rain odours on you!

Sir And. That youth 's a rare courtier! "Rain odours!" well!

Vio. My matter hath no voice, lady, but to your own most pregnant and vouchsafed ear.

Sir And. "Odours, pregnant, and vouchsafed:"—

I 'll get 'em all three all ready.

Oli. Let the garden door be shut, and leave me to my hearing. [*Exeunt SIR TO., SIR AND., and MAR.*]
Give me your hand, sir.

Vio. My duty, madam, and most humble service.

Oli. What is your name?

Vio. Cesario is your servant's name, fair princess.

Oli. My servant, sir! 'T was never merry world,

Since lowly feigning was call'd compliment:
You're servant to the count Orsino, youth.

Vio. And he is yours, and his must needs be yours;

Your servant's servant is your servant, madam.

Oli. For him, I think not on him: for his thoughts,

Would they were blanks, rather than fill'd with me!

Vio. Madam, I come to whet your gentle thoughts

On his behalf:—

Oli. O, by your leave, I pray you;

I bade you never speak again of him:

But, would you undertake another suit,

I had rather hear you to solicit that,

Than music from the spheres.

Vio. Dear lady,—

Oli. Give me leave, beseech you: I did send

After the last enchantment you did here,

A ring in chase of you: so did I abuse

Myself, my servant, and, I fear me, you:

Under your hard construction must I sit,

To force that on you, in a shameful cunning,

Which you knew none of yours. What might you think?

Have you not set mine honour at the stake,

And baited it with all th' unmuzzled thoughts

That tyrannous heart can think? To one of your receiving³⁵

Enough is shown; a cyprus, not a bosom,

Hides my heart: So let me hear you speak.

Vio. I pity you.

Oli. That 's a degree to love.

Vio. No, not a grise;³⁶ for 't is a vulgar proof,
That very oft we pity enemies.

Oli. Why, then, methinks, 't is time to smile again:

O world, how apt the poor are to be proud!

If one should be a prey, how much the better

To fall before the lion than the wolf!

[*Clock strikes.*]

The clock upbraids me with the waste of time.—

Be not afraid, good youth, I will not have you:

And yet, when wit and youth is come to harvest,

Your wife is like to reap a proper man :
There lies your way, due west.

Vio. Then westward-hoe :
Grace, and good disposition, 'tend your ladyship !
You 'll nothing, madam, to my lord by me ?

Oli. Stay :
I prithee tell me what thou think'st of me.

Vio. That you do think you are not what you
are.

Oli. If I think so, I think the same of you.

Vio. Then think you right ; I am not what
I am.

Oli. I would you were as I would have you
be !

Vio. Would it be better, madam, than I am,
I wish it might ; for now I am your fool.

Oli. O, what a deal of scorn looks beautiful
In the contempt and anger of his lip !
A murth'rous guilt shows not itself more soon
Than love that would seem hid : love's night is
noon.

Cesario, by the roses of the spring,
By maidhood, honour, truth, and everything,
I love thee so, that, maugre all thy pride,
Nor wit, nor reason, can my passion hide.
Do not extort thy reasons from this clause,
For, that I woo, thou therefore hast no cause :—
But rather, reason thus with reason fetter ;—
Love sought is good, but given unsought is better.

Vio. By innocence I swear, and by my youth,
I have one heart, one bosom, and one truth,
And that no woman has ; nor never none
Shall mistress be of it, save I alone.
And so adieu, good madam ; never more
Will I my master's tears to you deplore.

Oli. Yet come again : for thou, perhaps, mayst
move
That heart, which now abhors, to like his love.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*A Room in Olivia's House.*

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH, SIR ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK,
and FABIAN.

Sir And. No, faith, I 'll not stay a jot longer.

Sir To. Thy reason, dear venom, give thy
reason.

Fab. You must needs yield your reason, sir
Andrew.

Sir And. Marry, I saw your niece do more
favours to the count's servingman, than ever she
bestowed upon me ; I saw 't i' the orchard.

Sir To. Did she see thee the while, old boy ?
tell me that.

Sir And. As plain as I see you now.

Fab. This was a great argument of love in her
toward you.

Sir And. 'Slight ! will you make an ass o' me ?

Fab. I will prove it legitimate, sir, upon th
oaths of judgment and reason.

Sir To. And they have been grand jury-men,
since before Noah was a sailor.

Fab. She did show favour to the youth in your
sight, only to exasperate you, to awake your dor-
mouse valour, to put fire in your heart, and brim-
stone in your liver : You should then have
accosted her ; and with some excellent jests, fire-
new from the mint, you should have banged the
youth into dumbness. This was looked for at
your hand, and this was baulked : the double gilt
of this opportunity you let time wash off, and
you are now sailed into the north of my lady's
opinion ; where you will hang like an icicle on
a Dutchman's beard, unless you do redeem it by
some laudable attempt, either of valour or policy.

Sir And. An 't be any way, it must be with
valour ; for policy I hate : I had as lief be a
Brownist as a politician.

Sir To. Why, then, build me thy fortunes
upon the basis of valour. Challenge me the
count's youth to fight with him ; hurt him in
eleven places ; my niece shall take note of it :
and assure thyself, there is no love-broker in the
world can more prevail in man's commendation
with woman, than report of valour.

Fab. There is no way but this, sir Andrew.

Sir And. Will either of you bear me a challenge
to him ?

Sir To. Go, write it in a martial hand : be curst
and brief ; it is no matter how witty, so it be elo-
quent and full of invention ; taunt him with the
licence of ink : if thou *thou'st* him some thrice,³⁷
it shall not be amiss ; and as many lies as will lie
in thy sheet of paper, although the sheet were big
enough for the bed of Ware in England, set 'em
down ; go about it. Let there be gall enough in
thy ink ; though thou write with a goose-pen, no
matter : About it.

Sir And. Where shall I find you ?

Sir To. We 'll call thee at the *cubiculo*. Go.

[*Exit* SIR ANDREW.]

Fab. Th's is a dear manakin to you, sir Toby.

Sir To. I have been dear to him, lad ; some two
thousand strong, or so.

Fab. We shall have a rare letter from him: but you'll not deliver 't?

Sir To. Never trust me then; and by all means, stir on the youth to an answer. I think oxen and wain-ropes cannot hale them together. For Andrew, if he were opened, and you find so much blood in his liver as will clog the foot of a flea, I'll eat the rest of the anatomy.

Fab. And his opposite, the youth, bears in his visage no great presage of cruelty.

Enter MARIA.

Sir To. Look where the youngest wren of nine³⁸ comes.

Mar. If you desire the spleen, and will laugh yourself into stitches, follow me: yond' gull Malvolio is turned heathen, a very renegado; for there is no Christian that means to be saved by believing rightly; can ever believe such impossible passages of grossness. He's in yellow stockings.

Sir To. And cross-gartered?

Mar. Most villainously; like a pedant that keeps a school i' the church.—I have dogged him like his murderer: He does obey every point of the letter that I dropped to betray him. He does smile his face into more lines than are in the new map with the augmentation of the Indies: you have not seen such a thing as 't is; I can hardly forbear hurling things at him. I know my lady will strike him; if she do, he'll smile, and take 't for a great favour.

Sir To. Come, bring us, bring us where he is.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*A Street.*

Enter ANTONIO and SEBASTIAN.

Seb. I would not by my will have troubled you; But, since you make your pleasure of your pains, I will no further chide you.

Ant. I could not stay behind you; my desire, More sharp than filed steel, did spur me forth; And not all love to see you, (though so much As might have drawn one to a longer voyage,) But jealousy what might befall your travel, Being skillless in these parts; which, to a stranger, Unguided, and unfriended, often prove Rough and inhospitable. My willing love, The rather by these arguments of fear, Set forth in your pursuit.

Seb. My kind Antonio, I can no other answer make, but, thanks,

And thanks: and ever oft good turns Are shuffled off with such uncurrent pay; But, were my worth, as is my conscience, firm, You should find better dealing. What's to do? Shall we go see the reliques of this town?

Ant. To-morrow, sir; best, first, go see your lodging.

Seb. I am not weary, and 't is long to night; I pray you let us satisfy our eyes, With the memorials, and the things of fame, That do renown this city.

Ant. 'Would you'd pardon me; I do not without danger walk these streets: Once, in a sea-fight, 'gainst the count his galleys, I did some service; of such note, indeed, That, were I ta'en here, it would scarce be answer'd.

Seb. Belike, you slew great number of his people.

Ant. The offence is not of such a bloody nature Albeit the quality of the time, and quarrel, Might well have given us bloody argument. It might have since been answer'd in repaying What we took from them; which, for traffic's sake, Most of our city did: only myself stood out: For which, if I be lapsed in this place, I shall pay dear.

Seb. Do not then walk too open.

Ant. It doth not fit me. Hold, sir, here's my purse;

In the south suburbs, at the Elephant, Is best to lodge: I will bespeak our diet, Whiles you beguile the time, and feed your knowledge

With viewing of the town; there shall you have me.

Seb. Why I your purse?

Ant. Haply, your eye shall light upon some toy You have desire to purchase; and your store, I think, is not for idle markets, sir.

Seb. I'll be your purse-bearer, and leave you For an hour.

Ant. To the Elephant.—

Seb. I do remember. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*Olivia's Garden.*

Enter OLIVIA and MARIA.

Oli. I have sent after him. He says he'll come; How shall I feast him? what bestow of him? For youth is bought more oft, than begg'd or borrow'd.

I speak too loud.—

Where is Malvolio?—he is sad, and civil,
And suits well for a servant with my fortunes;—
Where is Malvolio?

Mar. He's coming, madam; but in very strange
manner. He is sure possess'd, madam.

Oli. Why, what's the matter? does he rave?

Mar. No, madam, he does nothing but smile:
your ladyship were best to have some guard about
you, if he come; for, sure, the man is tainted in
his wits.

Oli. Go call him hither.—I am as mad as he,
If sad and merry madness equal be.

Enter MALVOLIO.

How now, Malvolio?

Mal. Sweet lady, ho, ho! [*Smiles fantastically.*]

Oli. Smilest thou?

I sent for thee upon a sad occasion.

Mal. Sad, lady? I could be sad: This does
make some obstruction in the blood, this cross-
gartering. But what of that? if it please the eye
of one, it is with me as the very true sonnet is:
"Please one, and please all."

Oli. Why, how dost thou, man? what is the
matter with thee?

Mal. Not black in my mind, though yellow in
my legs: It did come to his hands, and commands
shall be executed. I think, we do know the sweet
Roman hand.

Oli. Wilt thou go to bed, Malvolio?

Mal. To bed? ay, sweetheart; and I'll come to
thee.

Oli. God comfort thee! Why dost thou smile
so, and kiss thy hand so oft?

Mar. How do you, Malvolio?

Mal. At your request? Yes; nightingales an-
swer daws.

Mar. Why appear you with this ridiculous bold-
ness before my lady?

Mal. "Be not afraid of greatness:"—'t was well
writ.

Oli. What meanest thou by that, Malvolio?

Mal. "Some are born great,"—

Oli. Ha?

Mal. "Some achieve greatness,"—

Oli. What say'st thou?

Mal. "And some have greatness thrust upon
them."

Oli. Heaven restore thee!

Mal. "Remember, who commended thy yellow
stockings;"—

Oli. Thy yellow stockings?

Mal. "And wished to see thee cross-gartered."

Oli. Cross-gartered?

Mal. "Go to: thou art made, if thou desirest to
be so;"—

Oli. Am I made?

Mal. "If not, let me see thee a servant still."

Oli. Why, this is very Midsummer madness.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Madam, the young gentleman of the count
Orsino's is returned; I could hardly entreat him
back: he attends your ladyship's pleasure.

Oli. I'll come to him. [*Exit Servant.*] Good
Maria, let this fellow be looked to. Where's my
cousin Toby? Let some of my people have a spe-
cial care of him; I would not have him miscarry
for the half of my dowry.

[*Exeunt OLIVIA and MARIA.*]

Mal. Oh, ho! do you come near me now? no
worse man than sir Toby to look to me? This
concur directly with the letter: she sends him on
purpose, that I may appear stubborn to him; for
she incites me to that in the letter. "Cast thy
humble slough," says she;—"be opposite with a
kinsman, surly with servants,—let thy tongue
tang with arguments of state,—put thyself into
the trick of singularity;"—and, consequently,
sets down the manner how; as, a sad face, a
reverend carriage, a slow tongue, in the habit of
some sir of note, and so forth. I have limed her;
but it is Jove's doing, and Jove make me thankful!
And, when she went away now, "Let this fellow
be looked to:" Fellow! not Malvolio, nor after
my degree, but fellow.³⁹ Why, everything adheres
together; that no drachm of a scruple, no scruple
of a scruple, no obstacle, no incredulous or unsafe
circumstance,—What can be said? Nothing, that
can be, can come between me and the full prospect
of my hopes. Well, Jove, not I, is the doer of this,
and he is to be thanked.

*Re-enter MARIA, with SIR TOBY BELCH and
FABIAN.*

Sir To. Which way is he, in the name of
sanctity? If all the devils in hell be drawn in
little, and Legion himself possessed him, yet I'll
speak to him.

Fab. Here he is, here he is:—How is 't with
you, sir? how is 't with you, man?

Mal. Go off: I discard you; let me enjoy my
private; go off.

Mar. Lo, how hollow the fiend speaks within

him! did not I tell you?—Sir Toby, my lady prays you to have a care of him.

Mal. Ah, ha! does she so?

Sir To. Go to, go to; peace, peace, we must deal gently with him; let me alone. How do you, Malvolio? how is't with you? What, man! defy the devil: consider, he's an enemy to mankind.

Mal. Do you know what you say?

Mar. La you, an you speak ill of the devil, how he takes it at heart! Pray God, he be not bewitched!

Fab. Carry his water to the wise woman.

Mar. Marry, and it shall be done to-morrow morning, if I live. My lady would not lose him for more than I'll say.

Mal. How now, mistress?

Mar. O lord!

Sir To. Prithee, hold thy peace; this is not the way: Do you not see you move him? let me alone with him.

Fab. No way but gentleness; gently, gently: the fiend is rough, and will not be roughly used.

Sir To. Why, how now, my bawcock? how dost thou, chuck?

Mal. Sir?

Sir To. Ay, Biddy, come with me. What, man; it is not for gravity to play at cherry-pit⁴⁰ with Satan: Hang him, foul collier!

Mar. Get him to say his prayers; good sir Toby, get him to pray.

Mal. My prayers, minx?

Mar. No, I warrant you, he will not hear of godliness.

Mal. Go, hang yourselves all! you are idle shallow things: I am not of your element; you shall know more hereafter. *[Exit.]*

Sir To. Is't possible?

Fab. If this were played upon a stage now, I could condemn it as an improbable fiction.

Sir To. His very genius hath taken the infection of the device, man.

Mar. Nay, pursue him now; lest the device take air, and taint.

Fab. Why, we shall make him mad, indeed.

Mar. The house will be the quieter.

Sir To. Come, we'll have him in a dark-room, and bound. My niece is already in the belief that he's mad; we may carry it thus, for our pleasure, and his penance, till our very pastime, tired out of breath, prompt us to have mercy on him: at which time we will bring the

device to the bar, and crown thee for a finder of madmen. But see, but see.

Enter SIR ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.

Fab. More matter for a May morning.

Sir And. Here's the challenge, read it; I warrant there's vinegar and pepper in't.

Fab. Is't so saucy?

Sir And. Ay, is't, I warrant him: do but read.

Sir To. Give me. *[Reads.]* "Youth, whatsoever thou art, thou art but a scurvy fellow."

Fab. Good, and valiant.

Sir To. "Wonder not, nor admire not in thy mind, why I do call thee so, for I will show thee no reason for't."

Fab. A good note: that keeps you from the blow of the law.

Sir To. "Thou comest to the lady Olivia, and in my sight she uses thee kindly: but thou liest in thy throat, that is not the matter I challenge thee for."

Fab. Very brief, and exceeding good—senseless."

Sir To. "I will waylay thee going home; where if it be thy chance to kill me,"—

Fab. Good.

Sir To. "Thou killest me like a rogue and a villain."

Fab. Still you keep o' the windy side of the law: Good.

Sir To. "Fare thee well; and God have mercy upon one of our souls! He may have mercy upon mine; but my hope is better, and so look to thyself. Thy friend, as thou usest him, and thy sworn enemy, ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK."—

—If this letter move him not, his legs cannot: I'll give't him.

Mar. You may have very fit occasion for't; he is now in some commerce with my lady, and will by and by depart.

Sir To. Go, sir Andrew: scout me for him at the corner of the orchard, like a bum-bailie: so soon as ever thou seest him, draw; and, as thou drawest, swear horrible; for it comes to pass oft, that a terrible oath, with a swaggering accent sharply twanged off, gives manhood more approbation than ever proof itself would have earned him. Away.

Sir And. Nay, let me alone for swearing.

[Exit.]

Sir To. Now will not I deliver his letter: for the behaviour of the young gentleman gives him

out to be of good capacity and breeding; his employment between his lord and my niece confirms no less; therefore this letter, being so excellently ignorant, will breed no terror in the youth, he will find it comes from a clod-pole. But, sir, I will deliver his challenge by word of mouth; set upon Ague-check a notable report of valour; and drive the gentleman (as I know his youth will aptly receive it) into a most hideous opinion of his rage, skill, fury, and impetuosity. This will so fright them both, that they will kill one another by the look, like cockatrices.

Enter OLIVIA and VIOLA.

Fab. Here he comes with your niece: give them way, till he take leave, and presently after him.

Sir To. I will meditate the while upon some horrid message for a challenge.

[Exit SIR TOBY, FABIAN, and MARIA.]

Oli. I have said too much unto a heart of stone, And laid mine honour too unchary on 't: There's something in me that reproves my fault; But such a headstrong potent fault it is, That it but mocks reproof.

Vio. With the same 'haviour that your passion bears,
Go on my master's griefs.

Oli. Here, wear this jewel for me, 't is my picture; Refuse it not, it hath no tongue to vex you: And, I beseech you, come again to-morrow. What shall you ask of me that I'll deny; That honour, say'd, may upon asking give?

Vio. Nothing but this, your true love for my master.

Oli. How with mine honour may I give him that Which I have given to you?

Vio. I will acquit you.

Oli. Well, come again to-morrow: Fare thee well; A fiend like thee might bear my soul to hell. *[Exit.]*

Re-enter SIR TOBY BELCH and FABIAN.

Sir To. Gentleman, God save thee.

Vio. And you, sir.

Sir To. That defence thou hast, betake thee to 't: of what nature the wrongs are thou hast done him, I know not; but thy interceptor, full of despatch, bloody as the hunter, attends thee at the orchard end: dismount thy tuck, be yare in thy preparation, for thy assailant is quick, skilful, and deadly.

Vio. You mistake, sir, I am sure; no man hath any quarrel to me: my remembrance is very free

and clear from any image of offence done to any man.

Sir To. You'll find it otherwise, I assure you: therefore, if you hold your life at any price, betake you to your guard; for your opposite hath in him what youth, strength, skill, and wrath, can furnish man withal.

Vio. I pray you, sir, what is he?

Sir To. He is knight, dubbed with unlacked rapier, and on carpet consideration; but he is a devil in private brawl; souls and bodies hath he divorced three; and his incensement at this moment is so implacable, that satisfaction can be none but by pangs of death and sepulchre: hob-nob¹² is his word; give 't, or take 't.

Vio. I will return again into the house, and desire some conduct of the lady. I am no fighter. I have heard of some kind of men that put quarrels purposely on others, to taste their valour: belike, this is a man of that quirk.

Sir To. Sir, no; his indignation derives itself out of a very competent injury; therefore, get you on, and give him his desire. Back you shall not to the house, unless you undertake that with me which with as much safety you might answer him: therefore, on, or strip your sword stark naked; for meddle you must, that's certain, or forswear to wear iron about you.

Vio. This is as uncivil as strange. I beseech you, do me this courteous office, as to know of the knight what my offence to him is; it is something of my negligence, nothing of my purpose.

Sir To. I will do so. Signior Fabian, stay you by this gentleman till my return. *[Exit SIR TOBY.]*

Vio. Pray you, sir, do you know of this matter?

Fab. I know the knight is incensed against you, even to a mortal arbitrement; but nothing of the circumstance more.

Vio. I beseech you, what manner of man is he?

Fab. Nothing of that wonderful promise, to read him by his form, as you are like to find him in the proof of his valour. He is, indeed, sir, the most skilful, bloody, and fatal opposite that you could possibly have found in any part of Illyria. Will you walk towards him? I will make your peace with him, if I can.

Vio. I shall be much bound to you for 't: I am one that would rather go with sir priest than sir knight: I care not who knows so much of my mettle. *[Exit.]*

Re-enter SIR TOBY, with SIR ANDREW.

Sir To. Why, man, he's a very devil; I have

not seen such a virago. I had a pass with him, rapier, scabbard, and all, and he gives me the stuck-in, with such a mortal motion, that it is inevitable; and on the answer, he pays you as surely as your feet hit the ground they step on: They say he has been fencer to the Sophy.

Sir And. Pox on 't, I'll not meddle with him.

Sir Tob. Ay, but he will not now be pacified: Fabian can scare hold him yonder.

Sir And. Plague on 't; an I thought he had been valiant, and so cunning in fence, I'd have seen him damned ere I'd have challenged him. Let him let the matter slip, and I'll give him my horse, grey Capilet.

Sir To. I'll make the motion: Stand here, make a good show on 't; this shall end without the perdition of souls: Marry, I'll ride your horse as well as I ride you. [*Aside.*]

Re-enter FABIAN and VIOLA.

I have his horse [*to FAB.*] to take up the quarrel; I have persuaded him the youth's a devil.

Fab. He is as horribly conceited of him; and pants, and looks pale, as if a bear were at his heels.

Sir Tob. There's no remedy, sir; he will fight with you for his oath's sake: marry, he hath better bethought him of his quarrel, and he finds that now scarce to be worth talking of; therefore draw, for the supportance of his vow; he protests he will not hurt you.

Vio. Pray God defend me! A little thing would make me tell them how much I lack of a man. [*Aside.*]

Fab. Give ground, if you see him furious.

Sir To. Come, sir Andrew, there's no remedy; the gentleman will, for his honour's sake, have one bout with you: he cannot by the duello avoid it; but he has promised me, as he is a gentleman and a soldier, he will not hurt you. Come on: to 't.

Sir And. Pray God, he keep his oath. [*Draws.*]

Enter ANTONIO.

Vio. I do assure you 't is against my will.

[*Draws.*]

Ant. Put up your sword;—If this young gentleman

Have done offence, I take the fault on me;

If you offend him, I for him defy you. [*Drawing.*]

Sir To. You, sir? why, what are you?

Ant. One, sir, that for his love dares yet do more

Than you have heard him brag to you he will.

Sir To. Nay, if you be an undertaker,^a I am for you. [*Draws.*]

Enter two Officers.

Fab. O good sir Toby, hold; here come the officers.

Sir To. I'll be with you anon. [*To ANTONIO.*]

Vio. Pray, sir, put your sword up, if you please.

[*To SIR ANDREW.*]

Sir And. Marry, will I, sir;—and, for that I promised you, I'll be as good as my word: He will bear you easily, and reins well.

1 *Off.* This is the man; do thy office.

2 *Off.* Antonio, I arrest thee at the suit Of count Orsino.

Ant. You do mistake me, sir.

1 *Off.* No, sir, no jot; I know your favour well, Though now you have no sea-cap on your head. Take him away; he knows I know him well.

Ant. I must obey.—This comes with seeking you;

But there's no remedy; I shall answer it.

What will you do? Now my necessity

Makes me to ask you for my purse: It grieves me

Much more, for what I cannot do for you,

Than what befalls myself. You stand amaz'd;

But be of comfort.

2 *Off.* Come, sir, away.

Ant. I must entreat of you some of that money.

Vio. What money, sir?

For the fair kindness you have show'd me here,

And, part, being prompted by your present trouble,

Out of my lean and low ability

I'll lend you something: my having is not much;

I'll make division of my present with you:

Hold, there's half my coffer.

Ant. Will you deny me now?

Is 't possible that my deserts to you

Can lack persuasion? Do not tempt my misery,

Lest that it make me so unsound a man

As to upbraid you with those kindnesses

That I have done for you.

Vio. I know of none;

Nor know I you by voice, or any feature:

I hate ingratitude more in a man

Than lying, vainness, babbling, drunkenness,

Or any taint of vice, whose strong corruption

Inhabits our frail blood.

Ant. O heavens themselves!

2 *Off.* Come, sir, I pray you, go.

Ant. Let me speak a little. This youth that you see here,

I snatch'd one half out of the jaws of death ;
Reliev'd him with such sanctity of love,—
And to his image, which methought did promise
Most venerable worth, did I devotion.

1 *Off.* What's that to us? The time goes by ;
away.

Ant. But, O, how vild an idol proves this god !—
Thou hast, Sebastian, done good feature shame.—
In nature there's no blemish but the mind ;
None can be call'd deform'd but the unkind.
Virtue is beauty ; but the beauteous evil
Are empty trunks, o'erflourish'd by the devil.

1 *Off.* The man grows mad ; away with him.
Come, come, sir.

Ant. Lead me on. [*Exeunt Officers with ANT.*]

Vio. Methinks, his words do from such passion fly,
That he believes himself ; so do not I.
Prove true, imagination, O, prove true,
That I, dear brother, be now ta'en for you !

Sir To. Come hither, knight ; come hither,
Fabian ; we'll whisper o'er a couplet or two of
most sage saws.

Vio. He nam'd Sebastian ; I my brother know
Yet living in my glass ; even such, and so,
In favour was my brother, and he went
Still in this fashion, colour, ornament,
For him I imitate. O, if it prove,
Tempests are kind, and salt waves fresh in love !

[*Exit.*]

Sir To. A very dishonest paltry boy, and more
a coward than a hare : his dishonesty appears in
leaving his friend here in necessity, and denying
him ; and for his cowardship ask Fabian.

Fab. A coward, a most devout coward, reli-
gious in it.

Sir And. 'Slid, I'll after him again, and beat
him.

Sir To. Do, cuff him soundly, but never draw
thy sword.

Sir And. An I do not,—

[*Exit.*]

Fab. Come, let's see the event.

Sir To. I dare lay any money 't will be nothing
yet. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The Street before Olivia's House.*

Enter SEBASTIAN and CLOWN.

Clo. Will you make me believe that I am not
sent for you ?

Seb. Go to, go to, thou art a foolish fellow ;
Let me be clear of thee.

Clo. Well held out, i' faith ! No, I do not know
you ; nor I am not sent to you by my lady, to bid
you come speak with her ; nor your name is not
master Cesario ; nor this is not my nose neither.—
Nothing that is so, is so.

Seb. I prithee vent thy folly somewhere else :
Thou know'st not me.

Clo. Vent my folly ! he has heard that word of
some great man, and now applies it to a fool.
Vent my folly ! I am afraid this great lubber the
world will prove a cockney.⁴⁶—I prithee now,
ungird thy strangeness, and tell me what I shall
vent to my lady ; shall I vent to her that thou
art coming ?

562

Seb. I prithee, foolish Greek, depart from me :
There's money for thee ; if you tarry longer
I shall give worse payment.

Clo. By my troth, thou hast an open hand :—
These wise men that give fools money get them-
selves a good report after fourteen years pur-
chase.⁴⁶

Enter SIR ANDREW, SIR TOBY, and FABIAN.

Sir And. Now, sir, have I met you again ?
there's for you. [*Striking SEBASTIAN.*]

Seb. Why, there's for thee, and there, and
there :

Are all the people mad ? [*Beating SIR ANDREW.*]

Sir To. Hold, sir, or I'll throw your dagger
o'er the house.

Clo. This will I tell my lady straight : I would
not be in some of your coats for twopence. [*Exit.*]

Sir To. Come on, sir ; hold. [*Holding SEB.*]

Sir And. Nay, let him alone, I'll go another
way to work with him ; I'll have an action of

battery against him, if there be any law in Illyria; though I struck him first, yet it's no matter for that.

Seb. Let go thy hand.

Sir To. Come, sir, I will not let you go. Come, my young soldier, put up your iron: you are well fleshed; come on.

Seb. I will be free from thee. What wouldst thou now?

If thou dar'st tempt me further, draw thy sword.

[*Draws.*]

Sir To. What, what? Nay, then I must have an ounce or two of this malapert blood from you.

[*Draws.*]

Enter OLIVIA.

Oli. Hold, Toby; on thy life, I charge thee, hold.

Sir To. Madam?

Oli. Will it be ever thus? Ungracious wretch, fit for the mountains and the barbarous caves, where manners ne'er were preach'd! out of my sight!

Be not offended, dear Cesario!—

Rudesby, begone!—I prithee, gentle friend,

[*Exeunt SIR TO., SIR AND., and FAB.*]

Let thy fair wisdom, not thy passion, sway
In this uncivil and unjust extent⁴⁶

Against thy peace. Go with me to my house;
And hear thou there how many fruitless pranks
This ruffian hath botch'd up, that thou thereby
Mayst smile at this: thou shalt not choose but go;
Do not deny. Beshrew his soul for me,
He started one poor heart of mine in thee.

Seb. What relish is in this? how runs the stream?

Or I am mad, or else this is a dream:

Let fancy still my sense in Lethe steep;

If it be thus to dream, still let me sleep!

Oli. Nay, come, I prithee: 'Would thou 'dst be rul'd by me!

Seb. Madam, I will.

Oli. O, say so, and so be! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*A Room in Olivia's House.*

Enter MARIA and Clown.

Mar. Nay, I prithee put on this gown, and this beard make him believe thou art sir Topas the curate, do it quickly: I'll call sir Toby the whilst.
[*Exit MARIA.*]

Clo. Well, I'll put it on, and I will dissemble

myself in 't; and I would I were the first that ever dissembled in such a gown. I am not tall enough to become the function well; nor lean enough to be thought a good student: but to be said, an honest man, and a good housekeeper, goes as fairly, as to say, a careful man, and a great scholar. The competitors enter.

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH and MARIA.

Sir To. Jove bless thee, master parson.

Clo. *Bonos dies*, sir Toby: for as the old hermit of Prague, that never saw pen and ink, very wittily said to a niece of king Gorboduc, "That that is, is:" so I, being master parson, am master parson: For what is that, but that? and is, but is?

Sir To. To him, sir Topas.

Clo. What, ho, I say,—Peace in this prison!

Sir To. The knave counterfeits well; a good knave.

Mal. [*in an inner chamber.*] Who calls there?

Clo. Sir Topas the curate, who comes to visit Malvolio the lunatic.

Mal. Sir Topas, sir Topas, good sir Topas, go to my lady.

Clo. Out, hyperbolical fiend! how vexest thou this man! talkest thou nothing but of ladies?

Sir To. Well said, master parson.

Mal. Sir Topas, never was man thus wronged: good sir Topas, do not think I am mad; they have laid me here in hideous darkness.

Clo. Fie, thou dishonest Sathan! I call thee by the most modest terms; for I am one of those gentle ones that will use the devil himself with courtesy. Say'st thou, that house is dark?

Mal. As hell, sir Topas.

Clo. Why it hath bay-windows,⁴⁷ transparent as barricadoes, and the clear stones towards the south-north are as lustrous as ebony; and yet complainest thou of obstruction?

Mal. I am not mad, sir Topas; I say to you, this house is dark.

Clo. Madman, thou errest: I say, there is no darkness but ignorance; in which thou art more puzzled than the Egyptians in their fog

Mal. I say, this house is as dark as ignorance, though ignorance were as dark as hell; and I say, there was never man thus abused: I am no more mad than you are; make the trial of it in any constant question.

Clo. What is the opinion of Pythagoras concerning wild-fowl?

Mal. That the soul of our grandam might haply inhabit a bird.

Clo. What thinkest thou of his opinion?

Mal. I think nobly of the soul, and no way approve his opinion.

Clo. Fare thee well: Remain thou still in darkness: Thou shalt hold the opinion of Pythagoras ere I will allow of thy wits; and fear to kill a woodcock, lest thou dispossess the soul of thy grandam. Fare thee well.

Mal. Sir Topas, sir Topas,—

Sir To. My most exquisite sir Topas!

Clo. Nay, I am for all waters.

Mar. Thou mightest have done this without thy beard and gown; he sees thee not.

Sir To. To him in thine own voice, and bring me word how thou findest him: I would we were well rid of this knavery. If he may be conveniently delivered, I would he were; for I am now so far in offence with my niece, that I cannot pursue with any safety this sport to the upshot. Come by and by to my chamber.

[*Exeunt SIR TOBY and MARIA.*]

Clo. "Hey Robin, Jolly Robin,"⁴⁸

Tell me how thy lady does." [*Singing.*]

Mal. Fool,—

Clo. "My lady is unkind, perdy."

Mal. Fool,—

Clo. "Alas, why is she so?"

Mal. Fool, I say;—

Clo. "She loves another"—Who calls, ha?

Mal. Good fool, as ever thou wilt deserve well at my hand, help me to a candle, and pen, ink, and paper; as I am a gentleman, I will live to be thankful to thee for 't.

Clo. Master Malvolio!

Mal. Ay, good fool.

Clo. Alas, sir, how fell you besides your five wits?

Mal. Fool, there was never man so notoriously abused: I am as well in my wits, fool, as thou art.

Clo. But as well? then you are mad, indeed, if you be no better in your wits than a fool.

Mal. They have here propertied me; keep me in darkness, send ministers to me, asses, and do all they can to face me out of my wits.

Clo. Advise you what you say; the minister is here.—Malvolio, Malvolio, thy wits the heavens restore! endeavour thyself to sleep, and leave thy rain bibble-babble.⁴⁹

Mal. Sir Topas,—

Clo. Maintain no words with him, good fellow—Who, I, sir? not I, sir. God b' wi' you, good sir Topas.—Marry, amen.—I will, sir, I will.

Mal. Fool, fool, fool, I say,—

Clo. Alas, sir, be patient. What say you, sir I am shent for speaking to you.

Mal. Good fool, help me to some light, and some paper; I tell thee, I am as well in my wits as any man in Illyria.

Clo. Well-a-day, that you were, sir!

Mal. By this hand, I am: Good fool, some ink, paper, and light, and convey what I will set down to my lady; it shall advantage thee more than ever the bearing of letter did.

Clo. I will help you to 't. But tell me true, are you not mad indeed? or do you but counterfeit?

Mal. Believe me, I am not; I tell thee true.

Clo. Nay, I'll ne'er believe a madman, till I see his brains. I will fetch you light, and paper and ink.

Mal. Fool, I'll requite it in the highest degree I prithe, be gone.

Clo. I am gone, sir,
And anon, sir,
I'll be with you again,
In a trice,
Like to the old vice,
Your need to sustain;

Who with dagger of lath,⁵⁰
In his rage and his wrath,
Cries ah, ah! to the devil:
Like a mad lad,
Pare thy nails, dad,
Adieu, Goodman Devil.

[*Exit*]

SCENE III.—*Olivia's Garden.*

Enter SEBASTIAN.

Seb. This is the air; that is the glorious sun: This pearl she gave me, I do feel 't, and see 't: And though 't is wonder that enwraps me thus, Yet 't is not madness. Where's Antonio then? I could not find him at the Elephant: Yet there he was; and there I found this credit, That he did range the town to seek me out. His counsel now might do me golden service: For though my soul disputes well with my sense, That this may be some error, but no madness, Yet doth this accident and flood of fortune So far exceed all instance, all discourse, That I am ready to distrust mine eyes, And wrangle with my reason, that persuades me

To any other trust, but that I am mad,
Or else the lady's mad; yet, if 't were so,
She could not sway her house, command her fol-
lowers,
Take and give back affairs, and their despatch,
With such a smooth, discreet, and stable bearing,
As, I perceive, she does: there's something in 't
That is deceivable. But here the lady comes.

Enter OLIVIA and a Priest.

Oli. Blame not this haste of mine: If you mean
well,
Now go with me, and with this holy man,
Into the chantry by; there, before him,

And underneath that consecrated roof,
Plight me the full assurance of your faith;
That my most jealous and too doubtful soul
May live at peace: He shall conceal it,
Whiles you are willing it shall come to note,
What time we will our celebration keep
According to my birth,—What do you say?
Seb. I'll follow this good man, and go with
you;

And, having sworn truth, ever will be true.

Oli. Then lead the way, good father:—And
heavens so shine,
That they may fairly note this act of mine.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The Street before Olivia's House.*

Enter Clown and FABIAN.

Fab. Now, as thou lov'st me, let me see his
letter.

Clo. Good master Fabian, grant me another
request.

Fab. Anything.

Clo. Do not desire to see this letter.

Fab. This is, to give a dog, and in recompense
desire my dog again.

Enter DUKE, VIOLA, and Attendants.

Duke. Belong you to the lady Olivia, friends?

Clo. Ay, sir; we are some of her trappings.

Duke. I know thee well: How dost thou, my
good fellow?

Clo. Truly, sir, the better for my foes, and the
worse for my friends.

Duke. Just the contrary; the better for thy
friends.

Clo. No, sir, the worse.

Duke. How can that be?

Clo. Marry, sir, they praise me, and make an
ass of me; now my foes tell me plainly I am an
ass: so that by my foes, sir, I profit in the know-
ledge of myself; and by my friends I am abused:
so that, conclusions to be as kisses,⁵¹ if your four
negatives make your two affirmatives, why, then

the worse for my friends and the better for my
foes.

Duke. Why, this is excellent.

Clo. By my troth, sir, no; though it please you
to be one of my friends.

Duke. Thou shalt not be the worse for me
there's gold.

Clo. But that it would be double dealing, sir, I
would you could make it another.

Duke. O, you give me ill counsel.

Clo. Put your grace in your pocket, sir, for this
once, and let your flesh and blood obey it.

Duke. Well, I will be so much a sinner to be a
double dealer; there's another.

Clo. *Primo, secundo, tertio*, is a good play; and
the old saying is, the third pays for all; the *trip-
lex*, sir, is a good tripping measure; or the bells of
St. Bennet, sir, may put you in mind; One, two
three.

Duke. You can fool no more money out of me
at this throw: if you will let your lady know I
am here to speak with her, and bring her along
with you, it may awake my bounty further.

Clo. Marry, sir, lullaby to your bounty, till I
come again. I go, sir; but I would not have you
to think that my desire of having is the sin of
covetousness: but, as you say, sir, let your bounty
take a nap, I will awake it anon.

[*Exit Clown.*]

Enter ANTONIO and Officers.

Vio. Here comes the man, sir, that did rescue me.

Duke. That face of his I do remember well ;
Yet when I saw it last, it was besmear'd
As black as Vulcan, in the smoke of war :
A bawbling vessel was he captain of,
For shallow draught, and bulk, unprizable ;
With which such scathful⁵² grapple did he make
With the most noble bottom of our fleet,
That very envy, and the tongue of loss,
Cried fame and honour on him.—What's the matter ?

1 Off. Orsino, this is that Antonio
That took the Phoenix, and her fraught, from Candy ;

And this is he that did the Tiger board,
When your young nephew Titus lost his leg :
Here in the streets, desperate of shame and state,
In private brabble did we apprehend him.

Vio. He did me kindness, sir ; drew on my side,
But, in conclusion, put strange speech upon me.
I know not what 't was, but distraction.

Duke. Notable pirate ! thou salt-water thief !
What foolish boldness brought thee to their mercies,

Whom thou, in terms so bloody, and so dear,
Hast made thine enemies ?

Ant. Orsino, noble sir,
Be pleas'd that I shake off these names you give me :

Antonio never yet was thief, or pirate,
Though, I confess, on base and ground enough,
Orsino's enemy. A witchcraft drew me hither :
That most ingrateful boy there, by your side,
From the rude sea's enrag'd and foamy mouth
Did I redeem ; a wreck past hope he was :
His life I gave him, and did thereto add
My love, without retention or restraint,
All his in dedication : for his sake,
Did I expose myself, pure for his love,
Into the danger of this adverse town ;
Drew to defend him when he was beset ;
Where being apprehended, his false cunning,
(Not meaning to partake with me in danger,)
Taught him to face me out of his acquaintance,
And grew a twenty-years-removed thing,
While one would wink ; denied me mine own

purse,

Which I had recommended to his use
Not half an hour before.

Vio. How can this be ?

Duke. When came he to this town ?

Ant. To-day, my lord ; and for three months
before,

(No interim, not a minute's vacancy,)
Both day and night did we keep company.

Enter OLIVIA and Attendants.

Duke. Here comes the countess ; now heaven
walks on earth.—

But for thee, fellow, fellow, thy words are madness :
Three months this youth hath tended upon me ;
But more of that anon.—Take him aside.

Oli. What would my lord, but that he may not
have,

Wherein Olivia may seem serviceable ?—
Cesario, you do not keep promise with me.

Vio. Madam ?

Duke. Gracious Olivia,—

Oli. What do you say, Cesario ?—Good my
lord,—

Vio. My lord would speak, my duty hushes me.

Oli. If it be aught to the old tune, my lord,
It is as fat and fulsome to mine ear

As howling after music.

Duke. Still so cruel ?

Oli. Still so constant, lord.

Duke. What ! to perverseness ? you uncivil lady,
To whose ingrate and unauspicious altars
My soul the faithfull'st offerings hath breath'd
out,

That e'er devotion tender'd ! What shall I do ?

Oli. Even what it please my lord, that shall be-
come him.

Duke. Why should I not, had I the heart to
do it,

Like to the Egyptian thief, at point of death,
Kill what I love ;⁵³ a savage jealousy,
That sometime savours nobly ?—But hear me this :
Since you to non-regardance cast my faith,
And that I partly know the instrument
That screws me from my true place in your favour,
Live you, the marble-breasted tyrant, still ;
But this your minion, whom I know you love,
And whom, by heaven I swear, I tender dearly,
Him will I tear out of that cruel eye,
Where he sits crowned in his master's spite
Come, boy, with me ; my thoughts are ripe in
mischief ;

I'll sacrifice the lamb that I do love,
To spite a raven's heart within a dove. [*Going.*]

Vio. And I, most joecund, apt, and willingly,

To do you rest, a thousand deaths would die.

[Following.]

Oli. Where goes Cesario?

Vio. After him I love,

More than I love these eyes, more than my life,
More, by all mores, than e'er I shall love wife:
If I do feign, you witnesses above,
Punish my life for tainting of my love!

Oli. Ah me, detested! how am I beguil'd!

Vio. Who does beguile you? who does do you wrong?

Oli. Hast thou forgot thyself? Is it so long?
Call forth the holy father. [Exit an Attendant.]

Duke. Come away. [To *VIOLA*.]

Oli. Whither, my lord? Cesario, husband, stay.

Duke. Husband?

Oli. Ay, husband, can he that deny?

Duke. Her husband, sirrah?

Vio. No, my lord, not I.

Oli. Alas, it is the baseness of thy fear
That makes thee strangle thy propriety:
Fear not, Cesario, take thy fortunes up:
Be that thou know'st thou art, and then thou art

As great as that thou fear'st.—O, welcome, father!

Re-enter Attendant and Priest.

Father, I charge thee, by thy reverence,
Here to unfold (though lately we intended
To keep in darkness what occasion now
Reveals before 't is ripe) what thou dost know,
Hath newly pass'd between this youth and me.

Priest. A contract of eternal bond of love,
Confirm'd by mutual joinder of your hands,
Attested by the holy close of lips,
Strengthen'd by interchangement of your rings;
And all the ceremony of this compact
Seal'd in my function, by my testimony:
Since when, my watch hath told me, toward my grave

I have travell'd but two hours.

Duke. O, thou dissembling cub! what wilt thou be,

When time hath sow'd a grizzle on thy case?⁵⁴
Or will not else thy craft so quickly grow,
That thine own trip shall be thine overthrow?
Farewell, and take her; but direct thy feet
Where thou and I henceforth may never meet.

Vio. My lord, I do protest,—

Oli. O, do not swear;
Hold little faith, though thou hast too much fear

Enter SIR ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK, with his head broken.

Sir And. For the love of God, a surgeon; send one presently to sir Toby.

Oli. What 's the matter?

Sir And. He has broke my head across, and has given sir Toby a bloody coxcomb too: for the love of God, your help; I had rather than forty pound I were at home.

Oli. Who has done this, sir Andrew?

Sir And. The count's gentleman, one Cesario: we took him for a coward, but he 's the very devil incardinate.

Duke. My gentleman, Cesario?

Sir And. Od's lifelings, here he is:—You broke my head for nothing; and that that I did, I was set on to do 't by sir Toby.

Vio. Why do you speak to me? I never hurt you:

You drew your sword upon me without cause;
But I bespake you fair, and hurt you not.

Sir And. If a bloody coxcomb be a hurt, you have hurt me; I think you set nothing by a bloody coxcomb.

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH, drunk, led by the Clown.

Here comes sir Toby halting, you shall hear more: but if he had not been in drink, he would have tickled you othergates than he did.

Duke. How now, gentleman? how is 't with you?

Sir To. That 's all one; he has hurt me, and there 's the end on 't.—Sot, didst see Dick surgeon, sot?

Clow. O, he 's drunk, sir Toby, an hour ago; his eyes were set at eight i' the morning.

Sir To. Then he 's a rogue and a passy measures pavin;⁵⁵ I hate a drunken rogue.

Oli. Away with him: Who hath made this havoc with them?

Sir And. I 'll help you, sir Toby, because we 'll be dressed together.

Sir To. Will you help an ass-head, and a coxcomb, and a knave? a thin-faced knave, a gull?

Oli. Get him to bed, and let his hurt be look'd to. [Exeunt Clown, SIR TO., and SIR AND.]

Enter SEBASTIAN.

Seb. I am sorry, madam, I have hurt your kinsman;

But had it been the brother of my blood,

I must have done no less, with wit, and safety.
You throw a strange regard upon me, and by that
I do perceive it hath offended you ;
Pardon me, sweet one, even for the vows
We made each other but so late ago.

Duke. One face, one voice, one habit, and two
persons ;

A natural perspective, that is, and is not.

Seb. Antonio, O my dear Antonio !

How have the hours rack'd and tortur'd me,
Since I have lost thee !

Ant. Sebastian are you ?

Seb. Fear'st thou that, Antonio ?

Ant. How have you made division of yourself ?—
An apple, cleft in two, is not more twin
Than these two creatures. Which is Sebastian ?

Oli. Most wonderful !

Seb. Do I stand there ? I never had a brother :
Nor can there be that deity in my nature,
Of here and everywhere. I had a sister,
Whom the blind waves and surges have de-
vour'd :—

Of charity, what kin are you to me ? [*To VIOLA.*
What countryman ? what name ? what parentage ?

Vio. Of Messaline : Sebastian was my father ;
Such a Sebastian was my brother too ;
So went he suited to his watery tomb :
If spirits can assume both form and suit,
You come to fright us.

Seb. A spirit I am, indeed :
But am in that dimension grossly clad,
Which from the womb I did participate.
Were you a woman, as the rest goes even,
I should my tears let fall upon your cheek,
And say—Thrice welcome, drowned Viola.

Vio. My father had a mole upon his brow.

Seb. And so had mine.

Vio. And died that day when Viola from her
birth
Had number'd thirteen years.

Seb. O, that record is lively in my soul !
He finished, indeed, his mortal act,
That day that made my sister thirteen years.

Vio. If nothing lets to make us happy both,
But this my masculine usurp'd attire,
Do not embrace me, till each circumstance
Of place, time, fortune, do cohere, and jump,
That I am Viola ; which to confirm,
I'll bring you to a captain in this town,
Where lie my maiden weeds ; by whose gentle help
I was preserv'd, to serve this noble count :
All the occurrence of my fortune since

Hath been between this lady and this lord.

Seb. So comes it, lady, you have been mistook :
[*To OLIVIA.*

But nature to her bias drew in that.
You would have been contracted to a maid ;
Nor are you therein, by my life, deceiv'd.
You are betroth'd both to a maid and man.

Duke. Be not amaz'd ; right noble is his blood.—
If this be so, as yet the glass seems true,
I shall have share in this most happy wreck :
Boy, thou hast said to me a thousand times,

Thou never shouldst love woman like to me.
[*To VIOLA.*

Vio. And all those sayings will I over-swear ;
And all those swearings keep as true in soul,
As doth that orb'd continent the fire
That severs day from night.

Duke. Give me thy hand ;
And let me see thee in thy woman's weeds.

Vio. The captain, that did bring me first on
shore,

Hath my maid's garments : he, upon some action,
Is now in durance ; at Malvolio's suit,
A gentleman, and follower of my lady's.

Oli. He shall enlarge him :—Fetch Malvolio
hither :—

And yet, alas, now I remember me,
They say, poor gentleman, he's much distract.

Re-enter Clown, with a letter.

A most exacting frenzy of mine own,
From my remembrance clearly banish'd his.—
How does he, sirrah ?

Clo. Truly, madam, he holds Belzebub at the
stave's end, as well as a man in his case may do :
he has here writ a letter to you ; I should have
given it you to-day morning, but as a madman's
epistles are no gospels, so it skills not much when
they are delivered.

Oli. Open it, and read it.

Clo. Look then to be well edified, when the
fool delivers the madman :—"By the Lord,
madam,"—

Oli. How now, art thou mad ?

Clo. No, madam, I do but read madness : an
your ladyship will have it as it ought to be, you
must allow *vox*.

Oli. Prithee, read it thy right wits.

Clo. So I do, madonna ; but to read his right
wits, is to read thus : therefore perpend, my
princess, and give ear.

Oli. Read it you, sirrah.

[*To FABIAN.*

Fab. [Reads.]

"By the Lord, madam, you wrong me, and the world shall know it: though you have put me into darkness, and given your drunken cousin rule over me, yet have I the benefit of my senses as well as your ladyship. I have your own letter that induced me to the semblance I put on; with the which I doubt not but to do myself much right, or you much shame. Think of me as you please. I leave my duty a little unthought of, and speak out of my injury.

THE MADLY-USED MALVOLIO."

Oli. Did he write this?

Clo. Ay madam.

Duke. This savors not much of distraction.

Oli. See him deliver'd, Fabian; bring him hither. *[Exit FABIAN.]*

My lord, so please you, these things further thought on,

To think me as well a sister as a wife;

One day shall crown the alliance on 't, so please you,

Here at my house, and at my proper cost.

Duke. Madam, I am most apt to embrace your offer.

Your master quits you; *[To VIOLA]* and, for your service done him,

So much against the mettle of your sex,
So far beneath your soft and tender breeding,
And since you call'd me master for so long,
Here is my hand; you shall from this time be
Your master's mistress.

Oli. A sister?—You are she.

Re-enter FABIAN, with MALVOLIO.

Duke. Is this the madman?

Oli. Ay, my lord, this same:
How now, Malvolio?

Mal. Madam, you have done me wrong,
Notorious wrong.

Oli. Have I, Malvolio? no.

Mal. Lady, you have. Pray you, peruse that letter:

You must not now deny it is your hand;
Write from it, if you can, in hand, or phrase;
Or say, 't is not your seal, nor your invention:
You can say none of this: Well, grant it then.
And tell me, in the modesty of honour,
Why you have given me such clear lights of favour;
Bade me come smiling and cross-garter'd to you;
To put on yellow stockings, and to frown
Upon sir Toby and the lighter people:
And, acting this in an obedient hope,

Why have you suffer'd me to be imprison'd,
Kept in a dark house, visited by the priest,
And made the most notorious geck⁵⁶ and gull
That e'er invention play'd on? tell me why.

Oli. Alas, Malvolio, this is not my writing,
Though, I confess, much like the character:

But, out of question, 't is Maria's hand.

And now I do bethink me, it was she

First told me thou wast mad; thou cam'st in
smiling,

And in such forms which here were presuppos'd
Upon thee in the letter. Prithee, be content:
This practice hath most shrewdly pass'd upon thee:
But, when we know the grounds and authors of it,
Thou shalt be both the plaintiff and the judge
Of thine own cause.

Fab. Good madam, hear me speak;
And let no quarrel, nor no brawl to come,
Taint the condition of this present hour,
Which I have wonder'd at. In hope it shall not,
Most freely I confess, myself, and Toby,
Set this device against Malvolio here,
Upon some stubborn and uncourteous parts
We had conceiv'd against him: Maria writ
The letter, at sir Toby's great importance;
In recompense whereof he hath married her.
How with a sportful malice it was follow'd,
May rather pluck on laughter than revenge;
If that the injuries be justly weigh'd
That have on both sides pass'd.

Oli. Alas, poor fool! how have they baffled
thee!

Clo. Why, "some are born great, some achieve
greatness, and some have greatness thrown upon
them." I was one, sir, in this interlude; one sir
Topas, sir; but that's all one:—"By the Lord,
fool, I am not mad;"—But do you remember?
"Madam, why laugh you at such a barren rascal?
an you smile not, he's gagged:" And thus the
whirligig of Time brings in his revenges.

Mal. I'll be revenged on the whole pack of you.
[Exit.]

Oli. He hath been most notoriously abus'd.

Duke. Pursue him, and entreat him to a peace:
He hath not told us of the captain yet;
When that is known, and golden time convents,
A solemn combination shall be made
Of our dear souls.—Meantime, sweet sister,
We will not part from hence.—Cesario, come;
For so you shall be while you are a man;
But, when in other habits you are seen,
Orsino's mistress, and his fancy's queen. *[Exeunt.]*

SONG.

Clo. When that I was and a little tiny boy,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
A foolish thing was but a toy,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came to man's estate,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
'Gainst knaves and thieves men shut their gate,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came, alas! to wive
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain

By swaggering could I never thrive,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came unto my bed,⁵⁷
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
With toss-pots still had drunken head,
For the rain it raineth every day.

A great while ago the world begun,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
But that's all one, our play is done,
And we'll strive to please you every day.

[*Exit*]

NOTES TO TWELFTH NIGHT.

¹ *Excepti before excepted.*

A common old legal phrase, equivalent to, those things being excepted which were before excepted. Mr. Hunter unnecessarily proposes to introduce the word *as*.

Tall, bold, courageous.

² *A coystrel.*

A *coystrel*, says Tollet, is a paltry groom, one only fit to carry arms, but not to use them. So, in Holinshed's Description of England, vol. i. p. 162: "*Costerels*, or bearers of the armes of barons or knights." Vol. iii. p. 248: "So that a knight with his esquire and *coistrell* with his two horses." p. 272: "women lackies, and *coisterels*, are considered as the unwarlike attendants on an army." So again, in p. 127, and p. 217, of his History of Scotland.

³ *Turn o' the toe like a parish-top.*

A large top, says Steevens, was formerly kept in every village, to be whipped in frosty weather, that the peasants may be kept warm by exercise, and out of mischief, while they could not work. The same comparison is brought forward in the Night Walker of Fletcher.

⁴ *Like mistress Mall's picture.*

The following particulars respecting "Mistress Mall" are extracted, with a few variations, from the variorum editions. The real name of the woman meant by Sir Toby, was Mary Frith. The appellation by which she was generally known, was Mall Cutpurse. She was at once an *hernaphrodite*, a prostitute, a bawd, a bully, a thief, a receiver of stolen goods, &c. On the books of the Stationers' Company, August, 1610, is entered—"A Booke called the Madde Francks of Merry Mall of the Bankside, with her Walks in Man's Apparel, and to what Purpose. Written by John Day." Middleton and Decker wrote a comedy, of which she is the heroine. In this, they have given a very flattering representation of her, as they observe in their preface, that "it is the excellency of a writer, to leave things better than he finds them."

The title of this piece is—"the Roaring Girl, or Moll Cutpurse; as it hath been lately acted on the Fortune Stage, by the Prince his Players," 1611. The Frontispiece to it contains a full length of her in man's clothes, smoking tobacco. Nathaniel Field, in his Amends for Ladies, (another comedy, 1618,) gives the following character of her:

—"Hence, lewd impudent,
I know not what to term thee; man or woman;

For nature, s^aaming to acknowledge thee
For either, hath produc'd thee to the world
Without a sex: Some say, that thou art woman;
Others, a man: to many thou art both
Woman and man; but I think rather neither,
Or, man, or horse, as Centaurs old were feign'd."

A life of her was likewise published in 1662, with her portrait before it in a male habit: an ape, a lion, and an eagle by her. She was born in 1584, and died in 1659. In a MS. letter in the British Museum, from John Chamberlain to Mr. Carleton, dated Feb. 11, 1611-12, the following curious account is given of her doing penance: "This last Sunday Moll Cutpurse, a notorious baggage that used to go in man's apparel, and challenged the field of diverse gallants, was brought to the same place, [St. Paul's Cross,] where she wept bitterly, and seemed very penitent; but it is since doubted she was maudlin drunk, being discovered to have tippl'd of three quarts of sack before she came to her penance. She had the daintiest preacher or ghostly father that ever I saw in the pulpit, one Radcliffe of Brazen-Nose College in Oxford, a likelier man to have led the revels in some inn of court, than to be where he was. But the best is, he did extremely badly, and so wearied the audience, that the best part went away, and the rest tarried rather to hear Moll Cutpurse than him." Butler alludes to her as "English Mall."

The dances are explained elsewhere. *Stock*, stocking. The appropriation of parts of the body is intentionally erroneous.

⁵ *To fear no colours.*

A proverbial phrase, meaning, to fear no enemy. It is still in use in the provinces.

⁶ *If one break.*

Points were metal hooks, fastened to the hose or breeches, (which had then no opening or buttons,) and going into straps or eyes fixed to the doublet, and thereby keeping the hose from falling down. So, in King Henry IV. Part I.: "Their *points* being broken,—down fell their hose." Again, in Antony and Cleopatra:

"—mingle eyes
With one that ties his *points*?"
(Blackstone and Steevens.)

⁷ *No better than the fool's zanies.*

A zany was not a fool's bauble, as Douce says, but an attendant on a fool or tumbler.

Now what a Rimer is, unto a Poet,
Because thou knowst it not, I'll make thee know it:
Th'are like Bell-ringers to Musicians,

NOTES TO TWELFTH NIGHT.

Or base Quack-salvers to Physicians;
Or as a Zeng to a Tumbler is,
A Rimer's to a Poet such as this;
And such art thou, or in a worse degree.

Taylor's Works, fol. Lond. 1630.

⁸ *Now Mercury endue thee with leasing.*

Leasing, lying, from the Anglo-Saxon. The meaning is thus given by Dr. Johnson,—"May Mercury teach thee to lie, since thou liest in favour of fools!"

⁹ *Like a sheriff's post.*

Sheriffs had painted or ornamented posts at their doors, possibly to indicate the residence of authority. Allusions to them are very frequent in our old dramatists.

¹⁰ *Or a codling, when't is almost an apple.*

Codling (a mere diminutive of *cod*, Gifford remarks in a note on Jonson's *Alchemist*) is not "necessarily restricted to this or that—it means an *involutum* or *kell*, and was used by our old writers for that early state of vegetation, when the fruit, after shaking off the blossom, began to assume a globular and determinate form."

Comptible, accountable.

¹¹ *I am to hull here.*

To *hull*, says Steevens, means to drive to and fro upon the water, without sails or rudder. So, in Philemon Holland's translation of the 9th Book of Pliny's *Natural History*, 1601, p. 239: "—fell to be drowsie and sleepeie, and *hulled* to and fro with the waves, as if it had beene halfe dead." Again, in the *Noble Soldier*, by S. Rowley, 1634:

"That all these mischiefs *hull* with flagging sail."

¹² *Praise*, appraise, make an inventory of.

Cantons, cantos, stanzas.

¹³ *Ourselves we do not owe.*

Owe, own, possess. We are not our own masters: we cannot govern ourselves.

¹⁴ *Her eyes had lost her tongue.*

Her eyes were so occupied in looking at Viola, her talk was distracted. *Proper-false*, a fictitious beauty
Fudge, suit, agree.

¹⁵ *Do not our lives consist of the four elements.*

Compare the forty-fifth Sonnet:—

The other two, slight air and purging fire,
Are both with thee, wherever I abide;
The first my thought, the other my desire,
These present-absent with swift motion slide.
For when these quicker elements are gone
In tender embassy of love to thee,
My life, being made of four, with two alone
Sinks down to death, oppress'd with melancholy;
Until life's composition be recur'd
By those swift messengers return'd from thee,
Who even but now come back again, assur'd
Of thy fair health, recounting it to me.

Tasted, I, joy; but then no longer glad,
I send them back again, and straight grow sad.

Stoop, a cup of wine.

¹⁶ *The picture of us three.*

Alluding to an old and common sign of two fools. The spectator is presumed to be the third.

Breast, voice for singing.

¹⁷ *I sent thee sirpence for thy leman.*

In Shakespeare's time the word is generally used in a bad sense. The following extract from a very rare tract will give a good illustration of the word:—"One demanded of his friend what was the reason that when a man meets a light wench, the first word he speaks to her is, Gentlewoman, will you goe to the tavern? O, saies the other, a *leman* is never good without wine."—*Jests to Make you Merie*, 1607, p. 4.

¹⁸ *Draw three souls out of one weaver.*

This sentence hardly requires the long dissertation of the critics. The meaning is evidently, Shall we sing so eloquently as to draw three souls from a person who is not supposed to have one whole one.

¹⁹ *Malvolio's a Peg-a-Ramsey.*

Peg-a-Ramsey was an old popular tune, and is frequently referred to. "A new song and a tase viall makes him. He deceives with his commodity worse then a tobacco-man, for he will utter *Peg of Ramsey* and the maske of Lincolnes Inne both for one prise."—*Stephens' Essayes*, 1615. The following observations are taken from the variorum edition:—

Nash mentions "*Peg of Ramsey*" among several other ballads, *viz.*, *Rogero*, *Basilino*, *Turkelony*, *All the Flowers of the Broom*, *Pepper is Black*, *Green Sleeves*, *Peggie Ramsie*. It appears from the same author, that it was likewise a dance performed to the music of a song of that name.

²⁰ *Tilly-valley, lady.*

This expression, observes Mr. Sandys, occurs also in other plays, and is said to have been a favourite with the lady of Sir Thomas More. Skelton also uses it—

"Tully valy, strawe, let be, I say!

Gup, Christian Clowte, gap, Jak of the vale!

With Manerly Margery Mylk and Ale."

"Some have derived the term from an old French hunting cry. It is not used in the present Cornish dialect, but may be found a few times in a piece written in the old Cornish language, called "*The Creation of the World*," a mystery, or play, in the style of those of Coventry and Chester. This piece, however, was written about the year 1611 by one William Jordan of Helstone, and the term therefore may have been introduced by him; and it does not appear in the old compositions in the Cornish tongue: the expression occurs as a sort of ejaculation of impatience.

"*Tely valy, bram an gath.*"

which is modestly translated—

"Tittle tattle, the wind of a cat."

²¹ *Snick up.*

Equivalent to, Go hang! Taylor, the water-poet, thus introduces the expression:—

A Tiburne hempen-candell well will cure you.
It can cure traytors, but I hold it fit
T' apply't ere they the treason doe commit.
Wherefore in Sparta it y-cleped was
Snickup, which is, in English, gallow-grasso.

²² *Rub your chain with crumbs.*

Chains were distinguishing appendages to the steward's office, and are very frequently alluded to by our old writers. Thus in Massinger's *New Way to Pay old Debts*,

NOTES TO TWELFTH NIGHT.

Set all things right, or as my name is Order,
And by this staff of office that commands you,
This chain and double ruff, symbols of power, &c.

Rule, disturbance. "No man shall alter the hour of nine at the night, keep any *rules* whereby any such sudden Outcry be made in the still of the night, as making any Affray, or beating his Wife, or Servant, or Singing, or Revelling in his house, to the disturbance of his Neighbours, under pain of three shillings, four pence," *Calthrop's Reports*, 1670.

Possess, inform. *Affection'd*, affected.

23 *Call me cut.*

A term of contempt, equivalent to, "Call me horse," a phrase which I have met with in novels of the latter part of the last century, and which occurs in Henry IV. "I'll meet you there; if I do not, *call me cut*," Two Angry Women of Abingdon, 1599.

24 *And in sad cypress let me be laid.*

The following notes on this line are extracted from Boswell's edition of Malone, 8vo. 1821.—In the books of our author's age the thin transparent lawn called *cyprus*, which was formerly used for scarfs and hatbands at funerals, was constantly spelt *cypress*. So, in the Winter's Tale, edit. 1623:

"Cypresse black as e'er was crow—"

where undoubtedly *cyprus* was meant. So again, in the play before us, edit. 1623, (as Mr. Warton has observed)

"—a cypresse, not a bosom,
Hides my heart."

See also Minshew's Dict. in v. "*Cypres* or *Cypress*, a fine curled linen." It is from the context alone, therefore, that we can ascertain whether *cyprus* or *cypress* was intended by our old writers. Mr. Warton has suggested in his late edition of Milton's Poems, that the meaning here is,—“Let me be laid in a shroud made of *cyprus*, not in a coffin made of *cypress* wood.” But in a subsequent line of this song the shroud, (like that of Polonius) we find, is *white*. There was indeed white *cyprus* as well as black; but the epithet *sad* is inconsistent with white, and therefore I suppose the wood to have been here meant. Coffins being frequently made of *cypress* wood, (perhaps in consequence of *cyprus* being used at funerals) the epithet *sad* is here employed with strict propriety. “King Richard the Second (says Speed) was so affected by the death of his favourite Robert de Vere, duke of Ireland, that he commanded the *cypress* chest wherein his body lay embalmed, to be opened, that he might see and handle it. The king attended his funeral.”

“And in sad *cypress* let me be laid,” i. e. in a shroud of *cypress* or *cyprus*. Thus Antolycus, in the Winter's Tale:

“Lawn as white as driven snow,
Cyprus black as e'er was crow.”

There was both black and white *cyprus*, as there is still black and white *crape*; and ancient shrouds were always made of the latter. (Steevens.)

Deny, denial. It is of frequent occurrence as a verb; but seldom as a substantive.

25 *The lady of the Strachy.*

If this, the original reading, be correct, however Shakespeare obtained the word, *Strachy* belongs to the Russian

language. The *Strapchy* of Osiriana is mentioned in an article in Mr. Dickens' *Household Words* for March 15th, 1851. I once thought *Strachy* might be a misprint for *Sophy*.

26 *O, for a stone-bow.*

A stone-bow was a cross-bow made for propelling stones. “Stone-bow, *arcubasta*,” Pr. Parv.

Number, metre, feet of the verse.

27 *Marry, hang thee, brock!*

Brock, a badger, a term of contempt. It is the translation of *castor* in MS. Coll. Jes. Oxon. 29, so that the term was probably also applied to a beaver.

It es ful semeli, als me think,
A brok omang men for to stynk.

Ywaine and Gawin, 93.

28 *The staniel checks a' it.*

The staniel was a base kind of hawk. “*Aluctus*, Anglice a staniel,” Nominale MS.

Formal, reasonable. *Sowter*, a cobbler, applied here comically. “Did not I say he would work it out?” Mr. Knight erroneously reads, “that he would work it out.”

29 *I will be point-de-vice.*

Point-de-vice, exact, in the extreme fashion.

30 *Shall I play my freedom at tray-trip.*

Tray-trip was a game at dice. It is frequently mentioned by the old dramatists.

31 *A cheveril glove to a good wit.*

A cheveril glove, that is, a glove made of cheveril or kid leather. “*Proverbiale est*, he hath a conscience like a cheveril's skin, i. e., it will stretch,” Upton.

32 *As pilchards are to herrings.*

The difference between the pilchard and the herring, observes Lord Teignmouth, “has been early ascertained. There is a singular mode of distinguishing the pilchard from the herring, resorted to in the West of England, by placing the fish in the frying-pan. The herring is said to be never fat enough to fry itself; whilst half a dozen pilchards, in their best state, would amply supply a frying pan with fat. But this result arises, perhaps, from the different period at which the herrings and pilchards visit that part of the coast, the pilchards in *their fat*, the herrings in their *lean*, season.”

33 *The list of my voyage.*

List, limit, bound, boundary line. The latter is the true sense of the word. Topsell, in his *Historie of Serpents*, 1608, p. 87, mentions worms “having a black *list* or line running along their backs.”

34 *Taste your legs, sir.*

An affected expression, equivalent to, try your legs, from the old French. “Come, let me taste my horse.”—*Henry IV.* 4to. ed.

NOTES TO TWELFTH NIGHT.

³⁵ *To one of your receiving.*

That is, as Warburton observes, to one of your ready apprehension.

³⁶ *No, not a grise.*

Grise, a step. So in an old romance preserved in MS. in Lincoln cathedral,—

Up at a *grese* scho hym lade,
To chambir scho hym broghte.

³⁷ *If thou thou'st him some thrice.*

"A Scholler that vaunted what especial interest he had in a certaine faire Gentlewoman, went (he and his friend) on a time to visit her: And she, in disdaine of him, still *thou'd* him at every word, and he as often titled her with Honour, Ladiship, and Majestie, whereat the Gentlewoman waxing testie and curst, asked him why he so exalted her in title above her calling. He answered: May it please you to mount but one poynt higher, and then will I fall one lower, so shall our musick well accord."—*Copley's Wits, Fits, and Fancies*, 1614.

³⁸ *The youngest wren of nine.*

The old copies read *mine*, which is probably incorrect. As Steevens observes, the wren generally lays nine or ten eggs at a time, and the last hatched of all birds are usually the smallest and weakest of the whole brood. Breton (not Sidney, as Mr. Knight has it) mentions the "multiplying wren."

Worth, wealth.

³⁹ *Nor after my degree, but fellow.*

Fellow, as Dr. Johnson observes, which originally signified *companion*, was not yet totally degraded to its present meaning, and Malvolio takes it in the favourable sense.

⁴⁰ *To play at cherry-pit with Satan.*

A childish game, pitching cherry-stones into a small hole. It is mentioned in the old interlude of the Worlde and the Chylde, 1522,—

I can playe at the chery-pytte,
And I can wystell you a fytt.

⁴¹ *And exceeding good—senseless.*

The last word is either to be divided in pronunciation, or else spoken aside.

⁴² *Hob-nob is his word.*

This adverb, says Steevens, is corrupted from *hap ne hap*, that is, *let it happen or not*; and signifies, at random, at the mercy of chance.

Opposite, enemy.

⁴³ *If you be an undertaker.*

The simple meaning of the word, says Ritson, is, one who undertakes or takes up the quarrel or business of another.

⁴⁴ *This great lubber the world.*

The meaning of this passage appears to be, I am afraid the whole of the large world will be infected with foppery and affectation—in other words, will prove a cockney.

574

⁴⁵ *A good report after fourteen years' purchase.*

That is, according to Heath, purchase a good report or character at a very extravagant price

⁴⁶ *In this uncivil and unjust extent.*

Mr. Knight thinks that *extent* may here be used in the sense of *stretch*; as we say, a *stretch* of power or violence. *Competitors*, confederates.

⁴⁷ *It hath bay-windows.*

A bay-window is a bow-window, or any projecting window forming a recess in a room. Middleton says,—

'Tis a sweet recreation for a gentlewoman
To stand in a *bay-window*, and see gallants.

⁴⁸ *Hey Robin, jolly Robin.*

The original of this song is preserved in a MS. containing poems by Sir Thomas Wyatt, and is entitled, "The careful Lover complaineth, and the happy Lover counselleth."

A ROBYN,
Jolly Robyn,
Tell me how thy leman doeth,
And thou shalt knowe of myn.

My lady is unkynde, perdé.
Alack! why is she so?
She loveth an other better than mo
And yet she will say, no.

RESPONSE.

I fynde no such doublenes:
I fynde women true.
My lady loveth me dowtles,
And will change for no newe.

LE PLAINTIF.

Thou art happy while that doeth last:
But I say, as I fynde,
That woman's love is but a blast,
And torneth with the wynde.

RESPONSE.

But if thou wilt avoyde thy harme,
Lerne this lesson of me,
At others fieres thy selfe to warme,
And let them warme with the.

LE PLAINTIF.

Suche folkes can take no harme by love,
That can abide their torn.
But I, alas! can no way prove
In love but lake and morn.

⁴⁹ *Leave thy vain bibble-babble.*

"What is logicke but the highe waie to wrangling, containyng in it a world of *bibble-babble*? Needs we anie of your Greeke, Latine, Hebrue, or anie such gibbrige, when wee have the word of God in English?"—*An Almond for a Parrot*, n. d.

⁵⁰ *Who with dagger of lath.*

Ben Jonson mentions the Vice, a facetious character introduced in the old moralities, "in his long coat, shaking his wooden dagger." There is no need to attempt a precise explanation of the verses here uttered by the clown. They are, and were no doubt intended to be, nonsense.

Credit, a thing believed to be a fact.

NOTES TO TWELFTH NIGHT.

⁶¹ *Conclusions to be as kisses.*

For late with heart most high, with eyes most low,
I craved the thing which ever she denies;
She lightning Love, displaying Venus skies,
Least once should not be heard, 'Twice said, no, no.

Sydney's Astrophel and Stella, 540.

⁶² *With such scathful grapple.*

Scathful, destructive, pernicious; from the Anglo-Saxon. The substantive *scathe*, harm, loss, damage, is very common. A North country proverb says, "One doth the scathe, and another hath the scorn."

⁶³ *Kill what I love.*

"In this *simile*," says Theobald, "a particular story is pre-supposed, which ought to be known, to show the justness and propriety of the comparison. It is taken from Heliodorus's *Æthiopics*, to which our author was indebted for the allusion. This *Egyptian thief* was Thyamis, who was a native of Memphis, and at the head of a band of robbers. Theagenes and Chariclea falling into their hands, Thyamis fell desperately in love with the lady, and would have married her. Soon after, a stronger body of robbers coming down upon Thyamis's party, he was in such fears for his mistress that he had her shut into a cave with his treasure. It was customary with those barbarians, 'when they despaired of their own safety, first to make away with those whom they held dear,' and desired for companions in the next life. Thyamis, therefore, benetted round with his enemies, raging with love, jealousy, and anger, went to his cave: and calling aloud in the Egyptian tongue, so soon

as he heard himself answered towards the cave's mouth by a Grecian, making to the person by the direction of her voice, he caught her by the hair with his left hand, and (supposing her to be Chariclea) with his right hand plunged his sword into her breast." There was a translation of Heliodorus by Thomas Underdowne, of which the second edition appeared in 4to., 1587. The first was probably that printed by H. Wykes, without a date.

⁶⁴ *A grizzle on thy case.*

Case, that is, skin. "There are brought also into Scotland out of these llands great store of sheepes felles, ox hides, gotes skinnes, and *cases* of martirnes dried in the sunne," Holinshed, Description of Scotland, p. 18.

⁶⁵ *A passy measures pavin.*

An old dance so called, here humourously applied to a drunkard.

⁶⁶ *The most notorious geek.*

Geek, a fool, a subject for derision. The word occurs several times in old Scottish writers.

Importance, importunity. *Convents*, agrees.

⁶⁷ *But when I came unto my bed.*

"It is said among the folkas heere, that if a man d'ie in his infansy, hee hath onely broke his fast in this world. If in his youth, hee hath left us at dinner. That it is *bedde time with a man at threescore and ten*; and he that liveth to a hundred yeeeres, hath walked a mile after supper."—*Oberbury's New and Choise Characters*, 1615.

The Winter's Tale.

THE Winter's Tale was founded on an old novel by Robert Greene, which was published in 1598, under the following quaint title,—“Pandosto, the Triumph of Time, wherein is discovered by a pleasant Historie, that, although by the meanes of sinister fortune, Truth may be concealed, yet by Time, in spight of fortune, it is most manifestly revealed: Pleasant for age to avoyde drowsie thoughtes, profitable for youth to eschue other wanton Pastimes, and bringing to both a desired content.” A copy of this most rare edition is in the British Museum, and the tale continued a favourite with the public for upwards of two centuries under the title of “Dorastus and Fawnia.” It emerged finally into the form of the popular chap-book, and within the last few years, a penny might have purchased of a North country pedlar a copy of the original story of the Winter's Tale, sold to a public ignorant of the dignified use to which it had been applied.

It is singular that in framing the play on the ground-work of the novel, Shakespeare should have reversed the circumstances and actions attributed in the latter to the kings of Bohemia and Sicily. It was this mode of dealing with the subject, which led the poet into the absurdity of giving a sea-shore to Bohemia, which is thus noticed in Ben Jonson's *Conversations with William Drummond*,—“Shakespeare, in a play, brought in a number of men saying they had suffered shipwreck in Bohemia, wher ther is no sea neer by some one hundred miles.” There was nothing spiteful in this remark, which has been noticed by some of the editors as a proof of Jonson's malignity towards Shakespeare. It was one of those palpable blunders which would have been detected by most readers of the play, and is most readily to be accounted for by the reason above alluded to, independently of the circumstance that Bohemia is also mentioned in Pandosto as a maritime country.

The date of the Winter's Tale can be safely assigned to the year 1610, or very early in 1611, a memorandum in Sir H. Herbert's Diary declaring it was licensed by Sir George Buc, who was named Master of the Revels in October, 1610, and Dr. Forman having recorded an account of it as seen by him at the Globe Theatre on May 15th, 1611. The latter is contained in the Doctor's original manuscript preserved in the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford, and as it is most curious, and has not been given by former editors in its original form, I take the opportunity of adding a precise copy of it, carefully taken by myself from the MS.—

In the Winters Talle at the Glob, 1611, the 15 of Maye, Wednesday.

Observe ther howe Lyontes the Kinge of Cicillia was overcom with jelosy of his wife with the Kinge of Bohemia, nia frind, that came to see him, and howe he contrived his death, and wold have had his cup-berer to have poisoned (him) who gave the King of Bohemia warning therof and fled with him to Bohemia.

Remember also howe he sent to the orakell of Apollo, and the aunswer of Apollo that she was gilltes, and that the

THE WINTER'S TALE.

king was jelouse, &c. and howe, except the child was found again that was loste, the kinge should die without yssue; for the child was caried into Bohemia, and there laid in a forrest, and brought up by a sheppard, and the Kinge of Bohemia, his sonn married that wentch; and howe they fled into Cicillia to Leontes, and the sheppard having showed the letter of the nobleman, by whom Leontes sent, it was that child, and [by] the jewells found about her, she was knowen to be Leontes daughter, and was then 16. yers old.

Remember also the rog that cam in all tottered like roll pixe!, and howe he fayned him sicke and to have him robbed of all that he had, and howe he cosoned the por man of all his money, and after cam to the shop ther with a pedlers packe, and ther cosened them again of all their money; and how he changed apparell with the Kinge of Bomia, his sonn, and then how he turned courtier, &c. Beware of trustinge feined beggars or fawninge fellouse.

In the Winter's Tale, the poet has intentionally violated all dramatic rules, and it may be questioned whether he did not himself intend it rather as a romance slightly woven into dramatic action than as a regular drama. It is heresy to say so, but it appears to me the romance of the tale overwhelms the play and the author's dramatic art. There is no ground-idea, for the jealousy of Leontes, which has been so considered, is introduced to us in its perfect developement, and may almost be regarded as the effect of a distempered mind. It is not a leading idea philosophically delineated, and is chiefly necessary to the progress of the tale. Neither has the character of Perdita, fascinating as the poet has imagined it, a title to be considered the prominent feature in the drama. There are others, for example Autolycus, fully as deserving attention, and perhaps the reader is more impressed with either than with the dignity and eloquence of Hermione.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

LEONTES, *King of Sicilia.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 2.
Act V. sc. 1; sc. 3.

MAMILLIUS, *son to Leontes.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 1.

CAMILLO, *a Sicilian lord.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act V.
sc. 3.

ANTIGONUS, *a Sicilian lord.*

Appears, Act II. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 3.

CLEOMENES, *a Sicilian lord.*

Appears, Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act V. sc. 1.

DION, *a Sicilian lord.*

Appears, Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act V. sc. 1.

A Sicilian lord.

Appears, Act II. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 2.

ROGERO, *a Sicilian gentleman.*

Appears, Act V. sc. 1.

An Attendant on the young Prince Mamillius.

Appears, Act II. sc. 3.

Officers of a Court of Judicature.

Appear, Act III. sc. 2.

POLIXENES, *King of Bohemia.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act V. sc. 3.

FLORIZEL, *son to Polixenes.*

Appears, Act IV. sc. 3. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 3.

ARCHIDAMUS, *a Bohemian lord.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 1.

A Mariner.

Appears, Act III. sc. 3.

Keeper of a prison.

Appears, Act II. sc. 2.

An old Shepherd, *reputed father of Perdita.*

Appears, Act III. sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 3. Act V. sc. 2

Clown, *son to the old Shepherd.*

Appears, Act III. sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 3. Act V
sc. 2.

AUTOLYCUS, *a rogue.*

Appears, Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 3. Act V. sc. 2.

Time, *as Chorus.*

Appears, Act IV. (Induction).

Rustics dressed as Satyrs.

Appear, Act IV. sc. 3.

HERMIONE, *Queen to Leontes.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 2
Act V. sc. 3.

PERDITA, *daughter to Leontes and Hermione.*

Appears, Act IV. sc. 3. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 3.

PAULINA, *wife to Antigonus.*

Appears, Act II. sc. 2; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 2. Act IV
sc. 1. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 3.

EMILIA, *a lady attending on the Queen.*

Appears, Act II. sc. 2.

Two Ladies *attending on the Queen.*

Appear, Act II. sc. 1.

MOPSA, *a shepherdess.*

Appears, Act IV. sc. 3.

DORCAS, *a shepherdess.*

Appears, Act IV. sc. 3.

Lords, Ladies, Gentlemen, and Attendants, Shep-
herd, Shepherdesses, Guards, &c.

SCENE,—SOMETIMES IN SICILIA; SOMETIMES IN
BOHEMIA.

The Winter's Tale.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Sicilia. An Antechamber in Leontes' Palace.*

Enter CAMILLO and ARCHIDAMUS.

Arch. If you shall chance, Camillo, to visit Bohemia, on the like occasion whereon my services are now on foot, you shall see, as I have said, great difference betwixt our Bohemia and your Sicilia.

Cam. I think, this coming summer, the king of Sicilia means to pay Bohemia the visitation which he justly owes him.

Arch. Wherein our entertainment shall shame us we will be justified in our loves: for, indeed,—

Cam. 'Beseech you,—

Arch. Verily, I speak it in the freedom of my knowledge: we cannot with such magnificence—in so rare—I know not what to say.—We will give you sleepy drinks, that your senses, unintelligent of our insufficiency, may, though they cannot praise us, as little accuse us.

Cam. You pay a great deal too dear for what's given freely.

Arch. Believe me, I speak as my understanding instructs me, and as mine honesty puts it to utterance.

Cam. Sicilia cannot show himself over-kind to Bohemia. They were train'd together in their childhoods; and there rooted betwixt them then such an affection which cannot choose but branch now. Since their more mature dignities, and

royal necessities, made separation of their society their encounters, though not personal, have been royally attorneyed, with interchange of gifts, letters, loving embassies; that they have seem'd to be together, though absent; shook hands, as over a vast; and embrac'd, as it were, from the ends of opposed winds. The Heavens continue their loves!

Arch. I think there is not in the world either malice or matter to alter it. You have an unspeakable comfort of your young prince Mamillius; it is a gentleman of the greatest promise that ever came into my note.

Cam. I very well agree with you in the hopes of him: It is a gallant child; one that, indeed, physics the subject, makes old hearts fresh; they that went on crutches ere he was born, desire yet their life to see him a man.

Arch. Would they else be content to die?

Cam. Yes; if there were no other excuse why they should desire to live.

Arch. If the king had no son, they would desire to live on crutches till he had one. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The same. A Room of State in the Palace.*

Enter LEONTES, POLIXENES, HERMIONE, MAMILLIUS, CAMILLO, and Attendants.

Pol. Nine changes of the wat'ry star have been

The shepherd's note, since we have left our throne

Without a burthen · time as long again.
Would be fill'd up, my brother, with our thanks :
And yet we should, for perpetuity,
Go hence in debt : And therefore, like a cipher,
Yet standing in rich place, I multiply,
With one we-thank-you, many thousands more
That go before it.

Leon. Stay your thanks awhile ;
And pay them when you part.

Pol. Sir, that's to-morrow.
I am question'd by my fears, of what may chance,
Or breed upon our absence : That may blow
No sneaping winds at home, to make us say,
"This is put forth too truly !" Besides, I have
stay'd

To tire your royalty.

Leon. We are tougher, brother,
Than you can put us to 't.

Pol. No longer stay.

Leon. One seven-night longer.

Pol. Very sooth, to-morrow.

Leon. We 'll part the time between 's then :
and in that

I 'll no gainsaying.

Pol. Press me not, 'beseech you, so ;
There is no tongue that moves, none, none i' the
world,

So soon as yours, could win me : so it should now,
Were there necessity in your request, although
'T were needful I deny'd it. My affairs
Do even drag me homeward : which to hinder
Were, in your love, a whip to me ; my stay,
To you a charge and trouble : to save both,
Farewell, our brother.

Leon. Tongue-ti'd, our queen ? speak
you.

Her. I had thought, sir, to have held my peace,
until

You had drawn oaths from him, not to stay. You,
sir,

Charge him too coldly : Tell him, you are sure
All in Bohemia 's well : this satisfaction
The by-gone day proclaim'd ; say this to him,
He 's beat from his best ward.

Leon. Well said, Hermione.

Her. To tell he longs to see his son, were
strong :

But let him say so then, and let him go ;
But let him swear so, and he shall not stay,
We 'll thwack him hence with distaffs.—

Yet of your royal presence [*to Polix.*] I 'll ad-
venture

The borrow of a week. When at Bohemia
You take my lord, I 'll give him my commission,
To let him there a month, behind the gest
Prefix'd for 's parting : yet, good deed, Leontes,
I love thee not a jar o' the clock behind
What lady should her lord.—You 'll stay ?

Pol. No, madam.

Her. Nay, but you will ?

Pol. I may not, verily.

Her. Verily !

You put me off with limber vows : But I,
Though you would seek t' unsphere the stars with
oaths,

Should yet say, "Sir, no going." Verily,

You shall not go ; a lady's verily is

As potent as a lord's. Will you go yet ?

Force me to keep you as a prisoner,

Not like a guest ; so you shall pay your fees,

When you depart, and save your thanks. How
say you ?

My prisoner ? or my guest ? by your dread verily,
One of them you shall be.

Pol. Your guest then, madam :

To be your prisoner should import offending ;
Which is for me less easy to commit,

Than you to punish.

Her. Not your gaoler then,

But your kind hostess. Come, I 'll question you
Of my lord's tricks, and yours, when you were
boys ;

You were pretty lordings then.

Pol. We were, fair queen,
Two lads, that thought there was no more behind
But such a day to-morrow as to-day,
And to be boy eternal.

Her. Was not my lord the verier wag o' the
two ?

Pol. We were as twinn'd lambs, that did frisk
i' the sun,

And bleat the one at th' other : What we chang'd
Was innocence for innocence ; we knew not
The doctrine of ill-doing, nor dream'd
That any did : Had we pursu'd that life,
And our weak spirits ne'er been higher rear'd
With stronger blood, we should have answer'd
Heaven

Boldly, "Not guilty ;" the imposition clear'd
Hereditary ours.

Her. By this we gather,
You have tripp'd since.

Pol. O my most sacred lady,
Temptations have since then been born t' us: for
In those unfledg'd days was my wife a girl;
Your precious self had then not cross'd the eyes
Of my young playfellow.

Her. Grace to boot!
Of this make no conclusion; lest you say
Your queen and I are devils: Yet, go on;
Th' offences we have made you do we'll answer;
If you first sinn'd with us, and that with us
You did continue fault, and that you slipp'd not
With any but with us.

Leon. Is he won yet?

Her. He'll stay, my lord.

Leon. At my request, he would not.
Hermione, my dearest, thou never spok'st
To better purpose.

Her. Never?

Leon. Never, but once.

Her. What? have I twice said well? when
was 't before?

I prithee, tell me: Cram 's with praise, and make 's
As fat as tame things: One good deed dying
tongueless

Slaughters a thousand, waiting upon that.
Our praises are our wages: You may ride 's
With one soft kiss, a thousand furlongs, ere
With spur we heat an acre. But to th' goal;—
My last good deed was to entreat his stay;
What was my first? it has an elder sister,
Or I mistake you: O, would her name were Grace!
But once before I spoke to th' purpose: When?
Nay, let me have 't; I long.

Leon. Why, that was when
Three crabbed months had sour'd themselves to
death,

Ere I could make thee open thy white hand,
And clap thyself my love; then didst thou utter,
"I am yours for ever."

Her. 'T is Grace, indeed.—
Why, lo you now, I have spoke to th' purpose twice;
The one for ever earn'd a royal husband;
Th' other, for some while a friend.

[*Giving her hand to Pol.*

Leon. Too hot, too hot: [*Aside.*
To mingle friendship far, is mingling bloods.
I have *tremor cordis* on me:—my heart dances;
But not for joy,—not joy.—This entertainment
May a free face put on; derive a liberty
From heartiness, from bounty, fertile bosom,
And well become the agent: it may, I grant:
But to be paddling pansies, and pinching fingers,

As now they are; and making practis'd smiles,
As in a looking glass;—and then to sigh, as
't were

The mort o' the deer; O, that is entertainment
My bosom likes not, nor my brows,—Mamillius,
Art thou my boy?

Mam. Ay, my good lord.

Leon. I' fecks?

Why, that 's my bawcock. What, hast smutch'd
thy nose?—

They say it is a copy out of mine. Come, captain,
We must be neat; not neat, but cleanly, captain:
And yet the steer, the heifer, and the calf,
Are all call'd neat.—Still virginalling

[*Observing Pol. and Her.*

Upon his palm?—How now, you wanton calf?
Art thou my calf?

Mam. Yes, if you will, my lord.

Leon. Thou want'st a rough pash,³ and the
shoots that I have,

To be full like me:—yet, they say we are
Almost as like as eggs; women say so,
That will say anything: But were they false
As o'er-di'd blacks, as wind, as waters; false
As dice are to be wish'd, by one that fixes
No bourn 'twixt his and mine; yet were it true
To say this boy were like me.—Come, sir page,
Look on me with your welkin eye: Sweet villain
Most dear'st! my collop!—Can thy dam?—may
't be?

Affection, thy intention stabs the centre:⁴
Thou dost make possible things not so held,
Communicat'st with dreams;—(How can this be?)
With what 's unreal thou coactive art,
And fellow'st nothing: Then, 't is very credent,
Thou mayst co-join with something; and thou dost
(And that beyond commission; and I find it,)
And that to the infection of my brains,
And hardening of my brows.

Pol. What means Sicilia?

Her. He something seems unsettled.

Pol. How! my lord!

Leon. What cheer? how is 't with you, best
brother?

Her. You look
As if you held a brow of much distraction.
Are you mov'd, my lord?

Leon. No, in good earnest.—
How sometimes nature will betray 's folly,
Its tenderness, and make itself a pastime
To harder bosoms! Looking on the lines
Of my boy's face, my thoughts I did recoil

Twenty-three years; and saw myself unbreech'd
In my green velvet coat; my dagger muzzled,
Lest it should bite its master, and so prove,
As ornaments oft do, too dangerous.
How like, methought, I then was to this kernel,
This squash, this gentleman:—Mine honest friend,
Will you take eggs for money?²

Mam. No, my lord, I'll fight.

Leon. You will? why, happy man be 's dole!—
my brother,

Are you so fond of your young prince, as we
Do seem to be of ours?

Pol. If at home, sir,
He 's all my exercise, my mirth, my matter:
Now my sworn friend, and then mine enemy;
My parasite, my soldier, statesman, all:
He makes a July's day short as December;
And, with his varying childness, cures in me
Thoughts that would thicken my blood.

Leon. So stands this squire
Offic'd with me: We two will walk, my lord,
And leave you to your graver steps.—Hermione,
How thou lov'st us, show in our brother's wel-
come;

Let what is dear in Sicily be cheap:
Next to thyself, and my young rover,⁶ he 's
Apparent to my heart.

Her. If you would seek us,
We are yours i' the garden: Shall 's attend you
there?

Leon. To your own bents dispose you: you'll
be found,

Be you beneath the sky:—I am angling now,
Though you perceive me not how I give line.
Go to, go to! [*Aside. Observing POL. and HERM.*]
How she holds up the neb,⁷ the bill to him!
And arms her with the boldness of a wife
To her allowing husband! Gone already;
Inch-thick, knee-deep, o'er head and ears a fork'd
one.

[*Exeunt POL., HERM., and Attendants.*]
Go, play, boy, play;—thy mother plays, and I
Play too; but so disgrac'd a part, whose issue
Will hiss me to my grave; contempt and clamour
Will be my knell.—Go, play, boy, play;—There
have been,

Or I am much deceiv'd, cuckolds ere now;
And many a man there is, even at this present,
Now, while I speak this, holds his wife by th' arm,
That little thinks she has been sluic'd in 's ab-
sence,

And his pond fish'd by his next neighbour, by

Sir Smile, his neighbour: nay, there 's comfort
in 't,

Whiles other men have gates, and those gates
open'd,

As mine, against their will: Should all despair
That have revolted wives, the tenth of mankind
Would hang themselves. Physic for 't there 's
none;

It is a bawdy planet, that will strike
Where 't is predominant; and 't is powerful,
think it,

From east, west, north, and south. Be it con-
cluded,

No barricado for a belly; know 't;
It will let in and out the enemy,
With bag and baggage: many a thousand on 's
Have the disease, and feel 't not.—How now,
boy?

Mam. I am like you, they say.

Leon. Why, that 's some comfort.—
What! Camillo, there!

Cam. Ay, my good lord.

Leon. Go play, Mamillius; thou 'rt an honest
man.— [*Exit MAMILLIUS.*]

Camillo, this great sir will yet stay longer.

Cam. You had much ado to make his anchor
hold:

When you cast out, it still came home.

Leon. Didst note it?

Cam. He would not stay at your petitions;
made

His business more material.

Leon. Didst perceive it?—

They 're here with me already; whisp'ring
rounding,⁸

"Sicilia is a—so-forth:" 'T is far gone,
When I shall gust it last.—How came 't, Camillo
That he did stay?

Cam. At the good queen's entreaty.

Leon. At the queen's, be 't: good, should be
pertinent:

But so it is, it is not. Was this taken
By any understanding pate but thine?
For thy conceit is soaking, will draw in
More than the common blocks:—Not noted, is 't,
But of the finer natures? by some severals
Of head-piece extraordinary? lower messes
Perchance are to this business purblind? say.

Cam. Business, my lord? I think most under-
stand

Bohemia stays here longer.

Leon. Ha!

Cam. Stays here longer.

Leon. Ay, but why?

Cam. To satisfy your highness, and the entreaties

Of our most gracious mistress.

Leon. Satisfy

Th' entreaties of your mistress?—satisfy?—
Let that suffice. I have trusted thee, Camillo,
With all the nearest things to my heart, as well
My chamber-councils: wherein, priest-like, thou
Hast cleans'd my bosom; I from thee departed
Thy penitent reform'd: but we have been
Deceiv'd in thy integrity, deceiv'd
In that which seems so.

Cam. Be it forbid, my lord!

Leon. To bide upon 't,²—thou art not honest; or,
If thou inclin'st that way, thou art a coward;
Which boxes¹⁰ honesty behind, restraining
From course requir'd: Or else thou must be counted
A servant grafted in my serious trust,
And therein negligent: or else a fool,
That seest a game play'd home, the rich stake
drawn,
And tak'st it all for jest.

Cam. My gracious lord,
I may be negligent, foolish, and fearful;
In every one of these no man is free,
But that his negligence, his folly, fear,
Amongst the infinite doings of the world,
Sometime puts forth: In your affairs, my lord,
If ever I were wilful-negligent,
It was my folly; if industriously
I play'd the fool, it was my negligence,
Not weighing well the end; if ever fearful
To do a thing, where I the issue doubted,
Whereof the execution did cry out
Against the non-performance, 't was a fear
Which oft infects the wisest: these, my lord,
Are such allow'd infirmities, that honesty
Is never free of. But, 'beseech your grace,
Be plainer with me: let me know my trespass
By its own visage: if I then deny it,
'T is none of mine.

Leon. Have not you seen, Camillo,
(But that 's past doubt—you have; or your eye-
glass
Is thicker than a cuckold's horn,) or heard
(For to a vision so apparent, rumour
Cannot be mute,) or thought, (for cogitation
Resides not in that man that does not think,)
My wife is slippery? If thou wilt confess,
(Or else be impudently negative

To have nor eyes, nor ears, nor thought,) then say
My wife 's hobby-horse; deserves a name
As rank as any flax-wench, that puts to
Before her troth-plight: say 't, and justify 't.

Cam. I would not be a stander-by, to hear
My sovereign mistress clouded so, without
My present vengeance taken: 'Shrew my heart,
You never spoke what did become you less
Than this; which to reiterate, were sin
As deep as that, though true.

Leon. Is whispering nothing?
Is leaning cheek to cheek? is meeting noses?
Kissing with inside lip? stopping the career
Of laughter with a sigh? (a note infallible
Of breaking honesty:) horsing foot on foot?
Skulking in corners? wishing clocks more swift?
Hours, minutes? noon, midnight? and all eyes
Blind with the pin and web but theirs, theirs
only

That would unseen be wicked? is this nothing?
Why, then the world, and all that 's in 't, is
nothing;

The covering sky is nothing; Bohemia nothing;
My wife is nothing; nor nothing have these
nothings,

If this be nothing.

Cam. Good, my lord, be cur'd
Of this diseas'd opinion, and betimes;
For 't is most dangerous.

Leon. Say, it be; 't is true.

Cam. No, no, my lord.

Leon. It is; you lie, you lie:
I say, thou liest, Camillo, and I hate thee;
Pronounce thee a gross lout, a mindless slave;
Or else a hovering temporizer, that
Canst with thine eyes at once see good and evil,
Inclining to them both: Were my wife's liver
Infected as her life, she would not live
The running of one glass.

Cam. Who does infect her?

Leon. Why, he that wears her like a medal,
hanging

About his neck, Bohemia:—Who—if I
Had servants true about me, that bare eyes
To see alike mine honour as their profits,
Their own particular thrifts,—they would do that
Which should undo more doing: Ay, and thou,
His cup-bearer,—whom I from meaner form
Have bench'd and rear'd to worship; who may'st
see

Plainly, as heaven sees earth, and earth sees heaven,
How I am gall'd,—might'st bespice a cup,

To give mine enemy a lasting wink ;
Which draught to me were cordial.

Cam. Sir, my lord,

I could do this ; and that with no rash potion,
But with a ling'ring dram, that should not work
Maliciously like poison : But I cannot
Believe this crack to be in my dread mistress,
So sovereignly being honourable.

I have lov'd thee,—

Leon. Make that thy question, and go rot !
Dost think I am so muddy, so unsettled,
To appoint myself in this vexation ? sully
The purity and whiteness of my sheets,
Which to preserve is sleep ; which being spotted,
Is goads, thorns, nettles, tails of wasps ?
Give scandal to the blood o' the prince my son,
Who I do think is mine, and love as mine,
Without ripe moving to 't ?—Would I do this ?
Could man so blench ?

Cam. I must believe you, sir ;
I do ; and will fetch off Bohemia for 't :
Provided, that when he's remov'd, your highness
Will take again your queen, as yours at first ;
Even for your son's sake ; and, thereby, for sealing
The injury of tongues, in courts and kingdoms
Known and ally'd to yours.

Leon. Thou dost advise me,
Even so as I mine own course have set down :
I'll give no blemish to her honour, none.

Cam. My lord,
Go then ; and with a countenance as clear
As friendship wears at feasts, keep with Bohemia,
And with your queen : I am his cupbearer ;
If from me he have wholesome beverage,
Account me not your servant.

Leon. This is all :
Do 't, and thou hast the one half of my heart ;
Do 't not, thou splitt'st thine own.

Cam. I'll do 't, my lord.

Leon. I will seem friendly, as thou hast advis'd
me. [Exit.]

Cam. O miserable lady !—But, for me,
What case stand I in ? I must be the poisoner
Of good Polixenes : and my ground to do 't
Is the obedience to a master ; one,
Who, in rebellion with himself, will have
All that are his so too.—To do this deed,
Promotion follows : If I could find example
Of thousands that had struck anointed kings
And flourish'd after, I'd not do 't : but since
Nor brass, nor stone, nor parchment, bears not one,
Let villany itself forswear 't. I must

Forsake the court : to do 't, or no, is certain
To me a break-neck. Happy star, reign now !
Here comes Bohemia.

Re-enter POLIXENES.

Pol. This is strange ! methinks,
My favour here begins to warp. Not speak ?—
Good day, Camillo.

Cam. Hail, most royal sir !

Pol. What is the news i' the court ?

Cam. None rare, my lord.

Pol. The king hath on him such a countenance
As he had lost some province, and a region
Lov'd as he loves himself : even now I met him
With customary compliment ; when he,
Wafting his eyes to the contrary, and falling
A lip of much contempt, speeds from me ; and
So leaves me, to consider what is breeding
That changes thus his manners.

Cam. I dare not know, my lord.

Pol. How ! dare not ? do not ? Do you know,
and dare not

Be intelligent to me ? 'T is thereabouts ;
For, to yourself, what you do know you must ;
And cannot say, you dare not. Good Camillo,
Your chang'd complexions are to me a mirror,
Which shows me mine chang'd too : for I must be
A party in this alteration, finding
Myself thus alter'd with it.

Cam. There is a sickness
Which puts some of us in distemper ; but
I cannot name the disease ; and it is caught
Of you that yet are well.

Pol. How caught of me ?
Make me not sighted like the basilisk :
I have look'd on thousands who have sped the
better

By my regard, but kill'd none so. Camillo—
As you are certainly a gentleman ; thereto
Clerk-like, experienc'd, which no less adorns
Our gentry, than our parents' noble names,
In whose success¹¹ we are gentle,—I beseech you,
If you know aught which does behove my know-
ledge

Thereof to be inform'd, imprison 't not
In ignorant concealment.

Cam. I may not answer.

Pol. A sickness caught of me, and yet I well
I must be answer'd.—Dost thou hear, Camillo ?
I conjure thee, by all the parts of man
Which honour does acknowledge,—whereof the
least

Is not this suit of mine,—that thou declare
What incidency thou dost guess of harm
Is creeping toward me ; how far off, how near ;
Which way to be prevented, if to be ;
If not, how best to bear it.

Cam. Sir, I will tell you ;
Since I am charg'd in honour, and by him
That I think honourable : Therefore, mark my
counsel ;

Which must be e'en as swiftly followed as
I mean to utter it ; or both yourself and me
Cry "lost," and so good night.

Pol. On, good Camillo.

Cam. I am appointed him to murder you.

Pol. By whom, Camillo ?

Cam. By the king.

Pol. For what ?

Cam. He thinks, nay, with all confidence, he
swears,

As he had seen 't or been an instrument
To vice you to 't,—that you have touch'd his queen
Forbiddenly.

Pol. O, then my best blood turn
To an infected jelly ; and my name
Be yok'd with his that did betray the Best !
Turn then my freshest reputation to
A savour that may strike the dullest nostril
Where I arrive ; and my approach be shunn'd,
Nay, hated too, worse than the great'st infection
That e'er was heard, or read !

Cam. Swear his thought over
By each particular star in heaven, and
By all their influences, you may as well
Forbid the sea for to obey the moon,
As, or by oath, remove, or counsel, shake
The fabric of his folly ; whose foundation
Is pil'd upon his faith, and will continue
The standing of his body.

Pol. How should this grow ?

Cam. I know not ; but, I am sure, 't is safer to

Avoid what 's grown than question how 't is born.
If therefore you dare trust my honesty,—
That lies enclosed in this trunk, which you
Shall bear along impawn'd,—away to-night.
Your followers I will whisper to the business ;
And will, by twos and threes, at several posterns,
Clear them o' the city : For myself, I 'll put
My fortunes to your service, which are here
By this discovery lost. Be not uncertain ;
For, by the honour of my parents, I
Have utter'd truth : which, if you seek to
prove,

I dare not stand by ; nor shall you be safer
Than one condemn'd by the king's own mouth,
thereon

His execution sworn.

Pol. I do believe thee ;
I saw his heart in 's face. Give me thy hand ;
Be pilot to me, and thy places shall
Still neighbour mine : My ships are ready, and
My people did expect my hence departure
Two days ago.—This Jealousy

Is for a precious creature : as she 's rare,
Must it be great ; and, as his person 's mighty,
Must it be violent : and as he does conceive
He is dishonour'd by a man which ever
Profess'd to him, why, his revenges must
In that be made more bitter. Fear o'er shades
me :

Good expedition be my friend, and comfort
The gracious queen, part of his theme, but
nothing

Of his ill-ta'en suspicion ! Come, Camillo ;
I will respect thee as a father, if
Thou bear'st my life off hence. Let us avoid.

Cam. It is in mine authority to command
The keys of all the posterns : Please your
highness.

To take the urgent hour : come, sir, away.

[*Ereunt*



ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Sicilia. The Palace.*

Enter HERMIONE, MAMILLIUS, and Ladies.

Her. Take the boy to you : he so troubles me
'T is past enduring.

1 Lady. Come, my gracious lord,
Shall I be your playfellow ?

Mam. No, I 'll none of you.

1 Lady. Why, my sweet lord ?

Mam. You 'll kiss me hard ; and speak to me
as if I were a baby still.—I love you better.

2 Lady. And why so, my lord ?

Mam. Not for because
Your brows are blacker ; yet black brows, they say,
Become some women best ; so that there be not
Too much hair there, but in a semicircle,
Or a half-moon made with a pen.

2 Lady. Who taught this ?

Mam. I learn'd it out of women's faces : pray
nose

What colour are your eyebrows ?

1 Lady. Blue, my lord.

Mam. Nay, that 's a mock : I have seen a lady's
nose

That has been blue, but not her eyebrows.

2 Lady. Hark ye :
The queen, your mother, rounds apace : we shall
Present our services to a fine new prince,
One of these days ; and then you 'd wanton with
us,

If we would have you.

1 Lady. She is spread of late
Into a goodly bulk : Good time encounter her !

Her. What wisdom stirs amongst you ? Come,
sir, now

I am for you again : Pray you, sit by us,
And tell 's a tale.

Mam. Merry, or sad, shall 't be ?

Her. As merry as you will.

Mam. A sad tale 's best for winter :
I have one of sprites and goblins.

Her. Let 's have that, good sir.
Come on, sit down :—Come on, and do your best

To fright me with your sprites : you 're powerful
at it.

Mam. There was a man,—

Her. Nay, come, sit down ; then on.

Mam. Dwelt by a churchyard ;—I will tell it
softly ;

Yon crickets shall not hear it.

Her. Come on then,
And give 't me in mine ear.

Enter LEONTES, ANTIGONUS, Lords, and others.

Leon. Was he met there ? his train ? Camillo
with him ?

1 Lord. Behind the tuft of pines I met them ;
never

Saw I men scour so on their way ; I ey'd them
Even to their ships.

Leon. How bless'd am I
In my just censure !—in my true opinion !
Alack, for lesser knowledge !—How accurs'd
In being so bless'd !—There may be in the cup
A spider steep'd,¹² and one may drink ; depart,
And yet partake no venom : for his knowledge
Is not infected : but if one present
The abhorr'd ingredient to his eye, make known
How he hath drunk, he cracks his gorge, his
sides

With violent hefts :—I have drunk, and seen the
spider.

Camillo was his help in this, his pander :—
There is a plot against my life, my crown ;
All 's true that is mistrusted :—that false villain,
Whom I employ'd, was pre-employ'd by him :
He has discover'd my design, and I
Remain a pinch'd thing ; yea, a very trick
For them to play at will :—How came the posterns
So easily open ?

1 Lord. By his great authority ;
Which often hath no less prevail'd than so,
On your command.

Leon. I know 't too well.—
Give me the boy ; I am glad you did not nurse
him :

Though he does bear some signs of me, yet you
Have too much blood in him.

Her. What is this? sport?

Leon. Bear the boy hence, he shall not come
about her;

Away with him:—and let her sport herself
With that she's big with; for 't is Polixenes
Has made thee swell thus.

Her. But I'd say, he had not;
And, I'll be sworn, you would believe my saying
Howe'er you lean to th' nayward.

Leon. You, my lords,
Look on her, mark her well; be but about
To say "she is a goodly lady," and
The justice of your hearts will thereto add,
" 'T is pity she's not honest honourable:"
Praise her but for this her without-door form,
(Which, on my faith, deserves high speech,) and
straight

The shrug, the hum, or ha; these petty brands
That calumny doth use:—O, I am out,
That mercy does; for calumny will sear
Virtue itself: these shrugs, these hums, and
ha's,

When you have said she's goodly, come between,
Ere you can say she's honest: But be't known,
From him that has most cause to grieve it should
be,

She's an adulteress.

Her. Should a villain say so,
The most replenish'd villain in the world,
He were as much more villain: you, my lord,
Do but mistake.

Leon. You have mistook, my lady,
Polixenes for Leontes: O thou thing,
Which I'll not call a creature of thy place,
Lest barbarism, making me the precedent,
Should a like language use to all degrees,
And mannerly distinguishment leave out
Betwixt the prince and beggar!—I have said,
She's an adulteress; I have said, with whom:
More, she's a traitor; and Camilla is
A federary¹³ with her; and one that knows
What she should shame to know herself,
But with her most vild principal, that she's
A bed-swerger, even as bad as those
That vulgars give bold'st titles; ay, and privy
To this their late escape.

Her. No, by my life,
Privy to none of this: How will this grieve you
When you shall come to clearer knowledge, that
You thus have publish'd me Gentle my lord,

You scarce can right me thoroughly then, to say
You did mistake.

Leon. No; if I mistake
In those foundations which I build upon,
The centre is not big enough to bear
A schoolboy's top.—Away with her to prison:
He who shall speak for her is afar off guilty
But that he speaks.

Her. There's some ill planet reigns:
I must be patient, till the heavens look
With an aspect more favourable.—Good my lords,
I am not prone to weeping, as our sex
Commonly are; the want of which vain dew,
Perchance, shall dry your pities: but I have
That honourable grief lodg'd here, which burns
Worse than tears drown: 'Beseech you all, my
lords,

With thoughts so qualified as your charities
Shall best instruct you, measure me;—and so
The king's will be perform'd!

Leon. Shall I be heard? [*To the Guards.*

Her. Who is't that goes with me?—'Beseech
your highness,

My women may be with me: for, you see,
My plight requires it. Do not weep, good fools;
There is no cause: when you shall know your
mistress

Has deserv'd prison, then abound in tears,
As I come out: this action I now go on
Is for my better grace.—Adieu, my lord;
I never wish'd to see you sorry; now,
I trust I shall.—My women, come; you have
leave.

Leon. Go, do our bidding; hence.

[*Exeunt Queen and Ladies.*

1 *Lord.* 'Beseech your highness, call the queen
again.

Ant. Be certain what you do, sir; lest your
justice

Prove violence: in the which three great ones
suffer:

Yourself, your queen, your son.

1 *Lord.* For her, my lord,
I dare my life lay down, and will do't, sir,
Please you t' accept it, that the queen is spotless
P' th' eyes of Heaven, and to you; I mean,
In this which you accuse her.

Ant. If it prove
She's otherwise, I'll keep my stables where
I lodge my wife; I'll go in couples with her;
Than when I feel and see her, no further trust
her;

For every inch of woman in the world,
Ay, every dram of woman's flesh, is false,
If she be.

Leon. Hold your peaces.

1 Lord. Good, my lord,—

Ant. It is for you we speak, not for ourselves :
You are abus'd, and by some putter-on,
That will be damn'd for 't; would I knew the
villain,

I would land-damn¹⁴ him : Be she honour-flaw'd—
I have three daughters ; the eldest is eleven ;
The second, and the third, nine, and some five ;¹⁵
If this prove true, they 'll pay for 't : by mine
honour,

I 'll geld 'em all : fourteen they shall not see,
To bring false generations : they are co-heirs ;
And I had rather glib myself than they
Should not produce fair issue.

Leon. Cease ; no more.
You smell this business with a sense as cold
As is a dead man's nose ; but I do see 't and feel 't,
As you feel doing thus ; and see withal
The instruments that feel.

Ant. If it be so,
We need no grave to bury honesty ;
There 's not a grain of it, the face to sweeten
Of the whole dungy earth.

Leon. What ! lack I credit ?

1 Lord. I had rather you did lack than I, my
lord,

Upon this ground : and more it would content me
To have her honour true, than your suspicion ;
Be blam'd for 't how you might.

Leon. Why, what need we
Commune with you of this ? but rather follow
Our forceful instigation ! Our prerogative
Calls not your counsels ; but our natural goodness
Imparts this : which—if you (or stupified,
Or seeming so in skill) cannot, or will not,
Relish a truth like us ; inform yourselves,
We need no more of your advice : the matter,
The loss, the gain, the ord'ring on 't, is all
Properly ours.

Ant. And I wish, my liege,
You had only in your silent judgment tried it,
Without more overture.

Leon. How could that be ?
Either thou art most ignorant by age,
Or thou wert born a fool. Camillo's flight,
Added to their familiarity,
(Which was as gross as ever touch'd conjecture,
That lack'd sight only, nought for approbation,

But only seeing, all other circumstances
Made up to th' deed,) doth push on this pro-
ceeding.

Yet, for a greater confirmation,
(For, in an act of this importance, 't were
Most piteous to be wild,) I have despatch'd in post
To sacred Delphos, to Apollo's temple,
Cleomenes and Dion, whom you know
Of stuff'd sufficiency : Now, from the oracle
They will bring all ; whose spiritual counsel had
Shall stop, or spur me. Have I done well ?

1 Lord. Well done, my lord.

Leon. Though I am satisfied, and need no more
Than what I know, yet shall the oracle
Give rest to the minds of others ; such as he
Whose ignorant credulity will not
Come up to th' truth : So have we thought it
good,

From our free person she should be confin'd ;
Lest that the treachery of the two, fled hence,
Be left her to perform. Come, follow us ;
We are to speak in public ; for this business
Will raise us all.

Ant. [*Aside.*] To laughter, as I take it,
If the good truth were known. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The same. The outer Room of a
Prison.*

Enter PAULINA and Attendants.

Paul. The keeper of the prison,—call to him ;
[*Exit an Attendant.*
Let him have knowledge who I am.—Good lady
No court in Europe is too good for thee,
What dost thou then in prison ?—Now, good sir,

Re-enter Attendant, with the Keeper.

You know me, do you not ?

Keep. For a worthy lady,
And one whom much I honour.

Paul. Pray you then,
Conduct me to the queen.

Keep. I may not, madam ; to the contrary
I have express commandment.

Paul. Here 's ado,
To lock up honesty and honour from
Th' access of gentle visitors !—Is 't lawful, pray
you,

To see her women ? any of them ? Emilia ?

Keep. So please you, madam,
To put apart these your attendants, I
Shall bring Emilia forth.

Paul. I pray now, call her.
Withdraw yourselves. [*Exeunt Attendants.*]

Keep. And, madam,
I must be present at your conference.

Paul. Well, be 't so, prithee.

[*Exit Keeper.*]

Here 's such ado to make so stain a stain,
As passes colouring.

Re-enter Keeper, with EMILIA.

Dear gentlewoman,
How fares our gracious lady?

Emil. As well as one so great, and so forlorn,
May hold together: on her frights, and griefs,
(Which never tender lady hath borne greater,)
She is, something before her time, deliver'd.

Paul. A boy?

Emil. A daughter; and a goodly babe,
Lusty, and like to live: the queen receives
Much comfort in 't: says, "My poor prisoner,
I am innocent as you."

Paul. I dare be sworn:—
These dangerous unsafe luns i' the king!
beshrew them!

He must be told on 't, and he shall: the office
Becomes a woman best; I'll take 't upon me:
If I prove honey-mouth'd, let my tongue blister;
And never to my red-look'd anger be
The trumpet any more:—Pray you, Emilia,
Commend my best obedience to the queen;
If she dares trust me with her little babe,
I'll show 't the king, and undertake to be
Her advocate to th' loud'st: We do not know
How he may soften at the sight o' the child;
The silence often of pure innocence
Persuades, when speaking fails.

Emil. Most worthy madam,
Your honour, and your goodness, is so evident,
That your free undertaking cannot miss
A thriving issue; there is no lady living
So meet for this great errand: Please your lady-
ship

To visit the next room, I'll presently
Acquaint the queen of your most noble offer;
Who, but to-day, hammer'd of this design;
But durst not tempt a minister of honour,
Lest she should be deny'd.

Paul. Tell her, Emilia,
I'll use that tongue I have: if wit flow from 't,
As boldness from my bosom, let 't not be doubted
I shall do good.

Emil. Now be you bless'd for it!

I'll to the queen Please you, come something
nearer.

Keep. Madam, if 't please the queen to send the
babe,

I know not what I shall incur, to pass it,
Having no warrant.

Paul. You need not fear it, sir:
This child was prisoner to the womb; and is,
By law and process of great nature, thence
Freed and enfranchis'd: not a party to
The anger of the king; nor guilty of,
If any be, the trespass of the queen.

Keep. I do believe it.

Paul. Do not you fear; upon mine honour, I
Will stand betwixt you and danger. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The same. A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter LEONTES, ANTIGONUS, Lords, and other
Attendants.*

Leon. Nor night nor day, no rest: It is but
weakness
To bear the matter thus; mere weakness, if
The cause were not in being;—part o' the
cause,

She, th' adulteress; for the harlot king
Is quite beyond mine arm, out of the blank
And level of my brain, plot-proof: but she
I can hook to me: Say, that she were gone,
Given to the fire, a moiety of my rest
Might come to me again.—Who 's there?

1 Attend. My lord! [*Advancing*]

Leon. How does the boy?

1 Attend. He took good rest to-night
'T is hop'd his sickness is discharg'd.

Leon. To see his nobleness!
Conceiving the dishonour of his mother,
He straight declin'd, droop'd, took it deeply;
Fasten'd and fix'd the shame on 't in himself;
Threw off his spirit, his appetite, his sleep,
And downright languish'd.—Leave me solely:—
go,

See how he fares. [*Exit Attendant.*]—Fie, fie
no thought of him;

The very thought of my revenges that way
Recoil upon me: in himself too mighty;
And in his parties, his alliance.—Let him be,
Until a time may serve: for present vengeance,
Take it on her. Camillo and Polixenes
Laugh at me; make their pastime at my sorrow:
They should not laugh if I could reach them; nor
Shall she, within my power.

Enter PAULINA, with a child.

1 *Lord.* You must not enter.

Paul. Nay, rather, good my lords, be second to me :

Fear you his tyrannous passion more, alas,
Than the queen's life? a gracious innocent soul;
More free than he is jealous.

Ant. That's enough.

1 *Attend.* Madam, he hath not slept to-night;
commanded

None should come at him.

Paul. Not so hot, good sir;
I come to bring him sleep. 'T is such as you,—
That creep like shadows by him, and do sigh
At each his needless heavings,—such as you
Nourish the cause of his awaking: I
Do come with words as medicinal as true;
Honest as either; to purge him of that humour
That presses him from sleep.

Leon. What noise there, ho?

Paul. No noise, my lord; but needful conference,
About some gossips for your highness.

Leon. How?—

Away with that audacious lady: Antigonus,
I charg'd thee that she should not come about me;
I knew she would.

Ant. I told her so, my lord,
On your displeasure's peril, and on mine,
She should not visit you.

Leon. What, canst not rule her?

Paul. From all dishonesty he can: in this,
(Unless he take the course that you have done,
Commit me, for committing honour,) trust it,
He shall not rule me.

Ant. La you now; you hear!
When she will take the rein, I let her run;
But she'll not stumble.

Paul. Good my liege, I come,—
And, I beseech you, hear me, who professes
Myself your loyal servant, your physician,
Your most obedient counsellor; yet that dares
Less appear so, in comforting your evils,
Than such as most seem yours,—I say, I come
From your good queen.

Leon. Good queen!

Paul. Good queen, my lord, good queen: I say,
good queen;
And would by combat make her good, so were I
A man, the worst about you.

Leon. Force her hence.

Paul. Let him that makes but trifles of his eyes

First hand me: on mine own accord, I'll off;
But, first, I'll do my errand.—The good queen,
For she is good, hath brought you forth a daughter:
Here't is; commends it to your blessing.

[Laying down the child.]

Leon. Out!

A mankind witch!¹⁷ Hence with her, out o' door.
A most intelligencing bawd!

Paul. Not so:

I am as ignorant in that, as you
In so entitling me: and no less honest
Than you are mad; which is enough, I'll warrant,
As this world goes, to pass for honest.

Leon. Traitors!

Will you not push her out? Give her the bastard—
Thou dotard, [*to ANTIGONUS*] thou art woman-
tir'd, unroosted

By thy dame Partlet here,—take up the bastard
Take't up, I say; give't to thy crone.

Paul. For ever

Unvenerable be thy hands, if thou
Tak'st up the princess, by that forced baseness
Which he has put upon't!

Leon. He dreads his wife.

Paul. So I would you did; then't were past all
doubt

You'd call your children yours.

Leon. A nest of traitors!¹⁸

Ant. I am none, by this good light.

Paul. Nor I; nor any,

But one, that's here; and that's himself:
for he

The sacred honour of himself, his queen's,
His hopeful son's, his babe's, betrays to slander,
Whose sting is sharper than the sword's; and
will not

(For as the case now stands, it is a curse
He cannot be compelled to't) once remove
The root of his opinion, which is rotten,
As ever oak, or stone, was sound.

Leon. A callat!¹⁹

Of boundless tongue; who late hath beat her
husband,

And now baits me!—This brat is none of mine;
It is the issue of Polixenes:
Hence with it; and, together with the dam,
Commit them to the fire.

Paul. It is yours;

And, might we lay th' old proverb to your charge,
So like you, 't is the worse.—Behold, my lords,
Although the print be little, the whole matter
And copy of the father: eye, nose, lip,

The trick of his frown, his forehead; nay, the valley,
The pretty dimples of his chin and cheek; his smiles;
The very mould and frame of hand, nail, finger:—
And thou, good goddess Nature, which hast made it

So like to him that got it, if thou hast
The ordering of the mind too, 'mongst all colours
No yellow in 't; lest she suspect, as he does,
Her children not her husband's!

Leon. A gross hag!

And, lozel,²⁰ thou art worthy to be hang'd,
That wilt not stay her tongue.

Ant. Hang all the husbands
That cannot do that feat, you 'll leave yourself
Hardly one subject.

Leon. Once more, take her hence.

Paul. A most unworthy and unnatural lord
Can do no more.

Leon. I 'll have thee burn'd.

Paul. I care not:

It is an heretic that makes the fire,
Not she which burns in 't. I 'll not call you
tyrant;

But this most cruel usage of your queen
(Not able to produce more accusation
Than your own weak-hing'd fancy) something
savours

Of tyranny, and will ignoble make you,
Yea, scandalous to the world.

Leon. On your allegiance,
Out of the chamber with her. Were I a tyrant,
Where were her life? she durst not call me so,
If she did know me one. Away with her.

Paul. I pray you, do not push me; I 'll be gone.
Look to your babe, my lord; 't is yours: Jove
send her

A better guiding spirit!—What need these
hands?—

You, that are thus so tender o'er his follies,
Will never do him good, not one of you.

So, so:—Farewell; we are gone. [*Exit.*]

Leon. Thou, traitor, hast set on thy wife to
this.—

My child! away with 't—even thou, that hast
A heart so tender o'er it, take it hence,
And see it instantly consum'd with fire;
Even thou, and none but thou. Take it up
straight:

Within this hour bring me word 't is done,
(And by good testimony,) or I 'll seize thy life.

With what thou else call'st thine: If thou refuse,
And wilt encounter with my wrath, say so;
The bastard brains with these my proper hands
Shall I dash out. Go, take it to the fire;
For thou sett'st on thy wife.

Ant. I did not, sir:

These lords, my noble fellows, if they please,
Can clear me in 't.

1 & 2 Lord. We can, my royal liege,
He is not guilty of her coming hither.

Leon. You are liars all.

1 Lord. Beseech your highness, give us better
credit;

We have always truly serv'd you, and beseech
So to esteem of us: And on our knees we beg,
(As recompense of our dear services,
Past, and to come,) that you do change this
purpose;

Which, being so horrible, so bloody, must
Lead on to some foul issue: We all kneel.

Leon. I am a feather for each wind that
blows:—

Shall I live on, to see this bastard kneel
And call me father? Better burn it now,
Than curse it then. But, be it; let it live:
It shall not neither. You, sir, come you hither;

[*to ANT*]

You, that have been so tenderly officious
With lady Margery, your midwife, there,
To save this bastard's life: for 't is a bastard,
So sure as this beard's grey,—what will you
adventure
To save this brat's life?

Ant. Anything, my lord,
That my ability may undergo,
And nobleness impose: at least, thus much,—
I 'll pawn the little blood which I have left
To save the innocent: anything possible.

Leon. It shall be possible: Swear by this
sword,

Thou wilt perform my bidding.

Ant. I will, my lord.

Leon. Mark, and perform it; (seest thou?) for
the fail

Of any point in 't shall not only be
Death to thyself, but to thy lewd-tongu'd wife;
Whom, for this time, we pardon. We enjoin thee,
As thou art liegeman to us, that thou carry
This female bastard hence; and that thou bear it
To some remote and desert place, quite out
Of our dominions; and that there thou leave it
Without more mercy, to its own protection,

And favour of the climate. As by strange fortune
It came to us, I do in justice charge thee,—
On thy soul's peril, and thy body's torture,—
That thou commend it strangely to some place
Where chance may nurse, or end it: Take it up.

Ant. I swear to do this, though a present death
Had been more merciful.—Come on, poor babe:
Some powerful spirit instruct the kites and ravens
To be thy nurses! Wolves and bears, they say,
Casting their savageness aside, have done
Like offices of pity.—Sir, be prosperous
In more than this deed doth require! and blessing,
Against this cruelty, fight on thy side,
Poor thing, condemn'd to loss!

[*Exit, with the Child.*]

Leon. No, I 'll not rear
Another's issue.

I Attend. Please your highness, posts,
From those you sent to th' oracle, are come
An hour since: Cleomenes and Dion,
Being well arriv'd from Delphos, are both landed,
Hasting to th' court.

I Lord. So please you, sir, their speed
Hath been beyond account.

Leon. Twenty-three days
They have been absent: 't is good speed; foretells
The great Apollo suddenly will have
The truth of this appear. Prepare you, lords;
Summon a session, that we may arraign
Our most disloyal lady: for, as she hath
Been publicly accus'd, so shall she have
A just and open trial. While she lives,
My heart will be a burthen to me. Leave me;
And think upon my bidding. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Sicilia. *A Street.*

Enter CLEOMENES and DION.

Cleo. The climate 's delicate: the air most
sweet;

Fertile the isle; the temple much surpassing
The common praise it bears.

Dion. I shall report,
For most it caught me, the celestial habits,
(Methinks I so should term them,) and the re-
verence

Of the grave wearers. O, the sacrifice!
How ceremonious, solemn, and unearthly
It was i' th' offering!

Cleo. But, of all, the burst
And the ear-deaf'ning voice o' th' oracle,
Kin to Jove's thunder, so surpris'd my sense,
That I was nothing.

Dion. If th' event o' the journey
Prove as successful to the queen,—O, be 't so!—
As it hath been to us rare, pleasant, speedy,
The time is worth the use on 't.

Cleo. Great Apollo,
Turn all to th' best! These proclamations,
So forcing faults upon Hermione,
I little like.

Dion. The violent carriage of it

Will clear, or end, the business: When the oracle
(Thus by Apollo's great divine seal'd up)
Shall the contents discover, something rare
Even then will rush to knowledge.—Go,—fresh
horses;—

And gracious be the issue! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The same. A Court of Justice.*

LEONTES, Lords, and Officers, *appear properly seated.*

Leon. This sessions (to our great grief we pro-
nounce)

Even pushes 'gainst our heart: The party try'd,
The daughter of a king; our wife; and one
Of us too much belov'd.—Let us be clear'd
Of being tyrannous, since we so openly
Proceed in justice; which shall have due course,
Even to the guilt, or the purgation.
Produce the prisoner.

Offi. It is his highness' pleasure that the queen
Appear in person here in court.—Silence!

HERMIONE is brought in, guarded; PAULINA and
Ladies attending.

Leon. Read the indictment.

Offi. "Hermione, queen to the worthy Leontes,
king of Sicilia, thou art here accused and arraigned

of high treason, in committing adultery with Polixenes, king of Bohemia; and conspiring with Camillo to take away the life of our sovereign lord the king, thy royal husband: the pretence²¹ whereof being by circumstances partly laid open, thou, Hermione, contrary to the faith and allegiance of a true subject, didst counsel and aid them, for their better safety, to fly away by night."

Her. Since what I am to say must be but that Which contradicts my accusation, and The testimony on my part no other But what comes from myself, it shall scarce boot me

To say, "Not guilty;" mine integrity, Being counted falsehood, shall, as I express it, Be so receiv'd. But thus,—If powers divine Behold our human actions, as they do, I doubt not then but innocence shall make False accusation blush, and tyranny Tremble at patience.—You, my lord, best know, (Whom least will seem to do so,) my past life Hath been as continent, as chaste, as true, As I am now unhappy; which is more Than history can pattern, though devis'd, And played, to take spectators: For behold me,—A fellow of the royal bed, which owe A moiety of the throne, a great king's daughter, The mother to a hopeful prince,—here standing, To prate and talk for life and honour 'fore Who please to come and hear. For life, I prize it, As I weigh grief, which I would spare: for honour, 'T is a derivative from me to mine, And only that I stand for. I appeal To your own conscience, sir, before Polixenes Came to your court, how I was in your grace, How merited to be so; since he came, With what encounter so uncurrent I Have strain'd, t' appear thus: if one jot beyond The bound of honour; or, in act or will, That way inclining; harden'd be the hearts Of all that hear me, and my near'st of kin Cry Fie! upon my grave!

Leon. I ne'er heard yet, That any of these bolder vices wanted Less impudence to gainsay what they did, Than to perform it first.

Her. That 's true enough; Though 't is a saying, sir, not due to me.

Leon. You will not own it.

Her. More than mistress of, Which comes to me in name of fault, I must not At all acknowledge. For Polixenes,

(With whom I am accus'd,) I do confess, I lov'd him, as in honour he requir'd, With such a kind of love as might become A lady like me; with a love, even such, So, and no other, as yourself commanded: Which not to have done, I think, had been in me Both disobedience and ingratitude, To you, and toward your friend; whose love had spoke,

Even since it could speak, from an infant, freely. That it was yours. Now, for conspiracy, I know not how it tastes; though it be dish'd For me to try how: all I know of it Is, that Camillo was an honest man; And, why he left your court, the gods themselves,

Wotting no more than I, are ignorant.

Leon. You knew of his departure, as you know What you have underta'en to do in 's absence.

Her. Sir, You speak a language that I understand not. My life stands in the level of your dreams, Which I'll lay down.

Leon. Your actions are my dreams; You had a bastard by Polixenes, And I but dream'd it:—As you were past all shame,

(Those of your fact are so,) so past all truth: Which to deny, concerns more than avails: For as Thy brat hath been cast out, like to itself, No father owning it, (which is, indeed, More criminal in thee, than it,) so thou Shalt feel our justice; in whose easiest passage, Look for no less than death.

Her. Sir, spare your threats; The bug which you would fright me with I seek To me can life be no commodity: The crown and comfort of my life, your favour, I do give lost; for I do feel it gone, But know not how it went: My second joy, And first fruits of my body, from his presence I am barr'd, like one infectious: My third comfort Starr'd most unluckily, is from my breast, The innocent milk in its most innocent mouth, Hal'd out to murder: Myself on every post Proclaim'd a strumpet; with immodest hatred, The childbed privilege deny'd, which 'longs To women of all fashion: Lastly, hurried Here to this place, i' the open air, before I have got strength of limit. Now, my liege, Tell me what blessings I have here alive, That I should fear to die? Therefore, proceed.

But yet hear this; mistake me not;—No life,
I prize it not a straw:—but for mine honour,
(Which I would free,) if I shall be condemn'd
Upon surmises; all proofs sleeping else,
But what your jealousies awake; I tell you
'T is rigour, and not law.—Your honours all,
I do refer me to the oracle;
Apollo be my judge.

1 *Lord.* This your request
Is altogether just: therefore, bring forth,
And in Apollo's name, his oracle.

[*Exeunt certain Officers.*]

Her. The emperor of Russia was my father:
O, that he were alive, and here beholding
His daughter's trial! that he did but see
The flatness of my misery; yet with eyes
Of pity, not revenge!

Re-enter Officers, with CLEOMENES and DION.

Offi. You here shall swear upon this sword of
justice,
That you, Cleomenes and Dion, have
Been both at Delphos; and from thence have
brought
This seal'd-up oracle, by the hand deliver'd
Of great Apollo's priest; and that, since then,
You have not dar'd to break the holy seal,
Nor read the secrets in 't.

Cleo., Dion. All this we swear.

Leon. Break up the seals, and read.

Offi. [*Reads.*] "Hermione is chaste;²² Polixenes
blameless, Camillo a true subject, Leontes a jealous
tyrant, his innocent babe truly begotten; and the
king shall live without an heir, if that which is
lost be not found."

Lords. Now blessed be the great Apollo!

Her. Praised!

Leon. Hast thou read truth?

Offi. Ay, my lord; even so
As it is here set down.

Leon. There is no truth at all i' the oracle:
The sessions shall proceed: this is mere false-
hood.

Enter a Servant, hastily.

Ser. My lord the king, the king!

Leon. What is the business?

Ser. O sir, I shall be hated to report it:
The prince your son, with mere conceit and fear
Of the queen's speed, is gone.

Leon. How! gone?

Ser. Is dead.

Leon. Apollo's angry; and the heavens them-
selves

Do strike at my injustice. [*HERMIONE faints.*] How
now there?

Paul. This news is mortal to the queen:—Look
down,
And see what death is doing.

Leon. Take her hence:
Her heart is but o'ercharged; she will recover.—
I have too much believ'd mine own suspicion:—
'Beseech you, tenderly apply to her
Some remedies for life.—Apollo, pardon

[*Exeunt PAULINA and Ladies, with HER.*]

My great profaneness 'gainst thine oracle!—
I'll reconcile me to Polixenes;
New woo my queen; recall the good Camillo,
Whom I proclaim a man of truth, of mercy:
For, being transported by my jealousies
To bloody thoughts and to revenge, I chose
Camillo for the minister, to poison
My friend Polixenes: which had been done,
But that the good mind of Camillo tardied
My swift command, though I with death, and
with

Reward, did threaten and encourage him,
Not doing it, and being done: he, most humane,
And fill'd with honour to my kingly guest,
Unclass'd my practice; quit his fortunes here,
Which you knew great; and to the hazard
Of all incertainties himself commended,
No richer than his honour:—How he glisters
Through my rust! and how his piety
Does my deeds make the blacker!

Re-enter PAULINA.

Paul. Woe the while!
O, cut my lace; lest my heart, cracking it,
Break too!

1 *Lord.* What fit is this, good lady?

Paul. What studied torments, tyrant, hast
for me?
What wheels? racks? fires? What flaying?
boiling,

In leads, or oils? what old or newer torture
Must I receive; whose every word deserves
To taste of thy most worst? Thy tyranny
Together working with thy jealousies,—
Fancies too weak for boys, too green and idle
For girls of nine!—O, think what they have done
And then run mad, indeed; stark mad! for all
Thy by-gone fooleries were but spices of it.
That thou betray'dst Polixenes, 't was nothing;

That did but show thee, of a fool, inconstant,
 And damnable ingrateful: nor was 't much,
 Thou would'st have poison'd good Camillo's honour,
 To have him kill a king; poor trespasses,
 More monstrous standing by: whereof I reckon
 The casting forth to crows thy baby daughter,
 To be or none, or little; though a devil
 Would have shed water out o' fire, ere done 't:
 Nor is 't directly laid to thee, the death
 Of the young prince; whose honourable thoughts
 (Thoughts high for one so tender) cleft the heart
 That could conceive a gross and foolish sire
 Blemish'd his gracious dam: this is not, no,
 Laid to thy answer: But the last,—O, lords,
 When I have said, cry Woe!—the queen, the
 queen,
 The sweet'st, dear'st creature's dead; and ven-
 geance for 't

Not dropp'd down yet.

1 *Lord.* The higher powers forbid!

Paul. I say, she's dead: I'll swear 't: if word,
 nor oath,

Prevail not, go and see: if you can bring
 Tincture, or lustre, in her lip, her eye,
 Heat outwardly, or breath within, I'll serve you
 As I would do the gods.—But, O thou tyrant
 Do not repent these things; for they are heavier
 Than all thy woes can stir: therefore betake thee
 To nothing but despair. A thousand knees,
 Ten thousand years together, naked, fasting,
 Upon a barren mountain, and still winter
 In storm perpetual, could not move the gods
 To look that way thou wert.

Leon. Go on, go on:

Thou canst not speak too much; I have deserv'd
 All tongues to talk their bitt'rest.

1 *Lord.* Say no more;

Howe'er the business goes, you have made fault
 I' the boldness of your speech.

Paul. I am sorry for 't;

All faults I make, when I shall come to know
 them,

I do repent: Alas, I have show'd too much
 The rashness of a woman: he is touch'd
 To th' noble heart.—What's gone, and what's
 past help,

Should be past grief: Do not receive affliction

At my petition, I beseech you; rather

Let me be punish'd, that have minded you

Of what you should forget. Now, good my liege,

Sir, royal sir, forgive a foolish woman:

The love I bore your queen,—o, fool, again!—

I'll speak of her no more, nor of your children;
 I'll not remember you of my own lord,
 Who is lost too: Take your patience to you,
 And I'll say nothing.

Leon. Thou didst speak but well,
 When most the truth; which I receive much
 better

Than to be pitied of thee. Prithee, bring me
 To the dead bodies of my queen, and son:
 One grave shall be for both; upon them shall
 The causes of their death appear, unto
 Our shame perpetual: Once a day I'll visit
 The chapel where they lie; and tears, shed there,
 Shall be my recreation: So long as Nature
 Will bear up with this exercise, so long
 I daily vow to use it. Come, and lead me
 To these sorrows. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—Bohemia. *A desert Country near
 the Sea.*

Enter ANTIGONUS, with the Child; and a Mariner.

Ant. Thou art perfect²³ then, our ship hath
 touch'd upon

The deserts of Bohemia?

Mar. Ay, my lord: and fear
 We have landed in ill time: the skies look grimly,
 And threaten present blusters. In my conscience,
 The Heavens with that we have in hand are angry,
 And frown upon 's.

Ant. Their sacred wills be done!—Go, get
 aboard;

Look to thy bark; I'll not be long before
 I call upon thee.

Mar. Make your best haste; and go not
 Too far i' the land: 't is like to be loud weather;
 Besides, this place is famous for the creatures
 Of prey, that keep upon 't.

Ant. Go thou away:
 I'll follow instantly.

Mar. I am glad at heart
 To be so rid o' the business. [*Exit.*]

Ant. Come, poor babe:—
 I have heard, (but not believ'd,) the spirits o' th'
 dead

May walk again: if such thing be, thy mother
 Appear'd to me last night; for ne'er was dream
 So like a waking. To me comes a creature,
 Sometimes her head on one side, some another;
 I never saw a vessel of like sorrow,
 So fill'd, and so becoming: in pure white robes,
 Like very sanctity she did approach

My cabin where I lay : thrice bow'd before me ;
 And, gasping to begin some speech, her eyes
 Became two spouts : the fury spent, anon
 Did this break from her : " Good Antigonus,
 Since fate, against thy better disposition,
 Hath made thy person for the thrower-out
 Of my poor babe, according to thine oath,
 Places remote enough are in Bohemia,
 There weep, and leave it crying ; and, for the babe
 Is counted lost for ever, Perdita,
 I prithee, call 't : for this ungentle business,
 Put on thee by my lord, thou ne'er shalt see
 Thy wife Paulina more : "—and so, with shrieks,
 She melted into air. Affrighted much,
 I did in time collect myself ; and thought
 This was so, and no slumber. Dreams are toys ;
 Yet, for this once, yea, superstitiously,
 I will be squar'd by this. I do believe
 Hermione hath suffer'd death ; and that
 Apollo would, this being indeed the issue
 Of king Polixenes, it should here be laid,
 Either for life, or death, upon the earth
 Of its right father. Blossom, speed thee well.

[*Laying down the Child.*]

There lie ; and there thy character : there these ;

[*Laying down a bundle.*]

Which may, if fortune please, both breed thee
 pretty,

And still rest thine.—The storm begins :—Poor
 wretch,

That, for thy mother's fault, art thus expos'd
 To loss, and what may follow !—weep I cannot,
 But my heart bleeds : and most accurs'd am I,
 To be by oath enjoin'd to this.—Farewell !

The day frowns more and more—thou 'rt like to
 have

A lullaby too rough : I never saw
 The heavens so dim by day. A savage clamour !—
 Well may I get aboard !—This is the chace ;
 I am gone for ever. [*Exit, pursued by a Bear.*]

Enter an old Shepherd.

Shep. I would there were no age between ten
 and three-and-twenty ; or that youth would sleep
 out the rest : for there is nothing in the between
 but getting wenches with child, wronging the
 ancients, stealing, fighting.—Hark you now !—
 Would any but these boiled brains of nineteen and
 two-and-twenty hunt this weather ? They have
 scar'd away two of my best sheep ; which, I fear,
 the wolf will sooner find than the master ; if
 anywhere I have them. 't is by the sea-side,

browsing of ivy. Good luck, an 't be thy will
 what have we here ? [*Taking up the Child.*]
 Mercy on 's, a barne ; a very pretty barne ! A
 boy, or a child,²⁴ I wonder ? A pretty one ;
 a very pretty one : Sure, some scape : though I
 am not bookish, yet I can read waiting-gentle-
 woman in the scape. This has been some stair-
 work, some trunk-work, some behind-door work ;
 they were warmer that got this than the poor
 thing is here. I 'll take it up for pity : yet I 'll
 tarry till my son come ; he holla'd but even now.
 Whoa, ho ho !

Enter Clown.

Clo. Hilloa, loa !

Shep. What, art so near ? If thou 'lt see a
 thing to talk on when thou art dead and rotten,
 come hither. What ail'st thou, man ?

Clo. I have seen two such sights, by sea, and by
 land ;—but I am not to say, it is a sea, for it is
 now the sky ; betwixt the firmament and it you
 cannot thrust a bodkin's point.

Shep. Why, boy, how is it ?

Clo. I would you did but see how it chafes,
 how it rages, how it takes up the shore ! but that 's
 not to the point : O, the most piteous cry of the
 poor souls ! sometimes to see 'em, and not to see 'em :
 now the ship boring the moon with her main-mast ;
 and anon swallowed with yest and froth, as you 'd
 thrust a cork into a hogshead. And then for the
 land-service,—To see how the bear tore out his
 shoulder-bone ; how he cried to me for help, and
 said his name was Antigonus, a nobleman :—But
 to make an end of the ship.—to see how the sea
 flap-dragon'd it :—but, first, how the poor souls
 roared, and the sea mock'd them ;—and how the
 poor gentleman roared, and the bear mock'd him,
 both roaring louder than the sea, or weather.

Shep. Name of mercy, when was this, boy ?

Clo. Now, now ; I have not wink'd since I saw
 these sights : the men are not yet cold under
 water, nor the bear half dined on the gentleman ;
 he 's at it now.

Shep. Would I had been by, to have help'd the
 old man !

Clo. I would you had teen by the ship side, to
 have help'd her ; there your charity would have
 lack'd footing.

Shep. Heavy matters ! heavy matters ! but look
 thee here, boy. Now bless thyself ; thou met'st
 with things dying, I with things new born. Here 's
 a sight for thee ; look thee, a bearing-cloth²⁵ for a

squire's child! look thee here! take up, take up, boy; open 't. So, let's see. It was told me, I should be rich by the fairies; this is some changeling: open 't: What's within, boy?

Clo. You're a made old man; if the sins of your youth are forgiven you, you're well to live. Gold! all gold!

Shep. This is fairy gold, boy, and 't will prove so: up with 't, keep it close;²⁵ home, home, the next way. We are lucky, boy, and to be so still requires nothing but secrecy.—Let my sheep go:—Come, good boy, the next way home.

Clo. Go you the next way with your findings I'll go see if the bear be gone from the gentleman, and how much he hath eaten: they are never curst, but when they are hungry: if there be any of him left, I'll bury it.

Shep. That's a good deed: If thou mayest discern, by that which is left of him, what he is, fetch me to the sight of him.

Clo. Marry, will I; and you shall help to put him i' the ground.

Shep. 'T is a lucky day, boy; and we'll do good deeds on 't. [Exeunt.]

ACT IV.

Enter Time, as Chorus.

Time. I, that please some, try all,—both joy and terror

Of good and bad,—that make, and unfold error,—
Now take upon me, in the name of Time,
To use my wings. Impute it not a crime
To me, or my swift passage, that I slide
O'er sixteen years, and leave the growth untried
Of that wide gap; since it is in my power
To o'erthrow law, and in one self-born hour
To plant and o'erwhelm custom: Let me pass
The same I am, ere ancient'st order was,
Or what is now receiv'd: I witness to
The times that brought them in: so shall I do
To th' freshest things now reigning; and make
stale

The glistening of this present, as my tale
Now seems to it. Your patience this allowing,
I turn my glass; and give my scene such growing
As you had slept between. Leontes leaving
Th' effects of his fond jealousies; so grieving,
That he shuts up himself; imagine me,
Gentle spectators, that I now may be
In fair Bohemia; and remember well,
I mentioned a son o' the king's, which Florizel
I now name to you; and with speed o pace
To speak of Perdita, now grown in grace
Equal with wond'ring: What of her ensues
I list not prophesy; but let Time's news
Be known when 't is brought forth: a shepherd's
daughter,

And what to her adheres, which follows after,
Is th' argument of Time: Of this allow,
If ever you have spent time worse ere now;
If never yet, that Time himself doth say,
He wishes earnestly you never may. [Exit]

SCENE I.—Bohemia. *A Room in the Palace of*
POLIXENES.

Enter POLIXENES and CAMILLO.

Pol. I pray thee, good Camillo, be no more importunate: 't is a sickness denying thee anything; a death to grant this.

Cam. It is fifteen years since I saw my country. Though I have, for the most part, been aired abroad, I desire to lay my bones there. Besides, the penitent king, my master, hath sent for me: to whose feeling sorrows I might be some allay, or I o'erween to think so; which is another spur to my departure.

Pol. As thou lov'st me, Camillo, wipe not out the rest of thy services, by leaving me now: the need I have of thee thine own goodness hath made; better not to have had thee than thus to want thee: thou, having made me businesses which none without thee can sufficiently manage, must either stay to execute them thyself, or take away with thee the very services thou hast done: which if I have not enough considered, (as too much I cannot,) to be more thankful to thee shall be my study; and my profit therein, the heaping

friendships. Of that fatal country, Sicilia, prithee speak no more: whose very naming punishes me with the remembrance of that penitent, as thou call'st him, and reconciled king, my brother; whose loss of his most precious queen and children are even now to be afresh lamented. Say to me, when saw'st thou the prince Florizel my son? Kings are no less unhappy, their issue not being gracious, than they are in losing them when they have approved their virtues.

Cam. Sir, it is three days since I saw the prince: What his happier affairs may be are to me unknown: but I have, missing, noted he is of late much retired from court; and is less frequent to his princely exercises than formerly he hath appeared.

Pol. I have considered so much, Camillo, and with some care; so far, that I have eyes under my service which look upon his removedness, from whom I have this intelligence: That he is seldom from the house of a most homely shepherd; a man, they say, that from very nothing, and beyond the imagination of his neighbours, is grown into an unspeakable estate.

Cam. I have heard, sir, of such a man, who hath a daughter of most rare note: the report of her is extended more than can be thought to begin from such a cottage.

Pol. That 's likewise part of my intelligence. But I fear the angle that plucks our son thither. Thou shalt accompany us to the place: where we will, not appearing what we are, have some question with the shepherd; from whose simplicity I think it not uneasy to get the cause of my son's resort thither. Prithee, be my present partner in this business, and lay aside the thoughts of Sicilia.

Cam. I willingly obey your command.

Pol. My best Camillo!—We must disguise ourselves. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The same. A Road near the Shepherd's Cottage.*

Enter AUTOLYCUS, singing.

When daffodils begin to peer,
With heigh! the doxy over the dale;²⁷
Why, then comes in the sweet o' the year;
For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale.

The white sheet bleaching on the hedge,
With heigh! the sweet birds, O, how they sing!
Doth set my pugging tooth an edge;²⁸
For a quart of ale is a dish for a king.

The lark that tirra-lirra chants,

With heigh! with hey! the thrush and the jay:
Are summer-songs for me and my aunts,
While we lie tumbling in the hay.

I have serv'd prince Florizel, and, in my time,
wore three-pile;²⁹ but now I am out of service.

But shall I go mourn for that, my dear?
The pale moon shines by night:
And when I wander here and there,
I then do most go right.

If tinkers may have leave to live,
And bear the sow-skin bowget;
Then my account I well may give,
And in the stocks avouch it.

My traffic is sheets; when the kite builds, look to lesser linen. My father nam'd me Autolycus; who, being as I am, litter'd under Mercury, was likewise a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles: With die, and drab, I purchas'd this caparison; and my revenue is the silly cheat: Gallows, and knock, are too powerful on the highway: beating, and hanging, are terroirs to me; for the life to come, I sleep out the thought of it.—A prize! a prize!

Enter Clown.

Clo. Let me see:—Every 'leven wether—tods; every tod yields—pound and odd shilling: fifteen hundred shorn,—What comes the wool to?

Aut. If the springe hold, the cock 's mine.

[*Aside.*]

Clo. I cannot do 't without counters.—Let me see; what am I to buy for our sheep-shearing feast? "Three pound of sugar; five pound of currants; rice"—What will this sister of mine do with rice? But my father hath made her mistress of the feast, and she lays it on. She hath made me four-and-twenty nosegays for the shearers: three-man song-men all, and very good ones; but they are most of them means and bases: but one Puritan amongst them, and he sings psalms to hornpipes. I must have saffron, to colour the warden pies; mace,—dates,—none; that 's out of my note: nutmegs, seven; a race or two of ginger; but that I may beg;—four pound of prunes, and as many of raisins o' the sun.

Aut. O, that ever I was born!

[*Groveling on the ground.*]

Clo. I' the name of me,—

Aut. O, help me, help me! pluck but off these rags; and then, death, death!

Clo. Alack, poor soul! thou hast need of more rags to lay on thee, rather than have these off.

Aut. O, sir, the loathsomeness of them offends me more than the stripes I have received; which are mighty ones, and millions.

Clo. Alas, poor man! a mill on of beating may come to a great matter.

Aut. I am robb'd, sir, and beaten; my money and apparel ta'en from me, and these detestable things put upon me.

Clo. What, by a horse-man, or a foot-man?

Aut. A foot-man, sweet sir, a foot-man.

Clo. Indeed, he should be a foot-man, by the garments he hath left with thee; if this be a horseman's coat, it hath seen very hot service. Lend me thy hand, I'll help thee: come, lend me thy hand. [*Helping him up.*]

Aut. O, good sir, tenderly, oh!

Clo. Alas, poor soul!

Aut. O, good sir, softly, good sir: I fear, sir, my shoulder-blade is out.

Clo. How now? canst stand?

Aut. Softly, dear sir; [*picks his pocket*] good sir, softly; you ha' done me a charitable office.

Clo. Dost lack any money? I have a little money for thee.

Aut. No, good sweet sir; no, I beseech you, sir: I have a kinsman not past three-quarters of a mile hence, unto whom I was going; I shall there have money, or anything I want: Offer me no money, I pray you; that kills my heart.

Clo. What manner of fellow was he that robb'd you?

Aut. A fellow, sir, that I have known to go about with trol-my-dames.³⁰ I knew him once a servant of the prince; I cannot tell, good sir, for which of his virtues it was, but he was certainly whipped out of the court.

Clo. His vices, you would say: there's no virtue whipped out of the court: they cherish it, to make it stay there; and yet it will no more but abide.

Aut. Vices, I would say, sir. I know this man well: he hath been since an ape-bearer; then a process-server, a bailiff; then he compassed a motion of the prodigal son, and married a tinker's wife within a mile where my land and living lies; and, having flown over many knavish professions, he settled only in rogue: some call him Autolycus.

Clo. Out upon him! Prig, for my life, prig: he haunts wakes, fairs, and bear-baitings.

Aut. Very true, sir; he, sir, he; that's the rogue that put me into this apparel.

300

Clo. Not a more cowardly rogue in all Bohemia; if you had but look'd big, and spit at him he'd have run.

Aut. I must confess to you, sir, I am no fighter; I am false of heart that way; and that he knew, I warrant him.

Clo. How do you now?

Aut. Sweet sir, much better than I was; I can stand, and walk: I will even take my leave of you, and pace softly towards my kinsman's.

Clo. Shall I bring thee on the way?

Aut. No, good-fac'd sir; no, sweet sir.

Clo. Then fare thee well; I must go buy spices for our sheep-shearing.

Aut. Prosper you, sweet sir!—[*Exit Clown.*]—Your purse is not hot enough to purchase your spice. I'll be with you at your sheep-shearing too: If I make not this cheat bring out another, and the shearers prove sheep, let me be unrolled, and my name put in the book of virtue!

Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way,
And merrily bent the stile-a:
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile-a.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—*The same.* A Shepherd's Cottage.

Enter FLORIZEL and PERDITA.

Flo. These your unusual weeds to each part of you

Do give a life: no shepherdess; but Flora,
Peering in April's front. This your sheep-shearing
Is as a meeting of the petty gods,
And you the queen on't.

Per. Sir, my gracious lord,
To chide at your extremes it not becomes me;
O, pardon, that I name them: your high self,
The gracious mark o' the land, you have obscur'd
With a swain's wearing; and me, poor lowly maid,
Most goddess like prank'd up: But that our
feasts

In every mess have folly, and the feeders
Digest it with a custom, I should blush
To see you so attir'd; sworn, I think,
To show myself a glass.

Flo. I bless the time,
When my good falcon made her flight across
Thy father's ground.

Per. Now Jove afford you cause!
To me, the difference forges dread; your greatness
Hath not been us'd to fear. Even now I tremble
To think, your father, by some accident,

Should pass this way, as you did : O, the fates !
How would he look, to see his work, so noble,
Vilely bound up ? What would he say ? Or how
Should I, in these my borrow'd flaunts, behold
The sternness of his presence ?

Flo. Apprehend

Nothing but jollity. The gods themselves,
Humbling their deities to love, have taken
The shapes of beasts upon them : Jupiter
Became a bull, and bellow'd ; the green Neptune
A ram, and bleated ; and the fire-rob'd god,
Golden Apollo, a poor humble swain,
As I seem now : Their transformations
Were never for a piece of beauty rarer ;
Nor in a way so chaste : since my desires
Run not before mine honour ; nor my lusts
Burn hotter than my faith.

Per. O but, sir,

Your resolution cannot hold, when 't is
Oppos'd, as it must be, by th' power of the king ;
One of these two must be necessities.
Which then will speak ; that you must change this
purpose,

Or I my life.

Flo. Thou dear'st Perdita,

With these forc'd thoughts, I prithe thee, darken not
The mirth o' the feast : Or I'll be thine, my fair,
Or not my father's : for I cannot be
Mine own, nor anything to any, if
I be not thine : to this I am most constant,
Though destiny say No. Be merry, gentle ;
Strangle such thoughts as these, with anything
That you behold the while. Your guests are
coming :

Lift up your countenance ; as it were the day
Of celebration of that nuptial, which
We two have sworn shall come.

Per. O lady Fortune

Stand you auspicious !

Enter Shepherd, with POLIXENES and CAMILLO disguised ; Clown, MOPSA, DORCAS, and others.

Flo. See, your guests approach :

Address yourself to entertain them sprightly,
And let's be red with mirth.

Shep. Fie, daughter ! when my old wife liv'd,
upon

This day she was both pantler, butler, cook ;
Both dame and servant : welcom'd all ; serv'd all :
Would sing her song, and dance her turn ; now here,
At upper end o' the table, now i' the middle ;
On his shoulder, and his : her face o' fire

With labour ; and the thing she took to quench it
She would to each one sip : You are retir'd
As if you were a feasted one, and not
The hostess of the meeting : Pray you, bid
These unknown friends to's welcome : for it is
A way to make us better friends, more known.
Come, quench your blushes ; and present yourself
That which you are, mistress o' the feast : Come on
And bid us welcome to your sheep-shearing,
As your good flock shall prosper.

Per. Sir, welcome ! [*To POL*

It is my father's will I should take on me
The hostess-ship o' the day :—You're welcome,
sir ! [*To CAM.*

Give me those flowers there, Dorcas.—Reverend
sirs,

For you there's rosemary, and rue ; these keep
Seeming, and savour, all the winter long :
Grace, and remembrance, be to you both,
And welcome to our shearing !

Pol. Shepherdess,

(A fair one are you,) well you fit our ages
With flowers of winter.

Per. Sir, the year growing ancient,—

Not yet on summer's death, nor on the birth
Of trembling winter,—the fairest flowers o' the
season

Are our carnations, and streak'd gillyvors,¹¹
Which some call nature's bastards : of that kind
Our rustic garden's barren ; and I care not
To get slips of them.

Pol. Wherefore, gentle maiden,

Do you neglect them ?

Per. For I have heard it said,

There is an art which, in their pinedness, shares
With great creating nature.

Pol. Say, there be ;

Yet nature is made better by no mean,
But nature makes that mean : so, over that art,
Which, you say, adds to nature, is an art
That nature makes. You see, sweet maid, we
marry

A gentler scion to the wildest stock ;
And make conceive a bark of baser kind
By bud of nobler race : This is an art
Which does mend nature,—change it rather : but
The art itself is nature.

Per. So it is.

Pol. Then make your garden rich in gillyvors,
And do not call them bastards.

Per. I'll not put

The dibble¹² in earth to set one slip of them :

No more than, were I painted, I would wish
This youth should say, 't were well; and only
therefore

Desire to breed by me.—Here 's flowers for you;
Hot lavender, mints, savory, marjoram;
The marigold, that goes to bed with th' sun,
And with him rises weeping; these are flowers
Of middle summer, and, I think, they are given
To men of middle age: Y' are very welcome.

Cam. I should leave grazing, were I of your
flock,
And only live by gazing.

Per. Out, alas!
You 'd be so lean, that blasts of January
Would blow you through and through.—Now, my
fair'st friend,
I would I had some flowers o' the spring, that
might

Become your time of day; and yours, and yours;
That wear upon your virgin branches yet
Your maidenheads growing: O, Proserpina,
For the flowers now, that, frightened, thou let'st fall
From Dis's waggon! daffodils,
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty; violets, dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,
Or Cytherea's breath; pale primroses,
That die unmarried, ere they can behold
Bright Phoebus in his strength, a malady
Most incident to maids; bold oxlips, and
The crown-imperial; lilies of all kinds,
The flower-de-luce being one! O! these I lack,
To make you garlands of; and, my sweet friend,
To strew him o'er and o'er.

Flo. What! like a corse?

Per. No, like a bank, for love to lie and play on;
Not like a corse: or if,—not to be buried,
But quick, and in mine arms. Come, take your
flowers:

Methinks, I play as I have seen them do,
In Whitsun' pastorals: sure, this robe of mine
Does change my disposition.

Flo. What you do
Still betters what is done. When you speak,
sweet,

I'd have you do it ever: when you sing,
I'd have you buy and sell so; so give alms;
Pray so; and, for the ord'ring your affairs,
To sing them too: When you do dance, I wish
you

A wave o' the sea, that you might ever do
Nothing but that; move still, still so,

And own no other function: Each your doing,
So singular in each particular,
Crowns what you are doing in the present deeds,
That all your acts are queens.

Per. O Doricles,
Your praises are too large: but that your youth,
And the true blood which peeps fairly through 't,
Do plainly give you out an unstain'd shepherd,
With wisdom I might fear, my Doricles,
You woo'd me the false way.

Flo. I think, you have
As little skill to fear, as I have purpose
To put you to 't.—But, come; our dance, I pray:
Your hand, my Perdita: so turtles pair,
That never mean to part.

Per. I'll swear for 'em.
Pol. This is the prettiest low-born lass that ever
Ran on the green sward: nothing she does or
seems,

But smacks of something greater than herself;
Too noble for this place.

Cam. He tells her something
That makes her blood look on 't: Good sooth, she is
The queen of curds and cream.

Clo. Come on, strike up.

Dor. Mopsa must be your mistress: marry
garlic,

To mend her kissing with.

Mop. Now, in good time!

Clo. Not a word, a word; we stand upon our
manners.—

Come, strike up. [Music]

Here a dance of Shepherds and Shepherdesses.

Pol. Pray, good shepherd, what fair swain is this
Which dances with your daughter?

Shep. They call him Doricles; and boasts
himself

To have a worthy feeding: but I have it
Upon his own report, and I believe it;
He looks like sooth: He says, he loves my daugh-
ter;

I think so too: for never gaz'd the moon
Upon the water, as he 'll stand, and read,
As 't were, my daughter's eyes: and, to be plain,
I think there is not half a kiss to choose
Who loves another best.

Pol. She dances featly.³³

Shep. So she does anything; though I report it.
That should be silent: if young Doricles
Do light upon her, she shall bring him that
Which he not dreams of.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. O master, if you did but hear the pedler at the door, you would never dance again after a tabor and pipe: no, the bagpipe could not move you; he sings several tunes faster than you 'll tell money; he utters them as he had eaten ballads, and all men's ears grew to his tunes.

Clo. He could never come better: he shall come in: I love a ballad but even too well; if it be doleful matter, merrily set down, or a very pleasant thing indeed, and sung lamentably.

Serv. He hath songs, for man, or woman, of all sizes; no milliner can so fit his customers with gloves: he has the prettiest love-songs for maids; so without bawdry, which is strange; with such delicate burthens of "dildos and fadings:" "jump her and thump her;" and where some stretch-mouth'd rascal would, as it were, mean mischief, and break a foul jape into the matter, he makes the maid to answer, "Whoop, do me no harm, good man;" puts him off, slights him, with "Whoop, do me no harm, good man."

Pol. This is a brave fellow.

Clo. Believe me, thou talk'st of an admirable-conceited fellow. Has he any unbraided wares?

Serv. He hath ribands of all the colours i' the rainbow; points, more than all the lawyers in Bohemia can learnedly handle, though they come to him by the gross; inkles, caddisses, cambrics,³⁴ lawns; why, he sings 'em over, as they were gods or goddesses; you would think a smock were a she-angel: he so chants to the sleeve-hand, and the work about the square on 't.

Clo. Prithee, bring him in; and let him approach singing.

Per. Forewarn him, that he use no scurrilous words in 's tunes.

Clo. You have of these pedlers, that have more in them than you 'd think, sister.

Per. Ay, good brother, or go about to think.

Enter AUTOLYCUS, singing.

Lawn, as white as driven snow;
Cyprus, black as ere was crow;³⁵
Gloves, as sweet as damask roses;
Masks for faces, and for noses;
Bugle-bracelet, necklace-amber,
Perfume for a lady's chamber:
Golden quoifs, and stomachers,
For my lads to give their dears;
Pins, and poking-sticks of steel,
What maids lack from head to heel:

Come, buy of me, come; come buy, come buy;
Buy, lads, or else your lassies cry: Come, buy.

Clo. If I were not in love with Mopsa, thou shouldst take no money of me: but being enthralld as I am, it will also be the bondage of certain ribands and gloves.

Mop. I was promis'd them against the feast; but they come not too late now.

Dor. He hath promis'd you more than that, or there be liars.

Mop. He hath paid you all he promis'd you: may be, he has paid you more; which will shame you to give him again.

Clo. Is there no manners left among maids? will they wear their plackets, where they should bear their faces? Is there not milking-time, when you are going to bed, or kill-hole,³⁶ to whistle off these secrets; but you must be tittle-tattling before all our guests? 'T is well they are whispering: charm your tongues,³⁷ and not a word more.

Mop. I have done. Come, you promis'd me a tawdry lace, and a pair of sweet gloves.

Clo. Have I not told thee how I was cozen'd by the way, and lost all my money?

Aut. And, indeed, sir, there are cozeners abroad; therefore it behoves men to be wary.

Clo. Fear not thou, man, thou shalt lose nothing here.

Aut. I hope so, sir; for I have about me many parcels of charge.

Clo. What hast here? ballads?

Mop. Pray now, buy some: I love a ballad in print, a-life; for then we are sure they are true.

Aut. Here 's one to a very doleful tune, How a usurer's wife was brought to bed of twenty money-bags at a burthen; and how she long'd to eat adders' heads, and toads carbonado'd.

Mop. Is it true, think you?

Aut. Very true; and but a month old.

Dor. Bless me from marrying a usurer!

Aut. Here 's the midwife's name to 't, one mistress Taleporter; and five or six honest wives that were present: Why should I carry lies abroad?

Mop. 'Pray you now, buy it.

Clo. Come on, lay it by: And let 's first see more ballads; we 'll buy the other things anon.

Aut. Here 's another ballad, Of a fish, that appeared upon the coast, on Wedn'sday the four-score of April, forty thousand fadom above water, and sung this ballad against the hard hearts of maids: it was thought she was a woman, and was turn'd into a cold fish, for she would not ex-

change flesh with one that lov'd her : The ballad is very pitiful, and as true.

Dor. Is it true, too, think you ?

Aut. Five justices' hands at it ; and witnesses, more than my pack will hold.

Clo. Lay it by too. Another.

Aut. This is a merry ballad ; but a very pretty one.

Mop. Let 's have some merry ones.

Aut. Why, this is a passing merry one ; and goes to the tune of ' Two maids wooing a man : ' there 's scarce a maid westward, but she sings it ; 't is in request, I can tell you.

Mop. We can both sing it ; if thou 'lt bear a part, thou shalt hear ; 't is in three parts.

Dor. We had the tune on 't a month ago.

Aut. I can bear my part ; you must know, 't is my occupation : have at it with you.

SONG.

A. Get you hence, for I must go ;

Where it fits not you to know.

D. Whither ?

M. O, whither ?

D. Whither ?

M. It becomes thy oath full well,

Thou to me thy secrets tell ;

D. Me too, let me go thither.

M. Or thou go'st to th' grange or mill :

D. If to either, thou dost ill.

A. Neither.

D. What, neither ?

A. Neither.

D. Thou hast sworn my love to be ;

M. Thou hast sworn it more to me :

Then, whither goest ? say, whither ?

Clo. We 'll have this song out anon by ourselves : My father and the gentlemen are in sad talk, and we 'll not trouble them : Come, bring away thy pack after me. Wenches, I 'll buy for you both :—Pedler, let 's have the first choice.—Follow me, girls.

Aut. And you shall pay well for 'em. [*Aside.*]

Will you buy any tape,

Or lace for your cape,

My dainty duck, my dear-a ?

Any silk, any thread,

Any toys for your head,

Of the new'st, and fin'st, fin'st wear-a ?

Come to the pedler ;

Money 's a medlar,

That doth utter all men's ware-a.

[*Exeunt Clo., AUT., DOR., and MOP.*]

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Master, there is three carters, three shep-

herds, three neatherds, three swineherds, that have made themselves all men of hair ; they call themselves saltiers : and they have a dance which the wenches say is a gallimaufry of gambols, because they are not in 't ; but they themselves are o' the mind, (if it be not too rough for some, that know little but bowling,) it will please plentifully.

Shep. Away ! we 'll none on 't ; here has been too much homely foolery already :—I know, sir, we weary you.

Pol. You weary those that refresh us : Pray, let 's see these four threes of herdsmen.

Serv. One three of them, by their own report, sir, hath danc'd before the king ; and not the worst of the three but jumps twelve foot and a half by th' squire.⁸⁸

Shep. Leave your prating : since these good men are pleas'd, let them come in ; but quickly now.

Serv. Why, they stay at door, sir. [*Exit.*]

Re-enter Servant, with Twelve Rustics, habited like

Satyrs. They dance, and then exeunt.

Pol. O, father, you 'll know more of that hereafter.—

Is it not too far gone ?—'T is time to part them.—

He 's simple and tells much. [*Aside.*—How now, fair shepherd ?

Your heart is full of something that does take

Your mind from feasting. Sooth, when I was young,

And handed love as you do, I was wont

To load my she with knacks : I would have ran-sack'd

The pedler's silken treasury, and have pour'd it

To her acceptance ; you have let him go

And nothing marted with him : If your lass

Interpretation should abuse, and call this

Your lack of love or bounty, you were straited

For a reply, at least, if you make a care

Of happy holding her.

Flo. Old sir, I know

She prizes not such trifles as these are :

The gifts she looks from me are pack'd and lock'd

Up in my heart ; which I have given already,

But not deliver'd.—O, hear me breathe my life

Before this ancient sir, who, it should seem,

Hath sometime lov'd : I take thy hand ; this hand

As soft as dove's down, and as white as it ;

Or Ethiopian's tooth, or the fann'd snow,

That 's bolted by the northern blasts twice o'er.

Pol. What follows this ?—

How prettily th' young swain seems to wash
The hand was fair before!—I have put you out :—
But to your protestation ; let me hear
What you profess.

Flo. Do, and be witness to 't.

Pol. And this my neighbour too?

Flo. And he, and more
Than he, and men ; the earth, the heavens, and
all :

That, were I crown'd the most imperial monarch,
Thereof most worthy ; were I the fairest youth
That ever made eye swerve ; had force, and know-
ledge,
More than was ever man's, I would not prize
them,

Without her love : for her, employ them all ;
Commend them, and condemn them, to her service,
Or to their own perdition.

Pol. Fairly offer'd.

Cam. This shows a sound affection.

Shep. But, my daughter,
Say you the like to him?

Per. I cannot speak
So well, nothing so well ; no, nor mean better :
By th' pattern of mine own thoughts I cut out
The purity of his.

Shep. Take hands, a bargain ;—
And, friends unknown, you shall bear witness to 't :
I give my daughter to him, and will make
Her portion equal his.

Flo. O, that must be
I' the virtue of your daughter : one being dead,
I shall have more than you can dream of yet ;
Enough then for your wonder : But, come on,
Contract us 'fore these witnesses.

Shep. Come, your hand ;
And, daughter, yours.

Pol. Soft, swain, awhile, beseech you ;
Have you a father?

Flo. I have : But what of him?

Pol. Knows he of this?

Flo. He neither does, nor shall.

Pol. Methinks, a father
Is, at the nuptial of his son, a guest
That best becomes the table. Pray you, once more ;
Is not your father grown incapable
Of reasonable affairs? is he not stupid
With age, and altring rheums? Can he speak?
hear?

Know man from man? dispute his own estate?
Lies he not bed-ridden? and again does nothing,
But what he did being childish?

Flo. No, good sir ;
He has his health, and ampler strength, indeed,
Than most have of his age.

Pol. By my white beard,
You offer him, if this be so, a wrong
Something unfilial : Reason, my son,
Should choose himself a wife ; but as good reason
The father (all whose joy is nothing else
But fair posterity) should hold some counsel
In such a business.

Flo. I yield all this ;
But, for some other reasons, my grave sir,
Which 't is not fit you know, I not acquaint
My father of this business.

Pol. Let him know 't.

Flo. He shall not.

Pol. Prithee, let him.

Flo. No, he must not.

Shep. Let him, my son ; he shall not need to
grieve
At knowing of thy choice.

Flo. Come, come, he must not :—
Mark our contract.

Pol. Mark your divorce, young sir,
[Discovering himself

Whom son I dare not call ; thou art too base
To be acknowledg'd : Thou a sceptre's heir,
That thus affect'st a sheephook!—Thou old traitor,
I am sorry, that, by hanging thee, I can
But shorten thy life one week.—And thou, fresh
piece

Of excellent witchcraft, who, of force, must know
The royal fool⁹⁹ thou cop'st with ;—

Shep. O, my heart!

Pol. I'll have thy beauty scratch'd with briars,
and made
More homely than thy state.—For thee, fond boy,
If I may ever know thou dost but sigh
That thou no more shalt never see this knack, (as
never

I mean thou shalt,) we'll bar thee from suc-
cession ;

Not hold thee of our blood, no, not our kin,
Far than Deucalion off.—Mark thou my words ;
Follow us to the court.—Thou churl, for this time,
Though full of our displeasure, yet we free thee
From the dead blow of it.—And you, enchant-
ment,

Worthy enough a herdsman ; yea, him too,
That makes himself, but for our honour therein,
Unworthy thee,—if ever, henceforth, thou
These rural latches to his entrance open,

Or hoop his body more with thy embraces,
I will devise a death as cruel for thee
As thou art tender to 't.

[Exit.

Per. Even here undone!
I was not much afraid: for once, or twice,
I was about to speak: and tell him plainly,
The self-same sun that shines upon his court
Hides not his visage from our cottage, but
Looks on alike.—Will 't please you, sir, begone?

[to FLORIZEL.

I told you what would come o' this: 'Beseech
you,

Of your own state take care: this dream of mine,
Being now awake, I'll queen it no inch farther,
But milk my ewes, and weep.

Cam. Why, how now, father!
Speak, ere thou diest.

Shep. I cannot speak, nor think,
Nor dare to know that which I know.—O, sir,

[to FLORIZEL.

You have undone a man of fourscore three,
That thought to fill his grave in quiet; yea,
To die upon the bed my father died,
To lie close by his honest bones: but now
Some hangman must put on my shroud, and lay me
Where no priest shovels in dust,—O cursed
wretch!

[to PERDITA.

That knew'st this was the prince, and wouldst
adventure

To mingle faith with him.—Undone! undone!
If I might die within this hour, I have liv'd
To die when I desire.

[Exit.

Flo. Why look you so upon me?
I am but sorry, not afraid; delay'd,
But nothing alter'd: What I was, I am:
More straining on, for plucking back; not following
My leash unwillingly.

Cam. Gracious my lord,
You know your father's temper: at this time
He will allow no speech,—which, I do guess,
You do not purpose to him;—and as hardly
Will he endure your sight as yet, I fear:
Then, till the fury of his highness settle,
Come not before him.

Flo. I not purpose it.
I think, Camillo.

Cam. Even he, my lord.

Per. How often have I told you 't would be thus!
How often said, my dignity would last
But till 't were known!

Flo. It cannot fail, but by
The violation of my faith: And then

Let nature crush the sides o' the earth together,
And mar the seeds within! Lift up thy looks:
From my succession wipe me, father! I
Am heir to my affection.

Cam. Be advis'd.

Flo. I am; and by my fancy: if my reason
Will thereto be obedient, I have reason;
If not, my senses, better pleas'd with madness,
Do bid it welcome.

Cam. This is desperate, sir.

Flo. So call it; but it does fulfil my vow;
I needs must think it honesty. Camillo,
Not for Bohemia, nor the pomp that may
Be thereat glean'd; for all the sun sees, or
The close earth wombs, or the profound seas hide
In unknown fadoms, will I break my oath
To this my fair belov'd: Therefore, I pray you,
As you have ever been my father's honour'd friend,
When he shall miss me, (as in faith, I mean not
To see him any more,) cast your good counsels
Upon his passion: Let myself and fortune
Tug for the time to come. This you may know,
And so deliver,—I am put to sea
With her, whom here I cannot hold on shore;
And, most opportune to our need, I have
A vessel rides fast by, but not prepar'd
For this design. What course I mean to hold
Shall nothing benefit your knowledge, nor
Concern me the reporting.

Cam. O, my lord,
I would your spirit were easier for advice,
Or stronger for your need.

Flo. Hark, Perdita, [Takes her aside
I'll hear you by and by. [to CAMILLO

Cam. He's irremovable,
Resolv'd for flight: now were I happy, if
His going I could frame to serve my turn;
Save him from danger, do him love and honour;
Purchase the sight again of dear Sicilia,
And that unhappy king, my master, whom
I so much thirst to see.

Flo. Now, good Camillo,
I am so fraught with curious business, that
I leave out ceremony. [Going

Cam. Sir, I think,
You have heard of my poor services, i' the love
That I have borne your father?

Flo. Very nobly
Have you deserv'd: it is my father's music,
To speak your deeds; not little of his care
To have them recompens'd as thought on.

Cam. Well, my lord,

If you may please to think I love the king,
And, through him, what 's nearest to him, which is
Your gracious self, embrace but my direction,
(If your more ponderous and settled project
May suffer alteration,) on mine honour
I 'll point you where you shall have such re-
ceiving

As shall become your highness; where you may
Enjoy your mistress; (from the whom, I see,
There 's no disjunction to be made, but by,
As Heavens forfend! your ruin :) marry her;
And (with my best endeavours, in your absence)
Your discontenting father strive to qualify,
And bring him up to liking.

Flo. How, Camillo,
May this, almost a miracle, be done?
That I may call thee something more than man,
And, after that, trust to thee.

Cam. Have you thought on
A place, whereto you 'll go?

Flo. Not any yet:
But as th' unthought-on accident is guilty
To what we wildly do, so we profess
Ourselves to be the slaves of chance, and flies
Of every wind that blows.

Cam. Then list to me:
This follows,—if you will not change your
purpose,

But undergo this flight,—make for Sicilia;
And there present yourself, and your fair princess,
(For so, I see, she must be,) 'fore Leontes;
She shall be habited as it becomes
The partner of your bed. Methinks, I see
Leontes, opening his free arms, and weeping
His welcomes forth: asks thee, the son, for-
givenness,

As 't were i' the father's person: kisses the hands
Of your fresh princess: o'er and o'er divides him
'Twixt his unkindness and his kindness; th' one
He chides to hell, and bids the other grow
Faster than thought or time.

Flo. Worthy Camillo,
What colour for my visitation shall I
Hold up before him?

Cam. Sent by the king your father
To greet him, and to give him comforts. Sir,
The manner of your bearing towards him, with
What you, as from your father, shall deliver,
Things known betwixt us three, I 'll write you
down:

The which shall point you forth at every sitting
What you must say; that he shall not perceive,

But that you have your father's bosom there,
And speak his very heart.

Flo. I am bound to you:

There is some sap in this.

Cam. A course more promising
Than a wild dedication of yourselves
To unpath'd waters, undream'd shores; most cer-
tain,

To miseries enough: no hope to help you:
But, as you shake off one, to take another:
Nothing so certain as your anchors; who
Do their best office, if they can but stay you
Where you 'll be loth to be: Besides, you know,
Prosperity 's the very bond of love;
Whose fresh complexion and whose heart together
Affliction alters.

Per. One of these is true:
I think affliction may subdue the cheek,
But not take in the mind.

Cam. Yea, say you so?
There shall not, at your father's house, these
seven years,
Be born another such.

Flo. My good Camillo,
She 's as forward of her breeding, as
She is i' the rear 'f our birth.

Cam. I cannot say, 't is a pity
She lacks instruction; for she seems a mistress
To most that teach.

Per. Your pardon, sir, for this:
I 'll blush you thanks.

Flo. My prettiest Perdita!—
But, O, the thorns we stand upon!—Camillo,—
Preserver of my father, now of me;
The medicine of our house!—how shall we do?
We are not furnish'd like Bohemia's son,
Nor shall appear in Sicilia.⁴⁰

Cam. My lord,
Fear none of this: I think you know my fortunes
Do all lie there: it shall be so my care
To have you royally appointed, as if
The scene you play were mine. For instance, sir,
That you may know you shall not want,—one
word. [*They talk aside*]

Re-enter AUTOLYCUS.

Aut. Ha, ha! what a fool honesty is! and
trust, his sworn brother, a very simple gentleman!
I have sold all my trumpery; not a counterfeit
stone, not a riband, glass, pomander,⁴¹ brooch
table-hook, ballad, knife, tape, glove, shoe-tie,
bracelet, horn-ring, to keep my pack from fasting.

they throng who should buy first, as if my trinkets had been hallowed, and brought a benediction to the buyer: by which means I saw whose purse was best in picture; and what I saw, to my good use I remembered. My clown (who wants but something to be a reasonable man) grew so in love with the wenches' song, that he would not stir his petticoes till he had both tune and words; which so drew the rest of the herd to me, that all their other senses stuck in ears: you might have pinch'd a packet, it was senseless; it was nothing to geld a codpiece of a purse; I would have fil'd keys off that hung in chains: no hearing, no feeling, but my sir's song, and admiring the nothing of it. So that, in this time of lethargy, I pick'd and cut most of their festival purses: and had not the old man come in with a whoobub against his daughter and the king's son, and scar'd my choughs from the chaff, I had not left a purse alive in the whole army. [CAM, FLO., and PER. come forward.

Cam. Nay, but my letters by this means being there

So soon as you arrive, shall clear that doubt.

Flo. And those that you 'll procure from king Leontes—

Cam. Shall satisfy your father.

Per. Happy be you!

All that you speak shows fair.

Cam. Who have we here?—

[Seeing AUTOLYCUS.

We 'll make an instrument of this; omit Nothing may give us aid.

Aut. If they have overheard me now,—why, hanging. [Aside.

Cam. How now, good fellow? why shak'st thou so? Fear not, man; here's no harm intended to thee.

Aut. I am a poor fellow, sir.

Cam. Why, be so still; here's nobody will steal that from thee: Yet, for the outside of thy poverty we must make an exchange: therefore, discase thee instantly, (thou must think there's a necessity in 't,) and change garments with this gentleman: Though the pennyworth, on his side, be the worst, yet hold thee, there's some boot.

Aut. I am a poor fellow, sir:—I know ye well enough. [Aside.

Cam. Nay, prithee, dispatch: the gentleman is half flay'd already.

Aut. Are you in earnest, sir?—I smell the trick on 't. [Aside.

Flo. Dispatch, I prithee.

608

Aut. Indeed I have had earnest; but I cannot with conscience take it.

Cam. Unbuckle, unbuckle.—

[FLO. and AUT. exchange garments

Fortunate mistress,—let my prophecy Come home to ye!—you must retire yourself Into some covert: take your sweetheart's hat, And pluck it o'er your brows; muffle your face; Dismantle you; and, as you can, disliken The truth of your own seeming; that you may (For I do fear eyes over you) to shipboard Get undescry'd.

Per. I see the play so lies That I must bear a part.

Cam. No remedy.—

Have you done there?

Flo. Should I now meet my father, He would not call me son.

Cam. Nay, you shall have no hat: Come, lady, come.—Farewell, my friend.

Aut. Adieu, sir.

Flo. O, Perdita, what have we twain forgot Pray you, a word. [They converse apart.

Cam. What I do next shall be, to tell the king, [Aside.

Of this escape, and whither they are bound; Wherein my hope is, I shall so prevail To force him after; in whose company I shall review Sicilia; for whose sight I have a woman's longing.

Flo. Fortune speed us!— Thus we set on, Camillo, to th' sea-side.

Cam. The swifter speed the better.

[Exeunt FLO., PER., and CAM.

Aut. I understand the business, I hear it: To have an open ear, a quick eye, and a nimble hand, is necessary for a cut-purse; a good nose is requisite also, to smell out work for th' other senses. I see this is the time that the unjust man doth thrive. What an exchange had this been, without boot! what a boot is here, with this exchange! Sure, the gods do this year connive at us, and we may do anything *extempore*. The prince himself is about a piece of iniquity; stealing away from his father, with his clog at his heels: If I thought it were a piece of honesty to acquaint the king withal, I would not do 't: I hold it the more knavery to conceal it: and therein am I constant to my profession.

Enter Clown and Shepherd.

Aside, aside;—here is more matter for a hot brain: Every lane's end, every shop, church, session, hanging, yields a careful man work.

Clo. See, see ; what a man you are now ! there is no other way but to tell the king she 's a changeling, and none of your flesh and blood.

Shep. Nay, but hear me.

Clo. Nay, but hear me.

Shep. Go to then.

Clo. She being none of your flesh and blood, your flesh and blood has not offended the king ; and, so, your flesh and blood is not to be punish'd by him. Show those things you found about her ; those secret things, all but what she has with her : This being done, let the law go whistle ; I warrant you.

Shep. I will tell the king all, every word ; yea, and his son's pranks too ; who, I may say, is no honest man neither to his father, nor to me, to go about to make me the king's brother-in-law.

Clo. Indeed, brother-in-law was the furthest off you could have been to him ; and then your blood had been the dearer, by I know how much an ounce.

Aut. Very wisely ; puppies ! *[Aside.*

Shep. Well ; let us to the king ; there is that in this furdel will make him scratch his beard.

Aut. I know not what impediment this complaint may be to the flight of my master.

Clo. 'Pray heartily he be at palace.

Aut. Though I am not naturally honest, I am so sometimes by chance :—Let me pocket up my pedler's excrement.—*[Takes off his false beard.]* How now, rustics ? whither are you bound ?

Shep. To th' palace, an it like your worship.

Aut. Your affairs there ; what ; with whom ; the condition of that fardel ; the place of your dwelling ; your names ; your ages ; of what having, breeding ; and anything that is fitting to be known, discover.

Clo. We are but plain fellows, sir.

Aut. A lie ; you are rough and hairy ! Let me have no lying ; it becomes none but tradesmen, and they often give us soldiers the lie ; but we pay them for it with stamped coin, not stabbing steel ; therefore they do not give us the lie.

Clo. Your worship had like to have given us one, if you had not taken yourself with the manner.

Shep. Are you a courtier, an 't like you, sir ?

Aut. Whether it like me, or no, I am a courtier. See'st thou not the air of the court in these enfoldings ? hath not my gait in it the measure of the court ? receives not thy nose court-odour from me ?

reflect I not on thy baseness, court-contempt ? Think'st thou, for that I insinuate, or touze from thee thy business, I am therefore no courtier ? I am courtier cap-a-pie ; and one that will either push on or pluck back thy business there : whereupon I command thee to open thy affair.

Shep. My business, sir, is to the king.

Aut. What advocate hast thou to him ?

Shep. I know not, an 't like you.

Clo. Advocate 's the court-word for a pheasant ; say, you have none.

Shep. None, sir ; I have no pheasant, cock nor hen.

Aut. How bless'd are we that are not simple men !

Yet nature might have made me as these are, Therefore I will not disdain.

Clo. This cannot be but a great courtier.

Shep. His garments are rich, but he wears them not handsomely.

Clo. He seems to be the more noble in being fantastical : a great man, I 'll warrant ; I know by the picking on 's teeth.

Aut. The fardel there ? what 's i' the fardel ?^a Wherefore that box ?

Shep. Sir, there lies such secrets in this fardel and box, which none must know but the king ; and which he shall know within this hour, if I may come to th' speech of him.

Aut. Age, thou hast lost thy labour.

Shep. Why, sir ?

Aut. The king is not at the palace : he is gone aboard a new ship to purge melancholy, and air himself : For if thou be'st capable of things serious thou must know the king is full of grief.

Shep. So 't is said, sir, about his son, that should have married a shepherd's daughter.

Aut. If that shepherd be not in hand-fast, let him fly ; the curses he shall have, the tortures he shall feel, will break the back of man, the heart of monster.

Clo. Think you so, sir ?

Aut. Not he alone shall suffer what wit can make heavy, and vengeance bitter ; but those that are germane to him, though remov'd fifty times, shall all come under the hangman : which though it be great pity, yet it is necessary. An old sheep-whistling rogue, a ram-tender, to offer to have his daughter come into grace ! Some say, he shall be ston'd ; but that death is too soft for him, say I : Draw our throne into a sheep-cote ! all deaths are too few, the sharpest too easy.

Clo. Has the old man e'er a son, sir, do you hear, an 't like you, sir?

Aut. He has a son, who shall be flay'd alive; then, 'nointed over with honey, set on the head of a wasp's nest; then stand, till he be three quarters and a dram dead; then recover'd again with aquavite, or some other hot infusion; then, raw as he is, and in the hottest day prognostication proclaims, shall he be set against a brick wall, the sun looking with a southward eye upon him, where he is to behold him with flies blown to death. But what talk we of these traitorly rascals, whose miseries are to be smil'd at, their offences being so capital? Tell me (for you seem to be honest plain men) what you have to the king: being something gently consider'd, I 'll bring you where he is aboard, tender your persons to his presence, whisper him in your behalfs: and, if it be in man, besides the king, to effect your suits, here is man shall do it.

Clo. He seems to be of great authority: close with him, give him gold; and though authority be a stubborn bear, yet he is oft led by the nose with gold; show the inside of your purse to the outside of his hand, and no more ado: Remember, ston'd and flay'd alive!

Shep. An 't please you, sir, to undertake the business for us, here is that gold I have: I 'll make it as much more; and leave this young man in pawn till I bring it you.

Aut. After I have done what I promised?

Shep. Ay, sir.

Aut. Well, give me the moiety: Are you a party in this business?

Clo. In some sort, sir: but though my case be a pitiful one, I hope I shall not be flay'd out of it.

Aut. O, that 's the case of the shepherd's son:—Hang him, he 'll be made an example.

Clo. Comfort, good comfort: we must to the king, and show our strange sights: he must know 't is none of your daughter, nor my sister; we are gone else. Sir, I will give you as much as this old man does, when the business is perform'd; and remain, as he says, your pawn till it be brought you.

Aut. I will trust you. Walk before toward the sea-side; go on the right hand; I will but look upon the hedge, and follow you.

Clo. We are bless'd in this man, as I may say, even bless'd.

Shep. Let 's before, as he bids us: he was provided to do us good.

[*Exeunt Shepherd and Clown.*]

Aut. If I had a mind to be honest, I see Fortune would not suffer me; she drops booties in my mouth. • I am courted now with a double occasion; gold, and a means to do the prince my master good; which, who knows how that may turn back to my advancement? I will bring these two moles, these blind ones, aboard him: if he think it fit to shore them again, and that the complaint they have to the king concerns him nothing, let him call me rogue for being so far officious; for I am proof against that title, and what shame else belongs to 't: To him will I present them; there may be matter in it.

[*Exit.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Sicilia. A room in the palace of Leontes.*

Enter LEONTES, CLEOMENES, DION, PAULINA, and others.

Cleo. Sir, you have done enough, and have perform'd
A saint-like sorrow: no fault could you make
Which you have not redeem'd; indeed, paid
down

More penitence than done trespass: At the last
Do, as the heavens have done; forget your evil;
With them, forgive yourself.

Leon. Whilst I remember
Her, and her virtues, I cannot forget
My blemishes in them; and so still think of
The wrong I did myself: which was so much,
That heirless it hath made my kingdom; and
Destroy'd the sweet'st companion that e'er man
Bred his hopes out of.

Paul. True, too true, my lord:
If, one by one, you wedded all the world,
Or, from the all that are took something good,
To make a perfect woman, she, you kill'd,
Would be unparallel'd.

Leon. I think so. Kill'd!
She I kill'd! I did so: but thou strik'st me
Sorely, to say I did; it is as bitter
Upon thy tongue as in my thought. Now, good
now,
Say so but seldom.

Cleo. Not at all, good lady;
You might have spoken a thousand things that
would

Have done the time more benefit, and grac'd
Your kindness better.

Paul. You are one of those
Would have him wed again.

Dion. If you would not so,
You pity not the state, nor the remembrance
Of his most sovereign name; consider little
What dangers, by his highness' fail of issue,
May drop upon his kingdom, and devour

Uncertain lookers-on. What were more holy
Than to rejoice the former queen is well!¹⁴
What holier than,—for royalty's repair,
For present comfort and for future good,—
To bless the bed of majesty again
With a sweet fellow to 't?

Paul. There is none worthy,
Respecting her that's gone. Besides, the gods
Will have fulfill'd their secret purposes:
For has not the divine Apollo said,
Is 't not the tenor of his oracle,
That king Leontes shall not have an heir
Till his lost child be found? which, that it shall
Is all as monstrous to our human reason,
As my Antigonus to break his grave,
And come again to me; who, on my life,
Did perish with the infant. 'T is your counsel
My lord should to the Heavens be contrary,
Oppose against their wills.—Care not for issue;

[to LEONTES]

The crown will find an heir: Great Alexander
Left his to th' worthiest; so his successor
Was like to be the best.

Leon. Good Paulina,—
Who hast the memory of Hermione,
I know, in honour,—O, that ever I
Had squar'd me to thy counsel! then, even now,
I might have look'd upon my queen's full eyes;
Have taken treasure from her lips,—

Paul. And left them
More rich, for what they yielded

Leon. Thou speak'st truth.
No more such wives; therefore, no wife: one
worse,

And better us'd, would make her sainted spirit
Again possess her corpse; and, on this stage,
(Where we offenders now,) appear, soul-vex'd,
Begin, "And why to me?"

Paul. Had she such power,
She had just cause.

Leon. She had; and would incense me
To murder her I married.

Paul. I should so:

Were I the ghost that walk'd, I 'd bid you mark
Her eye; and tell me, for what dull part in 't
You chose her; then I 'd shriek, that even your ears
Should rift to hear me; and the words that follow'd
Should be, "Remember mine!"

Leon. Stars, stars,
And all eyes else dead coals!—fear thou no wife,
I'll have no wife, Paulina.

Paul. Will you swear
Never to marry, but by my free leave?

Leon. Never, Paulina! so be bless'd my spirit!

Paul. Then, good my lords, bear witness to his oath,—

Cleo. You tempt him over-much.

Paul. Unless another,
As like Hermione as is her picture,
Affront his eye;—

Cleo. Good madam, I have done.

Paul. Yet, if my lord will marry,—if you will,
sir,

No remedy but you will; give me the office
To choose you a queen; she shall not be so young
As was your former; but she shall be such
As, walk'd your first queen's ghost, it should
take joy

To see her in your arms.

Leon. My true Paulina,
We shall not marry till thou bidd'st us.

Paul. That
Shall be, when your first queen's again in breath;
Never till then.

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. One that gives out himself prince Florizel,
Son of Polixenes, with his princess, (she
The fairest I have yet beheld,) desires access
To your high presence.

Leon. What with him? he comes not
Like to his father's greatness: his approach,
So out of circumstance and sudden, tells us
'T is not a visitation fram'd, but fore'd
By need and accident. What train?

Gent. But few,
And those but mean.

Leon. His princess, say you, with him?

Gent. Ay, the most peerless piece of earth, I think,
That e'er the sun shone bright on.

Paul. O Hermione,
As every present time doth boast itself
Above a better, gone, so must thy grave
Give way to what's seen now. Sir, you yourself
Have said, and writ so, (but your writing now
Is colder than that theme,) "She had not been,
Nor was not to be equal'd;"—thus your verse
Flow'd with her beauty once; 't is shrewdly
ebb'd,

To say you have seen a better.

Gent. Pardon, madam;
The one I have almost forgot; (your pardon,)
The other, when she has obtain'd your eye,
Will have your tongue too. This is a creature,
Would she begin a sect, might quench the zeal
Of all professors else; make proselytes
Of who she but bid follow.

Paul. How? not women?

Gent. Women will love her, that she is a
woman,
More worth than any man; men, that she is
The rarest of all women.

Leon. Go, Cleomenes;
Yourself, assisted with your honour'd friends,
Bring them to our embracement.—Still 't is
strange,

[*Exeunt CLEOMENES, Lords, and Gentleman.*
He thus should steal upon us.

Paul. Had our prince
(Jewel of children) seen this hour, he had pair'd
Well with this lord; there was not full a month
Between their births.

Leon. Prithee, no more; cease; tho
know'st

He dies to me again, when talk'd of: sure,
When I shall see this gentleman, thy speeches
Will bring me to consider that which may
Unfurnish me of reason.—They are come.—

Re-enter CLEOMENES, with FLORIZEL, PERDITA, and Attendants.

Your mother was most true to wedlock, prince;
For she did print your royal father off,
Conceiving you: Were I but twenty-one,
Your father's image is so hit in you,
His very air, that I should call you brother,
As I did him; and speak of something, wildly
By us perform'd before. Most dearly welcome!
And your fair princess, goddess!—O, alas!
I lost a couple, that 'twixt heaven and earth
Might thus have stood, begetting wonder, as
You, gracious couple, do! and then I lost

(All mine own folly) the society,
Amity too, of your brave father; whom,
Though bearing misery, I desire my life
Once more to look on him.

Flo. By his command
Have I here touch'd Sicilia: and from him
Give you all greetings, that a king, as friend,
Can send his brother: and, but infirmity
(Which waits upon worn times) hath something
seiz'd

His wish'd ability, he had himself
The lands and waters 'twixt your throne and his
Measur'd to look upon you; whom he loves
(He bade me say so) more than all the sceptres,
And those that bear them, living.

Leon. O, my brother,
(Good gentleman!) the wrongs I have done thee
stir

Afresh within me; and these thy offices,
So rarely kind, are as interpreters
Of my behind-hand slackness!—Welcome hither,
As is the spring to th' earth. And hath he too
Expos'd this paragon to th' fearful usage
(At least, ungentle) of the dreadful Neptune,
To greet a man not worth her pains; much less
Th' adventure of her person?

Flo. Good my lord,
She came from Libya.

Leon. Where the warlike Smalus,
That noble honour'd lord, is fear'd and lov'd?

Flo. Most royal sir, from thence; from him,
whose daughter
His tears proclaim'd his, parting with her: thence
(A prosperous south-wind friendly) we have cross'd,
To execute the charge my father gave me,
For visiting your highness: My best train
I have from your Sicilian shores dismiss'd;
Who for Bohemia bend, to signify
Not only my success in Libya, sir,
But my arrival, and my wife's, in safety
Here, where we are.

Leon. The blessed gods
Purge all infection from our air, whilst you
Do climate here! You have a noble father,
A graceful gentleman; against whose person,
So sacred as it is, I have done sin:
For which the heavens, taking angry note,
Have left me issueless: and your father's bless'd
(As he from heaven merits it) with you,
Worthy his goodness. What might I have been,
Might I a son and daughter new have look'd on,
Such goodly things as you!

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Most noble sir,
That which I shall report will bear no credit,
Were not the proof so nigh. Please you, great sir
Bohemia greets you from himself by me
Desires you to attach his son; who has
(His dignity and duty both cast off)
Fled from his father, from his hopes, and with
A shepherd's daughter.

Leon. Where 's Bohemia? speak.

Lord. Here in your city; I now came from him
I speak amazedly; and it becomes
My marvel, and my message. To your court
Whiles he was hast'ning, (in the chase, it seems,
Of this fair couple,) meets he on the way
The father of this seeming lady, and
Her brother, having both their country quitted
With this young prince.

Flo. Camillo has betray'd me;
Whose honour, and whose honesty, till now
Endur'd all weathers.

Lord. Lay 't so to his charge;
He 's with the king your father.

Leon. Who? Camillo?

Lord. Camillo, sir; I spake with him; who now
Has these poor men in question. Never saw I
Wretches so quake: they kneel, they kiss the
earth;

Forswear themselves as often as they speak:
Bohemia stops his ears, and threatens them
With divers deaths in death.

Per. O, my poor father!—
The Heaven sets spies upon us, will not have
Our contract celebrated.

Leon. You are married?

Flo. We are not, sir, nor are we like to be:
The stars, I see, will kiss the valleys first:—
The odds for high and low 's alike.

Leon. My lord,
Is this the daughter of a king?

Flo. She is,
When once she is my wife.

Leon. That once, I see, by your good father's
speed,

Will come on very slowly. I am sorry,
Most sorry, you have broken from his liking,
Where you were tied in duty: and as sorry,
Your choice is not so rich in worth as beauty,
That you might well enjoy her.

Flo. Dear, look up:
Though Fortune, visible an enemy,
Should chase us, with my father, power no jot

Hath she to change our loves.—'Beseech you, sir, Remember since you owed no more to time Than I do now : with thought of such affections, Step forth mine advocate ; at your request, My father will grant precious things as trifles.

Leon. Would he do so, I'd beg your precious mistress,

Which he counts but a trifle.

Paul. Sir, my liege,

Your eye hath too much youth in't : not a month 'Fore your queen died, she was more worth such gazes

Than what you look on now.

Leon. I thought of her,

Even in these looks I made.—But your petition

[to FLORIZEL.

Is yet unanswer'd : I will to your father ;

Your honour not o'erthrown by your desires,

I am a friend to them, and you : upon which errand

I now go toward him ; therefore follow me,

And mark what way I make : Come, good my lord.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The same. Before the Palace.*

Enter AUTOLYCUS and a Gentleman.

Aut. 'Beseech you, sir, were you present at this relation ?

1 Gent. I was by at the opening of the fardel ; heard the old shepherd deliver the manner how he found it : whereupon, after a little amazedness, we were all commanded out of the chamber ; only this, methought I heard the shepherd say he found the child.

Aut. I would most gladly know the issue of it.

1 Gent. I make a broken delivery of the business :—But the changes I perceived in the king and Camillo were very notes of admiration : they seem'd almost, with staring on one another, to tear the cases of their eyes ; there was speech in their dumbness, language in their very gesture ; they looked as they had heard of a world ransom'd, or one destroyed : A notable passion of wonder appeared in them : but the wisest beholder, that knew no more but seeing, could not say if th' importance were joy or sorrow ; but in the extremity of the one it must needs be.

Enter another Gentleman.

Here comes a gentleman, that, happily, knows more : The news, Rogero ?

2 Gent. Nothing but bonfires : The oracle is

fulfill'd ; the king's daughter is found : such a deal of wonder is broken out within this hour, that ballad-makers cannot be able to express it.

Enter a third Gentleman.

Here comes the lady Paulina's steward ; he can deliver you more.—How goes it now, sir ? this news, which is call'd true, is so like an old tale, that the verity of it is in strong suspicion : Has the king found his heir ?

3 Gent. Most true ; if ever truth were pregnant by circumstance ; that which you hear you'll swear you see, there is such unity in the proofs. The mantle of queen Hermione :—her jewel about the neck of it :—the letters of Antigonus, found with it, which they know to be his character :—the majesty of the creature, in resemblance of the mother :—the affection of nobleness, which nature shows above her breeding ;—and many other evidences, proclaim her, with all certainty, to be the king's daughter. Did you see the meeting of the two kings ?

2 Gent. No.

3 Gent. Then you have lost a sight, which was to be seen, cannot be spoken of. There might you have beheld one joy crown another ; so, and in such manner, that it seem'd sorrow wept to take leave of them ; for their joy waded in tears. There was casting up of eyes, holding up of hands ; with countenance of such distraction, that they were to be known by garment, not by favour. Our king, being ready to leap out of himself for joy of his found daughter ; as if that joy were now become a loss, cries, "O, thy mother, thy mother !" then asks Bohemia forgiveness ; then embraces his son-in-law ; then again worries he his daughter, with clipping her ; now he thanks the old shepherd, which stands by, like a weather-bitten conduit of many kings' reigns. I never heard of such another encounter, which lames report to follow it, and undoes description to do it.

2 Gent. What, pray you, became of Antigonus, that carried hence the child ?

3 Gent. Like an old tale still ; which will have matter to rehearse, though credit be asleep, and not an ear open : He was torn to pieces with a bear : this avouches the shepherd's son ; who has not only his innocence (which seems much) to justify him, but a handkerchief, and rings, of his, that Paulina knows.

1 Gent. What became of his bark, and his followers ?

3 *Gent.* Wracked, the same instant of their master's death; and in the view of the shepherd: so that all the instruments, which aided to expose the child, were even then lost, when it was found. But, O, the noble combat that, 'twixt joy and sorrow, was fought in Paulina! She had one eye declin'd for the loss of her husband; another elevated that the oracle was fulfill'd: She lifted the princess from the earth; and so locks her in embracing, as if she would pin her to her heart, that she might no more be in danger of losing.

1 *Gent.* The dignity of this act was worth the audience of kings and princes; for by such was it acted.

3 *Gent.* One of the prettiest touches of all, and that which angl'd for mine eyes (caught the water, though not the fish,) was, when at the relation of the queen's death, with the manner how she came to it, (bravely confess'd, and lamented by the king,) how attentiveness wounded his daughter; till, from one sign of dolour to another, she did, with an "alas!" I would fain say, bleed tears; for, I am sure, my heart wept blood. Who was most marble there changed colour; some swoon'd; all sorrowed: if all the world could have seen 't, the woe had been universal.

1 *Gent.* Are they returned to the court?

3 *Gent.* No: the princess hearing of her mother's statue, which is in the keeping of Paulina,—a piece many years in doing, and now newly perform'd by that rare Italian master, Julio Romano; who, had he himself eternity, and could put breath into his work, would beguile nature of her custom, so perfectly he is her ape: he so near to Hermione hath done Hermione, that they say, one would speak to her, and stand in hope of answer: thither, with all greediness of affection, are they gone; and there they intend to sup.

2 *Gent.* I thought she had some great matter there in hand; for she hath privately, twice or thrice a day, ever since the death of Hermione, visited that removed house. Shall we thither, and with our company piece the rejoicing?

1 *Gent.* Who would be thence that has the benefit of access? every wink of an eye, some new grace will be born: our absence makes us unthrifty to our knowledge. Let's along.

[*Exeunt Gentlemen.*]

Aut. Now, had I not the dash of my former life in me, would preferment drop on my head. I brought the old man and his son aboard the prince; told him I heard them talk of a fardel,

and I know not what; but he at that time, over, fond of the shepherd's daughter, (so he then took her to be,) who began to be much sea-sick, and himself little better, extremity of weather continuing, this mystery remained undiscover'd. But 't is all one to me; for had I been the finder out of this secret, it would not have relish'd among my other discredits.

Enter Shepherd and Clown.

Here come those I have done good to against my will, and already appearing in the blossoms of their fortune.

Shep. Come, boy; I am past more children, but thy sons and daughters will be all gentlemen born.

Clo. You are well met, sir: You deny'd to fight with me this other day, because I was no gentleman born: See you these clothes? say, you see them not, and think me still no gentleman born: you were best say these robes are not gentlemen born. Give me the lie; do; and try whether I am not now a gentleman born.

Aut. I know you are now, sir, a gentleman born.

Clo. Ay, and have been so any time these four hours.

Shep. And so have I, boy.

Clo. So you have:—but I was a gentleman born before my father: for the king's son took me by the hand, and call'd me, brother: and then the two kings call'd my father, brother; and then the prince, my brother, and the princess, my sister, call'd my father, father; and so we wept: and there was the first gentlemanlike tears that ever we shed.

Shep. We may live, son, to shed many more.

Clo. Ay; or else 't were hard luck; being in so preposterous estate as we are.

Aut. I humbly beseech you, sir, to pardon me all the faults I have committed to your worship, and to give me your good report to the prince my master.

Shep. Prithee, son, do; for we must be gentle, now we are gentlemen.

Clo. Thou wilt amend thy life?

Aut. Ay, an it like your good worship.

Clo. Give me thy hand: I will swear to the prince, thou art as honest a true fellow as any is in Bohemia.

Shep. You may say it, but not swear it.

Clo. Not swear it, now I am a gentleman? Let boors and franklins say it, I'll swear it.

Shep. How if it be false, son?

Clo. If it be ne'er so false, a true gentleman may swear it, in the behalf of his friend:—And I'll swear to the prince, thou art a tall fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt not be drunk; but I know, thou art no tall fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt be drunk; but I'll swear it: and I would thou wouldst be a tall fellow of thy hands.

Aut. I will prove so, sir, to my power.

Clo. Ay, by any means prove a tall fellow: If I do not wonder how thou dar'st venture to be drunk, not being a tall fellow, trust me not.—Hark! the kings and the princes, our kindred, are going to see the queen's picture. Come, follow us: we'll be thy good masters. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The same. A Chapel in Paulina's House.*

Enter LEONTES, POLIXENES, FLORIZEL, PERDITA, CAMILLO, PAULINA, Lords, and Attendants.

Leon. O grave and good Paulina, the great comfort

That I have had of thee!

Paul. What, sovereign sir, I did not well, I meant well: All my services You have paid home: but that you have vouchsaf'd,

With your crown'd brother, and these your contracted

Heirs of your kingdoms, my poor house to visit; It is a surplus of your grace, which never My life may last to answer.

Leon. O Paulina, We honour you with trouble: But we come To see the statue of our queen: your gallery Have we pass'd through, not without much content

In many singularities; but we saw not That which my daughter came to look upon, The statue of her mother.

Paul. As she liv'd peerless, So her dead likeness, I do well believe, Excels whatever yet you look'd upon, Or hand of man hath done; therefore I keep it Lonely, apart: But here it is: prepare To see the life as lively mock'd, as ever Still sleep mock'd death: behold, and say, 't is well. [*PAULINA undraws a curtain,*

and discovers a statue.

I like your silence, it the more shows off

Your wonder: But yet speak;—first, you, my liege Comes it not something near?

Leon. Her natural posture!— Chide me, dear stone; that I may say, indeed. Thou art Hermione: or, rather, thou art she, In thy not chiding; for she was as tender As infancy, and grace.—But yet, Paulina, Hermione was not so much wrinkled; nothing So aged, as this seems.

Pol. O, not by much.

Paul. So much the more our carver's excellence, Which lets go by some sixteen years, and makes her

As she liv'd now.

Leon. As now she might have done, So much to my good comfort, as it is Now piercing to my soul. O, thus she stood, Even with such life of majesty, (warm life, As now it coldly stands,) when first I woo'd her! I am asham'd: Does not the stone rebuke me, For being more stone than it?—O royal piece, There's magic in thy majesty, which has My evils conjur'd to remembrance; and From thy admiring daughter took the spirits, Standing like stone with thee!

Per. And give me leave; And do not say 't is superstition, that I kneel, and then implore her blessing.—Lady, Dear queen, that ended when I but began, Give me that hand of yours to kiss.

Paul. O, patience: The statue is but newly fix'd, the colour's Not dry.

Cam. My lord, your sorrow was too sore laid on;

Which sixteen winters cannot blow away, So many summers dry: scarce any joy Did ever so long live; no sorrow, But kill'd itself much sooner.

Pol. Dear my brother, Let him that was the cause of this have power To take off so much grief from you, as he Will piece upon himself.

Paul. Indeed, my lord, If I had thought the sight of my poor image Would thus have wrought you (for the stone is mine,) I'd not have show'd it.

Leon. Do not draw the curtain.

Paul. No longer shall you gaze on 't; lest your fancy

May think anon it moves.

Leon. Let be, let be.

Would I were dead, but that, methinks, already—
What was he that did make it?—See, my lord,
Would you not deem it breath'd? and that those
veins

I'd verily bear blood?

Pol. Masterly done:

The very life seems warm upon her lip.

Leon. The fixure of her eye has motion in 't,
As we are mock'd with art.

Paul. I'll draw the curtain;
My lord 's almost so far transported that
He'll think anon it lives.

Leon. O sweet Paulina,
Make me to think so twenty years together;
No settled senses of the world can match
The pleasure of that madness. Let 't alone.

Paul. I am sorry, sir, I have thus far stirr'd you,
but

I could afflict you further.

Leon. Do, Paulina;

For this affliction has a taste as sweet
As any cordial comfort.—Still, methinks,
There is an air comes from her: What fine chisel
Could ever yet cut breath? Let no man mock
me,

For I will kiss her

Paul. Good my lord, forbear:
The ruddiness upon her lip is wet;
You'll mar it, if you kiss it; stain your own
With oily painting: Shall I draw the curtain?

Leon. No, not these twenty years.

Per. So long could I
Stand by, a looker-on.

Paul. Either forbear,
Quit presently the chapel; or resolve you
For more amazement. If you can behold it,
I'll make the statue move indeed; descend,
And take you by the hand: but then you'll
think,

(Which I protest against,) I am assisted
By wicked powers.

Leon. What you can make her do,
I am content to look on: what to speak
I am content to hear; for 't is as easy
To make her speak, as move.

Paul. It is requir'd
You do awake your faith: Then, all stand still:
Or those that think it is unlawful business
I am about, let them depart.

Leon. Proceed;

No foot shall stir.

Paul. Music; awake her: strike.—

[*Music*

'T is time; descend; be stone no more: approach:
Strike all that look upon with marvel. Come;
I'll fill your grave up: stir; nay, come away;
Bequeath to death your numbness, for from him
Dear life redeems you.—You perceive she stirs;

[*HERMIONE descends from the pedesta.*

Start not: her actions shall be holy, as,
You hear, my spell is lawful: do not shun her,
Until you see her die again; for then
You kill her double: Nay, present your hand:
When she was young you woo'd her; now, in
age,

Is she become the suitor!

Leon. O, she 's warm! [*Embracing her.*
If this be magic, let it be an art
Lawful as eating.

Pol. She embraces him.

Cam. She hangs about his neck;
If she pertain to life, let her speak too.

Pol. Ay, and make it manifest where she has
liv'd,

Or, how stol'n from the dead!

Paul. That she is living,
Were it but told you, should be hooted at
Like an old tale; but it appears she lives,
Though yet she speak not. Mark a little while.—
Please you to interpose, fair madam; kneel,
And pray your mother's blessing.—Turn, good
lady;

Our Perdita is found.

[*Presenting PER., who kneels to HER.*

Her. You gods, look down,
And from your sacred vials pour your graces
Upon my daughter's head!—Tell me, mine own,
Where hast thou been preserv'd? where liv'd
how found

Thy father's court? for thou shalt hear, that I,—
Knowing by Paulina, that the oracle
Gave hope thou wast in being,—have preserv'd
Myself to see the issue.

Paul. There 's time enough for that
Lest they desire, upon this push, to trouble
Your joys with like relation.—Go together,
You precious winners all; your exultation
Partake to every one. I, an old turtle,
Will wing me to some wither'd bough, and there
My mate, that 's never to be found again,
Lament till I am lost.

Leon. O peace, Paulina
Thou shouldst a husband take by my consent,

As I by thine, a wife: this is a match,
And made between 's by vows. Thou hast found
mine;

But how, is to be question'd: for I saw her,
As I thought, dead; and have, in vain, said
many

A prayer upon her grave: I 'll not seek far
(For him, I partly know his mind) to find thee
An honourable husband: Come, Camillo,
And take her by the hand: whose worth, and
honesty,

Is richly noted; and here justified

618

By us, a pair of kings.—Let 's from this place.—
What?—Look upon my brother:—both your
pardons,

That e'er I put between your holy looks
My ill suspicion. This your son-in-law,
And son unto the king, (whom Heavens directing,)
Is troth-plight to your daughter.—Good Paulina,
Lead us from hence; where we may leisurely
Each one demand, and answer to his part
Perform'd in this wide gap of time, since first
We were dissever'd: Hastily lead away.

[*Exeunt*]

NOTES TO THE WINTER'S TALE.

¹ *As over a vast.*

Vast, a waste, a vast space. The word was used substantively in Shakespeare's time, and it is curious to observe that, owing to the changes the English language underwent before the year 1632, the editors of the second folio added the word *sea*.

² *At my request, he would not.*

This is probably spoken aside. He has been observing the demeanour and conversation of Hermione and Polixenes, and here his suspicion begins to show itself.

³ *Thou want'st a rough pash.*

That is, thou wantest the rough pressure on the mind, and the breeding shoots on the forehead (he is perpetually harping on cuckoldism), to be entirely like me. *Pash* is a Scotch term for head, but that is not, I think, the meaning here, and I can find no such use of the word in old writers.

⁴ *Affection, thy intention stabs the centre.*

Affection, here, as in the *Merchant of Venice*, signifies *imagination*, or, as Malone expresses it, "the disposition of the mind when strongly affected or possessed by a particular idea." *Intention*, i. e., eagerness of attention or of desire.

⁵ *Will you take eggs for money.*

The following very curious notes on this phrase are extracted, with a few alterations, from the variorum edition:—The meaning of this is, "Will you put up affronts?" The French have a proverbial saying, *A qui vendez vous coquilles?* i. e., whom do you design to affront? Mamilius's answer plainly proves it. "*Mam.* No, my lord, I'll fight." And in Rowley's comedy, called *A Match at Midnight*, 1633:—"I shall have *eggs for my money*; I must hang myself."

Leontes seems only to ask his son if he would fly from an enemy. In the following passage the phrase is evidently to be taken in that sense: "The French infantry skirmisheth bravely afarre off, and cavallery gives a furious onset at the first charge; but after the first heat, *they will take eggs for their money.*"—*Relations of the most famous Kingdomes and Commonwealths thorowout the World*, 4to. 1630, p. 154.

In *A Method for Travell*, Shewed by taking the view of France as it stood in the yeere of our Lord 1593, by Robert Dallington, no date, we meet with the very sentence quoted by Mr. Reed, given as a translation from the

French. This is the original: *L'infanterie Française escaramouche bravement de loin et la Cavallerie a une furieuse brutée a l'affront, puis apres q'elle s'accorde.*"

This phrase seems to have meant originally,—“Are you such a poltroon as to suffer another to use you as he pleases, to compel you to give him your money, and to accept of a thing of so small a value as a few eggs in exchange for it?” He, who will take *eggs for money*, seems to be what, in *As You Like It*, and in many of the old plays, is called a *tame snake*.

The following passage in Campion's *History of Ireland*, folio, 1633, fully confirms Malone's explanation of this passage; and shows that by the words—"Will you take eggs for money," was meant, "Will you suffer yourself to be cajoled, or imposed upon?"—"What my cousin Desmond hath compassed, as I know not, so I beshrew his naked heart for holding out so long.—But go to, suppose hee never be had; what is Kildare to blame for it, more than my good brother of Ossory, who, notwithstanding his high promises, having also the king's power, is glad to take *eggs for his money*, and to bring him in at leisure." These words make part of the defence of the earl of Kildare, in answer to a charge brought against him by Cardinal Wolsey, that he had not been sufficiently active in endeavouring to take the earl of Desmond, then in rebellion. In this passage, "to take eggs for his money," undoubtedly means to be trifled with, or to be imposed upon.

"For money" means "in the place of money." "Will you give me money, and take eggs instead of it?"

⁶ *And my young rover.*

Compare Ben Jonson's *Cynthia's Revels*, act i. sc. 1, "Why so, my little rover?"

⁷ *How she holds up the neb.*

Ray says that "*Neb* is of frequent use, tho' not for the nose of a man, yet for the bill of a bird, and metaphorically for the point of a pen, or the long and slender nose of any vessel;" and Nares shows that Drayton uses the term "*sharp-neb'd hecco*," meaning the woodpecker.

⁸ *Whisp'ring, rounding.*

Rounding is nearly, if not quite, equivalent to *whispering*. The term is again used by Shakespeare, and occurs very frequently in older writers.

Two risen up in rape,
And *rounded* togideres,
And preised thise peny-worthes
A-part by hemselves.

Piers Ploughman, ed. Wright, p. 97.

NOTES TO THE WINTER'S TALE.

• To bide upon 't.

A vernacular phrase, equivalent to, certainly, in my certain opinion.

¹⁰ Which hozes honesty behind.

Hoz, to cut the hamstrings. "Thou foole, how could it come in, unlesse it had bin a leg? methought his hose were cut and drawne out with parsly; I thrust my hand i'to my pocket for a knife, thinking to *hoz* him, and so wakt."—Lillie's Mother Bombie, ed. 1632.

¹¹ In whose success we are gentle.

Success seems to be here used for *succession*, but this sense of the word is very unusual.

¹² A spider steep'd.

It was a common opinion that spiders were venomous. Topsell, in his History of Serpents, 1608, says, "all spyders are venomous, but yet some more, and some lesse. Of spyders that neyther doe nor can doe much harme, some of them are tame, familiar, and domestical, and these be commonly the greatest among the whole packe of them."

¹³ A federary with her.

Federary, a feodary, a confederate. Malone was perhaps right in thinking it a misprint for *feodary*.

¹⁴ I would land-damn him.

According to an old MS. glossary quoted in my Dictionary of Archaisms, p. 503, "*Landan*, *lantan*, *rantan*, are used by some Glosteshire people in the sense of scouring or correcting to some purpose, and also of rattling or rating severely." Perhaps these words may be connected. No one has yet given a satisfactory explanation of *land-damn*.

¹⁵ Nine, and some five.

The same form is occasionally used in the West. "According to my censure, there were twenty or *some* (i. e., about twenty) up to Bal," (i. e., the mine.) (Sandys.)

¹⁶ These dangerous unsafe lunes 't the king.

A similar expression occurs in the Revenger's Tragedie, 1608, "I know't was but some peevish moone in him."

¹⁷ A mankind witch.

Mankind, masculine. This, applied to a woman, was a term of great contempt.

¹⁸ A nest of traitors.

Yet for to hang hym I wene it be not best,
For yf he were gone, we shold have another gest
As yll as he, for nowght they be all the hole *nest*,
And to poore sylle boyes the werke much wooc.

MS. Poems, temp. Eliz.

¹⁹ A callat of boundless tongue.

Callat, a scold; a drab, generally a term of the greatest possible contempt.

²⁰ And, lozel, thou art worthy to be hang'd.

Lozel, a bad worthless fellow, from the Anglo-Norman. The more usual form is *brel*.

620

²¹ The pretence whereof.

Pretence, scheme or design.

²² Hermione is chaste.

This, as Malone observes, is almost literally from Greene's novel: "*The Oracle*.—Suspicion is no proove; jealousy is an unequal judge; Bellaria is chaste; Egisthus blameless; Franion a true subject; Pandosto treacherous; his babe innocent; and the king shall dye without an heire, if that which is lost be not found."

²³ Thou art perfect then.

Perfect, certain, well assured. The word occurs in this sense in the Bible.

²⁴ A boy or a child, I wonder.

A female infant is still termed a *child* in some of the provinces, in contradistinction to a male one. It is marked as a Devonshire word in a MS. glossary in my possession.

²⁵ A bearing-cloth for a squire's child.

A bearing-cloth, says Percy, is the fine mantle or cloth with which a child is usually covered, when it is carried to church to be baptized.

²⁶ Up with it, keep it close.

Alluding to the old notion that it was dangerous to mention the gifts of the fairies. So, in the Honest Man's Fortune,—

A prince's secrets are like fairy favours,
Wholesome if kept, but poison if discover'd.

²⁷ The doxy over the dale.

Doxy, a mistress, a strumpet.

²⁸ My pugging tooth an edge.

Pugging, cheating, thieving. I retain the *an*, it being the old provincial form of *on*, not an idiom with that article, as conjectured by Mr. Knight.

²⁹ In my time, wore three-pile.

Three-pile velvet was velvet of the strongest and richest quality.

³⁰ To go about with trol-my-dames.

In the Benefit of the Ancient Bathes of Buckstones compiled by John Jones at the King's Mede, nigh Darby, 1572, 4to. p. 12, we read: "The ladyes, gentle woomen, wyves, and maydes, may in one of the gallerie walke; and if the weather bee not agreeable to theire expectacion, they may have in the ende of a benche eleven holes made, intoo the whiche to trowle pummates, or bowles of leade, bigge, little, or meane, or also of copper, tynne, woode, cyther vyolent or softe, after their owne discretion; the pastyme *troule-in-madame* is termed."

³¹ And streak'd gillyvors.

Gillyvors, gillyflowers. This is an old word, not a contracted form. Lyte calls them *gillyfers* in his edition of Dodoens, 1578.

NOTES TO THE WINTER'S TALE.

³² *I'll not put the dibble in earth.*

The operation is otherwise called *dropping*; more commonly so called, and indeed more properly, for *dibbling* is in strictness making the holes. It is an old word, and Ray has, "A *dibble*, an instrument to make holes in the ground with, for setting beans, pease, or the like—Of general use." Nares notices the word, and describes the tool as still in use: and shows it to occur in Tusser—

Through cunning, with *dibble*, rake, mattock, and spade,
By line and by level, trim garden is made.

³³ *She dances feately.*

Yes, I thanke God I am of that nature
Able to compas thys matter sure,
As ye shall see now, who lyst to marke yt,
How neatly and *feately* I shall warke yt.

Play of Wit and Science, p. 3.

³⁴ *Inkles, caddissee, cambrics.*

Inkles, inferior tape. *Caddis*, worsted, or worsted ribbon. *Caddas*, or cruel ribbon." Book of Rates, 1675, p. 293. The dresses of servants were often ornamented with it, and there seems to have been a kind of woollen stuff so called. Palsgrave has, "caddas or crule, *sayette*." This was used for stuffing dresses.

³⁵ *Cyprus, black as e'er was crow.*

Cyprus was a kind of thin transparent crape, so called from being originally manufactured in the island of Cyprus. It is mentioned in the old comedy of the Puritan, Edmond, the widow's son, making his entry in a *Cyprus* hat; i. e., with a crape hatband in it. The transparency of it is taken notice of by Donne:

As men which thro' a *Cyprus* see
The rising Sun.

Eclogue on the marriage of the Eurl of Somerset.

And in Ben Jonson's 73d epigram:

One half drawn
In solemn *Cyprus*, th' other cobweb lawn.

³⁶ *Kill-hole, kiln-hole, the genuine old form.*

³⁷ *Charm your tongues.*

That is, silence them. The word is common in our old dramatists, but it is here misprinted *clamour* in the old copies. Speaking of this corruption, Gifford observes, "the painful endeavours of the commentators to explain the simple nonsense of the text by contradictory absurdities might claim our pity, if their unfounded assertions did not provoke our contempt."

³⁸ *Twelve foot and a half by th' squire.*

Squire, a carpenter's rule. "Squier for a carpenter *esquierre*," Palsgrave. "Squier a rule, *riglet*," *ibid*.

³⁹ *The royal fool.*

Misprinted *food* by Mr. Knight, in both editions. The same editor has omitted the word *sir* in Paulina's speech in Act v. sc. 1.

⁴⁰ *Nor shall appear in Sicilia.*

Mr. Dyce explains this, "Nor shall appear like Bohemia's son in Sicilia."

⁴¹ *Pomander, brooch, table-book.*

The following recipe for making a pomander is extracted from a rare little book entitled, "A Closet for Ladies and Gentlemen," circa 1650,—

Take of Beazon one dram and a halfe, of Storax halfe a dram, of Lignum Aloes in fine powder halfe a scruple, of Labdanum halfe an ounce: powder all these very fine, and searce them thorow Lawne: and then take of Musk a dram, Ambergreece ten graines, Civet ten graines, and dissolve them in a hot Mortar with a little Rose-water, and so make them into a Pomander, putting into it six graines of Civet.

⁴² *Advocate's the court word for a pheasant.*

The following very curious illustration of this passage is taken from the Journal of the Rev. Giles Moore, 1665,—

"I gave to Mr. Cripps, solicitor, for acting for mee in obtaining my qualification, and effecting it, £1 10s., and I allowed my brother Luxford for going to London thereupon and presenting my lord with two brace of pheasants, 10s.; Charles, Lord Goring, Earle of Norwich, livith in the country at Laytonstone, on the way to Epping, and when in London, at his house in Queens Streete, next door to the Queen's Head Taverne."

⁴³ *What's √ the fardel.*

Fardel, a burden. It is worthy of observation that the old copies have the old form, *farthell*.

"Then shoulde they of those two parishes undertake to carrie all such passengers, either for twopence each one with his *farthell* or trusse, or otherwise, making the whole fare or passage worth foure shillings."—*Lamburde's Perambulation*, 1596, p. 436.

⁴⁴ *Than to rejoice the former queen is well.*

"The dead are well."—*Antony and Cleopatra*. A similar expression is used in *Romeo and Juliet*, and is supposed to be adopted from Scripture, 2 Kings, iv. 26.



UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY
Los Angeles

This book is DUE on the last date stamped below.

INTERLIBRARY LOANS

OCT 19 1972

TWO WEEKS FROM DATE OF RECEIPT
NON-RENEWABLE

DSU Johnston
10/19/72

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY

Los Angeles

This book is DUE on the last date stamped below.

LD REC'D LD-URL
URL NOV 6 1975

NOV 24 1975

DISCHARGE-URL

LD MAY 6 1978

URL JUL 18 1978

REC'D LD-URL

MAY 07 1990

MAR 22 1990

REC'D LD-URL

URL MAR 14 1991

MAR 14 1991

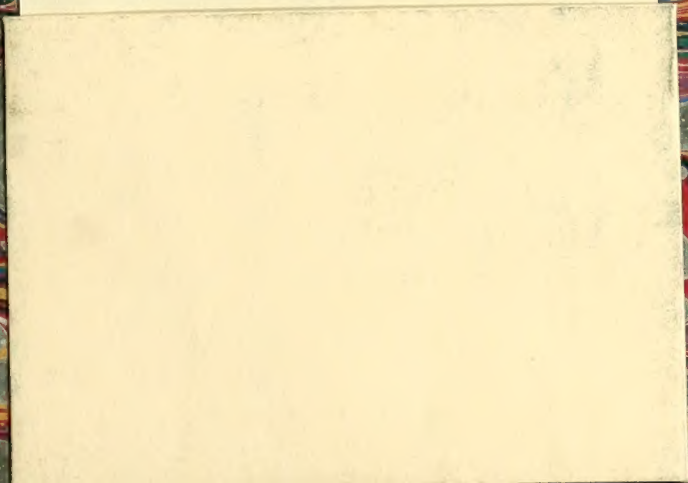
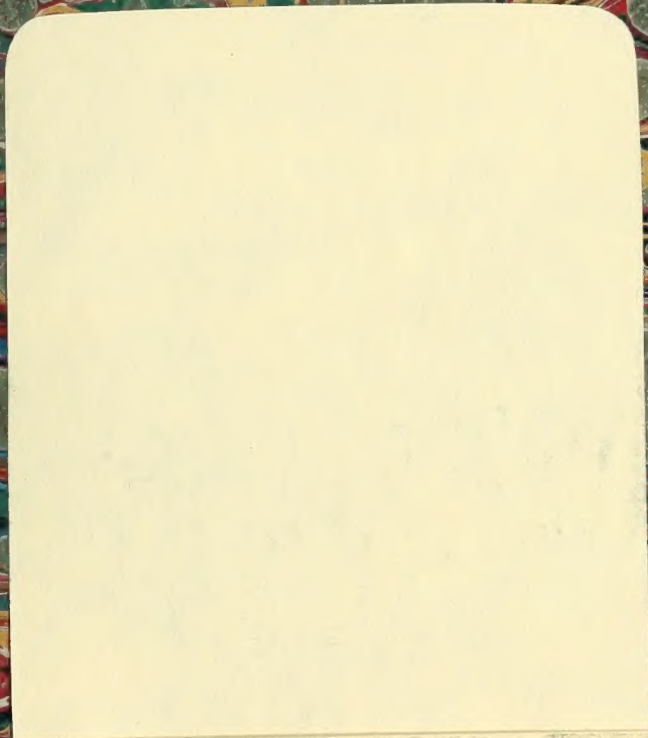


3 1158 00300 8256

UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY



D 000 676 705 7





SHAKESPEARE